After that I had accomplysshed and fynysshed dyuers hystoryes as well of contemplacyon as of other hystoryal and worldly actes of grete conquestes & prynces / And also certeyn bookes of ensamples and doctryne / many noble and dyuers gentylmen of this royame of Englond camen and demaunded me many and ofttymes / wherfore that I haue not do made & enprynte the noble hystorye of the sayntgreal / and of the moost renomed crysten kyng / fyrst and chef of the thre best crysten and worthy / kyng Arthur / whyche ought moost to be remembred emonge vs englysshmen tofore al other crysten kynges / For it is notoryously knowen thorugh the vniuersal worlde / that there ben ix worthy & the best that euer were / That is to wete thre paynyms / thre Jewes and ther crysten men / As for the paynyms they were tofore the Incarnacyon of Cryst / whiche were named / the fyrst Hector of Troye / of whome thystorye is comen bothe in balade and in prose / The second Alysaunder the grete / & the thyrd Julyus Cezar Emperour of Rome of whome thystoryes ben wel knowe and had / And as for the thre Jewes whyche also were tofore thyncarnacyon of our lord / of whome the fyrst was Duc Josue whyche brought the chyldren of Israhel in to the londe of byheste / The second Dauyd kyng of Jherusalem / & the thyrd Judas Machabeus of these thre the byble reherseth al their noble hystoryes & actes / And sythe the sayd Incarnacyon haue ben thre noble crysten men stalled and admytted thorugh the vniuersal worlde in to the nombre of the ix beste & worthy / of whome was fyrst the noble Arthur / whos noble actes I purpose to write in this present book here folowyng / The second was Charlemayn or Charles the grete / of whome thystorye is had in many places bothe in frenshe and englysshe / and the thyrd and last was Godefray of bolleyn / of whos actes & lyf I made a book late whyche redyl prynce and kyng of noble memorye kyng Edward the fourth / the sayd noble Jentylmen Instantly requyred me enprynte thystorye of the sayd noble kyng and conquerour kyng Arthur / and of his knyghtes wyth thystorye of the sayntgreal / and of the deth and endyng of the sayd Arthur / Affermyng that I ought rather enprynte his actes and noble feates / than of godefroye of bolleyne / or

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After that I had accomplyssyd and fynyssyd dyuers hystoryes as well of contemplacyon as of other hystoryal and worldly actes of grete conquerours & prynces / And also certeyn bookes of ensaumples and doctryne / Many noble and dyuers gentylmen of this royame of Englond camen and demaunded me many and ofte tymes / wherfore that I haue not do made & enprynte the noble hystorye of the sayntgreal / and of the moost renomed crysten kyng / Fyrst and chyef of the thre best crysten and worthy / kyng Arthur / whyche ought moost to be remembred emonge vs englyssshe men tofore al other crysten kynges / For it is notoyrly knowen thorugh the vnyuersal worlde / that there ben ix worthy & the best that euer were / That is to wete thre paynyms / thre Jewes and thre crysten men / As for the paynyms they were tofore the incarnacyon of Cryst / whiche were named / the fyrst Hector of Troye / of whome thystorye is comen bothe in balade and in prose / The second Alysaunder the grete / & the thyrd Julyus Cezar Emperour of Rome of whome thystoryes ben wel knowe and had / And as for the thre Jewes whyche also were tofore thyncarnacyon of our lord of whome the fyrst was Duc Josue whyche brought the chyldren of Israhel in to the londe of byheste / The second Dauyd kyng of Jherusalem / & the thyrd Judas Machabeus of these thre the byble reherseth al theyr noble hystoryes & actes / And sythe the sayd incarnacyon haue ben thre noble crysten men stalled and admytted thorugh the vnyuersal worlde in to the nombre of the ix beste & worthy / of whome was fyrst the noble Arthur / whos noble actes I purpose to wryte in this present book here folowyng / The second was Charlemayn or Charles the grete / of whome thystorye is had in many places bothe in frenssshe and englyssshe / and the thyrde and last was Godefray of bolleyn / of whos actes & lyf I made a book vnto the excellent prynce and kyng of noble memorye kyng Edward the fourth / the sayd noble gentylmen instantly requyred me to enprynte thystorye of the sayd noble kyng & conquerour kyng Arthur / and of his knyghtes with thystorye of the sayntgreal / and of the deth and endyng of the sayd Arthur / Affermyng that I ought rather to enprynte his actes and noble feates / than of godefroye of bolleyne / or

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ony of the other ryght/ conſyderyng that he was a man borne
within this royame and kynge and Emperour of the ſame /
And that there ben in frenſſhe dyuers and many noble hyſto-
ryes of his actes / and alſo of his knyghtes/ To whome I
anſwerde /that dyuers men holde opynyon / that there was
no ſuche Arthur/ and that alle ſuche bookes as ben maade of
hym /ben but fayned and fables /by cauſe that ſomme cron-
icles make of hym no mencyon ne remembre hym noo thynge
ne of his knyghtes /whereto they anſwerde/ and one in ſperyal
sayde/ that in hym that ſholde say or thynke /that there was ne
uer ſuche a kynge called Arthur /myght well be arrested gret
folye and blyndeneſſe/ For he sayde that there were many euy
dences of the contrarye / Fyrſt ye may ſee his ſepulture in the
monasterye of Glaſtyngbury / And alſo in polycronycon in
the V book the ſyxte chappytre / and in the ſeuenth book the
xxiij chappytre / where his body was buryed and after foun
den and tranſlated in to the sayd monasterye/ ye ſhal ſe alſo
in the ſtorye of bochas in his book de caſu principum / parte of
his noble actes / and alſo of his falle / Alſo galfridus in
his brutyſſhe book recounteth his lyf / and in dyuers places
of Englond/ many remembraunces ben yet of hym and ſhall
remayne perpetuelly /and alſo of his knyghtes/ Fyrſt in the
abbey of weſtmeſtre at saynt Edwardes ſhryne remayneth the
prynte of his ſeal in redy Waxe cloſed in beryll/ In which is
written Patricius Arthurus/ Britannie/ Gallie/ Germanie /
dacie/ Imperator / Item in the caſtel of douer ye may ſee Gaw-
wayns ſkulle/ & Cradoks mantel . At wynchester the rounde
table /in other places Launcelottes ſwerde and many other
thynges/ Thenne al theſe thynges conſydered there can no man
reſonably gaynſay but there was a kynge of thys lande na-
med Arthur / For in al places cryſten and hethen he is re-
puted and taken for one of the ix worthy / And the fyrſt of
the thre cryſten men / And alſo he is more ſpoken of beyonde
the ſee moo bookes made of his noble actes than there be in
englond as well in dutche ytalyen ſpaynyſſhe and grekyſſhe as
in frenſſhe/ And yet of record remayne in wytneſſe of hym in
wales in the towne of Camelot the grete ſtones & meruayl-
lous werkys of yron lyenge vnder the grounde & ryal vaultes

whiche dyuers nobl kynyng hath seen/wherfor it is a meruayl why he is nomore renomed in his owne contrye/ sauf one lye it accordeth to the wordy of god/ whyche sayth that no man is accept for a prophete in his owne contrye/ Thēne al these thyn ges forsayd alledged I coude not well denye/ but that there was suche a noble kyng namedy arthur/ andy reputedy one of the ix Worthy/ & fyrst & chyef of the cristen men/ & many noble volu mes be made of hym & of his noble knyghtre in frenssh which I haue seen & rede beyonde the see/ which been not had in our maternal tongue/ but in walssh ben many & also in frenssh/ & somme in englyssh but no where nygh alle/ wherfore suche as haue late ben dralden oute brefly in to englyssh/ I haue after the symple connynge that godd hath sente to me/ Vnder the fauour andy correccyon of al noble lordes andy gentylmen em pryseth to enprynte a book of the noble hystoryes of the sayd kynge Arthur/ andy of certeyn of his knyghtes after a coppe vnto me delyuerd/ whyche coppe Syr Thomas Malorye dyd' take oute of certeyn bookes of frenssh andy reduced it in to Englyssh/ And I accordynge to my coppe haue doon sette it in enprynte/ to the entente that noble men may see andy lerne the noble actes of chyualrye/ the Jentyl andy vertuous dedes that somme knyghtes vsed in tho dayes/ by whyche they came to honour/ andy how they that were vycious were punyssh andy ofte put to shame andy rebuke/ humbly byseche yngh al no ble lordes andy ladyes with al other estatis of what estate or degree they been of/ that shal see andy rede in this sayd book and werke/ that they take the good andy honest actes in their remembraunce/ andy to folowe the same/ Wherin they shalle fynde many Joyous andy playsaunt hystoryes/ andy noble & renomed actes of humanyte/ gentylnesse andy chyualrye/ For herin may be seen noble chyualrye/ Curtosye/ Humanyte frendlynesse/ hardynesse/ loue/ frendshyp/ Cowardyse/ Mur dre/ hate/ vertue/ andy synne/ Doo after the good andy leue the euyl/ andy it shal bringe you to good fame andy renom mee/ And for to passe the tyme this booke shal be plesaunt to rede in/ but for to gyue faythe andy beleue that al is trewe that is conteyned herin/ ye be at your libertie/ but al is wry ten for our doctryne/ andy for to be ware that we take not to

Syr ne ſynne / but kepe hym ſtyll and ſaffe fro ſhame / by whyche we may come and atteyne to goode fame and renomme in thys lyf / and after thys ſhorte and tranſytorye lyf to come vnto euerlaſtynge blyſſe in heuen / the whyche he graunte vs that reygneth in heuen the bleſſyd Trynyte Amen /

THenne to procede forth in thys ſayd book / whyche I dyrecte vnto alle noble prynces / lordes and ladyes / gentylmen & gentylwymmen that deſyre to rede or here redde of the noble and Joyous hyſtorye of the grete conque-rour and eyalkent kynge . Kynge Arthur / ſometyme kynge of thys noble royalme / thenne called brytayne / I Wyllyam Caxton ſymple perſone preſent thys book fololdynge / whyche I haue enpryſed tenpryntē / And treateth of the noble actes / fe-ates of armes of chyualrye / prowe ſſe / hardyneſſe / humanyte loue / curteſye / and verray gentyleneſſe / wyth many wonder-ful hyſtoryes and aduentures / And for to vnderſtonde bry-efly the contente of thys volume / I haue deuyded it in to yyj bookes / and euery book chapytred as here after ſhal by gode-des grace folowe / The fyrſt book ſhal trete how Oterpen-dragon gate the noble conquerour kynge Arthur and contey-neth yyxiij chapytres / The ſeconde book treateth of Balyn the noble knyght and contyneth yix chapytres / The thyrde book treateth of the mariage of kynge Arthur to quene gue-neuer wyth other maters and contyneth fyfteene chapytres / The fourth book how Merlyn was aſſotted / and of warre maad to kynge Arthur / and contyneth yyix chapytres / The fyfthe book treateth of the conqueſte of Lucius themperour and contyneth yj chapytres / The ſyxthe book treateth of Syr Launcelot and ſyr Lyonel and meruayllous aduentu-res and contyneth yxiij chapytres / The ſeuenth book treateth of a noble knyght called ſyr Gareth and named by ſyr kaye Beaumayns and contyneth yxxvj chapytres / The eyght book treateth of the byrthe of Syr Triſtram the noble knyght and of hys actes / and contyneth xlj chapytres /
The ix book treateth of a knyght named by Syr kaye le cote male tayle and alſo of Syr Triſtram and contyneth xliiij

chappytres/ The v book treateth of syr Tryſtram & other mer & naykous aduentures and contryneth lxxxviij chappytres / The vj book treateth of syr Launcelot and syr Galahad and contryneth viij chappytres/ The vij book treateth of syr Launcelot and his madneſſe and contryneth viij chappytres / The viij book treateth how galahad came fyrſt to kyng Arthurs courte and the queſt how the ſangreall was begonne and contryneth xx Chappytres / The viij booke treateth of the queſte of the ſangreal & contryneth v chappytres/ The v book treateth of syr launcelot & contryneth vj chappytres/ The vij book treateth of Syr Bors & syr Lyonel his brother and contryneth vij chappytres / The vij book treateth of the ſangreal and contryneth xxij chappytres / The viij book treateth of Syr Launcelot and the quene and contryneth xv chappytres / The ix book treateth of quene Guencuer and Launcelot and contryneth vij chappytres / The x book treateth of the pyetous deth of Arthur and contryneth xxij chappytres / The xj book treateth of his laſt departyng / and how syr Launcelot came to reuenge his dethe and contryneth vij chappytres/ The ſomme is xxj bookes whyche contryne the ſomme of v hondred & vij chappytres/ as more playnly ſhal followe hereafter /

iiij

¶ The table or rubrysshe of the conteñte of chapytres shortly of the fyrst book of kyng Arthur /

Fyrst how Vtherpendragon sente for the duke of cornewayll & Igrayne his wyf & of there departyng sodeynly agryn ca primo
How Vtherpendragon made warre on the duke of cornewayll and how by the moyane of Merlyn he laye by the duchesse & gate Arthur Capitulo ij
Of the byrthe of kyng arthur and of his nouryture/ & of the deth of kyng Vtherpendragon/ and how Arthur was chosen kyng and of wondres and meruayles of a swerde taken out of a stone by the sayd Arthur capitulo iij iiij & v
How kyng arthur pulled out the swerde dyuers tymes v j
How kyng arthur was crowned & how he made officers v ij
How kyng Arthur held in wales at a pentecost a grete feest and what kynges and lordes came to his feste viij
Of the fyrst warre that kyng Arthur had and how he wanne the felde Capitulo ix
How Merlyn counseyled kyng arthur to sende for kyng ban & kyng bors & of theyr counsyl taken for the warre x
Of a grete tornoye made by kynge arthur & the ij kynges ban and bors and how they wente ouer the see Capitulo xj
How xj kynges gadred a grete hoost ayenst kyng Arthur xij
Of a dreme of the kyng with the hondred knyghtes xiij
How the xj kynges with theyr hoost fought ayenst arthur & his hoost and many grete feates of the warre capitulo xiiij
Yet of the same batayll Capitulo xv
Yet more of the said batayl & how it was ended by merlyn xvj
How kyng Arthur kyng ban & kyng bors resolued kyng Leodegraunce and other Incydentes xvij
How kyng arthur rode to Carlyon and of his dreme/ & how he salue the questyng beest capitulo xix
How kyng Pellynore took arthurs hors & followed the questyng beest and how Merlyn mette with Arthur xx
How Vlfyus aspyed quene Igrayne Arthurs moder of treason/ and how a knyght came and desyred to haue the deth of hys mayster reuengyd capitulo xxj
How gryflet was made knyght & Justed with a knyght xxij

How yͤ kynyghtes came from Rome & ayede tribage for thys
londe of arthur/and how arthur faught wyth a kynyght xviij
How Merlyn sauede Arthurs lyf & therwe an enchauntement
vpon kyng Pelynore and made hym to slepe xviij
How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Eycalybur hys
swerde c̄ the lady of the lake Capitulo xx
How tydynges cam to arthur that kyng ryons had ouercome
yͤ kynges & how he desyred arthus herde to purfyl his mantel
Capitulo xxvij ¶ How al the chyldren were sente for that
were borne on may day. & how Mordred was sauede xxviij

¶ The seconde booke

Of a damoysel whyche came gyrde wyth a swerde for to fynde
a man of suche vertue to drawe it oute of the scabard ca primo
How balen armed hym & poure kynyght pulled out the swerde
whyche afterward was cause of his deth capitulo ij
How the lady of the lake demaunded the kynyghtes hede that
had wonne the swerde/or the maydens hede iij
How merlyn tolde thaduenture of this damoysel capitulo iiij
How balyn was purseyuede by syr Launcelot kynyght of Iu-
londe /and how he justede and sleve hym v
How a damoysel whiche was sue to Launcelot sleve hyr self
for sue/and how balyn mette wyth his brother balan vj
How a dwarfe wepynge fonde Balyn for the deth of Launcelot /&
how kyng Marke of Cornewayle founde them and made a
tombe ouer them capitulo vij
How Merlyn prophecyede that two the best kynyghtes of the
worlde sholde fyght there / whyche were Syr Launcelot and
syr Tristram Capitulo viij
How balyn and his broder by the counceyl of Merlyn tolde
kyng ryons and brought hym to kyng Arthur ix
How kyng arthur had a batayle ayenst Rew and kyng
lott of orkeney/and how kyng lott was destroyede by merlyn
and how yͤ kynges were slayne capitulo x
Of the entierement of yͤ kynges/& of the prophecye of mer-
lyn /how balyn sholde gyue the dolorous stroke xj
How a sorouful kynyght cam tofore arthur & how balyn set hym
& how that kynyght was slayn by a kynyght inuysyble xij
How balyn & the damoysel mette wyth a kynyght whych was

in lyke wyse slayn/ & how the damoysel bledde for the custom of a castel Capitulo xliij

How balyn met with that knyght named garlon at a feest & there he sleweth hym to haue his blood/ to hele therwith the sone of his hoost Capitulo xliiij

How balyn fought with kyng Ryence/ & how his swerde brake/ and how he gate a spere wherewith he smote the dolo=rous stroke capitulo xlv

How balyn was ordyuerd by Merlyn /and sauyd a knyght that wold haue slayn hym self for loue capitulo xlvj

How that knyght slewe his loue & a knyght lyeng by hyr/ & after how he sleweth hym self with his owne swerde/ & how ba=lyn rode to bsard a castel where he lost his lyf Capitulo xlvij

How balyn mette with his brother balen & how eche of theym slewe other vnknowen tyl they were wounded to deth xlviij

How merlyn buryed hem to the in one tōbe/ & of balyns swerd capitulo xlix ¶ Here foloweth the chapytres of the thyrd booke

How kyng arthur took a wyf and wedded gueneuer doughter to leodegram kyng of the londe of Camelerd with whome he had the rounde table Capitulo primo

How the knyghtes of the rounde table were ordyned & their syeges blessyd by the bysshop of caunterbury capitulo ij

How a poure man rydyng vpon a lene mare/ and dressyed of kyng Arthur to make his sone knyght Capitulo iij

How syr Tor was knowen for sone of kyng Pellynore/ and how Gawayn was made knyght capitulo iiij

How atte feste of the Weddyng of kyng arthur to gueneuer a Whyte herte came in to the halle & thyrty couple houndes/ & how a bracket pynched the herte whiche was taken alwaye v

How syr Gawayn rode for to fetche ageyn the herte/ & how ij brethern fought eche ageynst other for the herte Capitulo vj

How the herte was chaced in to a castel and there slayn/and how Gawayn sleweth a lady Capitulo vij

How iiij knyghtes faught ayenst sir gawayn & gaherys & how they were ouercom & her lyues saued atte requeste of iij ladyes capitulo viij ¶ How syr Tor rode after the knyght with the bracket & of his aduenture by the waye capitulo ix

How syr Tor fonde the bracket with a lady/ & how a knyght

assayllede hym for the sayde bracket capitule ij
How syr Tor ouercame the knyght/and how he lost ys stede at the requeste of a lady capitule iij
How kynge pellenore rode after the lady and the knyght that ladde her alwaye /& how a lady desyred helpe of hym and how he fought with .ij. knyghtes for that lady of whome he slewe that one at the fyrst stroke capitule iiij
How kynge Pellynore gate the lady & brought hyr to Camelot to the courte of kynge arthur capitule v
How on the waye he herde two knyghtes as he laye by nyght in a lakeye & of other aduentures capitule vj
How whan he was comen to camelot he Was sworne vpon a booke to telle the trouthe of his queste capitule vij

Here followen the chapytres of the fourth booke

How merlyn was assotted & dooted on one of the ladyes of the lake /and how he was shytte in a roche vnder a stone and there dyed capitule primo
How .v. kynges came in to this londe to warre ayenst kyng Arthur/& what counceyle arthur had ayenst them capitule .ij.
How kynge arthur had ado with them & ouerthrewe them & slewe the .v. kynges & made the remenaunte to flee .iij.
How the batayle Was fynysshed or he came /& how the kynge founded an abbay where the batayle was capitule .iiij.
How syr Tor was made knyght of the rounde table and how kyngdemagus was displeased capitule v
How kynge Arthur /kynge Vrpens & Syr Accolon of gaule chaced an hert & of theyr meruayllous aduenture vj
How Arthur took vpon hym to fyght to delyuer oute of pryson/ & also for to delyuer .xl. knyghtes that were in pryson Capitule vij
How accolon fonde hym self by a welle/& he woke vpon hym to doo batayle ayenst Arthur capitule viij
Of the batayle betwene kynge Arthur & Accolon ix
How kyng arthures swerde that he fought with brake/& how he recouerde of accolon his owne swerde excalibur and ouercame his enemye Capitule x
How accolon confessyd the treason of Morgan le fay Kynge arthurs syster & how she wold haue doon slee hym ca xj

Hold Arthur accorded the two brethern/ and delyuerd the xx
knyghtes/ & hold syr Accolone deyed xxi capitulo xxi
Hold Morgan wold haue slayn syr Vrpens hyr husbond/ &
hold syr Elwayn hir sone saued hym Capitulo xxii
Hold quene Morgan le fay made grete sorowde for the deth of
accolon/ & hold she stale away the scawbard fro arthur xxiii
Hold Morgan le fay saued a knyght that shold haue be dow-
ned/ & hold kyng Arthur returned home ageyn capitulo xxiiii
Hold the damoysel of the lake saued kynge Arthur from a
mantel which shold haue brente hym capitulo xxv
Hold syr Galwayn & syr Elwayn mette with vii fayr damoy
selles/ & hold they complayned on syr Marhaus ca xxvi
Hold syr Marhaus justed with syr Gawayn & syr Elwayn
and ouerthrwe them bothe capitulo xxvii and xxviii
Hold syr Marhaus syr Galwayn & syr Elwayn mette the da-
moyselles & eche of them tolde one capitulo xxix
Hold a knyght & a dwarf strood for a lady capitulo xxx
Hold kyng Pellcas suffred hym self to be taken prysoner by
cause he wold haue a syght of his lady/ & hold syr Galwayn
promysed hym for to gete to hym the loue of his lady xxxi
Hold syr Gawayn came to the lady Ettard and layd by hyr
& hold syr Pellcas fonde them slepyng capitulo xxxii
Hold syr Pellcas loued nomore ettard by the moyan of the
damoysel of the lake whome he loued euer after ca xxxiii
Hold syr marhaus rode with the damoysel and hold he came to
the duke of the south marchis Capitulo xxxiv
Hold syr Marhaus faught with the duke and his v sones
and made them to yelde them capitulo xxxv
How syr Elwayn rode with the damoysel of ly yere of age/ &
hold he gate the prys at tornoyeng capitulo xxxvi
Hold syr Elwayn fauzt with iii knyztes & ouercam hem xxxvii
Hold at the yeres ende alle thre knyghtes with theyr thre da-
moyselles metten at the fontayne capitulo xxxix

¶ Of the fyfthe book the chapytres followen

Hold yi agedy Ambassyatours of rome came to kyng Arthur
to demaunde tauage for brytayne capitulo primo
Hold the kynges and lordes promysed to kyng Arthur ayde
and helpe ageynst the Romayns capitulo ii

Hold kyng Arthur held a parlement at yorke & how he ordey
ned how the royame shold be gouerned in his absence iij
Hold kyng Arthur kyng shyppedy & kyng in his absay had
a meruaylous dreme/& of the exposycion therof capitulo iiij
Hold a man of the contrye tolde to hym of a meruaylous ge
aunte /& hold he fraught & conquerd hym Capitulo v
Hold kyng Arthur sente syr gawayn & other to lucius/& hold
they were assaylled & escaped with worshyp Capitulo vj
Hold Lucius sente espyes in a busshement for to haue
taken hys knyghtes kyng prysonners / and hold they were
letted capitulo vij
Hold a senatour tolde to Lucius of their dyscomfyture/ & also
of the grete batayl betwene Arthur & Lucius capitulo viij
Hold Arthur after he had achyeued the batayl ayenst the Ro
mayns entred in to almayn & so in to ytalye Capitulo ix
Of a batayle doon by Gawayn ayenst a sarasyn/ whiche af
ter was peldey & became cryste Capitulo x
Hold the Sarasyns came oute of a lode for to resolue theyr
brestys /and of a grete batayle Capitulo xj
Hold syr Gawayn returned to kyng Arthur with his pry
soners/ And how the kyng wanne a Cyte/ and how he was
crowned emperour capitulo xij

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the vj book

Hold syr Launcelot and syr Lyonel departed fro the courte
for to seek auentures/ and hold syr Lyonel lefte hym slepyng
and was taken Capitulo primo
Hold syr Ector folowed for to seek syr Launcelot/ & hold he
was taken by syr Turquyne Capitulo ij
Hold iij quenes fonde Launcelot slepyng/ & hold by enchaun
tement he was taken & lede in to a castel capitulo iij
Hold syr Lancelot was deliuerd by the meane of a damosel iiij
Hold a knyght founde syr Launcelot kyng in his lemmans
lede/& hold syr Launcelot fraught with the knyght ca v
Hold sir Launcelot was wayued of kyng Bagdemagus dough
ter/& he made his complaynte to hir fader Capitulo vj
Hold syr Launcelot byhaued hym in a tournement/ & hold he
mette with syr Turquyn ledyng syr Galeris capitulo vij
Hold syr Launcelot & sy Turquyn fraught to gyders ca viij

How ſyr Turquyn was ſlayn/ & how ſyr Launcelot had ſyr gaherys delyuer al the pryſoners capitulo iy
How ſyr Launcelot rode with the damoyſel & ſlewe a knyght that diſturbyd al ladyes/ & alſo a bylayn þ kept a bridge y
How ſyr Launcelot ſlewe ij geauntes & made a caſtel free yj
How ſyr Launcelot rode diſguyſed in Syr hayes harnoys/ & how he ſmote doun a knyght Capitulo yij
How ſyr Launcelot Juſted with ayenſt four knyghtes of the rounde table and ouerthrewe them capitulo yiij
How ſyr Launcelot followed a bracket in to a caſtel where he fonde a dede knyght & how he after was requyred of a damoyſel to bete hir brother capitulo yiiij
How ſir Launcelot cam in to the chapel perylous & gate there of a dede corps a pyece of the cloth & a ſwerde capitulo yB
How ſyr Launcelot at the requeſt of a lady recouerd a falcon by which he was requyed capitulo yBj
How ſyr Launcelot ouerthrewe a knyght which chaſed hys wyf to haue ſleyn hyr/ & how ſhe ſayd to hym capitulo yBij
How ſyr Launcelot came to kyng arthurs court/ & how there were remembred al his noble feates & actes capitulo yBiij

Here followeth the chapytres of the ſeuenth booke

How beaumayns came to kyng arthurs court & demaunded thre petycyons of kyng Arthur Capitulo primo
How ſyr Launcelot & ſyr Gawayn were wyth by cauſe ſyr kaye mocqued beaumayns /& of a damoyſel whyche deſyred a knyght to fyght for a lady Capitulo ij
How beaumayns deſyred the batayl/& how it was graunted to hym/& how he deſyred to be made knyght of ſir Launcelot iij
How beaumayns departed & how he gate of ſyr kaye a ſpere and a ſhelde / and how he Juſted and fraught wyth Syr Launcelot Capitulo iiij
How beaumayns tolde to ſyr Launcelot his name/ and how he was dubbed knyght of Syr Launcelot/ and of hym ouercome the damoyſel Capitulo B
How beaumayns fought & ſlewe ij knyghtes at a paſſage Bj
How beaumayns fraught with the knyght of the blacke launds/& fraught with hym tyl he fyl doun & deyed capitulo Bij
How the brother of the knyght that was ſlayn mette wyth

beaumayns/ & fauȝt with beaumayns tyll he was yelden . viij
How the damoysel euer rebuked beaumayns/ & wold not ſuf
fre hym to ſyt at hir table/ but alwyd̄ hym lychyn boye . ix
How the iij brother alwyd̄ the rede knyght . Justed̄ & faught
ayenſt beaumayns/ & how beaumayns ouercame hym ca . x
How ſyr beaumayns ſuffred̄ grete rebukes of the damoyſel/ &
he ſuffred̄ it patyently capitulo . xj
How beaumayns faught with Syr Persaunt of ynde /and̄
made hym to be yelden capitulo . xij
Of the godelyr comynycacyon betwene ſyr Persaunt & beau
mayns/ & how he tolde hym that his name was ſyr gareth xiij
How the lady that was beſyeged̄ bade worde to hyr ſyſter
how ſhe had̄ brought a knyght to fyght for hyr / and̄ what
batayllis he had̄ achyeued̄ Capitulo . xiiij
How the damoyſel & beaumayns came to the ſyege /& came to
a Sycamor tre/ & there beaumayns blewe an horne/ & thenne
the knyȝt of the rede launde cam to fyght with hym ca . xv
How the two knyghtes mette to gyders and of their talkyng
and how they began their batayl Capitulo . xvj
How after longe fyghtyng beaumayns ouercame the knyght
& wold̄ haue ſlayn hym/ but atte requeſt of the lordes he ſa
ued̄ his lyf & made hym to yelde hym to the lady cap? xvij
How the knyȝt yelded hym/ & how beaumayns made hym to
goo vnto kyng arthurs court & to crye ſir Lancelot mercy xviij
How Beaumayns came to the lady . & when he came to the
caſtel/ the yates were cloſed̄ ageynſt hym /& of the wordes that
the lady ſayd̄ to hym Capitulo . xix
How ſyr beaumayns rode after to reſcolve his dWarfe /and̄
came in to the caſtel where he was capitulo . xx
How ſyr gareth otherwyſe alwyd̄ beaumayns cam to ꝑ preſence
of his lady/ & how they toke acqueyntance/ & of their loue xxj
How at nyght cam an armed knyght & faught with ſir gareth
& he fore hurt in the thyghe ſmote of the knyghtes hed̄ ca xxij
How the ſayd knyght came ageyn the nexte nyght & was he
hed̄ ageyn/ & how at the feſte of pentecoſt al the knyȝtes that
ſyr gareth had ouercome cam & yelded hem to kyng arthur xxiij
How kyng Arthur pardoned them /and̄ demaunded̄ of them
where ſyr Gareth was Capitulo . xxiiij

Holw the quene of Orkeney came to this feste of pentecoste / & sir galwayn & his brethern came to aske hir blessyng xxv vvj
Holw kyng Arthur sente for the lady Lyonas / & how she lete crye a tournoye at hir castel / where as came many knyghtes Capitulo xxvij
Holw kyng Arthur wente to the tornoyment with his knyghtes / and how the lady maryed hym worshypfully / & holw the knyghtes encountred Capitulo xxviij
Holw the knyghtes bare them in the batayl capitulo xxix
Yet of the sayd tornoyment capitulo xxx
Holw syr Gareth was espyed by the herowdes / and holw he escaped oute of the felde capitulo xxxj
Holw syr Gareth came to a castel where he was well lodged & he justed with a knyght & slewe hym Capitulo xxxij
Holw syr Gareth fought with a knyght that held within his castel xxx ladyes & how he slewe hym capitulo xxxiij
Holw syr galwayn & syr Gareth fought eche ayenst other / and holw they knewe eche other by the damoysel Lynet ca xxxiiij
Holw syr Gareth knowleched that they knewe eche other to kyng Arthur / & of thappoyntement of their weddyng xxxv
Of the grete ryalte & what offyces were made at the feste of the weddyng & of the justes at the feest Capitulo xxxvj

¶ Here folowyn the chappytres of the eyght book

Holw syr Tristram de Lyones was borne and holw his moder deyed at his byrthe / wherfore she named hym Tristram primo
How the stepmoder of syr Tristram had ordeyned poyson for to have poysoned syr Tristram Capitulo ij
Holw Syr Tristram was sente in to Fraunce and had one to gouerne hym named Gournayle / and holw he lernyd to harpe / hawke and hunte capitulo iij
Holw syr Marhaus came out of Irelonde for to aske trewage of Cornewayle or elles he wolde fyght therfore capitulo iiij
Holw Tristram enterprysed the batayle to fyght for the trewage of Cornwayle / & holw he was made knyght Capitulo v
Holw Syr Tristram arryued in to the londe for to furnysshe the batayle with syr Marhaus Capitulo vj
holw syr Tristram fought ayenst Syr Marhaus & atchyeued his batayl / & holw syr Marhaus fledde to his shyppe ca vij

Hold Syr Marhaus after that he was arryued in Irelonde
dyed of the stroke that syr Trystram had gyuen to hym/ and
hold Trystram was hurte capitula viij
Hold syr Trystram was put to the kepyng of la bele ysoude
fyrst for to be helpyd of hys wounde Capitulo ix
Hold syr Trystram wanne the degree at a turnoyment in Ire-
londe/& there made parompdes to bere no harnoys in a yere x
Hold the quene espyed that syr Tristram had slayn hir broder
syr Marhaus by his sleyghte & in what Jeopardye he was xj
Hold Syr Trystram departed fro the kyng & la bele Jsoude out
of Irelonde for to come in to cornewayle capitulo xij
Hold syr Trystram and kyng Marke hurtyd eche other for
the lone of a knyghtes wyf capitulo xiij
Hold syr Trystram laye wyth the lady.and hold her husbond
fraught wyth syr Trystram Capitulo xiiij
Hold syr bleoberis demaunded the fayrest lady in kyng markes
court whom he toke awaye & hold he was fouxten with xv
Hold syr Trystram fraught wyth two knyghtes of the rounde
table capitulo xvj
How Syr tristram fraught with syr bleoberis for a lady/and
hold the lady was put to choyse to whome she wold goo xvij
Hold the lady forsoke syr tristram & abode with Syr bleoberis
and hold she desyred to goo to hyr husbond ca xviij
Hold kyng marke sent syr trystram for la bele Jsoude tolwardy
Irelond & hold by fortune he arryued in to englond xix
Hold kyng Anguysshe of Irelonde Was somoned to come to
kyng Arthures courte for treason Capitulo xx
Hold syr Trystram rescolved a chylde fro a knyght/and hold
gouernayle tolde hym of kyng Anguysshe ca xxj
Hold syr trystram fraught for syr anguysshe & ouercame hys
aduersarye & hold his aduersarye wold neuer yelde hym xxij
How syr blamor desyred trystram to slee hym/& hold syr tris
tram spared hym & hold they took appoyntement xxiij
Hold syr tristram demaunded la bele Jsoude for kynge marke/&
hold syr trystram & Jsoude dronken the loue drynke xxiiij
Hold syr Tristram & Jsoude were in pryson/& hold he fraughte
for hir beaute/& smote of another ladyes hede capitulo xxv
Hold syr Trystram fraught wyth syr breunor/ and atte laste

ſmote of his kde Capitulo xxbj
Hold ſyr galahad faught wyth ſyr Triſtram/& how ſyr triſ
tram yelded hym & promyſed to felaushyp With launcelot xxbij
Hold ſyr Launcelot mete with ſyr Carados keryng alwaye ſir
gawayn/& of the reſcolds of ſyr Galwayn Capitulo xxbiij
Of the wedddyng of kyng Marke to la bele Jſoude / and of
Brangwayn hyr mayde and of Palampdes xxbiy
Hold Palampdes demaunded quene Jſoude/& hold lambegus
rode after to reſcolde hyr /and of theſcape of Jſoude xxy
Hold ſyr Tryſtram rode after Palampdes and hold he fonde
hym and faught wyth hym /and by the moyne of Jſoude the
kutayl ſeased Capitulo xxbj
Hold ſyr Tryſtram brought quene Jſoude home/and of the de
bate of kyng Marke and Syr Tryſtram capitulo xxbij
Hold ſyr Lamerok Juſted wyth xxx knyghtes /& ſyr Triſ;
tram atte requeſte of kyng mark ſmote his hors doun xxbiij
Hold ſyr Lamerok ſente an horne to kyng Marke in deſpyte
of ſyr Tryſtram / And how ſyr Tryſtram was dryuen in to
a chapel capitulo xxbiij
Hold Syr triſtram was holpen by his men/& of quene Jſoude
which was put in a lazarcote/& hold triſtrā was hurt xxbv
Hold ſyr Tryſtram ſerued in warre the kyng holdel of bry;
tayn and ſlewe hys aduerſarye in the felde xxbvj
How ſyr Suppynabyles tolde ſyr Tryſtram hold he was deſſa
med in the courte of kyng Arthur /& of ſyr lamerok xxbvij
Hold ſyr Tryſtram and his wyf arryued in wales and hold
he mette there wyth ſyr Lamerok Capitulo xxbviij
Hold ſyr Tryſtram faught Wyth Syr Nabon /and ouercame
hym/and made ſyr Lamerok lord of the yle xxbix
Hold ſyr Lamerok departed fro ſyr Tryſtram/ & hold he mette
wyth ſyr frolle and after wyth ſyr Launcelot capitulo xl
Hold ſyr Lamerok ſlewe ſyr frolle /and of the curteyſe fyght
tyng Wyth ſyr bellaunce hys brother Capitulo xlj

¶ Here folowen the chapytres of the ix booke

Hold a ponge man came in to the courte of kyng arthur/and
hold ſyr Kaye called hym in ſcorne la cote male tayle primo
Hold a damoyſel came in to the courte & deſyred a knyght to
take on hym an enqueſt which la cote male tayle empriſed ij

How le cote male tayle ouerthrelde syr Dagonet the kynges
sole/ and of the rebuke that he hadd of the damoysel ca iij
How le cote male tayle fought ayenst an hondred knyghtes/ &
held he escaped by the meane of a lady Capitulo iiij
How syr Launcelot cam to the courte and herde of la cote male
tayle/ and how he folowed after hym/ and how la cote male
tayle was prysoner Capitulo v
How syr Launcelot faught with vj knyghtes/ & after with
syr bryan/ and how he delyuerd the prysonners vj
How syr Launcelot mette with the damoysel named maledy-
saunt/ and named hyr the damoysel bien pensaunt vij
How le cote male tayle Was taken prysoner/ & after rescowed
by syr launcelot/ & how syr launcelot ouercam iiij brethern viij
How Syr Launcelot maad le cote mayle lord of the castel of
Pendragon & after was made knyght of the rounde table ix
How la bele Isoude sente letters to syr Trystram by hir mayde
Brangwayn and of dyuers auentures of syr Trystram x
How syr Tristram mette with syr Lamerok de gales/ and how
they faught & after accorded neuer to fyght to gyders xj
How syr palomydes folowed the questyng beest & smote down
syr Trystram and syr Lamerock Wyth one speare Capitulo xij
How syr lamerok mette with syr Meleagaunce/ & faught to
gyder for the beaulte of dame Gueneuer capitulo xiiij
How Syr Kaye mette with Syr Trystram/ and after of the
shame spoken of the knyghtes of Cornewayl/ and how they
Justed capitulo xv
How Kyng Arthur was brought in to the forest perylous/ &
how syr Trystram saued his lyf capitulo xvj
How syr Trystram came to la bele Isoude/ & how kehydyous
began to loue bele Isoude & of a letter that tristram sonde xvij
How syr Tristram departed fro tyntagyl & how he sowlded &
was so longe in a forest tyl he was out of his mynde xviij
How syr Trystram solysed dagonet in a vessell/ & how Pala-
mydes sente a damoysel to seche Trystram/ and how palamydes
mette with Kyng Mark capitulo xix
How it was noysed how syr Trystram was dede and how la
bele Isoude wolde haue slayn hyr self capitulo xx
How kyng Mark fonde syr Trystram naked and made hym

vj

to be borne home to tyntagyl and how he was there knowen by a brachet capitulo xxj
How kyng Marke by thaups of his counceyl banny ssheth syr Tryssram out of Cornelwayl the terme of .v. yere xxij
How a damoysel sought helpe to helpe sir launcelot ayenst .xxx. knyghtes / & how syr tryssram fought with them ca xxiij
How syr Tryssram & syr Launcelot came to a lodgynge where they must juste with two knyghtes capitulo xxiij
How syr Tryssram justed with syr Kaye and syr Sagramor le desyrous / and how syr Galhayn warned Syr Tryssram fro Morgan le fay Capitulo xxv
How syr Tryssram and syr Gaulhayn rode to haue fought ayenst the .xxx. knyghtes / but they durst not come oute xxvj
How damoysel Brangwayn sonde tryssram slepyng by a welle & how she delyuerd letters to hym fro bele Isoude ca xxvij
How syr Tryssram had a falle of syr Palomydes / and how Launcelot ouerthrewe two knyghtes capitulo xxviij
How syr Launcelot justed with Palomydes and ouerthrewe hym / & after he was assayled with vij knyghtes xxix
How syr Tryssram byshaued hym the fyrst day of the tourne ; ment / and there he had the prys Capitulo xxx
How syr Tryssram returned ayenst kyng arthurs partye by cause he salue syr Palomydes on that partye capitulo xxxj
How Syr Tryssram sonde Palomydes by a welle / & brought hym with hym to his lodgynge Capitulo xxxij
How syr Tryssram smote doun syr Palomydes / and how he justed with kynge Arthur and other feates xxxiij
How syr Launcelot hurte syr Tryssram / and how after syr Tryssram smote doun syr Palomydes capitulo xxxiiij
How the prys of the thyrd day was gyuen to Syr Launcelot and syr Launcelot gaf it to syr Tryssram ca xxxv
How Palomydes came to the castel where syr Tryssram was And of the queste that syr Launcelot & .v. knyghtes made for syr Tryssram Capitulo xxxvj
How syr Tryssram / syr Palomydes / and Syr dynadan were taken and put in prysone Capitulo xxxvij
How kyng marke was sory for the good renommee of syr Trystram / somme of arthurs knyghtes justed with knyghtes

of Cornewayll Capitulo xxxviij
Of the treason of kynge Marke / and how syr Gaheris smote
hym doun / and Andred his cosyn capitulo xxxix
How after that syr Trystram / syr Palomydes / and syr Dyna
dan hadde be longe in prysone they were delyuerd ca xl
How syr Dynadan reconfortyd a lady for syr knyuse sauns pyte
& how syr Trystram receyuyd a shelde of Morgan le fay xlj
How syr Trystram took with hym the shelde / and also how
he slewe the paramour of Morgan le fay capitulo xlij
How Morgan le fay buryed hyr paramour / and how syr tris
tram preysed syr Launcelot and hys kynne ca xliij
How syr Trystram at a tornoyment bare the shelde that Mor
gan le fay delyuerd to hym capitulo xliiij
¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the tenth book
How syr Trystram Justed and smote doun kynge Arthur / by
cause he wolde hym not the cause why he bare that shelde ca j
How syr Trystram sauyd syr Palomydes lyf / & how they pro
mysed to fyght to gyder within fourtenyght capitulo ij
How syr Trystram sought a stronge knyght that hadde smy
tyn hym doun & many other knyghtes of the rounde table iij
How syr Trystram smote doun syr Sagramor le desyrous / &
syr Dodynas le sauage capitulo iiij
How syr Trystram mette at the perron with syr Launcelot / &
how they fought to gyder vntyl euen Capitulo v
How syr Launcelot brought syr Trystram to the courte / and
of the Jape that the kynge and other made for the comynge of
syr Trystram Capitulo vj
How for despyte of syr Trystram kynge Marke came with iij
knyghtes in to englond and how he slewe one of the knygh
tes Capitulo vij
How the kynge came to a fontayne where he fonde syr Lame
rok complaynynge for the loue of Kynge lotes Wyf viij
How kynge marke / syr Lamerok / and syr dynadan came to a
castell / and how Kynge Marke was knowen there capitulo ix
How syr Berkuses mette with Kynge marke / and how Syr
dynadan tolde his partye ca x ¶ How kyng marke mocked
syr dynadan / & how they mette with vj knyghtes of the rounde
table xj ¶ How the vj knyghtes sente sir daganet to Juste with

kyng marke & how kynge marke refused hym ca xij
How syr Palamydes by aduenture mette kyng Marke fleyng & how he ouerthrewe dagonet/ and other knyghtes xiij
How kyng marke & syr Dynadan herde syr palamydes ma-
kyng grete sorowe & mornyng for la bele Isoude xiiij
How the kyng had slayn syr amant wrongfully wherfore kyng arthur / & syr launcelot fette kyng marke to kyng arthur xv
How syr dynadan tolde syr palamydes of the batayl bet wene Syr Launcelot and syr Trystram Capitulo xvj
How syr Lamerok justed with dyuers knyghtes of the ca-
stel/ wherin Was Morgan le fay capitulo xvij
How syr Palamydes wold haue justed for syr Lamerock With the knyghtes of the castel Capitulo xviij
How syr Lamerock Justed with syr palamydes and hurte hym greuously capitulo xix
How it was tolde syr Launcelot that Dagonet chaced kyng marke/ & how a knyght ouerthrewe hym & vj knyghtes xx
How kynge Arthur lete do crye a Justes/ & how syr Lamo-
rak came in and ouerthrewe syr Galhayn & many other xxj
How kyng arthur made kynge marke to be accorded with syr Trystram & how they departed to ward Cornelhayll xxij
How syr percyuale was made knyght of kyng arthur/ and how a dombe mayde spack & brought hym to the rounde table xxiij
How syr Lamerock laye with kyng lots wyf/ and how syr Galeris slewe hir which was his owne moder ca xxiiij
How syr agrauayn & syr Mordred mette with a knyght fle-
yng/ and how they bothe were ouerthrowen and of Syr Dyna dan Capitulo xxv
How kynge Arthur / the quene & Launcelot wrayned letters out of Cornelhayle/ & of the answer ageyn ca xxvj
How Syr Launcelot was wrothe with the letter that he re-
cayued from kyng Marke/ and of Dynadan which made a laye of kyng Marke capitulo xxvij
How Syr Trystram was hurte / and of a warre maad to kynge Marke/ And of Syr Trystram how he promysed to reconcile hym Capitulo xxviij
How syr Trystram ouercame the batayl/ & how Elyas defy-
ed a man to fyght body for body capitulo xxix

How ſyr Elyas & ſyr Tryſtram faught to gyder for the ma-
age/ & how ſyr tryſtram ſlewe Elyas in the felde xxv
How at a grete feſte that kyng Marke made/ an harper came
and ſange the lay that dynadan had made capitulo xxvj
How kyng Marke ſlewe by treaſon his brother boudyn for
goode ſeruyce that he had done to hym Capitulo xxvij
How anglydes boudyns wyf eſcaped with hir yonge ſone ali-
ſaunder le orphelyn & came to the caſtel of awndel xxviij
How anglydes gaf the blody dobbet to alyſaunder hir ſone the
ſame day that he was made knyght & the charge withal xxviij
How it was tolde to kyng marke of Alyſaunder. and how he
wolde haue ſlayn ſyr Sadok for ſaupng of his lyf xxxv
How ſyr Alyſaunder wanne the pryce at a tournoyment and
of Morgan le fay/ And how he faught wyth Syr Maulgreyn
and ſlewe hym capitulo xxxvj
How quene Morgan le fay had alyſaunder in hyr caſtel/ and
how ſhe healyd his woundes capitulo xxxvij
How Alyſaunder was delyuerd fro the quene Morgan le
fay by the moyane of a damoyſell capitulo xxxviij
How alyſaunder mette wyth alys la beale pylgrym/ and how
he Juſted wyth two knyghtes / And after of hym and of
Syr Mordred capitulo xxxix
How ſir galahalt dyd do crye a Juſtes in ſarkuſe/ & quene gue
neuers knyghtes ſhold Juſte ayenſt all that wold come xl
How ſyr Launcelot fought in the tournoyment / & how ſyr pa-
lompdes dyd armes there for a damoyſell Ca xlj
How ſyr Galahault & ſyr Palompdes faught to gyder/ and
of ſyr dynadan and ſyr Galahault Capitulo xlij
How ſyr archade appelled ſyr Palampdes of treaſon / & how
ſyr palampdes ſlewe hym Capitulo xliij
Of the thyrde day & how ſyr Palompdes Juſted wyth ſyr La
meroke and other thynges capitulo xliiij
Of the iiij day & of many grete feates of armes ca xlv
Of the v day & how ſyr Lamerok bybaued hym ca xlvj
How palampdes fought wyth Corſabryn for a lady / & how
Palampdes ſlewe corſabryn xlvij
Of the vj day & what was thenne doon ca xlviij
Of the vij batayll/ and how Syr Launcelot kyng deſguyſed
viij

lylie a mayde ſmote doun ſyr dynadan capitulo xlix
How by treſon ſyr Triſtram was brought to a turnoyment for to haue be ſlayn / and how he was put in pryſon l
How kyng Marke lete do counterfete letters from the pope & how ſyr percyual delyuerd ſyr Triſtram oute of pryſon li
How ſyr Tryſtram & labele Jſoude came in to engelond / & how ſyr Launcelot brought them to Joyous garde capitulo lii
How by the counceyl of lele yſoude Tryſtram rode armed and how he mette with ſyr Palomydes capitulo liii
Of ſyr Palomydes and how he mette With ſyr Bleoberys & with ſyr Ector and of ſyr Percyuale Capitulo liiii
How ſyr Tryſtram mette with ſyr dynadan & of their deuyſes & what he sayd to ſyr Gawayns brethern lv
How ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doun ſyr agrauayn & ſyr galeris & how ſyr Dynadan was sente fore by la bele Jſoude lvi
How ſyr Dynadan mette with ſyr Tryſtram / & with Juſtyng with ſyr Palamydes ſyr Dynadan knelde hym lvii
How they approched the caſtel Lonazep and of other deuyſes of the deth of ſyr Lamerok Capitulo lviii
How they came to humberlande / & how they fonde a ſhyppe there Wherin laye the body of kyng Hermaunce lix
How ſyr Tryſtram with his felawſhyp came and were with an hoſt whyche after faught with Syr Tryſtram and other maters capitulo lx
How Palamydes went for to fyght with two brethern for the deth of kyng Hermaunce Capitulo lxi
The copye of the letter wryten for to reuenge the kynges deth and how ſyr palamydes faught for to haue the batayle lxii
Of the preparacyon of ſyr Palamydes & the ii brethern that ſholde fyght with hym Capitulo lxiii
Of the batayl betwene ſyr Palamydes & the two brethern and how the two brethern were ſlayn capitulo lxiiii
How ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Palamydes mette Breuse ſauns pyte and how Syr Triſtram and la beale yſoude went vnto Lonazep Capitulo lxv
How ſyr Palamydes Juſted with ſyr Galyhodyn / & after with ſyr Galhayn & ſmote them doun lxvi
How ſyr Tryſtram & his felauſhyp cam vnto the tournement

of lontzep and of dyuers Juſtes and mackes capitulo lxvij
Holw ſyr Tryſtram and hys felawſhyp Juſted & of the noble
feates that they dyd in that tournoyeng lxviij
Holw ſyr Tryſtram was vnhorſed & ſmyten doun by ſyr laun
celot/ & after that ſyr Triſtram ſmote doun kyng arthur lxix
Holw ſyr Tryſtram chaunged his harnoys & it was al red
and holw he demenyd hym and holw Syr Palamydes ſtelde
Launcelottes hors Capitulo lxx
Holw ſyr Launcelot ſayd to ſyr Palamydes/ & holw the prys
of that day was gyuen to ſyr Palamydes lxxj
Holw ſyr dynadan prouoked ſyr Tryſtram to do wel lxxij
Holw kyng Arthur & ſyr Launcelot came to ſee la bele yſoude
& holw Palamydes ſmote doun kyng arthur Capitulo lxxiij
Holw the ſecond day Palamydes forſoke ſyr Tryſtram / and
went to the contrarye partye ayenſt hym capitulo lxxiiij
Holw ſyr Tryſtram departed out of the feld/ & abaked Sir
Dynadan and chaunged his araye in to blacke ca lxxv
Holw ſyr Palamydes chaunged his ſhelde & armour for to
hurte ſir triſtram/ & holw ſyr launcelot dyd to ſir triſtram lxxvj
Holw ſyr Tryſtram departed wyth la bele Jſoude / & holw Pa
lomydes folowed and excuſed hym capitulo lxxvij
Holw kyng arthur and ſyr Launcelot came in to theyr pauc ly
ons as they ſatte at ſouper/ and of Palomydes lxxviij
Holw ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Palamydes dyd the neyte day
and holw kyng Arthur Was vnhorſed capitulo lxxix
Holw ſyr Tryſtram tornes to kynge Arthurs ſyde/ and holw
Syr Palomydes wolde not capitulo lxxx
Holw ſyr bleoberis & ſyr Ector reported to quene Gueneuer
of the beaute of la bele Jſoude capitulo lxxxj
Holw Palomydes complaynes by a welle / & holw Eppinogris
came and fonde hym; and of theyr bothe ſorowes lxxxij
Holw ſyr palomydes brouzt to ſyr eppinogris his lady/ & holw
ſir palomydes & ſyr ſafer were aſſayled ca lxxxiij & lxxxiiij
Holw ſyr Tryſtram made hym redy to reſcolwe Syr Palomydes
but ſyr Launcelot reſcolwed hym or he came capitulo lxxxv
Holw ſyr Tryſtram and ſyr Launcelot wyth palomydes came to
Joyous garde/ of Palomydes and ſyr Tryſtram ca lxxxvj
Holw there was a day ſette bytwene ſyr Tryſtram and Syr

palomydes for to fyght/& how sir tryssram was hurte lxxxvij
How syr palomydes kepte his day for to haue fought/but
syr Trystram myght not come/& other thynges ca lxxxviij

¶ Here folowen the chappytres of the vj book

How Syr Launcelot rode on his aduenture/& how he helpe a
dolorous lady fro hyr payne/ and how that he faught with a
dragon capitulo primo
How syr Launcelot came to chelles/and of the sangreal/and
how he legate galahad on Elayn kyng pelles douzter ij
How Syr Launcelot was displeasyd when he knelde that he
had layen by Elayn/& how she was delyuerd of galahad iij
How syr lors came to dame Elayn & salde galahad/& how
he Was fedde with the sangreal capitulo iiij
How syr lors made syr pedyuer to yelde hym/& of meruayl
lous aduentures that he had & how he achyeued them ca v
How syr lors departed/& how syr Launcelot was rebuked of
the quene Gueneuer/ and of his excuse capitulo vj
How dame Elayn galahads moder came in grete estate to ca
melot/and how Launcelot byhaued hym there Capitulo vij
How dame brysen by enchauntement brought syr Launcelote
to Elayns bedde/& how quene gueneuer rebuked hym viij
How dame Elayn was commaunded by quene Gueneuer to
voyde the courte/& how syr Launcelot bream madde ix
What sorowe quene gueneuer made for Syr Launalot/& how
he was sought by knyghtes of his kynne Capitulo x
How a seruaunte of syr Agrouales was slayn/& what ven
geaunce syr agglouale & syr percyuale dyd therfore xj
How syr percyuale departed secretelye fro his brother/& how
he losed a knyght bounden with a chayne & other thynges xij
How syr percyuale mette with sir Ector/& how they faught
longe and eche had almoost slayne other capitulo xiij
How by myracle they were bothe made hole by the comyng of
the holy vessel of Sangreal Capitulo xiiij

¶ Here fololwen the chappytres of the vij book

How syr Launcelot in hys madnes took a sworde & faughte
With a knyght and after kepte in to a bedde capitulo primo
How syr Launcelot was caryed in an hors lytter/& after syr
Launcelot resolued syr Blyaunte his hoost Capitulo ij

Hold syr Launcelot fought ayenste a tour & slewe hym/ & hold he was hurte/ & brought to an hermytage capitulo iij
Hold syr Launcelot was knowen by dame Elayn / and was borne in to a chambre & after helpyd by the sangreal iiij
Hold syr Launcelot after that he was hole & hady his mynde he was ashamedy / and hold that Elayn desyred a castel for hym capitulo v
Hold syr Launcelot came in to the Joyous yle/ & there he namedy hym self le chyualer malfet capitulo vj
Of a grete tournoyenge in the Joyous yle /and hold syr Percyuale and Syr Ector came thyder and syr Percyuale fought wyth hym capitulo vij
Hold eche of them knelye other/ & of their curtoysye/ & hold his brother Ector came to hym /and of theyr Joye viij
Hold syr lors & syr Lyonel came to kynge Brandegore/ & hold syr lors woke his sone helyne le blank & of sir launcelot ix
Hold syr Launcelot wyth syr Percyuale & syr ector came to the courte/ and of the grete Joye of hym capitulo x
Hold la dele ysoude counceylledy syr Trystram to goo vnto the courte to the grete feste of Pentecoste capitulo xj
Hold syr Trystram departedy vnarmedy and mette with syr Palomydes/ and hold they smote eche other/ and hold Palomydes forbare hym capitulo xij
Hold Syr Trystram gaue hym harnoys of a knyght whyche was hurte & hold he ouerthrewe syr Palomydes xiij
Hold syr Trystram and syr Palamydes fought longe to gyders /and after accordedy / and syr Trystram maady hym to be crystenedy Capitulo xiiij

Here followen the chapytres of the xiij book

Hold at the bygyle of the feste of Pentecoste entredy in to the halle before kynge Arthur a damoysel/ and desyred syr launcelot for to come and dubbe a knyght / and hold he went wyth hyr Capitulo primo
How the letters were founde wryten in the syege perylous & of the meruayllous aduenture of the swerde in a stone ij
Hold syr Galhayn assayed to drawe oute the swerde / & hold

an olde man brought in galahad capitulo iij
Hold the olde man brought Galahad to the syege perylous &
sette hym therin / & hold all the knyghtes meruayled iiij
Hold kynge Arthur shelded the stone houyng on the water
to Galahad and hold he dreue out the sworde v
Hold kyng Arthur had al the knyghtes to gyder for to Juste
in the medowe besyde wynchester or they departed vj
Hold the quene desyred to see Galahad / & after al the knygh
tes were replenysshed with the holy sangreal / & hold all they
anolded the enqueste of the same capitulo vij
Hold grete sorowe was made of the kynge and ladyes for the
departyng of the knyghtes / & hold they departed viij
Hold Galahad gaue hym a shelde / and hold they spedde that
presumed to take doun the sayd shelde capitulo ix
Hold Galahad departed with the shelde / and hold kyng ene
lake had reserued thys shelde of Joseph of armathye x
Hold Joseph made a crosse on the whyte shelde with his blode
& hold galahad was by a monke brought to a tombe xj
Of the meruayle that syr Galahad salde & herde in the tombe
and hold he made melyas knyght Capitulo xij
Of thaduenture that Melyas had / & how Galahad reuenged
hym / and how melyas was caryed in to an abbey xiij
Hold Galahad departed / & hold he was commaunded to goo
to the castel of maydens to destroye the wycked custome xiiij
How syr Galahad fought with the knyghtes of the castel &
destroyed the wycked custome capitulo xv
Hold syr Gawayn came to thabbey for to folowe Galahad / &
hold he was shryuen to an heremyte Capitulo xvj
Hold syr Galahad mette with syr Launcelot & with syr Pher
euale / and smote hem doun and departed fro them xvij
Hold syr Launcelot halfe slepynge and halfe wakynge salde
a seek man borne in a lytter / and hold he was holed by the
sangreal capitulo xviij
Hold a boys spake to syr Launcelot / & hold he fonde his hors
& his helme borne awaye / & after wente a fote xix
How syr Launcelot was shryuen & what sorowe he made / & of
goody ensaumples Whycle were shelded to hym en xx

Here folowen the chapytres of the viij book

Hold ſyr Percyuale came to a recluſe and/ aſked hyr coun-
cyll/ & hold ſhe tolde hym that ſhe was hys aunte ca primo
How Merlyn lyklened the wounde table to the worldy/ and
hold the knyghtes that ſholdy achyeue the ſangreal ſholdy be
knowen Capitulo ij
Hold ſyr Percyuale came in to a monaſterye where he fonde
kyng Enelake whyche was an olde man capitulo iij
Hold ſyr Percyuale ſalue many men of armes berying a dede
knyght and/ hold he fauggt agenſt them capitulo iiij
Hold a yeman deſyredy hym to gete ageyn an hors / and/ hold
Syr Percyuales haketnay was ſlayn /and/ hold he gate an
hors capitulo v
Of the grete daunger that ſyr Percyual was in by hys hors
and/ hold he ſalue a ſerpent and/ a Lyon fyght vj
Of the aduyſyon that ſyr percyual ſalue /and/ hold hys aduy-
ſyon was expoundedy /and/ of hys Lyon capitulo vij
Hold ſyr Percyuale ſalue a ſhyppe compyng to hym warde / &
hold the lady of the ſhyppe tolde hym of hir diſheryteaunce viij
Hold ſyr Percyual promyſedy hir helpe & hold he requyred hir
of loue /and/ hold he was ſauedy fro the fende ca ix
Hold Syr Percyual for penaunce woof hym ſelf thorugh the
thygh /and/ hold ſhe was knowen for the deuyl x

¶ Here followith the xv book whyche is of ſyr Launcelot

Hold Syr Launcelot came in to a chapel /where he fonde dedy
in a whyte ſherte a man of relygyon /of on hondredy wyntrs
olde capitulo primo
Of a dede man hold men wholdy haue beryed hym/ and/ it wolde
not be/ & hold ſyr Launcelot toke the hayr of the dede man ij
Of an aduyſyon that ſyr Launcelot hady/ and hold he tolde it
to an heremyte/ and/ deſyredy counceyll of hym capitulo iij
Hold the heremyte expoundedy to ſyr Launcelot his aduyſyon
& tolde hym that ſyr Galahady was hys ſone capitulo iiij
Hold ſyr Launcelot Juſtedy with many knyghtes / & he was
taken Capitulo v
How ſyr Launcelot tolde hys aduyſyon to a Woman / & hold
ſhe expoundedy it to hym capitulo vj

Here folowen the chapytres of the vij book

How ſyr Gawayn was nyghe ſlayn of the queſte of ſangreal & of his meruayllous dreme capitulo primo

Of the aduyſyon of ſyr Ector / and how he Juſted with ſyr Gawayn le auoultres hys ſwane brother ca ij

How ſyr Gawayn & ſyr Ector cam to an hermytage to be confeſſyd & how they tolde to the hermyte theyr aduyſyons iij

How the hermyte expowned theyr aduyſyon Capitulo iiij

Of the good counceyl that the hermyte gaf to them v

How Syr Bors mette with an hermyte / and how he was confeſſyd to hym and of his penaunce enioyned to hym vj

How ſyr bors was lodged with a lady and how he wold on hym for to fyght ageynſt a champyon for hyr lande vij

Of a vyſyon whyche Syr bors had that nyght / and how he faught and ouercame hys aduerſarye capitulo viij

How the lady Was reſtored to hyr londes by the batayle of ſyr Bors / and of his departyng / and how he mette ſyr Lyonel taken and bete with thornes / and alſo a mayde which ſholde haue ben deuoured Capitulo ix

How ſyr bors lefte to reſcolve his brother. & reſcolved the damoyſel / & how it was tolde hym that lyonel was dede x

How ſyr bors tolde his dreme to a preeſt / whiche he had dremed & of the counceyl that the preeſt gaf to hym xj

How the deuyl in a womans lyknes wold haue had Syr bors to haue layen by hir / & how by goddes grace he eſcaped xij

Of the holy comynycacyon of an abbot to Syr bors / and how the abbot counceylled hym capitulo xiij

How ſyr bors mette with his brother ſyr Lyonel / and how ſyr Lyonel wolde haue ſlayn ſyr bors capitulo xiiij

How ſyr Colgreuaunce fought ayenſt ſyr Lyonel for to ſaue ſyr bors / and how the hermyte was ſlayn ca xv

How ſyr Lyonel ſkelde Syr Colgreuaunce / and how after he wold haue ſlayn ſyr bors capitulo xvj

How there came a voys whyche charged ſyr bors to touche not hym and of a ſhoute that came bytwene them capitulo xvij

Here folowen the chapytres of the viij book

How ſyr Galahad fraught at a turnement/and how he was knowen of ſyr galwayn & of ſyr ector de marris capitulo j
How ſyr Galahad rode with a damoyſel / & came to the ſhyp where as ſyr bors and ſyr Percyuale were in capitulo ij
How ſyr Galahad entryd in to the ſhyp/ & of a fayr bedde therin with other meruayllous thynges/& of a ſwerde iij
Of the meruayles of the ſwerde & of the ſcaubard iiij
How Kyng Pelles was ſmyten thorugh bothe thyes by cauſe he drewe the ſwerde/& other meruayllous hyſtoryes v
How Salamon toke daupds ſwerde by the counceyl of hys wyf/and of other maters meruayllous Capitulo vj
A wonderful tale of kyng Salamon & his wyf vij
How Galahad and hys felowes came to a caſtel / and how they were foughten with al /& how they ſlewe theyr aduerſaryes and other maters capitulo viij
How the ij knyghtes with Percyuales ſyſter came in to the waſte forſt/& of an herte & iiij lyons and other thynges ix
How they were deſyred of a ſtraūge cuſtom/ which they wolde not obeye /wherfore they fraught & ſlewe many knyghtes x
How Percyuales ſyſter bledde a dyſſhe ful of blood for to hele a lady wherfore ſhe dyed / and how that the body was put in a ſhyppe Capitulo xj
How Galahad and percyuale fonde in a caſtel many tombes of maydens that had bledde to dethe capitulo xij
How Syr Launcelot entred in to the ſhyppe where ſyr Percyuales ſyſter laye dede/ and how he mette with Syr Galahad hys ſone capitulo xiij
How a knyght brought to ſyr Galahad an hors/ & bad hym come from his fader ſyr Launcelot capitulo xiiij
How Launcelot was before the dore of the chambre/wherin the holy ſangreal was capitulo xv
How ſyr Launcelot had layen xiiij dayes & as many nyghtes as a dede man & other dyuers maters capitulo xvj
How ſyr Launcelot rewmed wilhardy bogres and of other aduentures whych he ſaide in the waye capitulo xvij
How Galahad came to Kyng Mordrayns/and of other maters and aduentures Capitulo xviij
How ſyr Percyuale and ſyr bors mette with ſyr Galahad

& how they came to the castel of carbonek & other matres xiv
How Galahad & his felowes were fedde of the holy sangreal
& how our lorde apered to them and other thynges xv
How Galahad enoynted with the blode of the spere the
maymed kyng and of other aduentures capitulo xvj
How they were fedde with the sangreal whyle they were in
prysone/and how Galahad was made kyng capitulo xvij
Of the sorowe that percyuale and boors made whan galahad
was dede & of percyuale how he dyed & other matres xviij

Here followeth the chapytres of the xviij book

Of the joye of kyng Arthur and the quene had of thachy-
euement of the sangreal / and how launcelot fyl to hys olde
loue ageyn capitulo primo
How the quene comaunded syr launcelot to auoyde the court
and of the sorowe that launcelot made capitulo ij
How at a dyner that the quene made there was a knyght en
poysoned whyche syr Mador layed on the quene iij
How syr Mador appeched the quene of treason /& there was
no knyght wold fyght for hyr at the fyrst tyme iiij
How the quene requyred syr Boors to fyght for hyr / & how
he graunted vpon condycyon /and how he warned syr laun
celot therof capitulo v
How at the day syr boors made hym redy for to fyght for the
quene/& whan he shold fyght how another dyscharged hym vj
How syr launcelot fought ayenst syr mador for the quene/&
how he ouercame syr Mador & dyscharged the quene vij
How the trouthe was knowen by the mayden of the lake/and
of dyuers other matres Capitulo viij
How syr launcelot rode to astolat/ & recouered a sleue to bere
vpon his helme at the requeste of a mayde capitulo ix
How the tornoye began at Wynchester and what knyghtes
were at the Justes and other thynges capitulo x
How sir launcelot and syr lauayn entred in the felde ayenst
them of kyng Arthurs court/ & how launcelot Was hurte xj
How syr launcelot & syr lauayn departed oute of the felde
and in what Jeopardye launcelot was capitulo xij

How Launcelot was brought to an hermyte for to be holyd of his wounde and of other maters capitulo viii
How syr Galhayn was lodged with the lady of astolat / & there had knowlege that hit was Syr Launcelot that bare the rede sleue Capitulo viiii
Of the sorowe that syr Bors had for the hurte of Launcelot and of the angre that the quene had by cause Launcelot bare the sleue capitulo x
How Syr Bors sought launcelot & fonde hym in the hermytage / & of the lamentacion betwen them Capitulo xi
How syr Launcelot armed hym to assaye yf he myght bere armes & how his wounde brest oute ageyn capitulo xii
How syr Bors returned & tolde tydynges of syr Launcelot / & of the tournoye and to whome the pryse was gyuen xiii
Of the grete lamentacyn of the fayr mayde of astolat when Launcelot sholde departe & how she dyed for his loue xiv
How the corpe of the mayde of astolat arryued tofore kynge arthur and of the lamentacyon / and how syr Launcelot offryd the masse peny capitulo xv
Of grete Justes don alle a crystemasse / and of a grete Justes and tournoye ordeyned by Kynge Arthur / and of Syr Launcelot Capitulo xvi
How Launcelot after that he was hurt of a gentylwoman came to an hermyte and of other maters capitulo xvii
How syr Launcelot bybaued hym at the Justes / and other men also Capitulo xviii
How Kynge arthur mesuryd mocke of the Justynge in the felde and how he rode & fonde syr Launcelot capitulo xviiii
How twelue lone is lyckened to sommer Capitulo xx

Thes sobdeyn the chappetres of the xiy book

How quene gueneuer rode on mayeng with certeyn knyghtes of the rounde table and clad al in grene capitulo primo
How syr Mellyagraunce toke the quene & al hyr knyghtes whych were sore hurte in fyghtynge capitulo ii
How syr Launcelot had Word how the quene was taken / & how syr mellyagraunce layed a bussement for launcelot iii

Holde syr Launcelots hors was slayn / & holde holde syr Launcelot rode in a carte for to reſcowe the quene Capitulo iiij
Holde syr Melyagraunce requyred forgyuenes of the quene / & holde she appeased syr Launcelot and other matrs v
Holde syr Launcelot came in the nyght to the quene and laye wyth hyr / and holde syr Melyagraunce appeched the quene of treſon capitulo vj
Holde syr Launcelot answerde for the quene / and waged bataylle ayenſt syr melyagraunce / and how syr Launcelot was taken in a trappe Capitulo vij
Holde syr Launcelot was delyuerde out of pryſon by a lady & toke a whyte courſer and came for to kepe hys day viij
Holde syr Launcelot cam the same tyme that syr melyagraūce abode hym in the felde and dreſſyde hym to bataylle ix
Holde syr Ector came in to arthurs courte for to be healed of his woundes / & holde kyng arthur wolde begyn to handle hym x
How kyng arthur handleth syr Ector / and after hym many other knyghtes of the rounde table capitulo xj
Holde syr Launcelot was comanded by arthur to handle hys woundes & anone he was al hool / & holde they thanked god xij
Holde there was a party made of an hondred knyghtes ayenſt an hondred knyghtes / and of other matrs capitulo xiij

¶ Here folowyeth the book of the pytous hyſtorye whyche is of the marte or deth of kyng Arthur / and the chapytres of the twenty book

Holde syr Agrauayn & syr mordred were leſy vpon syr Gawayn for to dyſcloſe the loue bytwene Syr Launcelot & quene Gueneuer Capitulo primo
Holde syr Agrauayn dyſcloſed theyr loue to kyng Arthur / & holde kyng Arthur gaf them lycence to take hym ij
Holde syr Launcelot was eſpyed in the quenes chambre / and holde Syr Agrauayn and Syr Mordred came wyth twelue knyghtes to slee hym Capitulo iij
Holde syr Launcelot ſtelde syr colgreuance & armed hym in his harneys & after ſtelde syr agrauayn & vij of his felawes iiij
Holde Syr Launcelot came to syr hors & tolde hym holde he had

ſpedde & in what aduenture he hadȝ ben/& how he eſcaped B
Of the counſeyl andȝ aduys which was taken by ſyr Launſ
celot andȝ by hys frendes forȝ to ſaue the quene Capitulo Bj
How ſyr mordredȝ wold haſtely to the Kyngȝ / to take hym of
thaffray & deth of ſyr agrauayn & the other knyghtes Bij
How ſyr Launcelot andȝ hys kynneſmen reſcowed the quene
from the fyre andȝ how he ſlewe many knyghtes Biij
Of the ſorowe & lamentacyon for the dethe of hys neuewes &
other goodȝ knyghtes/& alſo forȝ the quene his wyf ij
How Kyngȝ Arthur at the requeſte of ſyr Galuayn concluſ
dedȝ to make warre ayenſt ſyr Launcelot/ andȝ layedȝ ſyege to
his caſtel calledȝ Joyous garde capitulo v
Of the comynycacyon bytwene kyng Arthur & ſyr Launcelot
andȝ how Kyngȝ Arthur reprouedȝ hym capitulo vj
How the coſyns & kynneſmen of ſyr Launcelot excytedȝ hym
to goo oute to batayl/andȝ how they made them redy vij
How ſyr Galuayn Juſtedȝ andȝ ſmote doun ſyr Lyonel/andȝ
how ſyr Launcelot horſedȝ kyngȝ Arthur ca viij
How the Pope ſent doun his bulles to make pees/ & how ſyr
Launcelot brought the quene to kyngȝ Arthur viij
Of the delyueraunce of the quene to the kyng by ſir launcelot
& what langage ſyr Galuayn hadȝ to ſyr Launcelot ix
Of the comynycacyon bytwene ſyr Galuayn andȝ ſyr Launce
lot wyth mocke other langage capitulo ixj
How ſyr Launcelot departedȝ fro the kyng & fro Joyous garde
ouer ſee warde andȝ what knyghtes went wyth hym ixij
How ſyr Launcelot paſſedȝ ouer the ſee/& how he made grete
lordes of the knyghtes that went wyth hym capitulo ixij
How kyng arthur & ſyr Galuayn made a grete hoſt redy to
goo ouer ſee to make warre on ſyr Launcelot capitulo xiv
What meſſage ſyr Galuayn ſente to ſyr Launcelot/ & kynge
Arthur layedȝ ſyege to benwyck andȝ other matres xv
How ſyr launcelot & ſyr Galuayn dydȝ batayl togyder / andȝ
how ſyr Galuayn was ouerthrowen andȝ hurte capitulo xvj
Of the ſorowe that kyngȝ arthur made forȝ the warre/ & of an
other batayl where alſo ſyr Galuayn hadȝ the werſe xvij

Here folowen the chapytres of the xvj book

Holw Syr Mordred presumedy & toke on hym to be kyng of
engbondy/ & wolde haue maryed the quene his faders wyf ca j
Holw after that kyng arthur had tydynges/he returned and
came to douer where syr Mordred mette hym to lette his lan-
dyng /and of the deth of Syr Gawayn Capitulo ij
Holw after syr Gawayns ghoost apered to kyng arthur &
warned hym that he shold not fyght that day capitulo iij
Holw by mysaduenture of an adder the batayl began / where
Mordred was slayn and arthur hurte to the deth iiij
Holw kyng arthur comanded to caste his swerd excalybur in
to the water/ & how he was delyuered to ladyes in a barge v
Holw syr bedwere fonde hym on the morne dede in an hermy-
tage /and how he abode there with the hermyte capitulo vj
Of thoppynyon of semme men of the deth of kyng arthur / &
how quene Gueneuer made hir a nonne in almesbury vij
Holw whan syr Launcelot herde of the deth of kyng arthur &
of syr Gawayn and other maters came in to engbondy viij
Holw syr Launcelot departed to seche the quene Guenneuer and
how he fonde hir at almesburye capitulo ix
Holw Syr Launcelot came to thermytage where tharchebyssshop
of cauntorbury was/ & how he toke thabyte on hym x
Holw syr Launcelot went with his seuen felowes to amesbu-
ry /& fonde there quene Guenyuer dede/ whom they brought
to glastynbury capitulo xj
Holw syr Launcelot began to sekene/ & after dyed/ whos body
was borne to Joyous garde for to be buryed capitulo xij
Holw syr Ector fonde syr launcelot hys brother dede/and how
Constantyn reygned next after Arthur/ and of the ende of
thys book capitulo xiij

¶ Explicit the table

¶ Capitulum primum

It befel in the dayes of Uther pendragon whan he was kynge of all Englond/and so regned that there was a myghty duke in Cornewaill that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme/ And the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil/and so by meanes kynge Uther send for this duk/chargyng hym to brynge his wyf with hym/for she was called a fair lady/ and a passynge wyse/and her name was called Igrayne/

So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn vnto the kynge by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe/ the kynge lyked and loued this lady wel/and he made them grete chere oute of mesure/and desyred to haue lyen by her/But she was a passyng good woman/and wold not assente vnto the kynge/ And thenne she told the duke her husband and said I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoured Wherfor husband I counceille yold that we departe from hens sodenly that we maye ryde all nyghte vnto oure owne castell/ and in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed/ that neyther the kynge nor none of his councille were ware of their departyng Also soone as kyng Uther knewe of theire departyng soo sodenly/he was wonderly wrothe/Thenne he called to hym his pryuy councille / and told them of the sodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf /

¶ Thenne they auysed the kynge to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge/ And yf he wille not come at your somõs/thenne may ye do your best / thenne haue ye cause to make myghty warre vpon hym / Soo that was done and the messagers hadde their answers/ And that was thys shortly/ that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym/

Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth/ And thenne the kyng sente hym playne wordes ageyne / and badde hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysshe hym / for within yl dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath /

¶ Whanne the duke hadde thys warnynge / anone he wente and furnysshed and garnysshed two stronge Castels of his of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil/ & the other castell hyght

Tertabyl /So his wyf Dame Igrayne he putte in the castell of Tyntagil/ And hym self he putte in the castel of Tertabyl the whiche hadde many yssues and posternes oute / Thenne in all haste came Uther with a grete hoost/ and leyde a syege about the castel of Tertabil/ And ther he pyght many pauelyons/and there was grete watre made on bothe partyes/ and moche peple slayne/ Thenne for pure angre and for grete loue of fayr Igrayne the kyng Uther felle sek/ So came to the kynge Uther Syre Ulfius a noble knyght / and asked the kynge why he was seke/ I shall telle the said the kynge / I am seke for angre and for loue of fayre Igrayne that I may not be hool/wel my lord said Syre Ulfius/ I shal seke Merlyn/ and he shalle do yow remedy that youre herte shalbe pleased/ So Ulfius departed / and by aduenture he mette Merlyn in a beggars array/and ther Merlyn asked Ulfius whome he soughte/and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym/ Well saide Merlyn / I knowe whome thou seekest / for thou seekest Merlyn / therfore seke no ferther / for I am he/and yf kynge Uther wille wel rewarde me/ and he sworne vnto me to fulfille my desyre that shall be his honour & profite more thā myn for I shalle cause hym to haue alle his desyre/ Alle this wylle I vndertake said Ulfius that ther shalle be nothyng reasonable/but thou shalt haue thy desyre/well said Merlyn/he shall haue his entente and desyre/And therfore saide Merlyn/ryde on your wey/for I wille not be long behynde

Capitulum Secundum

Thenne Ulfius was glad and rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to kynge Uther pendragon /and told hym he had met with Merlyn/ where is he said the kyng sir said Ulfius he wille not dwelle long/ ther with al Ulfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porte of the pauelions dore / And thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kynge Whan kyng Uther salde hym he said he was welcome/syr said Merlyn I knowe al your hert euery dele/so ye wil be sworn vnto me as ye be a true kynge enoynted to fulfille my desyre ye shal haue your desyre / thenne the kyng was sworne vpon the iiij euuāgelistes/ Syre said Merlyn this is my desyre/the first nyght ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her &

whan that is borne that it ſhall be delyuerd to me for to nou=
riſſhe there as I wille haue it/ for it ſhal be youre worſhip/&
the childis auaille as mykel as the child is worth/ I wylle
wel ſaid the kynge as thou wilt haue it/ Now make you re
dy ſaid Merlyn this nyght ye ſhalle lye with Igrayne in the
caſtel of Tyntigayll/ & ye ſhalle be lyke the duke her huſband
Olfyus ſhal be lyke Syre Braſtias/a knyghte of the dukes
And I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte Syr Jordanus a
knyghte of the dukes/ But wayte ye make not many queſti=
ons with her nor her men/ but ſaye ye are diſeaſed and ſoo hye
you to kedde / and ryſe not on the morne tyll I come to you/
for the caſtel of Tyntygaill is but a myle hens / ſoo this was
done as they deuyſed/ But the duke of Tyntigail aſpyed hou
the kyng was fro the ſyege of tarabil/ & therfor that nyghte he
yſſued oute of the caſtel at a poſterne for to haue diſtreſſid the
kynges hooſte/ And ſo thorowe his owne yſſue the duke hym
ſelf was ſlayne or euer the kynge cam at the caſtel of Tynti=
gail/ ſo after the deth of the duke kyng Uther lay with Igra=
yne more than thre houres after his deth/ and begat on her that
nygt arthur/ & or day cam Merlyn cā to the kyng/ & bad hym
make hym redy/ & ſo he kiſt the lady Igrayne and departed in
all haſt/ But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her huſbād
and by all record he was dede or euer kynge Uther came to her
thenne ſhe merueilled who that myghte be that laye with her
in lykenes of her lord/ ſo ſhe mourned pryuely and held hir
pees/ Thenne alle the barons by one aſſent prayd the kynge
of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym/ the kynge gaf
hem leue/ for fayne wold he haue ben accorded with her / Soo
the kyng put alle the truſt in Olfyus to entrete bitwene them
ſo by the entrete at the laſt the kyng & ſhe met to gyder / Now
wille we doo wel ſaid Olfyus/ our kyng is a luſty knyghte
and wyueles/ & my lady Igrayne is a paſſynge fair lady/ it
were grete ioye vnto vs all and hit myghte pleaſe the kynge
to make her his quene / Vnto that they all well accorded and
meued it to the kynge/ And anone lyke a luſty knyghte / he
aſſentid therto with good wille/ and ſo in alle haſte they we
re maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and Joye /
And Kynge Lott of Lothiean and of Orkenay thenne

wedded Margawse that was Galueyns moder / And kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne / Al this was done at the requeſt of kynge Uther / And the thyrd ſyſter morgan le fey was put to ſcole in a nonnery / And ther ſhe lerned ſo moche that ſhe was a grete Clerke of Nygromancye / And after ſhe was wedded to kynge Uryens of the lond of Gore that was Syre Ewayns le blaunche maynys fader /

Capitulum tercium

THēne quene Igrayne waxid dayly greter & greter / ſo it befel after within half a yere as kyng Uther lay by his quene he aſked hir by the feith ſhe ouzt to hym whos was the child within her body / thēne was ſhe ſore abaſſhed to yeue anſuer / Deſmaye you not ſaid the kyng but telle me the trouthe / and I ſhall leue you the better by the feythe of my body Syre ſaide ſhe I ſhalle telle you the trouthe / the ſame nyght ꝑ my lord was ded the houre of his deth as his knyztes record ther came in to my caſtel of Tyntigaill a man lyke my lord in ſpeche and in countenaunce / and two knyghtes with hym in lyknes of his two knyghtes Barcias and Jordans / & ſoo I went vnto bed with hym as I ouzt to do with my lord / & the ſame nyght as I ſhal anſuer vnto god this child was begoten vpon me / that is trouthe ſaide the kynge as ye ſay / for it was I my ſelf that cam in the lyknes ſe / & therfor deſmay you not for I am fader to the child / & ther he told her alle the cauſe / how it was by Merlyns counceil / thenne the quene made grete ioye whan ſhe knewe who was the fader of her child / Sone come merlyn vnto the kyng / & ſaid ſyr ye muſt puruey yow / for the nouriſſhyng of your child / as thou wolt ſaid the kyng ſo it / wel ſaid Merlyn I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a paſſyng true man & a feithful / & he ſhal haue the nouryſſhyng of your child / & his name is ſir Ector / & he is a lord of fair lyuelode in many partyes in Englond & walys / & this lord ſir ector lete hym be ſent for / for to come & ſpeke with you / & deſyre hym your ſelf as he loueth you that he will put his owne child to nouriſſhynge to another woman / and that his wyf nouriſſhe yours / And whan the child is borne lete it be delyuerd to me at yōder preuy poſterne vncryſtned / So lyke

as merlyn deuysed it was done/ And when syre Ector was come/ he made fyaūce to the kyng for to nourisshe the child lyke as the kynge deuysed/ and there the kyng graunted syr ector grete rewardes/ Thenne when the lady was delyuerd the kynge commaunded ī knyghtes & ī ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold/ & that ye delyuer hym to what poure may ye mete at the posterne yate of the castel/ So the child was delyuerd vnto Merlyn/ and so he bare it forth vnto Syre Ector/ and made an holy man to crysten hym/ and named hym Arthur/ and so sir Ectors wyf nourysshed hym with her owne pappe/ Thenne within two yeres kyng Uther felle seke of a grete maladye/ And in the meane whyle hys enemyes Usurped vpon hym/ and dyd a grete bataylle vpon his men/ and slewe many of his peple/ Sir said Merlyn ye may not lye so as ye doo/ for ye must to the feld though ye ryde on an hors lyttar/ for ye shall neuer haue the better of your enemyes/ but yf your persone be there/ and thenne shall ye haue the victory So it was done as Merlyn had deuysed/ and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors lyttar with a grete hooste tewarde his enemyes/ And at saynt Albons ther mette with the kynge a grete hoost of the north/ And that day Syre Ulfyus and sir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes/ and kyng Uthers men ouercome the northeryn bataylle and slewe many peple & putt the remenaunt to flyght/ And thenne the kyng retorned vnto london and made grete ioye of his victory/ And thēne he fyll passynge sore seke/ so that thre dayes & thre nyghtes he was speeches/ wherfore alle the barons made grete sorowe and asked Merlyn What counceill were best/ There nys none other remedye said Merlyn but god will haue his wille/ But bete ye al Barons be bifore kynge Uther to morne/ and god and I shalle make hym to speke/ So on the morne alle the Barons with merlyn came to fore the kyng/ thēne Merlyn said aloud vnto kyng Uther/ Syre shall your sone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenaunce/ thenne Uther pendragon tornedy hym and said in herynge of them alle I gyue hym gods blessyng & myne/ & byd hym pray for my soule/ & righteuously & worshipfully that he clayme ȳ crowne vpon forfeture of my blessyng/ & therwith he yelde vp the ghost &

thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng/wherfor the que-
ne fayre Igrayne made grete sorowe and alle the Barons /
Thenne stood the reame in grete ieopardy long whyle/for eue
ry lord that was myghty of men made hym stronge/and ma-
ny wende to haue ben kyng/Thenne Merlyn went to the ar-
chebisshop of Caunterbury / and counceilled hym for to sende
for alle the lordes of the reame/ and alle the gentilmen of ar-
mes that they shold to london come by Cristmas vpon payne of
cursynge / And for this cause ꝑ Jhu that was borne on that
nyghte that he wold of his grete mercy shewe some myracle /
as he was come to be kynge of mankynde for to shewe somme
myracle who shold be rightwys kynge of this reame/ So the
Archebisshop by the aduys of Merlyn sendy for alle the lordes
and gentilmen of armes that they sholdy come by crysmasse
euen vnto london/And many of hem made hem clene of her lyf
that her prayer myghte be the more acceptable vnto gody / Soo
in the gretest chirch of london whether it were cholderis or not
the Frensshe booke maketh no mencyon/ alle the estates were
longe or day in the chirche for to praye/ And whan matyns &
the first masse was done / there was sene in the chircheyard a-
yest the hyhe aultr a grete stone four square lyke vnto a mar-
kel stone / And in myddes therof was lyke an Anuylde
of stele a foot on hyghe / & therin stack a fayre swerdy naked
by the poynt / and letters |there were wryten in goldy about
the swerdy that saidyn thus/who so pulleth oute this swerd of
this stone and anuyldy/ is rightwys kynge borne of all En-
londy/Thenne the peple merueilled & told it to the Archebisshop
I commande said tharchebisshop that ye kepe yow within your
chirche/and pray vnto gody stille that no man touche the swerd
tyll the hyhe masse be all done/So whan all masses were done
all the lordes wente to beholde the stone and the swerdy/ And
whan they salwe the scripture/som assayed suche as wold haue
ben kyng/ But none myght stere the swerdy nor meue hit He
is not here saidy the Archebisshop that shall enchieue the swerdy
but doubte not gody will make hym knowen/ But this is my
counceill said the archebisshop/that we lete puruey y kny3tes
men of goody fame/& they to kepe this swerd/so it was ordey
deyned/& thēne ther was made a crye/ꝑ euery mā shold assay ꝑ

Wold for to wynne the ſwerd/ And vpon nelde yeresday the barons lete make a Juſtes and a tournement/ that alle knyȝtes that wold Juſte or tourneye / there myȝt playe/ & all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes to gyders & the comyns/ for the Archebiſſhop truſted/ that god wold make hym knolde that ſhold wynne the ſwerd / So vpon nelde yeresday whan the ſeruyce was done /the barons rode vnto the feld/ some to Juſte/ & som to torney/ & ſo it happed that ſyr Ector that had gete lyuelode aboute london rode vnto the Juſtes / & with hym rode ſyr kaynus his sone & yong Arthur that was hys nourriſſhed broder/ & ſyr kay was made knyȝt at al hallowmas afore So as they rode to ꝑ Juſtes ward/ ſir kay had loſt his ſuerd for he had lefte it at his faders lodgyng/ & ſo he prayd yong Arthur for to ryde for his ſwerd/ I wyll wel ſaid Arthur/ & rode faſt after ꝑ ſwerd/ & whan he cam home/ the lady & al were out to ſee the Jouſtyng/ thenne was Arthur wroth & ſaide to hym ſelf/ I will ryde to the chirchyard/ & take the ſwerd with me that ſtycketh in the ſtone/ for my broder ſir kay ſhal not be without a ſwerd this day/ ſo whan he cam to the chirchyard ſir Arthur alyȝt & tayed his hors to the ſtyle/ & ſo he wente to the tent/ & found no knyȝtes there /for they were atte Juſtyng & ſo he handled the ſwerd by the handels /and lyȝtly & fierſly pulled it out of the ſtone/ & took his hors & rode his way Vntyll he came to his broder ſir kay/ & delyuerd hym the ſwerd/ & as ſone as ſir kay ſaw the ſwerd he wiſt wel it was the ſwerd of the ſtone/ & ſo he rode to his fader ſyr Ector/ & ſaid/ ſire/ lo here is the ſwerd of the ſtone /wherfor I muſt be kyng of thys land/ whan ſyr Ector beheld the ſwerd/ he returned agayne & cam to the chirche /& there they alyȝte al thre/ & wente in to the chirche/ And anon he made ſir kay to ſwere vpon a book / how he came to that ſwerd/ Syr ſaid ſir kay by my broder Arthur for he brought it to me/ how gate ye this ſwerd ſaid ſir Ector to Arthur/ ſir I will telle you whan I cam home for my brothers ſwerd/ I fond no body at home to delyuer me his ſwerd And ſo I thought my broder ſyr kay ſhold not be ſwerdles & ſo I cam hyder egerly & pulled it out of the ſtone without ony payn /found ye ony knyȝtes about this ſwerd ſeid ſir ector Nay ſaid Arthur/ Nowe ſaid ſir Ector to Arthur I vnderſtāde

ye muſt be kynge of this land/ wherfore I ſayd Arthur and for what cauſe/ Sire ſaide Ector/ for god wille haue hit ſoo for ther ſhold neuer man haue drawen oute this ſwerde / but he that ſhal be rightwys kyng of this land/ Now lete me ſee whether ye can putte the ſwerd ther as it was/ and pulle hit oute ageyne/ that is no mayſtry ſaid Arthur/ and ſoo he put it in the ſtone/ therwith alle Sir Ector aſſayed to pulle oute the ſwerd and fayled

¶ Capitulum ſextum

NOw aſſay ſaid Syre Ector vnto Syre kay/ And a noon he pulled at the ſwerd with alle his myghte / but it wold not be/ Now ſhal ye aſſay ſaid Syre Ector to Arthur I wyll wel ſaid Arthur and pulled it out eaſily / And ther with alle Syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe and Syre kay/ Alas ſaid Arthur myne olde dere fader and broder why knele ye to me/ Nay nay my lord Arthur/ it is not ſo I was neuer your fader nor of your blood/ but I wote wel ye are of an hyer blood than I wende ye were/ And thenne Syre Ector told hym all how he was bitaken hym for to nouriſſhe hym And by whoos commandement/ and by Merlyns deliuerāce ¶ Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he vnderſtood that Syre Ector was not his fader / Sir ſaid Ector vnto Arthur wold ye be my good & gracious lord when ye are kyng/ elſe were I to blame ſaid arthur for ye are the man in the world that I am moſt be holdyng to/ & my good lady & moder your wyf that as wel as her owne hath foſtred me and kepte / And yf euer hit be goddes will that I be kynge as ye ſay/ ye ſhall be ſyre of me what I may dod/ and I ſhalle not faille yow/ god forbede I ſhold faille yow/ Sir ſaid Sire Ector/ I will aſke no more of yow / but that ye wille make my ſone your foſter broder Syre kay Sewralk of alle your landes/ That ſhalle be done ſaid Arthur/ and more by the feith of my body that neuer man ſhalle haue that office but he while he and I lyne/ There with all they went vnto the Archebiſſhop/ and told hym how the ſwerd was encheued/ and by whome/ and on twelfth day alle the barons cam thyder/ and to aſſay to take the ſwerd who that wold aſſay/ But there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur/ wherfor ther were many lordes wroth

And̄ ſaide it was grete ſhame vnto them all and the reame to be ouer gouernyd with a boye of no hyghe blood̄ borne / and̄ ſo they ſtill oute at that tyme that it was put of tyll Candel-mas/ And thenne alle the barons ſholde mete there ageyne/ but allwey the x knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the ſwerd day & nyght/ & ſo they ſette a pauelione ouer the ſtone & the ſwerd & kepte alwayes watched̄/ Soo at Candelmaſſe many moo grete lordes came thyder for to haue wonne the ſwerde / but there myghte none preuaille/ And̄ right as Arthur dyd̄ at Criſtmaſſe/ he dyd̄ at Candelmaſſe and̄ pulled̄ oute the ſwerde eaſely wherof the Barons were ſore agrued̄ and̄ put it of in delay till the hyghe feſte of Eeſter/ And̄ as Arthur ſped̄ afore/ſo dyd̄ he at Eeſter/yet there were ſome of the grete lordes had̄ indignacion that Arthur ſholde be kynge/and put it of in a delay tyll the feeſt of Pentecoſte / Thenne the Archebiſſhop of Cauntirbury by Merlyns prouydence lete purueye thenne of the beſt knyghtes that they myghte gete/ And ſuche knyghtes as Vther pendragon houed̄ beſt and̄ mooſt truſted̄ in his dayes / And̄ ſuche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as ſyr Baldewyn of Brebayn/ſyre Kaynes/ſyre Olyfyus/ ſyre Garſias/ All theſe with many other were allweyes about Arthur day and̄ nyght till the feſte of Pentecoſt

Capitulum ſeptimum

And at the feſte of pentecoſt alle maner of men aſſayed to pulle at the ſwerde that wolde aſſay/ but none myghte preuaille but Arthur / and̄ pulled̄ it oute afore all the lordes and̄ comyns that were there/ wherfore alle the comyns cryed̄ at ones We wille haue Arthur vnto our kynge We wille put hym nomore in delay / for we alle ſee that it is goddes wille that he ſhalle be our kynge/ And̄ who that holdeth ageynſt it we wille ſlee hym / And therwith all they kneelyd̄ at ones both ryche and poure / and̄ cryed Arthur mercy by cauſe they had̄ delayed̄ hym ſo longe / and̄ Arthur forgaf hem /and̄ took the ſwerd̄ betwene both his handes/and̄ offred it vpon the auter where the Archebiſſhop was / and̄ ſo was he made knyghte of the beſt man that was there/ And ſo anon

was the coronacyon made/ And ther was he ſworne vnto his lordes & the comyns for to be a true kyng to ſtande with true Juſtyce fro thens forth the dayes of this lyf/ Alſo thēne he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in/ and to do ſeruyce as they oughte to doo/ And many complayntes were made vnto ſir Arthur of grete wronges that were done ſyn the dethe of kyng Uther/of many londes that were reuen lordes knyghtes/ladyes & gentilmen/wherfor kynge Arthur maade the londes to be yeuen ageyne vnto them that oughte hem/

¶ Whanne this was done that the kyng had ſtabliſſhed alle the countreyes aboute london/thenne he lete make Syr kay ſenſchal of Englond/and ſir Bauderyn of Britayne was made Conſtable/and ſir Ulfyus was made chamberlayn/ And ſire Braſtias was maade warderyn to wayte vpon the northe fro Trent forwardes for it was ꝑ tyme ꝑ moſt party the kynges enemyes/ But within ſelve yeres after Arthur wan alle the north ſcotland/and alle that were vnder their obeiſſance/ Alſo walys a parte of it helde ayenſt Arthur/but he ouercam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble proweſſe of hym ſelf and his knyghtes of the wundr table

¶ Capitulum octauum

THenne the kyng remeued in to walys/and lete crye a grete feſte that it ſholde be holdyn at Pentecoſt after the incoronacion of hym at the Cyte of Carlyon/vnto the feſt come kyng Lott of Lothiean/ and of Orkeney/with fyue C knyztes With hym/ Alſo ther come to the feſte kynge Uryens of gore with four C knyztes with hym ¶ Alſo ther come to that feeſte kyng Nayntres of garloth with ſeuen C knyghtes with hym/ Alſo ther came to the feeſt the kynge of Scotland with ſixe honderd knyghtes with hym/ and he was but a yong man/ Alſo ther came to the feſte a kyng that was called the kyng with the honderd knyghtes/ but he and his men were paſſyng wel biſene at al poyntes Alſo ther cam the kyng of Cardos with fyue honderd knyghtes/And kyng Arthur was glad of their comynge/ for he wende that al the kynges and knyghtes had come for grete loue/and to haue done hym worſhip at his feſte/wherfor the kyng made grete ioye/and ſente the kynges and knyghtes grete preſentes/ But

the kynges wold̄ none receyue / but rebuked̄ the messagers shamefully/and̄ said̄ they had̄ no ioye to receyue no yeftes of a kerdles boye that was come of lowe blood̄ / and̄ sente hym word̄/they wold̄ none of his yeftes/But that they were come to gyue hym yeftes with hard̄ swerdys betwixt the neck and̄ the sholders/And therfore they came thyder/so they told̄ to the messagers playnly / for it was grete shame to all them to see suche a boye to haue a rule of soo noble a reaume as this land̄ was / With this answer the messagers departed̄ & told̄ to kyng Arthur this answer/ wherfor by the aduys of his barons he took hym to a strong tolwre with/V/C good̄ men with hym/And̄ all the kynges afore said̄ in a maner leyd a syege afore hym/but kyng Arthur was well bytalked̄/ And with in yͤ dayes ther came Merlyn amonge hem in to the Cyte of Carlyon/thenne all the kynges were passyng gladde of Merlyn/and̄ asked̄ hym for what cause is that boye Arthur made your kynge/ Syres said̄ Merlyn/I shalle telle yow the cause for he is kynge Otherpendragons sone borne in wedlok gotē on Igrayne the dukes wyf of Tyntigail/ thenne is he a bastard they said̄ all/nay said̄ Merlyn/After the deth of the duke more than thre houres was Arthur begotē/And̄ vij̄ dayes after kyng Uther wedded̄ Igrayne/ And̄ therfor I preue hym he is no bastard̄/And who saith nay/he shal be kyng and̄ ouercome alle his enemyes / And̄ or he deye/he shalle be long kynge of all Englond̄/and̄ haue vnder his obeyssaunce Walys/yrland̄ and̄ Scotland̄/and̄ moo reames than I will now reherce / Some of the kynges had̄ meruey̆l of Merlyns wordes and̄ demed̄ well that it shold̄ be as he said̄/And̄ som of hem lough hym to scorne / as kyng Lot/ and̄ mo other called hym a wytche/ But thenne were they accorded̄ with Merlyn that kynge Arthur shold̄ come oute and̄ speke with the kynges/ and̄ to come sauf and̄ to goo sauf/suche surraunce ther was made/ So Merlyn went vnto kynge Arthur / and̄ told̄ hym how he had̄ done/ and̄ badde hym fere not but come oute boldly and̄ speke with hem / and̄ spare hem not / but answere them as their kynge and̄ chyuetayn/for ye shal ouercome hem all whether they wille or nylle/

¶ Capitulum ix

Thenne kynge Arthur came oute of his tour/and had
Vnder his golvne a Jesseraunte of double maylle/and
ther went with hym the Archebisshop of Caunterbu
ry/and syr Baudelvyn of Brytayne and syr kay/and syr
Brastias/these were the men of moost worship that were with
hym/And whan they were mette/there was no mekenes but
stoute wordes on bothe sydes/ but alweyes kynge Arthur an
swerd them and said/he wold make them to bowe and he lyued
wherfore they departed with wrath/ and kynge Arthur bad
kepe hem wel/and they bad the kynge kepe hym wel/ Soo the
kynge retorned hym to the tour ageyne and armed hym and
alle his knyghtes/ what will ye do said Merlyn to the kynges
ye were better for to stynte/for ye shalle not here preuaille tho
ugh ye were x so many/he we wel auysed to be aferd of a dre
me rede said kyng Lot/with that Merlyn vanysshed aweye/
and came to kynge Arthur/and bad hym set on hem fiersly/&
in the mene whyle there were thre honderd good men of the best
that were with the kynges / that went streyghte vnto kynge
Arthur/and that comforted hym gretely/Syr said Merlyn to
Arthur / fyghte not with the swerde that ye had by myracle/
til that ye see ye go vnto the wers/thenne drawe it out and do
your best/ So forth with alle kynge Arthur sette vpon hem in
their bodyng/And syr Baldewyn syr kay and syr Bras
tias slewe on the right hand & on the lyfte hand that it was
merueylle/and alweyes kynge Arthur on horsback leyd on
with a swerd and dyd merueilkous dedes of armes that ma
ny of the kynges had grete ioye of his dedes and hardyneſſe/
Thenne kynge Lot braste out on the bak syde/and the kyng
with the honderd knyghtes and kyng Carados/and sette on
Arthur fiersly behynde hym/ with that Syr Arthur tornedy
with his knyghtes/and smote behynd and before/ and euer sir
Arthur was in the formest prees tyl his hors was slayne vn
dernethe hym/And therwith kynge lot smote doune kyng Ar
thur/ With that his four knyghtes reskued hym and set hym
on horsback/thēne he drewe his swerdy Excalibur/but it was
so bryght in his enemyes eyen/that it gaf light lyke vyy tor
chys/And therwith he put hem on bak/and slewe mocke peple
And thenne the comyns of Carlyon aroos with clubbis and

ſtauys and ſlewe many knyghtes / but alle the kynges fled fro them to gyders with her knyghtes that were lefte on lyue/ and ſo fled and departed/ And Merlyn come vnto Arthur/ and counceilled hym to ſolowe hem no further ¶ Ca/ xv

SO after the feſte and iourneye kynge Arthur drewe hym vnto london / and ſoo by the counceil of Merlyn the kyng lete calle his barons to cõceil/for Merlyn had told the kynge that the fiue kynges that made warre vp on hym wold in al haſte be alwoke on hym & on his landys wherfor the kyng aſked counceil at hem al/they coude no counceil gyue but ſaid they were bygge ynough/ye ſaye wel ſaid Arthur/I thanke you for your good courage/ but wil ye al that loueth me ſpeke With Merlyn ye knowe wel that he hath done moche for me/and he knoweth many thynges / & whan he is afore you/I wold that ye prayd hym hertely of his beſt auyſe/Alle the barons ſayd they wold pray hym and deſyre hym/Soo Merlyn was ſente for & fair deſyred of al the barons to gyue them beſt counceil/I ſhall ſay you ſaid Merlyn I warne yold al/your enemyes are paſſyng ſtrong for yold/ and they are good men of armes as ben on lyue/ & by thys tyme they haue goten to them four kynges mo/and a myghty duke/and onleſſe that our kyng haue more chyualry With hym than he may make within ꝑ boundys of his olbn reame and he fyghte with hem in batail/he ſhal be ouercome & ſlayn what were beſt to doo in this cauſe ſaid al the barons/I ſhal telle you ſaid Merlyn myne aduys/there ar two brethern beyond the ſee/& they be kynges bothe and merueillous good men of her handes/And that one hyghte Kynge Ban of Benwic And that other hyght Kyng Bors of gaule that is Fraunce And on theſe two kynges warrith a myghty man of men the kynge Claudas/and ſtryueth With hem for a caſtel/ and grete warre is betwixt them/But this Claudas is ſo myghty of goodes wherof he geueth good kny3tes that he putteth theſe two kynges mooſt parte do the werſe/wherfor this is my counceil that our kyng and ſouerayne lord ſende vnto the kynges Ban and Bors by two truſty knyghtes With letters wel deuyſed/that and they wil come and ſee kynge Arthur and his coũtre/& ſo helpe hym in his warres that he wil be ſworne

vnto them to helpe them in their warrys ageynst kynge Claudas/ Nowe what saye ye vnto this counsill said Merlyn/ thys is wel counsilled said the kynge & alle the Barons/ right so in alle haste ther were ordeyned to goo two knyghtes on the message vnto the two kynges/ Soo were there made letters in the plesaunt wyse accordyng vnto kyng Arthurs desyre/ Olfyus and Brastias were made the messagers/ & so rode forth wel horsed and wel armed/ and as the gyse was that tyme & so passed the see & rode tolward the cyte of Benwyck/ and there besydes were viij knyghtes that aspyed them/ And at a strayt passage they mette with Olfyus & Brastias/ & wolde haue taken hem prysoners/ so they prayed hem that they myght passe/ for they were messagers vnto kyng Ban & Bors sent from kynge Arthur/ therfor said the viij knyghtes ye shalle dye or be prysoners / for We ben knyghtes of kyng Claudas And therwith two of them dressid their speres/ and Olfyus and Brastias dressid theire speres and ranne to gyder with grete raundon/ And Claudas knyghtes brack their speres / and ther to hylde and kast the two knyghtes out of her sadels to the erthe/ and so lefte hem lyeng and rode her wayes / And the other sixe knyghtes rode afore to a passage to mete with hem ageyne/ and so Olfyus & Brastias smote other two down And so past on her wayes / And at the fourth passage there mette two for two/ and bothe were leid vnto the erthe/ so ther was none of the viij knyghtes but he was sore hurte or brysed And whan they come to Benwick it fortuned ther were both kynges Ban and Bors/ And whan it was told the kynges that there were come messagers/ there were sente vnto them ij knyghtes of worship/ the one hyghte Lyonses lord of the countrey of payarne and Sir phariaunce a worshipful knyght Anone they asked from whens they came/ and they said from kynge Arthur kyng of Englond / so they took them in theyre armes and made grete ioye eche of other / But anon as the ij kynges wist they were messagers of Arthurs / ther was made no taryenge/ but forthwith they spake with the knyghtes/ & welcomed hem in the feythfulleste wyse/ & said/ they were moste welcome vnto them before alle the kynges lyuynge/ and ther with they kyst the letters & delyuerd hem/ And whan Ban

and Bors vnderstood the letters/thenne were they more wel come than they were before/And after the hast of the letters/ they gaf hem this answer that they wold fulfille the desyre of kynge Arthurs wrytyng & Olfyus & Brastias tary there as longe as they wold/ they shold haue suche chere as myghte be made them in the marchys/ Thenne Olfyus & Brastias told the kyng of the aduenture at their passages of the eyghte knyghtes/Ha A said Ban and Bors they were my goode frendes I wold I had wyst of hem they shold not haue escaped so So Olfius & Brastias had good chere and grete yeftes as moche as they myghte bere alwey / and hadde their answere by mouthe and by wrytynge that tho two kynges wold come vnto Arthur in all the haste that they myghte/So the two knyghtes rode on a fore/ and passed the see/and come to their lord and told hym how they had spedde / wherof kynge Arthur was passyng glade/At what tyme suppose ye/the ij kynges wol be here/ Syr said they afore all halowmasse / Thenne the kynge lete purvey for a grete feeste/and lete crye a grete Justes/And by all halowmasse the two kynges were come ouer the see with thre honderd knyghtes wel arayed both for the pees and for the werre/And kyng Arthur mette with hem x myle oute of london/ and ther was grete ioye as coude be thought or made / And on al halowmasse at the grete feeste sate in the halle the thre kynges/and syre Kay sencial serued in the halle And Syr lucas the botelere that was duke Corneus sone/& sir gryflet that was the sone of Cardol/these iij knyghtes had the rule of alle the seruyse that serued the kynges/And anon as they had wasshen & rysen / al knyghtes that wold juste made hem redy/ by than they were redy on horsback there were vij C knyghtes/And Arthur Ban & Bors with the Archebisshop of Caunterbury/and syre Ector kays fader they were in a place couerd with clothe of gold lyke an halle with ladyes and gentilwymmen for to beholde who dyde beste and theron to gyue Iugement

¶ Capitulum vj

And kynge Arthur and the two kynges lete departe the vij C knyghtes in two partyes And there were iij C knyghtes of the wame of Benwick and of gaule tornedy on the other syde than they dressid her shelde / and

keganne to couche her ſperes many good knyghtes/ So Gryf-
let was the firſt that mette with a knyghte one ladynas and
they mett ſo egerly that al men hadde wonder / And they ſoo
faughte that her ſheldes felle to pyeces / and hors and man
felle to the erthe/ And bothe the frenſſhe knyghte and the En-
glyſſhe knyghte lay ſo longe that alle men wend they had ben
dede/ Whan lucas the botteler ſalde Gryflet ſoo lye / he horſed
hym ageyne anon/ and they two dyd merueilkous dedes of ar-
mes with many bachelers / Alſo ſyre kay came oute of an en-
buſſhement with fyue knyghtes with hym/ and they ſixe ſmo-
te other ſixe doune / But ſyr kay dyd that day merueilkous
dedes of armes/ that ther was none dyde ſo wel as he that day
Thenne ther come ladynas & Graſtian two knyghtes of fra-
unce/ and dyde paſſynge wel that alle men preyſed them /
Thenne come there Syre placidas a goode knyghte and mette
with ſyr kay and ſmote hym doune hors and man / wherfore
Syre gryflet was wrothe and mette with Syre placidas ſoo
harde that hors and man felle to the erthe/ But whan the /v/
knyghtes wyſt that ſyr kay had a falle they were wrothe out
of wyt / And therwith ecte of them/ v/kare doune a knyghte/
Whanne kyng Arthur and the two kynges ſalde hem bygyn
waye wrothe on bothe partyes/ they lepte on ſmale hakeneis/
and lete crye that alle men ſholde departe vnto their lodgynge
And ſo they wente home and vnarmed them and ſo to euen
ſonge and ſouper / And after the thre kynges wente in to a
gardyn/ and gaf the pryce vnto ſyre kay and to lucas the bot-
teler/ and vnto Syre Gryflet / And thenne they wente vnto
counceil/ and with hem gilbenaus the brother vnto ſyr Ban
& Bors a wyſe Clerk/ and thyder wente Olfyus and Graſ-
tias and Merlyn / And after they hadde ben in counceill/ they
wente by to bedde/ And on the morne they herde maſſe and to
dyner/ and ſo to their counceille and made many argumentis
what were beſt to doo/ At the laſt they were concluded / that
Merlyn ſholde goo with a token of kyng Ban and that was
a ryngе vnto his men and kynge Bors and Gracian & pla-
cidas ſholde goo ageyne and kepe theire caſtels and her coun-
treyes/ as for kynge Ban of Benwick and kynge Bors of
Gaules hadde ordeyned hem/ and ſo paſſed the ſee and came to

Benwyck / And when the peple salue kyng Bans ryngs & gracian and placidas they were glad / and asked how the kynges ferd / and made grete ioye of their welfare and cordyng / and accordynge vnto the souerayne lordes desyre / the men of warre made hem redy in al hast possyble / soo that they were vM on hors and foot / and they had grete plente of vytaylle with hem by Merlyns prouysyon / But gracian and placidas were left to furnysshe and garnysshe the castels for drede of kynge Claudas / ryght so Merlyn passed the see wel vytailled bothe by water and by land / And when he came to the see / he sente home the foote men ageyne and took no mo with hym / but x M men on horsback the moost parte men of armes and so shypped and passed the see in to Englond / and londed at Douer / and thorowh the wytte of Merlyn he lad the hoost Northward the pryuyest wey that coude be thought vnto the forest of Bedegrayne / and there in a valey he lodged hem secretely /

¶ Thenne rode Merlyn vnto Arthur and the two kynges & tolde hem how he had spedd / wherof they had grete merueylle / that may on erthe myghte spede so soone / and goo and come So Merlyn tolde them / x M were in the forest of Bedegrayne wel armed at al poyntes / themne was there no more to saye / but to horsback wente all the hoost as Arthur had afore purueyed / So with xx M he passed by nyghte and day / but ther was made suche an ordenaūce afore by Merlyn that ther shold no man of warre ryde nor go in no countrey on this syde trent water / but yf he had a token from kynge Arthur / where thorowh the kynges enemyes durste not ryde as they dyd to fore to aspye

¶ Capitulum xñ

And soo within a lyttel space the thre kynges came vnto the Castel of Bedegrayne / and fonde there a passynge fayr felauship and wel besene / wherof they had grete ioye / and vytaille they wanted none / This was the cause of the northeren hoost that they were redy for the despyte and rebuke the sye kynges had at Carlyon / And tho vj kynges by her meanes gate vnto hem fyue other kynges / And thus they begaune to gader theyr peple ¶ And how they shuld that for wele nor woo they shold not leue other /

tyl they had destroyed Arthur / and thenne they made an oth The fyrst that began the othe was the duke of Candebenet / that he wold bryng with hym .v.M men of armes the which were redy on horsback / Thenne sware kynge Brandegoris of stanggore that he wold bryng .v.M men of armes on horsback / Thenne sware kynge Claryuaus of Northumberland he wold bryng thre thousand men of armes / thenne sware the kyng of the .C. knyghtes that was a passyng good man and a yonge that he wold bryng four thousand men of armes on horsback / thenne ther swore kynge Lott a passyng good knyght and syr Galbayns fadir that he wold bryng .v.M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kynge Orpens that was syr Albayns fader of the lond of gore and he wold bryng .vj.M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kyng Idres of Cornewaille that he wold bryng .v.M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kyng cardelmans to bryng .v.M mē on horsback / Also ther swore kyng Agwysaunce of Irelond to bryng .v.M men of armes on horsback / Also ther swore kyng Nentres to bryng .v.M men of armes on horsback / Also there swore kynge Carados to bryng .v.M men of armes on horsback / Soo ther hol hoost was of clene men of armes on horsback fyfty thousand and a foot .v. thousand of good mennes bodyes / thenne were they soone redy and mounted vpon hors and sente forth their fore rydars / for these .vj. kynges in her wayes leyd a syege vnto the castel of Bedegrayne / and so they departed and dreive toward Arthur and lefte felde to abyde at the syege for the castel of Bedegrayne was holden of kynge Arthur / and the men that were therin were Arthurs

¶ Capitulum .xiij.

SOo by Merlyns aduys ther were sente fore rydars to stumme the Countrye / & they mette with the fore rydars of the north / and made hem to flee which they the hoste cam / and thenne they told it to Arthur / and by kyng Bans and Bors counceil they lete brenne and destroye alle the contrey afore them there they shold ryde / ¶ The kynge with the hondred knyghtes mette a wonder dreme two nyghtes a fore the batailles / that ther fleiȝe a grete wynde & blewe down her tentes and her wownes / and after that cam a water and ran hit

all albey/Alle that herdy of the ſheuen ſaid/ it was a token of grete batayll/Thenne by counceill of Merlyn whan they wiſt whyche wey the yj kynges wold ryde and lodge that nyght At mydnyght they ſette vpon them as they were in theyr pauelyons/But the ſcoute watche by her hoſt cryed lordes all armes for here be your enemyes at your hand

¶Capitulum xiiij

Thenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban and kynge Bors with her good and truſty knyghtes ſet on hem ſo fyerſly that he made them ouer throwe her pauelions on her fedys/but the yj kynges by manly proweſſe of armes wroke a fayre champayne/but there was ſlayne that morowe tyde x M good mennys bodyes /And ſo they had afore hem a ſtrong paſſage yet were they fyfty M of hardy men/ Thenne it drewe toward day/now ſhalle ye doo by myne aduys ſaid Merlyn vnto the thre kynges ¶ wold that kynge Ban and kynge Bors with her felauſhip of x M men were put in a wood here beſyde in an enbuſſhement and kepe them preuy / and that they be leidy or the lyght of the daye come / and that they ſtere not tyll ye and your knyghtes haue fought with hem longe And whanne hit is daye lyght dreſſe your batailke euen afore them and the paſſage that they maye ſee alle your hooſte /For thenne wyl they be the more hardy when they ſee yow but a ſ; koute xx M/ and cauſe hem to be the gladder to ſuffre yow and youre hooſt to come ouer the paſſage/ All the thre kynges and the hoole barons sayde that Merlyn ſaid paſſyngly wel / and it was done anone as Merlyn hady deuyſed/Soo on the morn whan eyther hooſt salde other/the hooſt of the north was well comforted /Thenne to Olfyus and Braſtias were delyuerd thre tholdſandy men of armes / and they ſette on them fyerſly in the paſſage / and ſlewe on the ryght handy and on the lyft handy that it was wonder to telle /

¶Whanne that the enleuen kynges ſalde that there was ſo fewe a felauſhip dyd ſuche dedes of armes they were aſhamed and ſette on hem agayne fyerſly / and ther was ſyr Olfyus hors ſlayne vnder hym / but he dyd meruayllouſly well on foote /

¶But the Duke Euſtace of Camkenet

and kynge Clarycaunce of Northumberlande / were alweye
grenous on Olfyus/ thenne Brastias salde his felalde ferde
so with al/he smote the duke with a spere that hors & man felle
doune/that salde kyng Clarycaunce and retorned vnto Bras-
tias/ and eyther smote other soo that hors & man wente to the
erthe/and so they lay long astonyed/& their hors knees braste
to the hard bone / Thenne cam Syr kay the sencyal with sy-
xe felaldes with hym/ and dyde passyng wel / with that cam the
vj kynges/and ther was Gryflet put to the erthe hors & man
and lucas the bottelere hors and man by kynge Brandego-
rys and kyng Idres & kyng Aglysaunce/ thēne wayed the
medle passynge hard on bothe partyes / when syre kay salde
Gryflet on foote/ he rode on kyng Nentres & smote hym doun
and lad his hors vnto syr gryflet & horsed hym ageyne/ Al
so syr kay with the same spere smote doun kyng Lott/ & hurt
hym passyng sore/that salde the kyng with the C knyghtes and
ran vnto syr kay and smote hym doune and toke his hors/&
gaf hym kyng Lott wherof he said gramercy/when syr Gryf-
let salde syr kay & lucas the bottelere on foote/he took a sharp
spere grete and squar / and rode to pynel a good may of ar-
mes/and smote hors and man doune/ And thenne he toke
his hors/and gaf hym vnto syr kay/ Thenne kynge Lot sald
kyng Nentres on foote/he ranne vnto Melot de la roche/& smo-
te hym doune hors and man & gaf kyng Nentres the hors &
horsed hym ageyne/Also the kyng of the C knyghtes salde ky-
nge Idres on foot thenne he ran vnto Glydymart de bloy and
smote hym doune hors and man & gaf kynge Idres the hors
& horsed hym ageyne/& kyng Lot smote doun Clarycaunce de
la forest saueage & gaf the hors vnto duke Eustace/And so
whanne they had horsed the kynges ageyne they dreede hem
al yj kynges to gyder and said they wold be reuenged of the
dommage that they had taken that day/The meane whyle cam
in syr Ector with an egyr countenaunce/ and found Olfyus
and Brastias on foote in grete perylle of deth that were fol-
le defoyled vnder horsfeet/ Thenne Arthur as a lyon ranne vn
to kynge Ryderlment of North walys / and smote hym tho-
rowe the lyfte syde that the hors and the kynge fylle doune/
And thenne he toke the hors by the rayne / and ladde hym

vnto Olfyus & ſaid haue this hors myn oldy frendy / for gre-
te nede haſt thold of hors / gramercy ſaid Olfyus / thenne ſyr
Arthur dyd ſo merueilhouſly in armes that all men had won
dyr / Whan the kynge with the C knyghtes ſalue kyng Cradel-
ment on foote / he ranne vnto ſyr Ector that was wel horſedy
ſyr kayes fader / and ſmote hors andy man doune / andy gaf the
hors vnto the kynge / andy horſed hym ageyne / and whey kyng
Arthur ſalue the kyng ryde on ſyr Ectors hors he was wroth
andy with his ſwerdy he ſmote the kynge on the helme / that a
quarter of the helme and ſhelde fyll doune / andy ſo the ſwerd
carf doune vnto the hors neck / andy ſo the kyng & the hors fyll
doune to the gronndy / Thenne ſyr kay cam vnto ſyr Morgano-
re ſenaial with the kyng of the C knyghtes & ſmote hym doun
hors andy man / andy lady the hors vnto his fader ſyre Ector /
thenne ſyr Ector ranne vnto a knyght hyghte lardans / & ſmo
te hors & man doune / & lady the hors vnto ſyr Braſtias that
grete nede hady of ay hors andy was grete ly defoyledy / whan
Braſtias behelde lucas the botteler that lay lyke a dede man
vnder the horſe feet / andy euer ſyr Gry flet dyd merueilhouſly
for to reſcolue hym / and there were allweyes viij knyghtes on
ſyr lucas / & thenne Braſtias ſmote one of hem on the helme /
that it went to the breth / & he rode to another andy ſmote hym
that the arme fleive in to the feldy / Thēne he went to the third
andy ſmote hym on the ſholder that ſholder and arme fleive in
the feldy / And whan Gryflet ſalue reſcolues / he ſmote a kny-
ght on the trompils that hede & helme went to the erthe / andy
gryflet took the hors of that knyght & lady hym vnto ſyr lu-
cas / & lady hym mounte vpon the hors & reuenge his hurtes /
For Braſtias hady ſlayne a knyghte to fore & horſedy gryf-
flet /

Capitulum xv

Thenne lucas ſalue kyng Aglyſaunce that late hadde
ſlayne Morys de la roche / and lucas ran to hym with
a ſhort ſpere that was grete / that he gaf hym ſuche a falle that
the hors felle doun to the erthe / Alſo lucas found there on fo-
te bloyas de la flaundres andy ſyr Glyonas ij hardy knyghtes
& in that woodenes that lucas was in / he ſleive ij kachelers &
horſed hem ageyn / thēne wayid the batail poſſyng hard on both
partyes / but arthur was glad þ his knyghtes were horſed ayne

& thēne they foughte to gyders that the noyse and sowne rang by the water & the wood/wherfor kyng Ban and kyng bors made them redy and dressyd theyr sheldes and harnys/and they were so corragyous that many knyghtes shoke & keuerd for egrenes/All this whyle lucas and Gwynas & bryaunce & Belkyas of Flaundrys helde strong medle ayenst vj kynges/that was kynge Lott/kynge Nentres/kyng Brandegorys/kyng Idres/kyng Oryens & kyng Agwysaunce/ Soo with the helpe of syre kay & of syr gryflet / they helde these vj kynges hard that vnnethe they had ony power to defend them But whan syr Arthur salde the batail wolde not be endyd by no maner / he ferdy woody as a lyon/& steerd his hors here & there on the right hand & on the lyft hand.that he stynte not tyl he had slayne yy knyghtes/Also he wounded kyng Lot sore on the sholder and made hym to leue that ground / for syre kay & gryflet dyd with kyng Arthur there grete dedes of armes/Thenne Wlfyus and Brastias & sir Ector encountred ageynst the duke Eustace & kyng Cradelment & kyng Cradelmāt and kynge Clarysaunce of Northumberland & kyng Carados & ageynst the kyng with the C knyghtes/So these knyghtes encountred with these kynges that they made them to auoyde the grounde/ thēne kyng Lott made grete dool for his dommages & his felawes/& said vnto the y kynges but yf ye wil do as I deuyse we shalle be slayn & destroyed/lete me haue the kynge with the C knyghtes & kyng Agwysaunce & kyng Idres and the duke of Canbenec / & we v kynges wol haue yv M men of armes with vs & we wille go on parte/wyle ye vj kynges holde the medle with yij M/& we see that ye haue fouzten with hem long thēne wille we come on fyersly/& elles shall we neuer matche hem said kynge Lot but by this meane So they departed as they here deuysed/& vj kynges made her party strongy ageynst Arthur and made grete warre longe / In the meane whyle brake the enbusshement of kynge Ban and kynge bors and Lyonses and Charyaunce hady the aduant garde/ and they two knyghtes mette with kyng Idres and his felaushyp/and there began a grete medele of strekyng of speres and smytynge of swerdys with sleynge of men and horses/And kynge Idres was nere at discomforture

That salve Agwysanne the kynge and put lyonses and pha
ryaunne in poynte of dethe/ for the duke of Canbenek came on
with all with a grete felauship/ soo these two knyghtes were
in grete daunger of their lyues that they were fayn to rewrne
but allweyes they rescolwed hem self and their felauship mer-
ueilkously/ Whan kynge Bors salve tho knyghtes put on but
it greued hym sore/thēne he cam on so fast that his felauship
semed as blak as Inde/ Whan kyng Lot had aspyed kynge
Bors/he knelwe hym wel/ thenne he said O Jhesu defende vs frō
deth & horryble maymes/ for I see wel we ben in grete perylle
of dethe/for I see yonder a kynge one of the most worshipful
lest men & one of the best knyghtes of the worldy ben enclyned
vnto his felauship/what is he said the kynge with the C knyg-
tes/it is said kyng Lot kyng Bors of gaule/ I merueile how
they come in to this countreye without wetynge of vs all
It was by Merlyns auyse said the knyghte/ As for hym sa-
yd kynge Carados/I wylle encountre with kynge Bors/and
ye wil resolve me whan myster is/go on said they al/we wil
do all that we may/ thenne kyng Carados & his hoost rode on a
softe pace tyl that they come as nyghe kynge Bors as a folde
draughte/thenne eyther batayll lete their hors renne as fast as
they myghte / And Bleoberys that was godson vnto kynge
Bors he bare his chyef standardy/ that was a passynge goody
knyghte/Nowe shall we see said kyng Bors how these northe-
ren brethren can bere the armes/& kyng Bors encountred with
a knyght/and smote hym thorowe out with a spere that he fel
dede vnto the erthe/ and after drewe his swerdy & dyde mer-
ueilkous dedes of armes that all partyes had grete wōder ther
of/& his knyghtes failled not but dyde their part/ & kyng Ca-
rados was smyten to the erthe/ With that came the kyng with
the C knyghtes & rescued kyng Carados myghtely by force of ar
mes/ for he was a passyng goody knyght of a kynge/& but a
yonge man

Capitulum xxj

By than come in to the feldy kynge Ban as fyers as a
lyon with bandys of grene/& therupon gold/Ha a sa
id kyng Lot we must be discomfyte/ for yonder I see the moste
valyaunt knyght of the worldy/ and the man of the most re-
noume/for suche ij brethren as is kyng Ban & kyng Bors ar

not lyuynge/wherfore we muſt nedes fyght or deye/ And but yf we auoyde manly and wyſely/ther is but dethe / whanne kynge Ban came in to the batail/he cam in ſo fierſly/that the ſtrokes redounded ageyne fro the woode and the water/ wherfor kynge Lott wepte for pyte and dooke that he ſalwe ſo many goody knyztes take theyr ende/But thorolwe the grete force of kyng Ban they made both the Northewey bataylles that were departed/hurtled to gyders for grete drede/and the thre kynges & their knyghtes ſtelwe on euer that it was pyte on to beholde that multitude of the people that fledde / But kynge Lott and kynge of the honderd knyztes & kynge Morganore gadred the peple to gyders paſſyng knyghtly/and dyd grete prowesſe of armes/and held the batail all that daye lyke hard/ Whanne the kynge of the honderd knyghtes beheld the grete damage that kynge Ban dyde / he threſt vnto hym with his hors and ſmote hym on hyke vpon the helme a grete ſtroke and ſtonyed hym ſore/Thenne kynge Ban was wroth with hym/and folowed on hym fyerſly / the other salwe that/ and caſt vp his held & ſpored his hors forward / But the ſtroke of kynge Ban felle doune and carfe a cantel of the held/ and the ſwerd ſlode doune by the hauberk behynde his back / & cut thorolw the trappere of ſteele/and the hors euen in two pyeces that the ſwerd felte the erthe/ Thenne the kynge of the C knyghtes loyded the hors lyghtly and with his ſwerd he brocked the hors of kyng Ban thorolw and thorolw / with that kynge Ban loyded lyghtly from the dede hors / and thenne kynge Ban ſmote at the other ſo egrely/ and ſmote hym on the helme that he felle to the erth/ Alſo in that pre he feld kyng Morganore and there was grete ſlaughter of good knyghtes and mocke peple/by than come in to the prees kynge Arthur/ and fond Kynge Ban ſtondynge among dede men and dede hors fyghtynge on foote as a wood lyon / that ther came none nyghe hym as fer as he myght reche with his ſwerd/but he caught a greuous buffet wherof Kynge Arthur had grete pyte / And Arthur was ſo blody that by his helde ther myght no man knowe hym / for all was blody and braynes on his ſwerd/ And as Arthur loked by hym he ſalwe a knyght that was paſſyngly wel horſed / and therwith ſyre Arthur ranne

to hym/ and ſmote hym on the helme that his ſwerde went vnto his teeth/ and the knyght ſanke doune to the erthe dede/ & anon Arthur toke the hors by the rayne and ladde hym vnto kynge Ban & ſaid fair broder/ haue this hors/ for ye haue grete myſter therof & me repenteth ſore of your grete dammage Hit ſhall be ſoone reuengid ſaid kynge Ban/ for I truſte my godd myn eure is not ſuche but ſome of them may ſore repente thys/ I wol wel ſaid Arthur/ for I ſee your dedes full actual Neuertheles I myghte not come at yold at that tyme / But whanne kynge Ban was mountid on horſback/ thenne there beganne nelwe batail the whyche was ſore and hard/ and paſſyng grete ſlaughter/ And ſo thurgh grete force kynge Arthur/ kynge Ban and kynge Bors made her knyghtes a lytel to withdraw them/ But alwey the yf kynges with her ſyualrye neuer turned bak/ and ſo withdrewe hem to a lytil wode/ and ſo ouer a lytyl ryuer/ & there they reſted hem / for on the nyghte they myghte haue no reſt on the feld/ And thē ſ ne the yf kynges and knyghtes put hem on a hepe all to gyders as men adrad and out of all comforte/ but ther was no man myghte paſſe them/ they helde hem ſo hard to gyders bothe behynde and before that kynge Arthur had merueille of their dedes of armes and was paſſynge wrothe/ A ſyr Arthur ſaid kynge Ban and kynge Bors blame hem nought / For they doo as goode men ought to doo/ For by my feith ſaid kyng Ban/ they are the beſt fyghtyng men and knyghtes of moode prouheſſe that euer I ſawe or herd ſpeke of/ And tho yf kynges are men of grete worſhip/ And yf they were longyng vnto yold/ there were no kynge vnder the heuen hadde ſuche yf knyghtes and of ſuche worſhip/ I may not loue hem ſaid Arthur/ they wold deſtroye me / that wote we wel ſaid kynge Ban and kynge Bors/ for they are your mortal enemyes/ and that hath ben preued afore hand/ And this day they haue done theire parte / and that is grete pyte of theire wilfulnes Thenne alle the yf kynges drewe hem to gyder/ And thenne ſaid kynge Lott/ lordes ye muſt other wayes than ye do/ or els the grete boſſe is behynde/ ye may ſee what peple we haue loſt/ and what goode men we leſe/ by cauſe we wayte alweyes on theſe foote men / and euer in ſauynge of one of the foote men

we lese ye horsmen for hym/ therfore this is myne aduys / lete vs put our foote men from vs/for it is nere nyghte / For the noble Arthur wille not tary on the foote men/ for they maye saue hem self/the woode is nerehand/And whan we horsmen be to gyderes/ loke euerych of yolv kynges lete make suche ordinaunce that none breke vpon payne of dethe/ And who that seeth ony man dresse hym to flee/ lightly that he be slayne/for it is better that we slee a colvardy than thorolv a colvardy alle we to be slayne/Holv saye ye said kynge Lott/answere me all ye kynges/it is wel said quod kynge Nentres/so said the kynge of the honderd knyghtes/the same saide the kynge Carados and kyng Uryence/so dyd kynge Idres and kyng Bran degorys/and so dyd kyng Cradulmas and the duke of Cadelenet/ the same said kyng Claryaunce & kyng Agldysaunce and sware they wold neuer faille other neyther for lyf nor for dethe/ And who so that fledde but did as they dyd shold be slayne/ Thenne they amended their harneys and ryghted their sheldes and wolde nelde sperys and sette hem on their thyes and stode stille as hit had ben a plompe of wood /

Capitulum xvij

Whanne Syre Arthur and kynge Ban and Bors beheld them and all her knyghtes they preysed hem moche for their noble chere of chyualrye for the hardyest fyghters that euer they herd or salde/ with that there dressyd hem al yl noble knyghtes and saide vnto the thre kynges / they wold breke their bataille/ these were her names Lyonses/pharyaunce Olfyus/brastias/Ector /Kaynes/Lucas the bottelere/ Gryflett la fyse de dieu/mariet de la roche/Glydynas de bloy/ briãt de la foreyst saueage/bellaus/ Moryans of the castel maydyns/flãnedrus of the castel of ladyes / Annecians that was kynge Bors godsone a noble knyght/ ladynas de la rouse /Emetause Caulas/Gracyens le castelleyn/one bloyse de la caase/and syre Colgreueaunce de gorre, all these knyghtes rode on a fore with sperys on their thyes / and spurred their horses myghtely as the horses myght renne/ And the vj kynges with parte of her knyghtes russhed with their horses as fast as they myght with their speres/ & ther they dyd on both partyes merueillous dedes of armes/soo came in to the thycke of the prees Arthur Ban &

hors & ſlewe doune right on both handes that her horſes went in blood vp to the ſtyrrops/ But euer the vj Kynges and their hooſte was euer in the vyſage of Arthur/ wherfore Ban and Bors had grete merueille conſyderyng the grete ſlaughter that there was/ but at the laſt they were dryuen aback ouer a lytil ryuer/ with that came Merlyn on a grete blak hors/ and ſaid vnto arthur holde haſt neuer done/ haſt thou not done ynough/ of thre ſcore thouſand this day haſt holde lefte on lyue but vℓ M/ and it is tyme to ſaye ho for god is wrothe with the that holde wolt neuer haue done/ for ponder yi kynges at this tyme will not be ouerthrowen/ but and holde tary on them ony lenger/ thy fortune wille turne and they ſhall entreate/ And therfor withdrawe yow vnto your lodgyng and reſte yon as ſoone as ye may and rewarde your good knyghtes with golde and with ſyluer / for they haue wel deſerued hit/ there may no ryches be to dere for them/ for of ſo folde men as ye haue ther were neuer men dyd more of prowes than they haue done to day/ for ye haue matched this day with the beſte fyghters of the worlde/ that is trouthe ſaid kyng Ban and Bors/ Alſo ſaid Merlyn / withdrawe yow where ye lyſt/ For this thre yere I dar vndertake they ſhalle not dere yow/ And by thay ye ſhalle here newe tydynges/ And thenne Merlyn ſaid vnto arthur/ theſe vj kynges haue more on hande than they are ware of/ for the Sarazyns ar bonded in their countreyes more than vℓ M that brenne and ſlee/ and haue leid ſyege att the caſtel Wandeſborow and make grete deſtruction/ therfore drede yow not this thre yere/ ¶ Alſo ſyre al the goodes that ben goten at this batail lete it be ſercched / And whanne ye haue it in your handys lete it be gyuen frely vnto theſe two kynges Ban and Bors that they may rewarde theyr knyghtes with all/ And that ſhalle cauſe ſtraungers to be of better wyll to do yow ſeruyſe at nede / Alſo ye be able to rewarde youre owne knyghtes of your owne goodes whan ſomeuer it lyketh you It is wel ſaid qd Arthur And as thou haſt deuyſed ſo ſhal it be done/ whanne it was delyuerd to Ban & Bors they gaf the goodes as frely to their knyghtes as frely as it was yeuen to them/ Thenne Merlyn took his leue of Arthur and of the vj kynges for to go and ſee his mayſter Bleyſe that dwelde

in Northumberlandy/and so he departedy and cam to his maiſ
ter that was paſſyng glady of his comynge/& there he tolde/
hold Arthur and the two kynges had ſpedy at the grete bata;
yll/and hold it was endedy/and toldy the names of euery ky;
ng and knyght of worſhip that was there / And ſoo Bleyſe
wrote the batail worday by wordy as Merlyn told hym hold it
began/& by whome/& in lyke wyſe hold it was endyd/ And
who hady the werre/All the batails that were done in arthurs
dayes/merlyn dydy his maiſter Bleyſe do wryte/Alſo he did
do wryte all the batails that euery worthy knyght dydy of ar
thurs Courte/After this Merlyn departedy from his mayſter
andy came to kynge Arthur that was in the caſtel of Bede;
grayne/that was one of the caſtels that ſtondyn in the foreſt
of Sherewoody/ Andy Merlyn was ſo diſguyſedy that kynge
Arthur knewe hym not for he was al he furred in black ſhe;
pe ſkynnes andy a grete payre of hootes / andy a holde andy a;
wolues in a ruſſet goldne/ and broughte wild gyſe in his hād
andy it was on the morne afterr candelmas day/ but kyng Ar
thur knewe hym not/Syre ſaid Merlyn vnto the kynge/ Wil
ye gyue me a yefte/wherfor ſaid kyng Arthur ſholdy I gyue
the a yefte chorle/Sir ſaid Merlyn ye were better to gyue me
a yefte that is not in your hand than to leſe grete rycheſſe/for
here in the ſame place there the grete batail was is grete treſo;
ur hidy in the erthe/who toldy the ſo chorle ſaid Arthur/Mer;
lyn toldy me ſo ſaidy he/ thenne Olfyus and Braſtias knewe
hym wel ynough andy ſmyledy/Syre ſaid theſe two knyghtes
It is Merlyn that ſo ſpeketh vnto yold/ thenne kyng arthur
was gretely abaſſhedy andy hady merueyll of Merlyn/& ſo had
kynge Ban andy kynge Bors/andy ſoo they hady grete dyſ;
port at hym / Soo in the meane whyle there cam a damoyſel
that was an erlys doughter his name was Sanam/ andy her
name was Lyonors a paſſynge fair damoyſel/and ſo ſhe cam
thyder for to dohomage as other lordes dydy after the grete ba
tail/Andy kyng Arthur ſette his loue gretely vpon her and
ſo dydy ſhe vpon hym/andy the kyng hady adoo with her/ andy
gat on her a childy / his name was Borre that was after a
goody knyghte andy of the table wundy/thenne ther cam word
that the kyng Ryence of Northen walys maade grete werre on

kynge Lodegreance of camylyard/ for the whiche thyng arthur was wroth for he loued hym wel and hated kyng Ryence/ for he was alwey ageynst hym/ So by ordenaunce of the thre kynges that were sente home vnto Wenwyck/ alle they wolde departe for drede of kynge Claudas and pharyaunce and Antemes and Grasians and lyonses/ payarne with the leders of tho that sholde kepe the kynges landys

Capitulum xviij

And thenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban & kyng Bors departed with her felauship a xx M and came within vj dayes in to the countrey of Cmyliarde and there resolued kynge Lodegraunce and sholde ther mocke people of kynge Ryence vnto the nombre of x M men and put hym to flyghte; And thenne had these thre kynges grete cheer of kyng Lodegraunce that thanked hem of their grete goodnesse that they wold reuenge hym of his enemyes/ and there hadde Arthur the fyrste syght of gwenewer the kynges doughter of Camylyard/ and euer after he loued her/ After they were wedded as it telleth in the booke/ Soo breuely to make an ende/ they took theyr leue to goo in to theyre oldne Countreyes for kynge Claudas dyd grete destruction on their landes/ Thenne said Arthur I wille goo with yow/ Nay said the kynges ye shalle not at this tyme/ for ye haue mocke to doo yet in these landes/ therfore we wille departe / and with the grete goodes that we haue gotyn in these landes by youre yefte we shalle wage good knyghtes & withstande the kynge Claudas malyce/ for by the grace of god and vs haue nede we wille sende to yow for youre socour/ And yf ye haue nede sende for vs/ and we wille not tary by the feythe of our bodyes/ It shalle not saide Merlyn nede that these two kynges come ageyne in the wey of werre / But I knowe wel kynge Arthur maye not be longe from yow/ for within a yere or two ye shalle haue grete nede/ And thenne shalle he reuenge yow on youre enemyes as ye haue done on his / For these vj kynges shal dele all in a day by the grete myghte and prowesse of armes of iij Valyaunt knyghtes as it telleth after/ her names ben Balyn le Saueage and Balan his broder that ben merueilous good knyghtes as ben ony lyuynge/ Now torne we to the vj

kynges that wernedy vnto a cyte that hyght Sorstuute / the whiche cyte was within kynge Oryens/and ther they refresshedy hem as wel as they myght/and made leches serche theyr woundys and sorowed gretely for the dethe of her peple/ with that ther came a messager and toldy how ther was comen in to their landes people that were laukes as wel as sarasyns a yl M/and haue brent & slayne al the peple that they may come by without mercy/and haue leydy syege on the castel of wādisborow/Alas sayd the yj kynges here is sorow vpon sorow And yf we hady not warrydy ageynst Arthur as we haue done/he wold soone reuenge vs/ as for kyng Lodegryaunce he loueth Arthur better than vs/And as for kyng Ryence/he hath ynough to doo with Lodegreans / for he hath leydy syege vnto hym/Soo they consentydy to gyder to kepe alle the marches of Cornewayle/of walys and of the northe/soo fyrst they putte kynge Idres in the Cyte of Nauntys in Brytayne with iiij tholvsandy men of armes / to watche bothe the water and the landy/Also they put in the cyte of Wyndesan kynge Nauntres of garbott with four thousandy knyghtes to watche both on water and on londy / Also they hady of other men of werre moo than eyght thousandy for to fortyfye alle the fortresses in the marches of Cornewayle/ Also they put moo knyztes in alle the marches of walys and scotlandy with many goody men of armes/and soo they kepte hem to gyders the space of thre yere And euer alydy hem with myghty kynges and dukes and lordes/And to them felle kynge Ryence of North walys/ the whiche was a myghty man of men & New that was a myghty man of men/ And alle this whyle they furnyssheday hem and garnyssheday hem of goody men of armes and vytaille and of alle maner of abylement that pretendith to the werre to anenge hem for the bataille of Bedegrayne/as it telleth in the book of auentures folowynge

Capitulum xix

Thene after the departyng of kyng Ban and of kyng Bors kynge Arthur rode vnto Carlyon/And thyder cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney in maner of a message/but she was sente thyder to aspye the Courte of kynge Arthur/and she cam rychely besene with her four sones/galhayn

Gaherys/Agrauaynes/ and Gareth with many other knyghtes and ladyes/for she was a passynge fayr lady/ wherfore the kynge cast grete loue vnto her/and desyred to lye by her/so they were agreed/and he begate vpon her Mordred / and she was his syster on the moder syde Igrayne/ So ther she rested her a moneth and at the last departed/ Thenne the kyng dremed a meruelloous dreme wherof he was sore adradd/But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster/ Thus was the dreme of Arthur/hym thought ther was come in to this land Gryffons and Serpentes / And hym thoughte they brente and slough alle the peple in the lād And thenne hym thoughte/he fraughte with hem/and they dyd hym passynge grete harme/and wounded hym ful sore/but at the last he slewe hem/Whanne the kynge awaked/ he was passynge hevy of his dreme/ and so to put it oute of thoughtes/ he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge / As soone as he was in the forest/ the kynge sawe a grete hert afore hym/this herte wilke I chace said kynge Arthur/ And so he spored the hors/and rode after longe/And so by fyne force he ofte he was lyke to haue smyten the herte/where as the kynge had chaced the herte soo longe that his hors had loste hys brethe and fylle doune dede / Thenne a yoman sette the kynge another hors/ So the kynge sawe the herte enbussed and his hors dede/he sette hym doune by a fontayne and there he sat in grete thoughtes / And as he satte so hym thoughte he herd a noyse of hounde to the comme of xxx/ And with that the kynge sawe comyng toward hym the straungest best that euer he sawe or herd of/so the best wente to the watre and dranke/ and the noyse was in the bestes bely lyke vnto the questyng of xxx couple houndes/but alle the whyle the beest dranke there was no noyse in the bestes bely/and therwith the best departed with a grete noyse/wherof the kynge had grete meruayle/And so he was in a grete thoughte/ and therwith he fell on slepe/ Right so ther came a knyght a foote vnto Arthur/ and sayd knyght full of thought and sleuy / telle me yf thou sawest a straunge best passe this waye / Sirrhe one sawe I said kynge Arthur/ that is past two myle/what wold ye with the best said arthur Syre I haue followed that best long tyme / and lyed myne

hors / so wold god I had another to folowe my queste / ryght so came one with the kynges hors / and when the knyght sawe the hors / he prayd the kyng to yeue hym the hors / for I haue folowed this queste this yere moneth / and other I shal enchieue hym or blede of the best blood of my body / whereof that tyme kynge folowed the queste beste / and after his deth sir Galamydes folowed hit

¶ Capitulum xx

SYr knyghte said the kynge leue that queste / and suffre me to haue hit / and I wylle folowe it another yere moneth / A foole said the knyghte vnto Arthur / it is in veyne thy desyre / for it shalle neuer bey enchieued but by me / or my next kyn / therwith he sterte vnto the kynges hors and mounted in to the sadel / and said gramercy this hors is myn owne / wel said the kynge thou mayst take myn hors by force but and I myght preue the whether thou were better on hors bak or I / wel said the knyght sette me here whan thou wolt and here nygh this wel thou shalt fynde me / and soo passed on his weye / thenne the kyng sat in a study and bad his men fetche his hors as faste as euer they myghte / Ryght soo came by hym Merlyn lyke a child of viij yere of age and salewed the kyng / and asked hym why he was so pensyf / I may wel be pensyf sayd the kynge / for I haue sene the mervey leste syght that euer I sawe / that knowe I wel said Merlyn as wel as thy self and of all thy thoughtes / but thou art but a foole to take thought / for it wylle not amend the / Also I knowe what thou arte / and who was thy fader / and of whome thou were begotyn / kynge Uther pendragon was thy fader / and begat the on Igrayne / that is sothe said kyng Arthur / how holdest thou that owe it / for thou arte not so old of yeres to knowe my fader / yes sayd Merlyn I knowe it better than ye or ony man lyuynge / I wille not bileue the said Arthur and was wroth with the child / Soo departed Merlyn and came ageyne in the lykenes of an old man of iiij score yere of age / whereof the kynge was ryght glady / for he semed to be ryghte wyse

Thenne saide the old man why are ye so sad / I maye wel be sory said Arthur for many thynges / Also here was a child and told me many thynges that me semeth / he shold not knowe / for he was not of age to knowe my fader / yes said the old

may / the childe wold yow trouthe / and more wold he haue
wolde yow and ye wolde haue suffred hym / But ye haue do-
ne a thynge late that god is displeasyd with yow/ for ye ha-
ue layne by your syster / and on her ye haue gotyn a chyld /
that shalle destroye yow and all the knyghtes of your realme
What are ye said Arthur that telle me these tydynges / I am
Merlyn/and I was he in the childes lykenes/ A sayd kyng
Arthur ye are a merueillous man / but I merueylle moche /
of thy wordes that I mote dye in bataille/ Merueylle not sa-
id Merlyn/ for it is gods wyll youre body to be punyssed for
your foulde dedes /but I may Wel be sory said Merlyn/ for I
shalle dye a shamefull deth to be put in the erthe quyck/and ye
shall dye a worshipfull deth/ And as they talked this/ cam one
with the kynges hors/ and so the kyng mounted on his hors
and Merlyn on another and so rode vnto Carlyon / & anone
the kynge asked Ector and Olfyus how he was bigotyn/ &
they told hym Utherpendragon was his fader & quene Igra-
yn his moder/ thenne he sayd to Merlyn I wylle that my mo
der be sente for that I may speke with her/ And yf she saye so
her selfe/ thēne wylle I byleue hit/ In all haste the quene was
sente for/ and she cam & broughte with her Morgan le fay her
doughter that was as fayre a lady as ony myghte be / & the
kynge welcomed Igrayne in the beste maner /

RYght soo cam Olfyus & saide ¶ Capitulum xxj
openly that the kynge and all myght here that were se-
sted that day/ ye are the falseste lady of the world and
the moste traitresse vnto the kynges person/ Belwarr saide Ar-
thur what hold saist/ hold spekest a grete word / I am wel wa
re said Olfyus what I speke/ & here is my glove to preue hit
vpon ony man that wille seye the contrary/ that this quene I-
grayne is causar of your grete domage / & of your grete werre
For and she wold haue vtterd it in the lyf of kyng Utherpē-
dragon of the byrthe of yow/ and how ye were begotyn ye had
neuer had the mortal werrys that ye haue had for the moost
party of your barons of your realme kneelde neuer whos sone
ye were/ nor of whome ye were begotyn/ & she that bare yow of
her body shold haue made it knowen openly in eyeusyng of her
worshipp & yours / & in lyke wyse to alle the reame/ wherfor I

preue her fals to godys and to yold and to al your realme and
who wyll saye the contrary I wyll preue it on his body
Thenne spak Igrayne and sayd I am a woman and I may
not fyghte/but rather than I shold be dishonoured/ther wold
some good man take my quarel//More she sayd/Merlyn kno
weth wel and ye syr Olfyus hold kynge Other cam to me in
the Castel of Tyntagaill in the lykenes of my lord that was
dede ther houres to fore/ and therby gat a child that nyght vp
on me/And after the viij day kynge Other wedded me/ and
by his commaundement whan the childe was borne it was de;
lyuerd vnto Merlyn and nourysshed by hym/and so I salde
the childe neuer after / nor wote not what is his name/for I
knelde hym neuer yet / And there Olfyus saide to the quene
Merlyn is more to blame than ye/ wel I wote said the quene
I have a child by my lord kyng Other/but I wote not where
he is become / thenne Merlyn toke the kynge by the hand sa;
yeng/this is your moder /and therwith syr Ector kaue wytnes
hold he nourysshed hym by Others commaundement/And ther
with kynge Arthur toke his moder quene Igrayne in his ar
mes and kyst her/and eyther wepte vpon other/And thenne
the kyng lete make a feest that lasted eyght dayes/Thenne on
a day ther come in the courte a squyer on hors back ledynge a
knyght before hym wounded to the dethe/ and told hym how
ther was a knyght in the forest hard wonded vp a pauelione by
a well and hath slayne my mayster a good knyght/ his na;
me was myles /wherfor I beseche yold that my mayster maye
be wurped/and that somme knyzt maye wuenge my maysters
deth/thenne the noyse was grete of that knyghtes dethe in the
Court/and euery man said his aduys/thenne came Gryflett
that was but a squyer / and he was but yonge of the age of
the kyng Arthur/soo he besoughte the kyng for alle his seruyse
that he had done hym to gyue hym the ordre of knyghthode

Capitulum xxij

Thou arte full yong and tendyr of age sayd Arthur
for to take so hyghe an ordre on the / Sir said gryflet
I beseche yold make me knyzt/ Syr said Merlyn it were gre;
te pyte to lese Gryflet / for he wille be a passynge good man/
whanne he is of age / abydynge with yold the terme

me of his lyf/ And yf he auenture his body with yonder kny-
ght at the fontayne it is in grete peryll yf euer he come agey-
ne/ for he is one of the beſt knyghtes of the world/ and the ſtrō
gyſt man of armes/ wel ſaid Arthur/ ſo at the deſyre of gryf
flet the kynge made hym knyght / Hold ſaid Arthur vnto ſyre
Gryflet/ Sythen I haue made yold knyghte thold muſt yeue
me a gyfte/ what ye will ſaid Gryflet/ thou ſhalt promyſe me
by the feythe of thy body whan thou haſt Juſted with the kny-
ght at the fontayne/ whether it falle ye be on foote or on hors-
back/ that ryght ſo ye ſhal come ageyne vnto me without ma-
kynge ony more debate/ I wyll promyſe yold ſaid Gryflet as
yold deſyre/ Thenne toke Gryflet his hors in grete haſte/ & dreſ
ſyd his ſheldy and toke a ſpere in his handy/ and ſo he rode a
grete wallop tyll he cam to the fontayne/ and ther by he ſalve
a ryche pauelion/ and ther by vnder a clothe ſtode a fayr hors
wel ſadeled and brydeled/ and on a tree a ſheld of dyuerſe co
lours and a grete ſpere / Thenne Gryflet ſmote on the sheldy
with the bott of his ſpere that the ſhylde felle doune to the gro-
undy/ with that the knyght cam oute of the pauelione/ & sayd
fair knyght why ſmote ye doune my ſheldy / for I wil Juſte
with yold ſaid gryflet/ it is better ye doo not sayd the knyghte
for ye are but yong and late made knyght/ and your myghte
is nothyng to myn / as for that ſaide Gryflet I wylle Juſte
with yold/ that is me loth ſaid the knyght/ but ſythen I muſte
needs I wille dreſſe me therto/ of whens be ye sayd the knyghte
ſyre I am of Arthurs courte/ So the two knyghtes ranne to
gyder that gryfletes ſpere al to sheuered/ and ther with all he
ſmote Gryflet thorowe the sheldy & the lyfte ſyde / and brake
the ſpere that the tronchon ſtack in his body / that hors and
knyghte fylle doune ¶ Capitulum xxiij

Than the knyght salve hym lye ſoo on the grounde/ he
alyght and was paſſynge breuy /for he wende he had
ſlayne hym / and thenne he vnlaced his helme and gate hym
vpnde/ and ſo with the tronchon he ſet hym on his hors and
gate hym vpnde/ and ſo bytoke hym to gode/ and ſeid he had a
myghty hert and yf he myght lyue he wold preue a paſſynge
good knyght/ & ſo ſyr Gryflet rode to the court where grete doole

was made for hym/But thorolde goody leches he was heledy / andy sauedy/Ryght so cam in to the Courte yij knyztes & were aged men/and they cam from themperour of Rome/& they asskedy of Arthur truage for this realme / other els themperour wold destroye hym & his landy / Wel said kyng Arthur ye are messagers/therfor ye may say what ye wil other els ye shold dye therfore/But this is myn answer I olde themperour noo truage nor none will I holdy hym / but oy a fayr felde I shall yeue hym my truage that shal be with a sharp spere / or els with a sharp swerd/& that shall not be long by my faders soule Uther pendragon/& therwith the messagers departed passyngly wroth/& kyng arthur as wroth/for in euyl tyme cam they thenne/for the kyng was passyngly wroth for the hurte of sir Gryflet/& soo he commaundedy a pryuy may of his chambre / that or hit be day his best hors andy armour with all that longeth vnto his persone be without the cyte or to morolde daye Ryght so or to morold day he met with his may and his hors andy so mountedy vp andy dressid his shildy / & toke his spere andy lady his chamberlayne tary there tyll he came ageyne / Andy so Arthur rode a softe pace tyll it was day / & thenne was he ware of thre chorles chacynge Merlyn/andy wold haue slayne hym/thenne the kyng rode vnto them/ andy bad them flee chorles/ thenne were they afrayd whan they sawe a knyght andy fledy/O Merlyn said Arthur/ here hadest thou be slayne for all thy crafte hady I not byn/ Nay said Merlyn not soo/ for I coude saue my self andy I woldy / andy thou arte more nere thy deth than I am for thow goost to the deth ward & ody be not thy fundy / So as they wente thus talkyng/they ame to the fontayne/andy the tyrce pauelione there by hit / thenne kyng Arthur was ware where sat a knyght armedy in a chayer/Syr knyght said Arthur/for what cause abydest thou here that ther maye no knyght ryde this wey but yf he juste with the said the kynge / I rede the leue that custome said Arthur This customme saide the knyght haue I vsedy andy will vse magre who saith nay/ & who is greuedy with my custome/lete hym amende hit that wol/I wil amende it said Arthur/I shal defende the said the knyzt/anon he toke his hors & dressid his shylde & toke a spere & they met so hard either in others sheldes

that al to sheuerdy their sperys/ther with anone Arthur pul-
led oute his swerd/ nay not so said the knyght/it is fayrer sa
yd the knyzt that we tweyne renne more to gyders with sharp
sperys/I wille wel said Arthur and I hady ony mo sperys
I haue ynow said the knyzt/ so ther cam a squyer and brouzt
hym goody sperys/and Arthur chose one & he another/so they spo
redy their horses & cam to gyders with al the mygthes/that ey
ther brak her speres to her handes/thenne Arthur sette hand on
his swerd/nay seid the knyght/ye shal do better/ye are a pas-
synge good Juster as euer I mette with al/& ones for the loue
of the hyghe ordre of knyzthode lete vs Juste ones ageyn/I as
sente me said Arthur/anone there were brought two grete spe-
rys/and euery knyght gat a spere / and therwith they ranne
to gyders that Arthurs spere al to sheuerdy / But the other
knyghte hyt hym so hardy in myddes of the shelde/ that horse &
man felle to the erthe/and ther with Arthur was egre & pul-
led oute his swerd/ and said I will assay the syr knyghte on
foote/for I haue lost the honour on horsback/I wille be on hors
back said the knyght/ thenne was Arthur wrothe and dressid
his shelde tofward hym with his swerd drawen/ whan the kny
ght sawe that/he a lyghte/for hym thought no worship to ha
ue a knyght at suche auaille he to be on horsback and he on foot
and so he alyght & dressid his shelde vnto Arthur & ther lega
a sewng batayle with many grete strokes/ & soo helpe with her
swerdes that the tanels flewe in the feldes/ and moche blody
they bledde bothe/ that al the place there as they faught was
ouer bledde with blood/ and thus they fought long and rested
hem/and thenne they wente to the batayl ageyne/and so hurt
ledy to gyders lyke two rammes that eyther felle to the erthe
So at the last they smote to gyders that both her swerdys met
euen to gyders/But the swerd of the knyght smote kyng ar-
thurs swerd in two pyeces/ wherfor he was fuyl/thenne saidy
the knyghte vnto Arthur/ thou arte in my daunger Whether
me lyst to saue the or slee the/ and but thou yelde the as ouer
come and recreaunt/thou shalt deye/as for deth said kyng ar-
thur welcome be it whan it cometh/ But to yelde me vnto the
as recreaunt I hady leuer deye than to be soo shamedy / And
ther with al the kynge lepte vnto Pellinore & woke hym by

the myddel and thrulde hym downe and rased of his helme / Whan the knyght felt that/he was adrad / for he was a passynge hygge man of myghte / and anone he brayghte Arthur vnder hym/and wayted of his helme and wold haue smyten of his hede/ ¶ Capitulum xxiiij

Ther with all came Merlyn and sayd knyghte / holde thy hande/ For and thou sle that knyghte thou put best this reame in the grettest dammage that euer was reame/ For this knyght is a man of more worshyp than thou wotest of/ Why/ who is he said the knyghte/ it is kyng Arthur Thenne wold he haue slayn hym for drede of his wrathe/ and yeue vp his swerde / and therwith Merlyn cast an enchaunte ment vp the knyghte that he felle to the erthe in a grete slepe / Thenne Merlyn toke vp kyng Arthur and rode forth on the knyghtes hors/ Allas said Arthur what hast thou done merlyn hast thou slayne this goode knyghte by thy crafte/ there lyeth not soo worshipful a knyghte as he was / I had leuer than the kynde of my land a yere that he were on lyue/ and ye not sayd Merlyn/ for he is holer than ye/ for he is but on slepe and shall awake within thre houres / I told you said Merlyn what a knyghte he was/ Here had ye he slayn had I not ben Also ther lyueth not a bygger knyghte than he is one/ and he shal here after do you right good seruyse & his name is Pelynore/ and he shal haue two sones that shal be passyng goode men sauf one / they shalle haue no felawe of prowesse and of goode lyuynge/ and her names shal be perseual of wales/ & Lamerok of wales/ & he shal telle you the name of your owne sone bygotten of your syster that shal be the destruction of alle this reame ¶ Capitulum xxv

Right so the kyng and he departed & wente vn tyl an hermyte that was a goode man and a grete clerke/ Soo the hermyte forthed all his woundes & gaf hym good salues so the kyng was there thre dayes & thenne were his wounded wel amended that he myght ryde and goo/ & so departed/ & as they rode Arthur said I haue no swerd/ no fayr said Merlyn here by is a swerd that shalle be yours and I may/ Soo they rode tyl they came to a lake the whiche was a fayr water/ and brood/ And in the myddes of the lake Arthur was ware of

an arme clothed in white samyte / that held a fayr swerd in that hand / loo said Merlyn yonder is that swerd that I spak of / with that they saw a damoisel going vpon the lake / what damoysel is that said Arthur / that is the lady of the lake said Merlyn / And within that lake is a rocke / and therin is as fayr a place as ony on erthe and richely besene / and this damoysell wylle come to yold anone / and thenne speke ye fayre to her that she will gyue yold that swerd / Anone with all came the damoysel vnto Arthur / and salewed hym / and he her a geyne / Damoysel said Arthur / what swerd is that / that yonder the arme holdeth aboue the watr / I wold it were myne / for I haue no swerd / Syr Arthur kynge said the damoysell / that swerd is myn / And yf ye will gyue me a yefte whan I aske it yold / ye shal haue it by my feyth said Arthur / I will yeue yold what yefte ye will aske / wel said the damoisel go ye in to yonder barge / & wolde your self to the swerd / and take it / and sauffart with yold / & I will aske my yefte whan I see my tyme / So syr Arthur & merlyn alyght & tayed their horses to two trees / & so they went in to the ship / & whanne they came to the swerd that the hand held / syre Arthur toke it vp by the handels / & toke it with hym / & the arme & the hād went vnder the watr / & so come vnto the lond & rode forth / & thēne syr Arthur salwe a ryche pauelion / what sygnyfyeth yō der pauelion / ꝑ is ꝓ kynges pauelion seid merlyn ꝑ ye fouȝt with last / syr Pellinore / but he is out / he is not there / he hath a doo with a knyght of yours that hyght Egglame / & they haue fouȝten to gyder / but at the last Egglame fledde and els he had ben dede / & he hath chaced hym euen to Carlyon / and he shal mete with hym anon in the hygh wey / that is wel sayd / said Arthur / nold haue I a swerd / nold wille I wage batayll with hym & he auenged on hym / sir ye shal not so said Merlyn / for the knyght is wery of fyghtyng & chacyng so that ye shal haue no worshyp to haue a do with hym / Also he will not be lyȝtly matched of one knyȝt lyuyng / & therfor it is my counceil / lete hym passe / for he shal do you good seruyse in shorte tyme & his sones after his dayes / Also ye shal see that day in short space ye shal be rigt glad to yeue him your sister to wedde whan I see hym I wil doo as ye aduyse me sayd Arthur

Thenne syr Arthur lokedy on the swerdy/andy lykedy it passynge wel/wherfor lyketh yow better sayd Merlyn the swerd or the scaubard/Me lyketh better the swerdy sayd Arthur/ye are more vnwyse sayd Merlyn/for the scaubardy is worth ye of the swerdys/for whyles ye haue the scaubardy vpon yow ye shalle neuer lese no bloody/be ye neuer so sore wounded therfor kepe wel the scaubardy alwayes with yow/so they rode vnto Carlyon/and by the wey they met with syr Pellinore/but Merlyn had done suche a crafte/that pellinore sawe not Arthur/and he past by without ony wordes/I merueylle sayd Arthur that the knyght wold not speke/syr sayd Merlyn/he sawe yow not/for and he hady sene yow ye hady not lyghtly departed/Soo they come vnto Carlyon/wherof his knyghtes were passynge glady/Andy whanne they herd of his auentures/they merueylled that he wold iooparde his persone soo al one/But alle men of worship sayd it was mery to be vnder suche a chyftayne that wolde put his persone in auenture as other poure knyghtes dyd/

Capitulum xxvij

THis meane whyle came a messager from kynge Ryons of Northwalys/Andy kynge he was of all Irelandy andy of many Iles/Andy this was his message vnto kynge Arthur in this manere wyse sayenge/that kynge Ryons had discomfyte andy ouercome yj kynges/and euerydy of hem did hym homage/and that was this/they gaf hym their berdys clene flayne of/as moche as ther was/wherfor the messager came for kyng Arthurs berdy/For kyng Ryons had purfyled a mantel with kynges berdys/andy there lacked one place of the mantel/wherfor he sente for his berdy or els he wolde entre in to his landes/andy brenne andy slee/& neuer leue tyl he haue the berdy and the berdy/wel sayd Arthur thow hast said thy message/the wherfe is the most vylaynous andy lewdest message that euer man herdy sente vnto a kynge/Also thow mayst see/my berd is ful yong yet to make a purfyl of hit/But telle thow thy kynge this/I owe hym none homage/ne none of myn eldres/but or it be longe to/he shalle do me homage on bothe his knees/or els he shalle lese his hede by the feith of my body/for this is the most shamefullest message

that euer I herde spekē of/I haue aspyed/thy kynge met ne-
uer yet with worshipful man/but tolde hym/I wyll haue his
hede without he doo me homage/ thenne the messager departed
¶ Now is there ony here said Arthur that knoweth kyng Ry-
ons/thenne answerd a knyght that hyght Naram/ Syre I kno
we the kynge wel/he is a passyng goody man of his body/ as
selue ben kynynge/and a passyng proude man/ andy sir doubte
ye not/ he wille make warre on yow with a myghty puyssa-
unce/wel said Arthur I shall ordeyne for hym in short tyme

¶ Capitulum xxviij

Thēne kyng arthur lete sende for al the childrē born on
may day begotē of lordes & born of ladyes/for Merlyn
tolde kynge Arthur that he that sholde destroye hym/ sholde be
borne in may day/ wherfor he sent for hem all vpon payn of deth
andy so there were founde many lordes sones/ andy all were sente
vnto the kynge / and soo was Mordredy sente by kyng Lotts
wyf/andy all were put in a ship to the see/ and some were iiij
wekes oldy andy some lasse/Andy so by fortune the shyp drofe
vnto a castel and was al to ryuen and destroyed the most part
sauf that Mordredy was cast vp andy a goody man fondy hym/
andy nourysshedy hym tyl he was viij yere olde / & thenne he
brought hym to the Court / as it reherceth afterward howardy
the ende of the deth of Arthur/So many lordes and barons of
this reame were displeasydy/for her childrē were so lost/ andy
many put the wyte on Merlyn more than on Arthur/so what
for drede andy for loue they helde their pes/But whanne the
messager came to kynge Ryons/ thenne was he woode oute of
mesure and purueyed hym for a grete hoost as it rehercyth af-
ter in the book of Balyn le sauuage that followeth next after/
how by aduenture Balyn got the swerdy

¶ Explicit liber primus

¶ Incipit liber secundus

After the deth of Vther pendragon regnedy Ar-
thur his sone/the which had grete warre in his
dayes for to gete al Englondy in to his handy/
For there were many kynges within the real-
me of Englondy andy in walys/Scotlandy and
Cornewaille/Soo it befelle on a tyme/ whanne kyng Arthur

was at London ther came a knyght and tolde the kynge tydynges how that the kynge Ryons of Northwalys had wonne a grete nombre of people/and were entryd in to the land and wente and sleme the kynges true liege people/ yf this be true said Arthur/it were grete shame vnto myn estate/but that he were myghtely withstand/ it is trouthe sayd the knyght/for I salve the hoost my self/wel saide the kynge/lete make a crye/ that all the lordes knyghtes and gentylmen of armes shold drawe vnto a castel called Camelot in tho dayes/and ther the kynge wold lete make a counceil general and a grete Justes So whan the kynge was come thyder with all his fawonage and lodged as they semed best/ther was come a damoisel the which was sente on message from the grete lady lylle of auelyon/And whan she came bifore kynge Arthur/she told from whome she came/and how she was sent on message vnto hym for these causes Thenne she lete her mantel falle that was richely furred/ And thenne was she gyrd with a noble sword whereof the kynge had merueille/and said Damoysel for what cause are ye gyrd with that sword/it bisemeth yow not/
Now shall I telle yow said the damoysel/ This sword that I am gyrd with al doth me grete sorowe and conteraunce/ for I may not be delyuerd of this sword/but by a knyght / but he must be a passyng good man of his handes and of his dedes and without vylonye or trecherye and without treason/And yf I may fynde suche a knyght that hath alle these vertues / he may drawe oute this sword out of the slethe / for I haue ben at kyng Ryons/it was told me ther were passyng good knyghtes/and he and alle his knyghtes haue assayed it and none can spede/This is a grete merueille said Arthur/yf this be sothe/I wille my self assaye to drawe oute the sword/not presumynge vpon my self that I am the best knyght / but that I will begynne to drawe at your sword in gyuyng example to alle the Barons that they shall assay euerychone after other whan I haue assayed it/Thenne Arthur toke the sword by the slethe and by the gyrdel and pulled at it egrely / but the sword wold not oute / ¶ Sire seid the damoysel ye nede not to pulle half so hard/ for he that shall pulle it out shal do it with lytel myght/ye say wel said Arthur/Now assaye

ye al my barons/but beware ye be not defoyled with shame ne
chery ne gyle/thenne it wille not auayle sayd the damoysell/
for he must be a clene knyght without Bylony and of a gentil
strene of fader syde and moder syde/ Moost of all the barons of
the round table that were there at that tyme assayed alle by
reWe/but ther myght none spede / wherfor the damoysel made
grete sorowe oute of mesure and sayd Alas I wende in this
Courte had ben the best knyghtes without trechery or treson/
By my feythe sayth Arthur here are goode knyghtes as I de-
me as ony ben in the world / but theyr grace is not to helpe
yowe/ wherfor I am displeasyd ¶ Capitulum ij
Thenne felle hit soo that tyme/ ther was a poure kny-
ght with kynge Arthur/that had ben prysoner with
hym half a yere & more for sleynge of a knyght/ the
Which was cosyn vnto kynge Arthur/ the name of this kny-
ght was called Balen / and by goode meanes of the barons
he was delyuerd oute of prysone/for he was a goode man na-
med of his body/and he was borne in northumberlande / and
soo he went prively in to the Courte / and salue this aduen-
ture/wherof hit reysed his herte/ and wolde assaye it as other
knyghtes dyd/but for he Was poure and pourely arayed he
put hym not forth in prees/ But in his herte he was fully as
sured to doo as wel yf his grace happed hym as ony knyght
that there was/ And as the damoysel tolde her leue of Arthur
and of alle the barons so departyng / this knyght Balen cal
led vnto her and sayd Damoysel I praye yowe of your cur-
tosy /suffre me as wel to assay as these lordes though that I
be so pourely clothed / in my herte me semeth I am fully assu-
red as somme of these other / And me semeth in my herte to
spede ryght wel / The damoysel beheld the poure knyght /and
salue he was a lyberal man / but for his poure arrayment she
thoughte he sholde be of no worship without Bylonye or tre-
chery/ And thene she sayd vnto the knyght/ sir it nedeth not to
put me to more payn or labour /for it semeth not yowe to spe
de there as other haue failled/ A fayr Damoysel said Balen
worthynes and goode tatches and good dedes are not onely in
arrayment / but manhode and worship is hyd within mans
persone and many a worshipful knyghte is not knowen vn

to alle people / and therfore worſhip and hardyneſſe is not in
arayment / By god ſayd the damoyſel ye ſay ſothe / therfor ye
ſhal aſſaye to do what ye may / Thenne Baleyn took the ſwerd
by the gyrdel and ſhethe / and drewe it out eaſyly / and when
he loked on the ſwerd hit pleaſyd hym mocke / thenne had the
kynge and alle the barons grete merueille that Baleyn hadde
done that auenture / many knyghtes had grete deſpyte of Ba
leyn / Certes ſaid the damoyſel / this is a paſſynge good knyght
and the beſt that euer I fownd and moost of worſhip with
oute treſon / trecherye or vylony / and many merueylles ſhalle he
do / Wold gentyl and curtois knyght yeue me the ſwerd ayene
nay ſaid Baleyn / for this ſwerd wylle I kepe but it be taken
from me with force / wel ſaide the damoyſel ye are not wyſe to
kepe the ſwerd from me / for ye ſhalle ſlee with the ſwerd the
beſt frende that ye haue and the man that ye moſte loue in the
worlde / and the ſwerd ſhalle be your deſtruction / I ſhal take
the aduenture ſayd Baleyn that god wille ordeyne me / but the
ſwerd ye ſhalle not haue at this tyme by the feythe of my bo
dy / ye ſhalle repente hit within ſhort tyme ſayd the damoyſel /
For I wold haue the ſwerd more for your auayle than for
myne / for I am paſſyng heuy for your ſake / For ye wil not
byleue that ſwerd ſhal be youre deſtruction / and that is grete
pyte / with that the damoyſel departed makynge grete ſorowe /
Anone after Baleyn ſente for his hors and armour / and ſoo
wold departe fro the Courte and toke his leue of kynge Ar
thur / nay ſayd the kynge I ſuppoſe ye wyll not departe ſo lyght
ly fro this felaweſhip / I ſuppoſe ye are diſpleaſed that I ha
ue ſhewed yow vnkyndenes / Blame me the laſſe / for I was
nys enformed ageynſt yow / but I wende ye had not ben ſuche
a knyght as ye are of worſhip and prowdeſſe / and yf ye wyll
abyde in this courte among my felaweſhip / I ſhalle ſo auaun
ce yow as ye ſhalle be pleaſed / god thanke your highenes ſaid
Baleyn / your bounte and highenes may no man preyſe half to
the faleue / but at this tyme I muſt nedes departe / beſechyng
yow alwey of your good grace / Truly ſaid the kynge I am
ryght wrothe for your departyng / I pray yow faire knyghte /
that ye tary not long / and ye ſhal be ryght welcome to me / &
to my barons / and I ſhalle amende all myſſe that I haue

done ageynſt yow/ gody thanke your grete lordſhip ſaid Ba-
ley/andy therwith made hym redy to departe/ Thenne the mooſt
party of the knyghtes of the round table ſaydy that Baleny did
not this auenture al only by myghte but by wytchecraft

¶ Capitulum Tercium

The meane whyle that this knyght was makyng hym
redy to departe/there came in to the Court a lady that
hyght the lady of the lake / And ſhe came on horſback rychely
byſene/andy ſalewedy kynge Arthur/ andy there aſkedy hym a
yefte that he promyſedy her whan ſhe gaf hym the ſwerdy/ that
is ſothe ſaid Arthur/a gyfte I promyſedy yow / but I haue
forgotny the name of my ſwerdy that ye gaue me / The name
of it ſaid the lady is Excalibur that is as mocke to ſay as cut
ſteele/ ye ſaye wel ſaide the kynge / Aſke what ye wil and ye
ſhall haue it/andy hit lye in my powder to yeue hit/ wel ſaydy
the lady / I aſke the hede of the knyghte that hath wonne
the ſwerdy / or elſe the damoyſels hede that brought hit / I
take no force thoughy I haue bothe their hedes/for he ſlewe my
broder a goody knyghte and a true/and that gentil woman was
cauſar of my faders deth /Truly ſaid kynge Arthur I maye
not graunte neyther of her hedes with my worſhip/ therfor aſ-
ke what ye wilte elſe /andy I ſhall fulfille your deſyre/I wil
aſke none other thyng ſaid the lady/ whan Balyn was redy
to departe he ſawe the lady of the lake that by her menes had
ſlayne Balyns moder and he kidy sought her thre yeres/and
whan it was told hym that ſhe aſkedy his hede of kynge Ar-
thur he went to her ſtreyte and ſaid euyl be you foūde/ye wold
haue my hede / and therfore ye ſhalt leſe youres/andy with hys
ſwerdy kyghtly he ſmote of her hede before kynge Arthur/ al-
las for ſhame ſaydy Arthur why haue ye done ſo/ye haue ſha-
medy me and al my Courte/for this was a lady that I was
be holdeny to / andy hyther ſhe came vnder my ſauf conduyte/I
ſhalle neuer forgeue you that treſpas/Sir ſaid Balen me for
thynketh of your diſpleaſyr / for this ſame lady was the vn-
trueſt lady lyuynge / andy by enchauntement andy ſorſſery ſhe
hath ben the deſtroyer of many goody knyghtes /andy ſhe was
cauſer that my moder was brente thorowh her falſhede and tre-
chery/ whatcauſe ſoo euer ye hady ſaid Arthur ye ſholdy haue

forborne her in my presence / therfor thynke not the contrary ye shalle repente it/for suche another despyte had I neuer in my Courte/therfor withdrawe yow oute of my Courte in al haste that ye may/Thenne Balen toke vp the heed of the lady and bare it with hym to his hostry/and there he met with his squyer that was sory he had displeasyd kyng Arthur/and so they rode forth oute of the town/Now said Balen we must departe/take thold this hede and bere it to my frendys/and telle hem how I haue spedy/ and telle my frendys in Northumberland that my mast foo is ded/Also telle hem how I am oute of pryson/and what aduenture befelle me at the getyng of this swerd Alas said the squyar ye are gretly to blame for to displease kyng Arthur/as for that said Balen I wylle hyde me in al the haste that I may to mete with kynge Ryons and destroye hym eyther els to dye therfor/and yf it may happe me to wynne hym /thenne wille kynge Arthur be my good and gracious lord/where shalle I mete with yow said the squyer/in kynge Arthurs Court said Balen / so his squyer and he departed at that tyme/ thenne kynge Arthur and alle the Court made grete doole and had shame of the deth of the lady of the lake

Athenne the kyng buryed her ryche ly (C Capitulum iiij

T that tyme ther was a knyght/ the which was the kynges sone of Ireland and his name was Launce / or/the which was an ogrous knyght /and counted hym self one of the best of the Courte/and he had grete despyte at Balen for the enchaunge of the swerd that ony shold be accounted more hardy or more of prouesse/and he asked kynge Arthur yf he wold gyue hym leue to ryde after Balen and to reuenge the despyte that he had done/Doo your best said Arthur I am right wroth said Balen I wold he were quyte of the despyte that he hath done to me and to my Courte/ Thenne this Launcelot went to his hostry to make hym redy/In the meane whyle cam Merlyn vnto the Court of kyng Arthur and there was told hym the aduenture of the swerd and the deth of the lady of the lake/Now shalle I saye yow said Merlyn/ this same damoysel that here standeth that brought the swerde vnto your Court/I shalle telle yow the cause of her comynge / she was the falsest damoysel that lyueth/say not so said they / She

hath a broder a passynge goody knyght of prowesse and a full true man/and this damoysel loued another knyght that held her to paramour/ and this goody knyght her broder mett with the knyght that held her to paramour and slewe hym by force of his handes/ whan this fals damoysel vnderstoody thys/ she went to the lady lyle of Auelione/ and besought her of help/ to be auengyd on her owne broder

¶ Capitulum quintum

And so this lady lyle of Auelion toke her this swerd that she brought with her/ and told there shold noo man pulle it oute of the shethe but yf he be one of the best knyghtes of this reame/ and he shold be hard and full of prowesse/ and with that swerd he shold slee her broder / this was the cause that the damoysel came in to this Courte/ I know it as wel as ye / Wolde god she had nat comen in to thys Courte/ but she came neuer in felaushyp of worshyp to do good but allweyes grete harme/ and that knyght that hath encheued the swerd shal be destroyed by that swerd/ for the whiche wil be grete dommage/ for ther lyueth not a knyght of more prowesse than he is/ and he shalle do vnto yold my lord Arthur grete honour and kyndenesse/ and it is grete pyte he shall not endure but a whyle / for of his strengthe and hardynesse I knolde not his matche lyuynge/ Soo the knyght of Irlonde armed hym at al poynctes/ and dressid his shelde on his sholder and mounted vpon horsback and toke his spere in his hand/ and rode after a grete paas as mocke as his hors myght goo/ and within a lytel space on a montayne he had a syghte of Balyn/ and with a lowde voys he cryed abyde knyght /for ye shal abyde whether ye will or nyll/ and the shelde that is to fore you shalle not helpe/ whan Balyn herd the noyse / he tourned his hors fyersly/ and saide faire knyghte what wille ye with me/ wille ye Juste with me/ ye said the Iryssh knyght/ therfor come I after yold/ parauenture said Balyn it had ben better to haue hold yold at home/ for many a man weneth to putte his enemy to a rebuke/ and ofte it falleth to hym self/ of what courte be ye sente fro said Balyn / I am come fro the Courte of kynge Arthur sayd the knyghte of Irlond / that come hyder for to reuenge the despyte ye dyd this day to kyng arthur

and to his courte/ wel said Balyn/I se wel I muſt haue
adoo with yold that me forthynketh for to greue kyng arthur
or ony of his courte/and your quarel is ful ſymple said Ba
lyn vnto me/for the lady that is dede/ dyd me grete domma
ge & ols wold I haue ley lothe as ony knyghte that lyueth
for to ſlee a lady/Make yold redy sayd the knyght launcelot /
and dreſſe yold vnto me/ for that one ſhalle abyde in the feld
thenne they toke their ſperes/and cam to gyders as moche as
their horſes myght dryue/and the Iryſſhe knyght ſmote Ba
lyn on the ſhild that alle wente sheuers of his spere/ & Ba
lyn hyt hym thorugh the ſhild/ and the hauberk peryſſhed/ &
ſo percyd thurgh his body and the hors croppe/and anon tor
ned his hors fyerſly and drelde oute his ſwerde and wyste
not that he hade ſlayn hym/ and thenne he salde hym lye as a
dede corps

¶ Capitulum vj

Thenne he loked by hym and was ware of a damoyſel
that came ryde ful faſt as the hors myghte ryde on a
fayr palfroy/and whan ſhe aſpyed that launcelot was
ſlayne/ſhe made ſorowde oute of meſure and sayde O Balyn
two bodyes thou haſt ſlayne and one herte and two hertes in
one body/and two soules thold haſt loſt/ And therwith ſhe toke
the ſwerd from her knue that lay dede and fylle to the grounde
in a ſwoolone/And whan ſhe awoos ſhe made grete dole out of
meſure/the whiche sorowde greuede Balyn paſſyngly sore/and
he wente vnto her for to haue taken the ſwerde oute of her hād
but ſhe helde it ſo faſt/ he myghte not take it oute of her hande
onles he sholde haue hurte her/ and sodenly ſhe sette the pomell
to the grounde/and roſe her ſelf thorowe the body/ whan Balyn
aſpyed her dedes he was paſſynge heuy in his herte and aſha
med that ſo fair a damoyſell hade deſtroyed her ſelf for the loue
of his dethe/ Alas said Balyn me repenteth sore the dethe of this
knyght for the loue of this damoyſel/for ther was moche true
loue betwixe them bothe / and for sorowde myght not lenger be
hold hym but torned his hors and loked towarde a grete forſt
and ther he was ware by the armes of his broder Balan/and
whan they were mette they putte of her helmes and kyſſed to
gyders and wepte for ioye and pyte/Thenne Balan sayde/I

lytel whyle to haue met with yow at this sodayne auenture/ I am ryght glady of youre delyueraunce and of youre dolorous prysonement/ for a mā told me in the' castel of four stones that ye were delyuerd/ & that many had sene you in the court of kynge Arthur/ & therfor I cam hyder in to this countrey/ for here I supposed to fynde you/ anon the knyght balyn told his brother of his aduenture of the swerd & of the deth of the lady of the lake/ & how kyng arthur was displeasyd with hym wherfor he sente this knyght after me that lyeth here dede/ & the dethe of this damoysel greueth me sore/ so doth it me said Balan/ but ye must take the aduenture that god wil ordeyne yow/ Truly said Balyn I am ryght sory that my lord Arthur is displeasyd with me/ for he is the moost worshipful knyght that regneth now on erthe/ & his loue will I gete or els I will put my lyf in auenture/ for the kyng Ryons lyeth at a syege atte castel Tarabil & thyder will we drawe in all haste to preue our worshipp & prowesse vpon hym/ I wil wel said Balan that we do & we will helpe eche other as bretheren ought to do/ ¶ Ca viij

NOw go we hens said balyn & wel be we met/ the mene whyle as they talked ther cam a dwarf from the cyte of camelot on horsback as moche as he myght & fond the dede bodyes/ wherfor he made grete dole & pulled out his here for sorou & saide which of you knyghtes haue done this dede/ where by askest thou it said balan/ for I wold wete it said the dwarfe/ it was I said balyn that slewe this knyght in my defendaūt for hyder he cam to chace me & other I must slee hym or he me/ & this damoysel slewe her self for his loue whiche repenteth me/ & for her sake I shal owe al wymmen the better loue/ Alas said the dwarf thow hast done grete dommage vnto thy self/ for this knyght that is here dede was one of the most valyaunte men that lyued/ and trust wel balyn the kynne of this knyght wille chace yow thorowe the worlde tyl they haue slayne yow/ As for that sayd Balyn I fere not gretely/ but I am ryght sory that I haue displeasyd my lord kyng arthur for the deth of this knyght/ Soo as they talkedy to gyders there came a kynge of Cornewaille rydynge/ the whiche hyght kynge Mark/ ¶ And whanne he sawe these two bodyes dede and vnderstood how they were dede by the ij knyghtes

above saide/thenne maade the kynge grete sorowe for the true loue that was betwix them/& said I wil not departe tyl I haue on this erthe made a tombe/and there he pyght his pauelions and soughte thurgh alle the countrey to fynde a tombe/ and in a chirche they found one was fair and ryche/& thenne the kynge lete put hem bothe in the erthe & put the tombe vpon hem / and wrote the names of them bothe on the tombe/Hold here lyeth launcelot the kynges sone of Irlond that at his owne requeste was slayne by the handes of balyn/& hold his lady wombe and peramoure slewe her self with her owes sherd for dole and sorowe ¶ Capitulum viij

The mene whyle as this was a doyng / in cam merlyn to kyng marke seyng alle his doynge said/ Here shalle be in this same place the grettest batailke betwixt two knyghtes that was or euer shall be/and the trueste louers/and yet none of hem shalle slee other/ and there Merlyn wrote her names vpon the tombe with letters of gold that shold fyghte in that place/ whos names were Launcelot de lake/and Trystram / thold art a merueilkous man saide kynge Marke vnto Merlyn that spekeste of suche merueilkes/ thou art a boystous man and ay vnlykely to telle of suche dedes/what is thy name said kynge Marke/ at this tyme said Merlyn I will not telle / but at that tyme whan syr Trystram is taken with his soueraygne lady/ thenne ye shalle here and knowe my name/ & at that tyme ye shal here tydynges that shal not please yow / Thenne said merlyn to balyn thou haste done thy self grete hurt by cause that thow saueste not this lady that slewe her self that myght haue saued her & thow wouldeste/by the feyth of my body sayd balyn I myght not saue her for she slewe her self sodenly Me repenteth saide Merlyn by cause of the dethe of that lady thou shalt stryke a stroke most dolorous that euer man stroke except the stroke of oure lorde/ for thou shalt hurte the trueste knyght & the man of most worshipe that now lyueth/ & thorowe that stroke iij kyngdoms shal be in grete poueste myserie & wrechednes vij yere/ & the knyght shal not be hool of that wound many yeres/thenne merlyn toke his leue of balyn & balen said yf I wist it were soth that ye say I shold do suche a perylkous dede as that I wold slee my self to make the a lyar/therwith merlyn

kanysshed/ albey sodenly/ and thenne kalyn and his broder to ke ther leue of kynge Mark/ fyrst said the kynge telle me yo? ur name/ syr said Balen ye may see ke bereth two swerdes ther by ye may calle hym the knyght with the two swerdes & soo departed kyng marke vnto camelot to kynge Arthur & kalyn toke the wey towarde kyng Ryons/ and as they wode to gyder they mett with Merlyn desguysed but they knewe hym not/ whyder ryde yold said Merlyn/ we haue lytel to do saide the ij knyghtes to telle the/ but what is thy name said Balen at this tyme said Merlyn I will not telle it the/ it is euyl sene said the knyghtes that thou art a true man that thou wolt not tel le thy name/ as for that sayd Merlyn/ be hit/ as it be may I can telle yold wherfor ye ryde this wey for to mete kyng Ry? ons but it will not auaille you without ye haue my counceill A said Balyn ye are Merlyn we wyl be rulyd by your cou? ceill/ come on said Merlyn ye shal haue grete worshipp & loke that ye do knyghtely for ye shal haue grete nede/ as for that sa? id Balen drede yold not we will do what we may/

¶ Capitulum ix

THenne Merlyn lodged them in a wode amonge leuys beside the hyghe way & tolde of the bryddes of their hor? ses & put hem to gras & leid hem down to reste & tolde it was nyghe mydnyght/ Thenne Merlyn badde hem ryse & make hem redy/ for the the kynge was nygh them that was sodeynly a? wey from his hoost with a iij score horses of his best knyghtes & yy of hem wode to fore to warne the lady de Vaner that the kyn? ng was comyng/ for that nyght kyng Ryons shold haue layn with her/ whiche is the kyng said Balyn/ abyde said Merlyn here in a streyte wey ye shal mete with hym & therwith he shew? ed Balyn & his broder where he wode/ anon kalyn & his bro? der mette with the kyng & smote hym doune & wounded hym fyersly & leid hym to the grounde/ & there they slewe on the ry? ght hand & the lyfte hand & slewe moo than yl of his men/ & the remenaunt fled/ thenne went they ageyne to kyng Ryons & wold haue slayn hym had he not yelded hym vnto her grace Thenne said he thus knyghtes ful of prowdesse slee me not/ for by my lyf ye may wynne/ & by my dethe ye shalle wynne noo thynge/ Thenne sayd these two knyghtes ye say sothe & trouth

and so leyde hym on on hors lytter / with that Merlyn was ryght redy and came to kyng Arthur afore hand & told hym how his moste enemy was taken and discomfyted / by whome said kynge Arthur / by two knyghtes said Merlyn that wold please your hyghnes / and to morowe ye shalle knowe what knyghtes they are / Anone after cam the knyght with the two swerdes and ladyes his broder / and brought with hem kynge Ryons of Northwalys and threw hym to the yerthe and charged hem with hym / & so they two returned ageyne in the dawnyng of the day / kynge Arthur cam thenne to kyng Ryons and said Syr kynge ye are welcome / by what auenture come ye hyder / syr said kyng Ryons I cam hyther by an hardy auenture / who wanne yold said kyng Arthur / syre said the kyng the knyght with the two swerdes & his broder whiche are two merueillous knyghtes of prowesse / I knowe hem not sayd arthur but mocke I am beholden to them / A said merlyn I shal telle yold it is taken that enchieued the swerd & his broder ladyes a good knyght / ther lyueth not a better of prowesse & of worthynesse / and it shal be the grettest dole of hym that euer I knewe of knyght / for he shalle not long endure / Alias saide kynge Arthur that is grete pyte for I am mocke beholdyng vnto hym / & I haue yll deserued it vnto hym for his kyndenes / nay said Merlyn he shal do mocke more for yold / and that shal ye knowe in haste / but syr are ye purueyed said Merlyn for to morne the hooste of New kynge Ryons broder wille sette on yold or none with a grete hoost and therfor make yold redy for I wyl departe from yold

Capitulum x

Thenne kyng Arthur made redy his hoost in x batails and New was redy in the felde afore the castel Tarabil with a grete hoost / & he had x batails with many mo people than Arthur had / Thenne New had the ledward with the moost party of his people / & merlyn cam to kyng lot of the yle of Orkeney / and helde hym with a tale of prophecye til New and his people were destroyed / & ther syr kay the seneschal dyde passyngly wel that the dayes of his lyf the worshipp went neuer fro hym & sir heruys de reuel did merueillous deedes with

with kynge Arthur/ and kynge Arthur slewe that daye yy knyghtes & maymed yl/ At that tyme cam in the knyzte with the two swerdys and his broder Balan/ But they two did so meruellously that the kynge and alle the knyghtes mer-uelled of them/ and alle they that behelde them said they were sente from heuen as aungels or deuyls from helle/ & kynge Arthur saide hym self they were the best knyghtes that euer he salwe/ for they gaf suche strokes that all men had wonder of hem In the meane whyle came one to kynge Lott and told hym/ whyle he tarryed there new was destroyed and slayne with al his peple/ Alas sayde kynge Lot I am ashamed/ for by my defaute ther is many a worshipful man slayne/ for and we hade ben to gyders there hadde ben none hoste vnder the heuen that hade ben able for to haue matched with vs / This sayter with his prophecye hath mocked me/ Al that dyd Merlyn for he knewe wel that and kyng Lot had ben with his body there at the fyrst bataille/ kynge Arthur hade be slayne/ and alle his peple destroyed / & wel Merlyn knewe the one of the kynges shold be dede that day/ & both was Merlyn that ony of them both sholde be slayne/ But of the tweyne he hade leuer kyng Lotte hade be slayne than kynge Arthur / Now what is best to doo sayde kyng Lot of Orkeney whether is me better to treate with kynge Arthur or to fyghte / for the gretter party of oure peple are slayne/ and destroyed/ Syr said a knyght set on arthur for they are wery and forfoughten and we be fresshe / As for me sayd kyng Lot I wolde euery knyght wolde do his parte as I wold doo myn / And thenne they auaunced baners and smoten to gyders and al to sheuered their speres/ and arthurs knyghtes with the helpe of the knyght with two swerdes & his broder Balan put kyng lot & his hoost to the werre / But alweyes kyng Lot helde hym in the formeste frunte & dyd mer-ueilous dedes of armes/ for alle his hooste was borne vp by his handes for he abode al knyghtes/ alas he myght not endu-re the whiche was grete pyte that so worthy a knyght as he was one shold be ouermatched that of late tyme afore hadde ben a knyght of kyng Arthurs & wedded the sister of kyng arthur & for kyng Arthur lay by kyng lotes wyf the whiche was ar-thurs syster & gat on her Mordred/ therfor kyng lot held ayeste

Arthur/So ther was a knyght that was called the knyghte with the straunge keeste/ and at that tyme his ryght name was called Pellinore/ the whiche was a good man of prowesse/and he smote a myghty stroke att kynge Lot as he foughte with all his enemyes/and he fayled of his stroke/and smote the hors neck that he fylle to the grounde with kyng Lot And therwith anon Pellinore smote hym a grete stroke thorold the helme & hede vnto the browes & thenne alle the hoste of Orkeney fledy for the deth of kynge Lott / and there were slayn many moders sones/But kynge Pellinore kept the body of the deth of kynge Lot/wherfore syr Gawayne reuengedy the deth of his fader the .v. yere after he was made knyght and slewe kynge Pellinore with his owne handes/Also there were slayne at that bataille .vij. kynges on the syde of kyng Lot with Rew/ and alle were buryed in the chirche of saynt Stephyns in Camelot/and the remenaunt of knyghtes and of other were buryed in a grete rocke ¶Capitulum .vj.

SO at the enterment cam kynge Lots wyf Morgause with her foure sones Gawayne/ Agrauayne/Gaherys and Gareth/Also ther came thyder kyng Uryens syr Ewayns fader and Morgan le fay his wyf that was kyng Arthurs syster / Alle these cam to the enterement/but of alle these .vij. kynges kyng Arthur lete make the tombe of kynge Lot passyng rychely/and made his tombe by his owne / and thenne Arthur lete make .vij. ymages of latoun and couper/ & ouer gylt hit with gold/ in the sygne of .vij. kynges/& echon of hem held a taper of way that brent day and nyght/ & kyng Arthur was made in sygne of a sygure standynge aboue hem with a sword drawen in his hand/ & alle the .vij. sygures had countenaunce lyke vnto men that were ouercome/ All this made Merlyn by his subtyl crafte and ther he told the kyng whā I am dede/these tapers shalle brenne no lenger/and soone after the aduentures of the Sangrayll shalle come among yold and he enchieued/Also he told Arthur hold Balyn the worshipful knyght shal gyue the dolurous stroke/ wherof shalle folke grete vengeaunce/O where is Balen & Balan & Pellinore saide kynge Arthur/as for Pellinore sayd Merlyn/ he wyl mete with yold soone/ ¶And as for Balyn

he wille not be longe from yolde/but the other broder wil depar
te ye ſhalle ſee hym no more/ By my feyth ſaid Arthur they
are two meruayllous knyghtes/and namely Balyn paſſeth
of prowdeſſe of ony knyghte that euer I founde/for moche be
holden am I vnto hym/ wold god he wold abyde with me/
Syr ſayde Merlyn lete ye kepe wel the ſcaubarde of Excali
bur/for ye ſhalle leſe no blode whyle ye haue the ſcaubarde vp
on yolde though ye haue as many wounded vpon yolde as ye
may haue/ Soo after for grete truſt Arthur betoke the ſcau
barde to Morgan le fay his ſyſter/and ſhe loued another knyg
ght better than her huſbande kynge Vrpens or kynge Arthur
And ſhe wolde haue had Arthur her broder ſlayne/ And ther
for ſhe lete make another ſcaubarde lyke it by enchauntement
and gaf the ſcaubard Excalibur to her loue/ and the knyghtes
name was called Accolon that after had nere ſlayne kyng ar
thur/ After this Merlyn told vnto kynge Arthur of the pro
pheye/that there ſhold be a grete batail beſyde Salyſbury and
Mordred his owne ſone ſholde be ageynſte hym/ Alſo he tolde
hym that Baſdemegus was his coſyn and germayn vnto ky
nge Vryens

¶ Capitulum xij

Wythin a daye or two kynge Arthur was somwhat ſe
ke/and he lete pytche his pauelione in a medowe/ &
there he leyd hym doune on a payelet to ſlepe/ but he my
ght haue no reſt/Rygh̄t ſo he herd a grete noyſe of an hors and
therwith the kynge lokede oute at the portche of the pauelione/
and ſawe a knyght comynge euen by hym makyng grete dole
Abyde fair ſyr ſaid Arthur/ & telle me wherfor thold makeſt
this ſorowe/ye maye lytel amende me ſaid the knyghte and ſoo
paſſed forthe to the caſtel of Melyot/ A none after ther cam ba
leyn/and whan he ſawe kynge Arthur/ he alyght of his hors/
and cam to the kynge on foote/ and ſaluede hym/by my trede
ſaide Arthur ye be welcome/ Sire rygh̄t nowe cam rydynge
this way a knyght makynge grete moorne/ for what cauſe I
can not telle/ wherfor I wold deſyre of yolde of your curteyſye
and of your gentylneſſe to fetche ageyne that knyght/ eyther
by force or els by his good wil/ I wil do more for your lord
ſhip than that ſaid balyn/and ſo he rode more than a pas and
found the knyght with a damoyſel in a foreſt & ſaid ſir knyt

ye muſt come with me vnto kynge Arthur for to telle hym of your ſorow/that wille I not/ ſayd the knyght/for hit wylle ſcathe me grete ly/and do yow none auaylle/ſyr ſayd Balyn I pray yow make yow redy for ye muſt goo with me/ or els I muſt fyght with yow and bryngе yow by force/and that were me loth to doo/wylle ye be my warraunt ſaid the knyght and I goo with yow/ye ſaide Balyn or els I wylle deye therfore/ And ſo he made hym redy to go with Balyn / and lefte the damoyſel ſtylle/ And as they were euen afore kynge Arthurs pauelione / there came one inuyſybel and ſmote thys knyghte that went with Balyn thorow out the body with a ſpere/ Alas ſayd the knyght I am ſlayne vnder youre conduyt with a knyght called Garlon/therfor take my hors that is better than yours and ryde to the damoyſel and folowe the queſt that I was in/ as ſhe wylle lede yow and reuenge my deth when ye may/ That ſhalle I doo ſayd Balyn/and that I make a vowe vnto knyghthode/ and ſo he departed from thys knyghte with grete ſorowe/Tho kyng Arthur lete kerye thys knyght rychely/and made a menſyon on his tombe/how there was ſlayne Herlews le berbeus / and by whome the trechery was done the knyght garlon/ But euer the damoyſel bare the truncheon of the ſpere with her that ſyr Herlewis was ſlayn with al

Capitulum xiij

So Balyn and the damoyſel rode in to a foreſt/& there met with a knyght that had ben on huntynge / and that knyght aſked Balyn for what cauſe he made ſo grete ſorowe/me lyſt not to telle yow ſaide Balyn / Now ſaide the knyghte and I were armed as ye be I wolde fyghte with yow/that ſholde lytel nede ſayd Balyn / I am not aferd to telle yow/and yet bid hym aſke the cauſe how it was A ſayd the knyght is this al/Here I enſure yow by the feithe of my body neuer to departe from yow whyle my lyf laſteth /& ſoo they went to the hoſtry and armed hem/ and ſo rode forth with Balyn/And as they came by an hermytage euen by a Chyrche yerd/ther cam the knyghte garlon inuyſybel and ſmote thys knyghte Peryn de mountebelliard thurgh the body with a ſpere / Alas ſaide the knyghte I am ſlayne by this traytour

knyght that ryderth vnuysyble/ Allas said balyn it is not the fyrst dyspyte he hath done me/and there the herempte and balyn beryed the knyght vnder a ryche stone and a tombe royal And on the morne they fond letters of golde/ wrytyn / how syr Galheyn shalle reuenge his faders deth kynge Lot/on the kynge Pellinore / Anone after this balyn and the damoysel rode tyl they came to a castel and there balyn alyghte / and he and the damoysel wende to goo in to the castel/and anone as balyn came within the casteles yate the portcolys fylle doune at his bak/and there felle many men about the damoysel/and wold haue slayne her / when balyn salve that/he was sore agreued/for he myghte not helpe the damoysel / and thenne he wente vp in to the toure and lepte ouer the walles in to the dyche/and hurte hym not/and anone he pulled oute his swerd and wold haue fought with hem/and they all sayd nay they wold not fyghte with hym/ for they dyd no thyng but thold custome of the castel/ and told hym how her lady was seke/& had layne many yeres/and she myghte not be hole but yf she had a dysshe of syluer full of blood of a clene mayde & a kynges doughter/and therfore the custome of this castel is; there shalle no damoysel passe this way but she shal blede of her blood in a syluer dysshe full/ wel said balyn she shal blede as mochе as she may blede/but I wille not lese the lyf of her whyles my lyf lasteth / & soo balyn made her to blede by her good will/but her blood halpe not the lady/ and so he & she wested there al nyght/ & had there ryght good chere/and on the morn they passed on their wayes/And as it telleth after in the sangreylle that syre Percyualis syster halpe that lady with her blood wherof she was dede

Capitulum xiij

Thenne they rode thre or foure dayes and neuer mette with aduenture / and by happe they were lodged with a gentyll man that was a ryche man and well at ease/ And as they sat at her souper balyn herde ouer complayne greuously by hym in a chayer / what is this noyse said balen/forsothe said his hoost I wylle telle yow/I was but late att a justynge/ and there I justed with a knyghte that is broder vnto kynge Pellam/and thyes smote I hym doune/ & thenne

he promysed to quyte me on my beste frynde/ and so he wounded my sone that can not be hole tyll I haue of that knyghtes blood/and he rydeth alwey Inuysyble/but I knowe not his name/ A sayd Balyn/I knowe that knyght/his name is Garlon/he hath slayne two knyghtes of myn in the same maner/ therfor I had leuer mete with that knyght than alle the gold in this realme/for the despyte he hath done me/Wel said his oste I shalle telle yow kynge Pellam of lystyneyse hath made do crye in alle this countrey a grete feest that shal be within these xx dayes/ & no knyght may come ther but yf he bryng his wyf with hym/or his paramour/& that knyghte youre enemy and myn ye shalle see that daye/ Thenne I behote yow sayd Balyn parte of his blood to hele youre sone with alle/ We wille be forward to morne sayd his oste/ So on the morne they rode alle thre tolward Pellam/and they had yet dayes Journey or they cam thyder/ and that same day began the grete feeste/and soo they alyght and stabled theyr horses/& went in to the Castel/ but Balyns oste myght not be ther in by cause he had no lady/thenne Balyn was wel receyued & brought vnto a chamber and vnarmed hym/and there were brought hym robes to his pleasyr/ and whan he shold haue had Balen leue his swerd behynde hym/ Nay sayd Balen that doo I not for it is the customme of my Countrey a knyghte alweyes to bere his weepen with hym and that customme wylle I kepe/or elles I wyll departe as I cam/thenne they gaf hym leue to were his swerd/ and so he went vnto the castel/and was sette amonge knyghtes of worshipe and his lady afore hym/Soone Balyn asked a knyght/is ther not a knyghte in this court whos name is Garlon/yonder he goth sayd a knyght/he with the blak face/he is the mervevllest knyght that is now lyuyng for he destroyeth many good knyghtes/for he goth Inuysyble A wel said Balen is that he/thenne Balyn auysed hym longe yf I slee hym here I shall not scape/ And yf I leue hym now peraventur I shalle neuer mete with hym ageyne at suche a steven/and moche harme he wille doo and he lyue/Ther with this Garlon aspyed that this Balen beheld hym/and thenne he came and smote Balyn on the face with the flat of his hand/ and sayd knyght why beholdest thow me so for shame

therfore ete thy mete and doo that thold cam for/Thold sayst so/ the sayd Balyn/this is not the fyrst despyte that thold hast do ne me/and therfor I will doo that I cam for and wose vp fyersly and clause his hed to the sholders/gyue me the trunchon sayd Balyn to his lady where with he slewe your knyght/ and one she gaf it hym/for alwey she kept the trunchon with her And therwith Balyn smote hym thurgh the body/ and sayd openly with that trunchon thold hast slayn a good knyght/ and now it stycketh in thy body/And thenne Balyn called vnto hym his hoost/sayenge/ nold may ye fetche blood ynough to hele your sone with all/

Capitulum xb

Alone all the knyghtes arose from the tabyl for to set on Balyn/and kynge Pellam hym self arose vp fyersly/ & sayd knyzt hast thold slayn my broder/thold shalt dye therfor or thou departe/wel said Balen do it your self yis sayde kyng pellã/ ther shall no mã haue ado with the/but my self for the lone of my broder/Thenne kynge Pellam cauzt in his hande a grym wepen and smote egerly at Balyn/but Balyn put his sword betwixe his hed and the stroke/and therwith his sword brast in sonder/ And whan Balyn was weponles he ranne in to a chamber for to sehe sonme wepen/ and soo fro chamber to chamber/and no weopen he coude fynde/ and alweyes kynge Pellam after hym/ And at the last he entryd in to a chambyr that was merueillously wel dyzt and ryche ly/and a bedde arayed with clothe of gold the rychest that myghe be thought/ and one lyenge therin / and therby stode a table of clene gold with four pylours of syluer / that bare vp the table/and vpon the table stood a merueillous spere straungely wrought/And whan Balyn salwe that spere / he gat it in his hand and turned hym to kyng Pellam / and smote hym passyngly sore with that spere that kynge Pellam felle doune in a swoune/and therwith the castel woke and walles brake and fylle to the erthe/ and Balyn felle doune so that he myghte not stere foote nor hande/ And so the moost party of the castel that was falle doune thorugh that dolorous stroke laye vpon Pellam and Balyn thre dayes

Capitulum xbj

THenne Merlyn cam thyder and toke vp Balyn and gat hym a good hors for his was dede / and bad hym ryde oute of that countrey / I wold haue my damoysel sayd balyn / Loo sayd Merlyn where she lyeth dede & kynge Pellam lay so many yeres sore wounded / and myght neuer be hole tyl Galahad the haute prynce heled hym in the queste of the Sangraille / for in that place was part of the blood of our lord Ihesu cryst that Joseph of Armathe brought in to this lond / and ther hym self lay in that ryche bed / And that was the same spere that Longeus smote oure lorde to the herte / and kynge Pellam was nyghe of Josephs kynne / and that was the moost worshipful man that lyued in tho dayes / and gre-te pyte it was of his hurte / for thorolde that stroke tornede to grete dole tray and tene / Thenne departed Balyn from Merlyn and sayd in this worlde we mete neuer nomore / Soo he rode forth thorolde the fayr countreyes and Cytees & fond the peple dede slayne on euery syde / and alle that were on lyue cryed O balyn thold hast caused grete dommage in these cō trayes for the dolorous stroke thold gaueste vnto kynge Pellā thre contreyes are destroyed / and doubte not but the lengeaunce wil falle on the at the laste / whanne Balyn was paste tho contreyes he was passyng fayne / so he rode eyght dayes or he met with auenture / And at the laste he came in to a fayr forest in a valey and was ware of a Toure / And there besyde he salue a grete hors of werre tayed to a tree / and ther besyde satte a fayr knyght on the grounde and made grete mornynge and he was a lykely man and a wel made / Balyn sayd God saue yold why be ye so hey / telle me and I wylle amende it and I may to my polder / Syr knyghte said he ageyne thold doeste me grete greef / for I was in mery thoughtes and nold thou putteste me to more payne / Balyn went a lytel from hym / & loked on his hors / thenne cried Balyn hym saye thus / a fair lady why haue ye broken my promyse / for thold promyseste me to mete me here by none / and I maye curse the that euer ye gaf me this swerde / for with this swerde I slee my self / and pulled it oute / and therwith Balyn sterte vnto hym & took hym by the hand / lete goo my hand sayd the knyght or els I shal slee the / that shal not nede said balyn / for I shal promyse

yold my ſhlpe to geck yold your lady / andy ye wilke frke me
where ſhe is/what is your name ſaydy the knygght/myn name
is Balyn le ſauuage/ A ſyr I knolde yold wel ynough ye
are the knygght with the two ſwerdys andy the man of mooſt
prolweſſe of your handes lyuyng/ what is your name ſayd ba
len/my name is garnyſſhe of the mount a poure mans ſone /
But by my prolweſſe andy hardyneſſe a duke hath maade me
knygght/andy gaf me landes/his name is duke Hermel/ andy
his doughter is ſhe that I loue andy ſhe me as I demedy/hou
fer is ſhe hens ſaydy Balyn/but by myle ſaidy the knygght
Nold rydy we hens ſayde theſe two knygghes/ſo they wode mo
re than a paas tyll that they cam to a fayr caſtel well walkydy
andy dychedy/I wylle in to the caſtel ſaydy Balen / andy loke
yf ſhe be ther/ Soo he wentr in and ſerchedy fro chamber to chā
bir/andy fondy her bedde but ſhe was not therr/Thenne Balen
lokedy in to a fayr litil gardyn/andy vnder a laurel tre he ſalde
her lye vpon a quylt of grene ſamyte andy a knygght in her ar
mes faſt halſynge eyther other andy vnder their hedes graſſe &
herbes/ whan Balen ſalde her lye ſo with the folweſt knygght
that euer he ſalde andy ſhe a fair lady / thenne Balyn wentr
thurgh alle the chambers ageyne andy toldy the knygght how
he fondy her as ſhe hady ſlepte faſt/ andy ſo brought hym in the
place therr ſhe lay faſt ſleppynge

Capitulum xviij

And whan Garnyſſh beheldy hir ſo lyeng for pure ſorou
his mouth and noſe braſt oute on bledynge and with
his ſwerd he ſmote of bothe their hedes/ andy thenne he maade
ſorolwe oute of meſure and ſaydy O Balyn/Moche ſorolw haſt
thou brought vnto me / for haddeſt thou not ſlewedy me that
ſyghe I ſholdy haue paſſedy my ſorold/forſoth ſaid Balyn I did
it to this entent that it ſholde better thy courage/ and that ye
myght ſee andy knolwe her falſhede / andy to cauſe yold to leue
loue of ſuche a lady / godys knolweth I dydy none other but as
I wold ye dydy to me/ Alas ſaid garnyſſhe nold is my ſorou
doubel that I may not endure / Nold haue I ſlayne that I
mooſt louedy in al my lyf/and therwith ſodenly he woſe hym
ſelf on his owyn ſwerdy vnto the hyltys/when Balen ſalde that

he dreſſid hym thens ward/ leſt folke wold ſay he had ſlayne them/ and ſo he rode forth / and within thre dayes he cam by a croſſe/ & theron were letters of gold wryte that ſaid/ it is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this Caſtel/ thene ſalve he an old hore gentylman comyng toward hym that sayd Balyn le Sauvage thold paſſyst thy landes to come this waye / therfor torne ageyne and it will auaille the/ and he vanyſſhed alwey anone/ and ſoo he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a beſt/ That blaſt ſaid Balyn is blowen for me / For I am the pryſe and yet am I not dede/ anone with al he ſawe an hondred ladyes and many knyghtes that welcommed hym with fayr ſemblaunt and made hym paſſyng good cheve/ Vnto his ſyght and ledde hym in to the caſtel/ and ther was daunſynge and mynſtralſye and alle maner of Joye/ Thenne the chyef lady of the caſtel ſaid/ knyghte with the two ſuerdys ye muſt hane adoo and Juſte with a knyght hereby that kepeth an Iland/ for ther may no man paſſe this way but he muſt Juſte or he paſſe/ that is an Vnhappy cuſtomme ſaid Balyn that a knyght may not paſſe this wey/ but yf he Juſte/ ye ſhalle not haue adoo but with one knyghte sayd the lady/ Wel sayd Balyn ſyn I ſhalle therto I am redy but traueil lynge men are ofte wery and their horſes to / but though my hors be wery/ my hert is not wery/ I wold be fayne ther my dethe ſhold be/ Syr ſaid a knyght to Balyn/ me thynketh your ſheld is not good/ I wille lene yeld a byggar/ therof I pray yold/ and ſo he toke the ſheld that was vnknowen and lefte his owne and ſo rode Vnto the Iland/ and put hym and his hors in a grete boote/ and whan he came on the other ſyde / he met with a damoyſel/ and ſhe ſaid/ O knyght balyn why haue ye lefte your owne ſheld/ alas ye haue put your ſelf in grete daunger/ for by your ſheld ye ſhold haue ben knowen/ it is gre te pyte of yold as euer was of knyght/ for of thy prowdeſſe & hardynes thou haſt no felalde lyuynge/ Me repenteth ſaid ba/ lyn that euer I cam within this Countrey / but I maye not torne nold ageyne for ſhame and what auenture ſhalle falle to me be it lyf or dethe I wille take the aduenture that ſhalle come to me & / thenne he loked on his armour/ & vnderſtood he was wel armed / and ther with bleſſid hym and mounted

¶Thenne afore hym he sawe come rydynge oute of a cas
tel a knyght and his hors trapped all redy and hym
self in the same colour/ whan this knyght in the red
helde Balyn hym thought it shold be his broder Balen by
cause of his two swerdes/but by cause he knewe not his shild
he demed it was not he/ And so they auentryd theyr speres &
came merueillously fast to gyders / and they smote other in
the shelders/but theire speres and theire cours were soo bygge
that it bare doune hors & man that they lay bothe in a swoun
¶But balyn was bryssed sore with the falle of his hors/ for he
was wery of trauaille/ And ¶Balan was the fyrst that rose
on foote and drewe his swerde and wente tolward ¶Balyn /
and he arose and wente ageynst hym/ ¶But balan smote ba
lyn fyrste / and he put vp his shelde and smote hym thorow
the shelde and tampyd his helme / thenne ¶Balyn smote hym
ageyne with that vnhappy swerde and wel nyghe had felled
his broder ¶Balan /and so they fought ther to gyders tyl the
yr brethes fayled/ thenne ¶Balyn loked vp to the castel and
sawe the Towres stande ful of ladyes/ Soo they went vnto
bataille ageyne and wounded euerych other dolefully/ and
thenne they brethed oftymes/and so wente vnto bataille that
alle the place there as they fought was bloody red/ And att
that tyme ther was none of them bothe but they hadde eyther
smyten other seuen grete wounds so that the lest of them myght
haue ben the dethe of the myghtyest gyaunt in this World/
Thenne they wente to batail ageyn so merueillously that dou
bte it was to here of that bataille for the grete bloody shedynge
And their halwerkes vnnailled that naked they were on e
uery syde/ Atte last balan the yonger broder withdrewe hym a
lytel & leid hym doune/ Thenne said balyn le Saueage what
knyghte arte thow/ for or nowe I fownde neuer no knyght that
matched me / my name is said he balan broder vnto the goode
knyght balyn/ Allas sayde balyn that euer I shold see this
day/and therwith he felle backward in a swoune /Thenne ba
lan yede on al four feet and handes and put of the helme of
his broder and myght not knowe hym by the vysage/ it was
so ful bebled and bledde/but whan he awoke he sayde O balan

my broder thold hast slayne me and I the / wherfore alle the wyde worldy shalle speke of vs bothe/ ¶ Alas sayd Balan that euer I salve this day that therold myshap I myght not knolve yold/for I aspyed wel your two swerdys/but by cause ye hady another shildy I demedy ye hady ben another knyzt Alas saide Balyn all that maade an vnhappy knyght in the castel/for he causedy me to leue myn olvne shelde to our bothes destruction / and yf I myzt lyue I wold destroye that castrel for ylle customes / that were wel done said Balan/ For I hady neuer grace to departe fro hem syn that I cam hyther/for here it happedy me to slee a knyght that kepte this I landy / & syn myght I neuer departe/and nomore sholdy ye broder & ye myght haue slayne me as ye haue and escaped your self with the lyf/ Right so cam the lady of the Toure with iiij knyghtes and vj ladyes and vj yomen vnto them and there she herd hold they made her mone eyther to other and sayd we came bothe oute of one wombe that is to say one moders bely / And so shalle we lye bothe in one pytte/So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylnesse for his true seruyse / that she wold burye them bothe in that same place there the batailke was done/and she graunted hem with weppynge it sholdy be done rychely in the best maner/ Nold wille ye sende for a preest that we may receyue our sacrament and receyue the blessid body of our lord Jhesu cryst/ye said the lady it shalle be done/and so she sente for a preest and gaf hem her ryghtes/Nold sayd Balyn when we are buryed in one wombe and the mensyon made ouer vs / hold ij brethern slewe eche other/there wille neuer goody knyght nor goody man see our wombe but they wille pray for our soules/ & so alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyte/ Then ne anone Balan dyed but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after/and so were they buryed bothe/and the lady lete make a mensyon of Balan hold he was ther slayne by his broders handes/but she knewe not Balyns name/

¶ Capitulum xix

IN the morne cam Merlyn and lete wryte Balyns name on the wombe with letters of gold/ that here lyeth Balyn le Saueage that was the knyzt with the two swerdes

and he that smote the dolorous stroke/ Also Merlyn lete ma-
ke there a bedde/ that ther shold neuer man lye therin / but he
went oute of his wytte / yet launcelot de lake forbyd that
bed thorold his noblesse / and anone after Balyn was dede/
merlyn toke his swerde/ and tolke of the pomel and set on an
other pomel/ so merlyn had a knyght that stode afore hym han-
ded that swerde/ and he assayed/ and he myght not handle hit
Thenne Merlyn lough/ why laugh ye said the knyght/ this is
the cause said Merlyn/ ther shalle neuer man handle this swerd
but the best knyght of the worlde/ and that shalle be syr Laun-
celot or els Galahad his sone/ and launcelot with this swerd
shalle slee the man that in the worlde he loued best that shalle
be syr Galwayne / Alle this he lete write in the pomel of the
swerd/ Thenne Merlyn lete make a brydge of yron & of stele
in to that Iland/ and it was but half a foote brode/ & there
shalle neuer man passe that brydge nor haue hardynes to god
ouer/ but yf he were a passyng goody man and a goody kny-
ght without trechery or vylonye / Also the scaubard of Ba-
lyns swerde Merlyn lefte it on this syde the Iland that ga-
lahad sholde fynde it/ Also merlyn lete make by his subtyly-
te that Balyns swerde was put in a marbel stone standyng
vp tyght as gres as a mylle stone / and the stone floted al-
weyes aboue the water and dyd many yeres/ and so by adue
ture it swam down the streme to the Cyte of Camelot that is in
englysshe Wynchester/ & that same day galahad the haute pryn-
ce came with kyng Arthur / and goo galahad brought with
hym the scaubard and enchaced the swerde / that was there in
the marbel stone/ flowynge vpon the water/ And on whytsun-
day he enchaced the swerde as it is reherced in the book of San-
graal/ Soone after this was done Merlyn came to kyng Ar-
thur and tolde hym of the dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf to
kyng Pellam/ and how Balyn and Balan foughte to gy-
ders the merueilloust batayl that euer was herd of / and how
they were buryed bothe in one Tombe/ Allas said kyng Ar-
thur / this is the grettest pyte that euer I herd telle of two
knyghtes/ for in the worlde I knowe not such two knyghtes /
¶ Thus endeth the tale of Balyn and of Balan two bre-
thren born in northūberlād good knightes/ ¶ Sequitur in liber

¶ Capitulum primum

In the begynnynge of Arthur after he was chosen kyng by aduenture and by grace for the moste party of the barons knewe not that he was kynge pendragons sone/ But as Merlyn made it openly knowen/ But yet many kynges & lordes helde grete warre ayenst hym for that cause/ But wel Arthur ouercame hem alle/ for the mooste party the dayes of his lyf he was ruled by the counsail of Merlyn/ Soo it fell on a tyme kyng Arthur sayd vnto Merlyn / my barons wolle lete me haue no rest but nedes I muste take a wyf/ and I wolde none take/but by thy counsaill and by thyne aduyse/it is wel done said Merlyn/ that ye take a wyf/for a man of your bounte and nobleſſe ſhold not be without a wyf/ Nowe is there ony that ye loue more than another/ye saide kyng Arthur/I loue gwenyuer the kynges doughter Lodegrean of the land of Camelerd/the whiche holdeth in his honds the table round that ye sayd he had of my fader vther/ And this damoyſel is the mooſt valyaunt and fayreſt lady that I knowe kynge or yet that euer I coude fynde / Syre sayd Merlyn as of her beaute and fayrnes ſhe is one of the fayreſt on lyue / But and ye studyed her not ſo wel as ye doo/ I ſholde fynde yowe a damoyſel of beaute and of goodneſſe that ſholde lyke yowe & pleſe yowe and your herte were not sette/ But there as a mans herte is ſet/he wolde be lothe to returne/that is trouth said kyng Arthur/but Merlyn warned the kynge couertly that gwenyuer was not holſome for hym to take to wyf/ for he warned hym that launcelot ſholde loue her and ſhe hym ageyne/ and ſo he turned his talle to the aduentures of Sangreal/Thenne merlyn eſpyed of the kynge for to haue men with hym that ſhold enquere of gwenyuer/and ſo the kyng graunted hym/ & Merlyn went forth vnto kyng Lodegrean of Camylerd / & told hym of the deſyre of the kyng that he wold haue vnto his wyf Gwenyuer his doughter/that is to me sayd kyng Lodegreans the beſt tydynges that euer I herd/ that ſo worthy a kyng of prowdeſſe and nobleſſe wolle wedde my doughter /. And as for my landes I wolde gyue hym wyth I it myght pleaſe hym/

but he hath londes ynowbe/hym nedeth none/but I ſhalle ſende hym a gyfte ſhalle pleaſe hym moche more/ for I ſhalle gyue hym the table roundy/the whiche Otherpendragon gaue me/& whan it is ful complete/ther is an C knyghtes & fyfty/And as for on C goody knyghtes I haue my ſelf/but I falwe/ l/ for ſo many haue ben ſlayne in my dayes/and ſo Cadegrans dekyuerd his doughter Gdeneuer vnto Merlyn/andy the table roundy with the C knyghtes/and ſo they rode freſſhly with gre te royalte/what by water andy what by landy/ tyl that they came nyghe vnto london

¶ Capitulum Secundum

¶ Whanne kyng Arthur herdy of the comyng of gdeneuer andy the C knyghtes with the table roundy/thenne kynge Arthur maade grete Joye for her comyng/ andy that ryche preſente/andy ſaid openly this fair lady ie paſſyngy welcome vnto me/ for I haue louedy her longe/And therfore ther is nothyng ſo lyef to me/ And theſe knyghtes with the round table pleaſen me more than ryght grete ryches ſe/And in alle haſt the kynge lete ordeyne for the maryage and the Co ronacyon in the mooſt honorable wyſe that coude be deuyſedy Nowb Merlyn ſaid kyng Arthur/ goo thowb andy aſpye me in al this landy l knyghtes whiche ben of moſt prowbeſſe & worſhip/within ſhort tyme merlyn hady founde ſuche knyztes that ſholdy fulfylle yy & viij knyghtes but no mo he conde fynde Thenne the Biſſhop of Cauntrbury was fette and he bleſſid the ſyeges with grete Royalte andy deuocyon/ andy there ſette the viij andy yy knyghtes in her ſyeges/ andy whan this was done/Merlyn ſaid fayr ſyrs ye muſt al aryſe and come to kyng Arthur for to doo hym homage/ſe will haue the better will to mayntene yowb/andy ſo they aroſe andy dyde their homage/ & when they were gone/merlyn fondy in euery ſyeges letters of gold that tolde the knyghtes names that hady ſytten therin/ But two ſyeges were voyde/And ſo anone cam yong galwayn & aſked the kyng a yefte Aſke ſaid the kyng/& I ſhal graunte it yowb/ſyr I aſke that ye will make me knyzt/that ſame day ye ſhall wedde faire Gdeneuer;I will do it With a good will ſaid kyng arthur & do vnto yowb all the worſhip that I may/ for I muſt by reſon ye ar myn neuewb my ſuſters ſone/¶ Ca iij

Forth with alle ther cam a poure man in to the Courte and brought with hym a fayre yonge man of xviij yere of age rydynge vpon a lene mare/and the poure man aſked alle men that he met/ where ſhall I fynde kyng arthur/yonder he is ſayd the knyghtes / wylt thou ony thynge with hym ye ſayd the poure man/therfor I cam hyder/ anone as he came before the kyng he ſaluted hym and ſayd O kyng Arthur the ſhoure of alle knyghtes and kynges I beſeche Ihu ſu ſaue the/ Syr it was told me that at this tyme of your maryage ye wolde yeue any man the yefte that he wold aſke/ oute except that were vnreſonable/that is trouth ſaid the kynge ſuche crues I lete make/and that will I holde ſo it apayre not my realme nor myne eſtate/ye ſay wel and graciouſly ſaid the poure man/Syre I aſke no thyng elſe but that ye wil make my ſone here a knyght/it is a grete thynge thou aſkeſt of me ſaid the kyng/ what is thy name ſaid the kyng to the poure man/ſyre my name is Arues the Colwherd/whether cometh this of the or of thy ſone ſaid the kyng/Nay ſyre ſaid Arues/ this deſyre cometh of my ſone and not of me/ For I ſhal telle yow I haue vij ſones /& alle they will falle to what labour I put them & wille be ryght glady to doo labour/but this child wylle not labour for me for ony thyng that my wyf or I may doo / but alwayes he wille be ſhotynge or caſtynge dartes / and glady for to ſee batailles and to beholde knyghtes/ And alwayes day and nyght he deſyreth of me to be made a knyght what is thy name ſayd the kynge vnto the yonge man/ Syre my name is Tor/ the kyng beheld hym faſt/and ſalde he was paſſyngly wel vyſaged and paſſyngly wel made of his yres Wel ſaid kyng Arthur vnto Arues the Colwherd fete he al thy ſones afore me that I may ſee them/and ſo the poure man did and al were ſhapen mocke lyke the poure man/ But Tor was not lyke none of hem al in ſhap ne in contenaunce/for he was mocke more than ony of hem/ Now ſaid kyng Arthur vnto the Colwherd/ where is the ſwerd he ſhalle be maade knyght with al/it is here ſayd Tor/take it oute of the ſhethe ſayd the kynge/ and requyre me to make yow a knyght

Thenne Tor alyght of his mare and pulled oute his ſwerd kneelynge and requyrynge the kynge / that he wold maake

hym knyght/ & that he myght be a knyght of the table round
As for a knyzt I will make yow/ & therwith smote hym in
the neck with the sword sayeg be ye a good knyzt/& so I pray
to god so ye may be / & yf ye be of prouesse and of worthy-
nesse ye shalle be a knyght of the table round / Nowe Merlyn
sayd Arthur say whether this Tor shall be a good knyghte /
or no/ ye syre he ought to be a good knyght / for he is comen
of as good a man as ony is on lyue/and of kynges blood/
how so syr sayd the kynge/ I shalle telle yow sayd Merlyn/
This poure man Anyes the colherd is not his fader/he is no
thyng syb to hym/for kynge Pellinore is his fader/I suppose
nay sayd the Colherd/fetche thy wyf afore me said merlyn/
and she shalle not say nay/anon the wyf was fet which was
a fair houswyf/and there she answerd Merlyn full womanly/
and there she told the kynge and Merlyn that whan she was
a maide & went to mylke kyen/ther met with her a sterne kny-
ght/& half by force he had my maidenhede/ & at that tyme he be-
gat my sone Tor/& he toke away from me my greyhound that
I had that tyme with me/& saide that he wold kepe the grey
hound for my loue / A said the Colherd I wende not thys/
but I may beleue it wel/for he had neuer no tatches of me/sir
said Tor vnto Merlyn dishonoure not my moder/syr said mer-
lyn it is more for your worshipp than hurte/ for your fader is
a good man & a kyng/& he may ryght wel auaunce you and
your moder/for ye were begoten or euer she was wedded/that
is trouth said the wyf/hit is the lasse gryef vnto me sayd the
Colherd

Capitulum Quartum

SO on the morne kyng Pellinore cam to the Court of
kynge Arthur/whiche had grete ioye of hym and told
hym of Tor/ how he was his sone/and how he hadde
made hym knyght at the request of the Colherd/ When Pel-
linore beheld Tor/he pleasyd hym mocke/so the kyng made ga-
wayne knyght/but Tor was the fyrst he made at the feest/
What is the cause said kyng Arthur that there ben two places
voyde in the syeges/Syre said Merlyn/ther shalle no man syt
in tho places/but they that shall be of moost worshipp/ But in
the sege perillous there shall no man sytte therin but one/and
yf ther be ony so hardy to doo it he shall be destroyed/ & he that

ſhalle ſytte there ſhalle haue no felawe/ And therwith Merlyn toke kynge Pellinore by the hande/and in the one hande next the two ſeges and the ſege perylous he ſaid in open audyence this is your place and beſt ye are worthy to ſytte there in of ony that is here/ there at ſat ſyr gawayne in grete enuye and told Galerys his broder/ yonder knyghte is put to grete worſhip/the whiche greueth me ſore / for he ſlewe our fader kynge Lot/therfor I wille ſlee hym ſaid Gawayne with a ſwerde / that was ſente me that is paſſyng trenchaunt/ ye ſhall not ſoo ſaid Galerys at this tyme/ For at this tyme I am but a squyer/and whan I am made knyghte/I wol be auengyd on hym and therfor broder it is beſt ye ſuffre tyll another tyme that we may haue hym out of the Courte/for and we dyd ſo/we ſholde trouble this hyle feeſt / I wyl wel ſaid gawayn as ye wylle/

¶ Capitulum quintum

Thenne was the hyghe feeſte made redy/and the kynge was wedded att Camelott vnto Dame Gweneuer in the chirche of ſaynt ſteuyns with grete ſolempnyte/And as euery man was ſet after his degree / Merlyn went to alle the knyghtes of the rounde table/and bad hem ſytte ſtyll that none of hem remeue/for ye ſhalle ſee a ſtraunge and a merueilous aduenture/ Right ſo as they ſat ther came rennyng in a whyte hert in to the halle and a whyte bracket next hym and xxx couple of blacke rennyng houndes cam after with a grete crye/and the hert went aboute the table rounde as he went by other boordes/ the whyte bracket bote hym by the buttok and pulled out a pes/ where thurgh the herte lepte a grete lepe/and ouerthrewe a knyght that ſat at the boord ſyde/and therwith the knyght arooſe and toke vp the bracket/ and ſo went forth out of the halle and toke his hors and rode his weye with the bracket/ right ſo anone cam in a lady on a whyte palfrey and cryed aboute to kyng Arthur/ Syre ſuffre me not to haue this deſpyte for the bracket was myn that the knyght lad awaye/I maye not doo therwith ſaid the kynge ¶ With this there came a knyght ridynge al armed on a grete hors/and toke the lady away with hym with force/ and euer ſhe cryed and made grete dole/whanne ſhe was gone the kynge was glad for ſhe

made ſuche a noyſe/ Nay ſaid merlyn/ ye may not leue this ad uentures ſo lyghtly/ For theſe aduentures muſt be brought a gayne or els it wolde be diſworſhip to yolde and to your feeſt I wyll ſaid the kynge that al be done by your aduys/ Thenne ſaide merlyn lete calle ſyr gauayne/ for he muſt brynge a geyne the whyte hertc / Alſo ſyr ye muſt lete calle Syre Tor/ for he muſt brynge ageyne the bracket / and the knyght or els ſlee hym/ Alſo lete calle kynge Ydelnoze for he muſt brynge a geyne the lady and the knyght or els ſlee hym/ and theſe thre knyghtes ſhalle doo meruciłlous auentures or they come ageyn Thenne were they called al thre as it wherneth afore/ and euerych of hem toke his charge/ and armed them ſurely/ But ſir gauayne had the fyrſt requeſt/ and therfore we wille begynne at hym/

¶ Capitulum vj

SYre gauayne rode more than a paas and galoryſe his broder that rode with hym in ſtede of a ſquyer to doo hym ſeruyſe/ Soo as they rode they ſawe two knyghtes fyghte on horſback paſſyng ſore/ ſo ſyr gauayn & his broder rode betwixe them / and aſked them for what cauſe they foughte ſo/ the one knyght anſwerd and sayd/ we fyghte for a ſymple matyr/ for we two be two bretheren born & begoten of one man & of one woman/ alas ſaid ſir gauayn why do ye ſo/ ſyr ſaide the eldar/ ther cam a whyte hert this way this day & many hou des chaced hym/ & a whyte bracket was alwey next hym/ and we vnderſtood it was auenture made for the hyhe feeſt of kynge Arthur / and therfore I wolde haue gone after to haue wonne me worſhip/ and here my yonger broder ſaid he wolde go after the herte/ for he was better knyght than I/ And for this cauſe we felle at debate/ & ſo we thought to preue whiche of vs bothe was better knyght/ This is a ſymple cauſe ſaid ſir gauayn/ vncouth me ye ſhold debate with al & no broder with bro der/ therfor but yf ye wil do by my counceil I wil haue ado with yow/ that is ye ſhal yelde you vnto me/ & that ye go vnto kyng Arthur and yelde yow vnto his grace/ ſir knyght ſaid the ij bre theren we are forfoughten & moche blood haue we loſte thorowh our wilfulneſſe/ And therfore we wolde be both to haue ado with yow/ thenne do as I wille haue yow ſaid ſir gauayne/

we wille agree to fulfylle your wylle / But by whom ſhalle we ſaye that we be thyder ſente / ye maye ſay / by the knyght that folowyth the queſt of the herte that was whyte / Now what is your name ſayd gauayne / Sorwuſe of the foreſt ſaid the eldar e my name is ſayde the yonger Bryan of the foreſt and ſoo they departed and wente to the kynges Court / and Syr gauayne on his queſt / and as gauayne folowed the herte by the crye of the houndes euen afore hym ther was a grete Ryuer / and the hert ſwamme ouer / and as ſyr gauayne wold folowe after / ther stode a knyght ouer the other ſyde and ſayd / Syre knyghte come not ouer after this herte / but yf thou wilt Juſte with me / I wille not faille as for that ſaid ſir gauayn to folowe the queſt that I am in / and ſoo maade his hors to ſwymme ouer the water / and anone they gat theire ſperes / and ranne to gyder ful hardy / but ſyr gauayne ſmote hym of his hors / and thenne he torned his hors and lady hym yelde hym / Nay ſayd the knyght not ſo though thold haue the better of me on horſback / I pray the valyaunt knyght alyghte a foote and make we to gyders with ſwerdes / what is youre name ſaid ſir gauayne / Alardyn of the Ilys ſaid the other / thenne eyther dreſſid her ſheldes and ſmote to gyders / but ſir gauayne ſmote hym ſo hardy thorowh the helme that it went to the braynes and the knyght felle doune dede / A ſaid Galeryſe that was a myghty ſtroke of a ponge knyght /

Capitulum Septimum

Thene Gauayne and Galeryſe rode more than a paas after the whyte herte / and lete ſlyppe at the herte thre couple of greyhoundes / and ſo they chace the herte in to a caſtel / and in the chyef place of the caſtel they ſlewe the hert / ſyr gauayne and galeryſe folowed after / Ryght ſoo there came a knyght oute of a chamber with a ſwerde drawe in his hand and ſlewe two of the greyhoundes euen in the ſyghte of ſyr gauayne / and the remenaunte he chaced hem with his ſwerde oute of the caſtel / And whan he cam agayne he ſayd / O my whyte herte / me repenteth that thold art dede / for my ſouerayne lady gaf the to me / and ryght haue I kepte the / and thy deth

ſhalle be dede brought and I lyue/and anone he wente in to his chamber and armed hym/and came oute ſwyftly/& there mette he with ſyr gauayne/ why haue ye ſlayne my houndes ſaid ſyr gauayn / for they dyd but their kynde/and leuer I had ye had wrokken your angre vpon me than vpon a dom beſt thold ſaiſt trouth ſaid the knyght I haue auengyd me on thy houndes and ſo I wille on the or thold goo/ Thenne ſyr Gawayne alyght a foote and dreſſid his ſhelde and ſtroke to gyders myghtely/and claſe their ſhelders and ſtoned their helmes and brak their hawbertes that the blood ranne doune to their feet/ Atte laſt ſyr gauayne ſmote the knyght ſo hard that he felle to the erthe/and thenne he eryed mercy/and yelded hym and beſought hym as he was a knyghte and gentylman / to ſaue his lyf/thold ſhalt dye ſaid ſir gauayne for ſleyng of my houndes/I wille make amendys ſaid the knyght vnto my power/ Syr gauayne wold no mercy haue but vnlaced his helme to haue ſtryken of his hede/ Nyght ſoo came his lady oute of a chamber and felle ouer hym / and ſoo he ſmote of her hede by myſauenture/ Alas ſaide Galeryſe that is foldle and ſhamefully done/ that ſhame ſhal neuer from yold/ Alſo ye ſhold gyue mercy vnto them that aſke mercy/for a knyght without mercy is withoute worſhip / Syr gauayne was ſo ſtonyed of the deth of this fair lady/that he wiſte not what he dyd/ and ſaid vnto the knyght aryſe I wille gyue the mercy / nay nay ſaid the knyght/I take no force of mercy nold/ for thou haſt ſlayne my lone and my lady that I loued beſt of alle erthely thynge/Me ſore repenteth it ſaid ſyr gauayn/for I thought to ſtryke vnto the/ But nold thold ſhalt goo vnto kyng Arthur and telle hym of thyne aduentures and hold thold arte ouercome by the knyghte that wente in the queſte of the white hede/I take no force ſaid the knyght whether I lyue or I dye but ſo for drede of deth he ſwore to goo vnto kynge Arthur/ & he made hym to bere one greyhound before hym on his hors and another behynde hym / What is your name ſaid ſir gauayn or he departe/my name is ſaid the knyght Ablamor of the maryſe/ſoo he departed towardy Camelot

¶ Capitulum Octauum

And ſyr gauayne went in to the caſtel and made hym redy to lye there al nyght/and wold haue vnarmed hym / what wylle ye doo sayd gaheryſe/wylle ye vnarme yold in this Countrey/ ye may thynke ye haue many enemyes here / they had not sooner sayd that word but ther cā four knyghtes wel armed and aſſaylled syr gauayne hardy and said vnto hym thou nelwe made knyght thold haſt shamed thy knyghthode/for a knyght without mercy is dishonoured Alſo thold haſt ſlayne a fayr lady to thy grete ſhame to the worldes ende/and doubte thold not thold ſhalt haue grete nede of mercy or thold departe from vs / And therwith one of hem ſmote syr gauayne a grete ſtroke that nygh he felle to the erthe/and gaheryſe ſmote hym ageyne sore/ and soo they were on the one syde and on the other/that syr gauayne and gaheryſe were in ieopardy of their lyues/and one with a bolde an archer ſmote syr gauayne thurz the arme that it greued hym wonderly sore/And as they ſhold haue ben ſlayne/ there cam four fair ladyes/ and beſought the knyghtes of grace for syr gauayne/and goodely atte requeſt of the ladyes they gaf syr gauayne and gaheryſe their lyues / & made hem to yelde them as pryſoners/thenne gauayne and gaheryſe made grete dole/ Allas sayd syre gauayne myn arme greueth me sore/ I am lykte to be maymed and so made his complaynt pytuſly/ erly on the morold ther cam to syr gauayne one of the four ladyes/that had herd alle his complaynte and said syr knyzte what chere/not good said he it is your owne default sayd the lady / for ye haue doone a paſſynge foldle dede in the ſleynge of the lady/the which wille be grete vylany vnto yold/ But be ye not of kynge Arthurs kyn ſaide the lady / yes truly sayd syr gauayne/what is your name ſaide the lady/ye muſt telle it me or ye paſſe/my name is gauayne the kyng Lott of Orkeney ſone / and my moder is kynge Arthurs ſyſter / Athenne are ye neuelde vnto kyng Arthur sayd the lady/ and I ſhalle ſo ſpeke for yold that ye ſhalt haue conduyte to go to kynge Arthur for his loue / and soo she departed/ and told the foure knyghtes hold theire pryſoner was kynge Arthurs neuelde / and his name is syr gauayne kyng Lots ſone of Orkeney/and they gaf hym the beſtes hede by cauſe it was in

his queſt/ ¶ Thenne anone they delyuerd ſyr Gauayne vnder this promyſe that he ſhold bere the rede lady with hym in this maner / The hede of her was hanged aboute his neck and the hole body of hyr lay before hym on his hors mane/Ryght ſoo rode he forth vnto Camelot/ And anone as he was come merlyn deſyred of kyng Arthur / Syre Gauayne ſhold be ſworne to telle of alle his auentures/ and how he ſlewe the lady/ and how he wold gyue no mercy vnto the knyght / where thurgh the lady was ſlayne / Thenne the kynge and the quene were gretly diſpleaſyd with ſyr gauayn for the ſleynge of the lady/ And ther by ordenaunce of the quene ther was ſet a queſt of ladyes on ſyr gauayn/ and they Jugede hym for euer whyle he lyued to be with alle ladyes & to fyzte for her quarels/ & that euer he ſholde be curtys/ & neuer to refuſe mercy to hym/ that aſketh mercy/ Thus was gauayne ſworne vpon the four euuangelyſtes that he ſholde neuer be ageynſt lady ne gentil woman/ but yf he faught for a lady/ and his aduerſary fought for another/ And thus endeth the auenture of ſyr gauayn that he dyde at the maryage of kyng Arthur Amen

¶ Capitulum ix

THan Syre Tor was redy he mounted vpon his hors bak/ and rode after the knyght with the bracket / ſo as he rode he mete with a dwarf ſodenly / that ſmote hys hors on the hede with a ſtaf/ that he wente backward his ſpere lengthe/ why doſt thou ſo ſaid ſyr Tor/ for thou ſhalt not paſſe this way/ but yf thou juſte with yonder knyghtes of the paueliones/ Thenne was Tor ware where two paueliones were/ & grete ſperys ſtood oute/ and two ſheldes hynge on trees by the paueliones / I may not tary ſaid ſyr Tor/ for I am in a queſt that I muſt nedes folowe / thou ſhalt not paſſe ſaid the dwarf and therwith alle he blewe his horne/ thenne ther cam one armed on horſback/ and dreſſyd his ſhelde / and cam faſt towardes Tor/ and he dreſſid hym ageynſt hym/ and ſo ranne to gyders that Tor bare hym from his hors/ and anone the knyght yelde hym to his mercy/ But ſyr I haue a felaw in yonder pauelione that wille haue adoo with yow anone/ he ſhall be welcome ſaid ſyr Tor/ Thenne was he ware of another knyght comyng with grete raundon / and eche of them dreſſid to other / that

merueille it was to see/but the knyght smote syr Tor a gre-
te stroke in myddes of the shelde that his spere all to sheuered
And syr Tor smote hym thurgh the shelde by bode of the shelde
that it wente thorowe the coste of the knyght/but the stroke sle-
we hym not/And therwith syr Tor alyght & smote hym on
the helme a grete stroke/and therwith the knyght yelded hym
and besought hym of mercy/I wille wel said syr Tor/But
thou and thy felawe must goo vnto kynge Arthur/and yelde
yold prysoners vn to hym/by whome shalle we say are we thy
der sente/ye shalle say by the knyght that wente in the queste of
the knyght that wente with the bracket/Nowe what be your
names said syr Tor/my name is sayd the one Sire Hebt of
Langduk/& my name is sayd the other Sir Petypase of wyn
chylse/Nowe go ye forth saide syre Tor and goo spede yold &
me/Thenne cam the dwarf and saide vnto syr Tor/I praye
yold gyue me a yefte/I wylle wel sayd syr Tor/aske/I as-
ke nomore saide the dwarf/but that ye wille suffre me to doo
yold seruyse/for I will serue no more recreaunt knyghtes/
Take an hors said syr Tor and ryde on with me/I wote ye
ryde after the knyght with the whyte bracket/and I shalle
brynge yold there he is said the dwarf/And soo they rode tho-
rowe out a forest/and at the laste they were ware of two pauel
ions euen by a pryory with two sheldes/And the one shelde
was enelwed with whyte/and the other shelde was reed

Capitulum .x.

THer with syr Tor alyghte and toke the dwarf his gla
yue/and soo he cam to the whyte pauelione/and salve
thre damoyseles lye in it/and one paylet slepyng/& so he wente
to the other pauelione/and founde a lady lyeng slepyng ther
in/But ther was the whyte bracket that bayed at her fast/and
therwith the lady yede out of the pauelione & all her damoy
seles/But anone as syr Tor aspyed the whyte bracket/he took
her by forte and took her to the dwarf/what/wille ye so sayd
the lady take my bracket from me/ye sayd syr Tor/this bra-
cket haue I sought from kynge Arthurs Courte hyder/wel
said the lady/knyght ye shalle not go fer with her/but that ye
shalle be mette and greued/I shalle abyde what auenture that

cometh by the grace of god/ and so mounted vpon his hors/ and passed on his way toward Camelot/ but it was so nere nyght he myght not passe but lytel ferther/knowe ye ony hod gyng sai dy Tor Jf knowe none said the dwarf/ but here besyde is an hermytage/and there ye muste take lodgynge as ye fynde/And within a whyle they cam to the hermytage & took lodgyng/and was there grass otys and breed for their horses soone it was spedy/ and full hardy was their souper but there they rested hem al nyght tyl on the morne/ and erly a masse deuoutely/and toke their leue of the hermyte/ and syre Tor prayed the hermyte to pray for hym/he sayd he wold and bestoke hym to god/And soo mounted vpon horsback and rode forwardes Camelot a long whyle/with that they herd a knyght calle fowle that came after hem/and he sayd knyght abyde/& yelde my bracket that thou took from my lady/ Syr Tor returned ageyne/ and behelde hym how he was a semely knyght and wel horsed and wel armed at al poyntes/ thenne Syre Tor dressyd his shelde and took his spere in his handes and the other cam fyersly vpon hym/and smote bothe hors & man to the erthe/anone they avoys lyghtely and drewe her swerdes as egerly as lyons and put their sheldes afore them and smote thowold the sheldes that the cantels felle of bothe partyes/ Also they tamyd their helmes that the hote blody ranne oute/ and the thyck maylles of their haubertes they carfe and rofe in sonder that the hote blody ranne to the erthe/and both they had many wounds and were passyng wery/But syr Tor aspyed that the other knyght fayntyd/and thenne he selved fast vpon hym and doubled his strokes and garte hym go to the erthe on the one syde/ thenne Syre Tor bad hym yelde hym/ that wille Jf not said Abilleus whyle my lyf lasteth and the soule is within my body onles that thou wilt yeue me the bracket/that wylle Jf not doo sayd syre Tor/ for it was my queste to bringe ageyne thy bracket/the or bothe/

¶ Capitulum vj

Wyth that cam a damoysel rydynge on a palfray as fast as she myght dryue and cryed with a lowde voys vnto Syr Tor/what wille ye with me sayd syr Tor/ Jf beseche the

ſaid the damoyſel for kynge Arthurs loue/gyue me a yefte/ I requyre the gentyl knyght as thold arte a gentilman / Nold ſaidꝫ Tor Aſke a yefte andꝫ I wille gyue it yold/ gramercy ſaid the damoyſel/Nold I aſke the hede of the fals knyght Abelleus/for he is the mooſte outragyous knyght that lyueth & the gretteſt murtheurr/ I am loth ſeid ſyr Tor of that gyfte I haue gyuen yold/ lete hym make amendys in that he hath treſpaced vnto yold/nold ſaid the damoyſel he may not/for he ſlewe myn oldne broder afore myn oldne eyen that was a better knyght than he/andꝫ he hadde hadꝫ grace/andꝫ I kneledꝫ half an houre afore hym in the myre for to ſaue my broders lyf that hadꝫ done hym no dammage but fought with hym by auentu re of armes/andꝫ ſo for al that I coude do/he ſtroke of his hede wherfore I requyre the as thold arte a true knyght to gyue me my yefte or els I ſhal ſhame the in al the Court of kyng Arthur/for he is the falſeſt knyght lyuynge andꝫ a grete deſ troyer of good knyghtes/Thenne whan Abelleus herd this/ he was more aferd/andꝫ yeldedꝫ hym andꝫ aſkedꝫ mercy/I maye not nold ſaidꝫ ſyr Tor / but yf I ſholdꝫ be founde fals of my promeſſe/for whyle I wold haue taken you to mercy/ye wold none aſke but yf ye hadꝫ the bracket ageyn that was my queſt And therwith he toke of his helme/andꝫ he arwos andꝫ fledꝫ/ andꝫ ſyr Tor after hym andꝫ ſmote of his hede quyte/ ¶Nold ſyr ſaid the damoyſel/it is new nyght/I pray yold come & lod ge with me here at my place/it is here faſt by/I will Wel ſaidꝫ ſyr Tor/for his hors and he had ferdꝫ euyll ſyn they departedꝫ from Camelot/ andꝫ ſoo he rode with her andꝫ hadꝫ paſſyng goo dꝫ chere with her/andꝫ ſhe hadde a paſſyng fair old knyght to her huſbandꝫ that made hym paſſynge goodꝫ chere andꝫ wel ea ſydꝫ bothe his hors and he/and on the morne he herd his maſſe andꝫ brake his faſt and toke his leue of the knyghte andꝫ of the lady that beſought hym to telle hym his name/Truly he ſa id my name is ſyr Tor that was late madꝫ knyght/and this was the fyrſt queſte of armes that euer I dydꝫ to bringe a ſ geyn that this knyght Abelleus toke alwey fro kyng arthurs courte/O fayr knyght ſaid the lady andꝫ her huſbandꝫ/and ye come here in oure marches/ come andꝫ ſee oure poure lodgynge/ and it ſhalle be alwayes at your commaundement / Soo ſyre

Tor departed and came to Camelot on the thyrde day by noy
one/and the kyng & the quene & alle the Courte was paſſyng
fayne of his comyng and made grete ioye that he was come a
geyne/for he went from the Court with lyte ſocour/ but as
kyng Pellinore his fader gaf hym an old courſer/ and kyng
Arthur gaf hym armour and a ſwerde/ and els had he none
other ſocour/but was ſo forthe hym ſelf alone/ And thenne the
kyng and the quene by merlyns aduys made hym to ſwere to
telle of his auentures/ and ſoo he told and made preuues of
his dedes as it is afore rehercedy/wherfor the kyng and the que
ne made grete ioye/nay nay ſaide Merlyn theſe ben but Japes
to that he ſhalle doo / for he ſhalle preue a noble knyght of pro
weſſe as goode as ony is kyuyng and gentyl and curteis &
of goode taleſes and paſſyng true of his promeſſe/and neuer
ſhalle outrage where thorough Merlyns wordes kynge Arthur
gaf hym an erldome of londes that felle vnto hym/and here en
deth the queſt of Syr Tor kynge Pellenores ſone

Capitulum xñ

Thenne kynge Pellinore armed hym and mounted vp
on his hors and rode more than a paas after the lady
that the knyght ladde alwey/ And as he rode in a foreſt
he ſawe in a valey a damoyſel ſitte by a welle and a wounded
knyght in her armes/and Pellenore ſaluede her/And whan
ſhe was ware of hym ſhe cryed ouer lowde / helpe me knyghte
for cryſtes ſake kynge Pellinore & he wolde not tarye he was
ſo eger in his queſt/and euer ſhe cryed ay Ctymes after help
wherme ſhe ſawe he wolde not abyde / ſhe prayde vnto gode to
ſende hym as moche nede of help as ſhe had/and that he myght
fele it or he dyede/Soo as the wolfe telleth the knyght there dy
ede that there was wounded/wherfor the lady for pure ſorowe
ſlewe her ſelf with his ſwerde / As kynge Pellinore rode in
that valey he met with a poure man a labourer / Saweſt thou
not ſaide Pellinore a knyghte rydynge and ledynge alweye
a lady / ye ſaide the man / I ſawe that knyght and the lady
that made grete dole/And yonder bynethe in a valey ther ſhal
ye ſee two pauelions and one of the knyghtes of the pauelions

chalengyd that lady of that knyght and sayd she was his
cosyn nere/wherfor he sholde lede her no ferther / And soo they
wageden batail in that quarel / the one saide he wolde haue her
by force / and the other sayd he wolde haue the rule of her by
cause he was her kynnesman and wold lede her to her kyn/ for
this quarel he left them fyghtynge / And yf ye wille ryde a
paas ye shalle fynde them fyghtyng/ and the lady was releft
with the two squyers in the pauelons / god thanke the sayd
kynge Pellenore/Thenne he rode a walop tyll he had a syght
of the two pauelons and the two knyghtes fyghtyng/ anon
he rode vnto the pauelons / and salue the lady that was his
quest/and sayd fayre lady ye must goo with me vnto the co-
urt of kynge Arthur/Syr knyght said the two squyers that
were with her yonder are two knyghtes that fyghte for thys
lady/ goo thyder and departe them/and be agreed with hem/&
thenne may ye haue her at your pleasyr/ye say wel sayd kyng
Pellenore/ And anone he rode betwixte them and departed hem
and asked hem the causes why that they fought/Sir knyght
said the one/ I shalle telle yold/ this lady is my kynneswo
man nygh myn aunters doughter/ And whan I herd her com
playne that she was with hym maulgre her hede/I waged ba-
taille to fyghte with hym/Syre knyght sayd the other whose
name was Pontzlake of Ventlandy/and this lady I gat by
my prowesse of armes this day at Arthurs courte/ that is vn
truly said/said kynge Pellenore/ for ye cam in sodenly ther as
we were at the hyghe feest and woke away this lady or ony
man myght make hym redy and therfore hit was my queste to
bringe her ageyne and yold hothe/ or ells the one of vs to aby
de in the felde/ therfor the lady shalle goo with me/or I wille
dye for it/for I haue promysed hit kynge Arthur/ And ther
for fyghte ye no more / for none of yold shalle haue no parte
of her at this tyme/ And yf ye lyst to fyghte for her/fyghte with
me/and I wille defende her/wel said the knyghtes make you
redy/and we shalle assaille yold with al our power/ And as
kynge Pellenore wold haue put his horse fro them fyr Pontz
lake wose his horse thorold with a swerde and said/Nold art
thold on foote as wel as we are / whan kynge Pellenore ap-
pyed that his horse was slayne/lyghtly he lepte from his horse/

and pulled out his ſwerd / and put his ſhelde afore hym/ and ſayde knyght kepe wel thy heed/ for thou ſhalt haue a buffet for the ſleyng of my hors/So kyng Pellenore gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke vpon the helme that he clafe the hed doune to the chynne that he fylle to the erthe dede

Capitulum viij

And thenne he torned hym to the other knyght that was ſore wounded / but whan he ſalwe the others buffet / he wold not fyghte / but kneled doune and ſayd take my coſyn the lady with you at youre requeſt/ and I requyre you as ye be a true knyghte/put her to no ſhame nor vylony/ What ſayd kynge Pellenore wylle ye not fyghte for her / no ſyr ſayd the knyghte I wylle not fyghte with ſuche a knyghte of prowe ſſe as ye be/wel ſaid Pellenore /ye ſay wel/I promyſe you ſhe ſhalle haue no vylony by me as I am true knyght/but nold me lacketh an hors ſaid Pellinore/but I wylle haue hontzlakes hors/ye ſhalle not nede ſayd the knyght/ for I ſhalle gyue you ſuche an hors as ſhalle pleaſe you/ ſo that ye wille lodge with me/for it is nere nyghte/I wille wel ſayd kynge Pellenore abyde with you al nyghte / and there he hadde with hym ryghte good cheere/and farydy of the beſt with paſſynge goody wyne and had mery reſt that nyghte/ And on the morne he herdy a maſſe and dyneds/Andy thenne was brought hym a fayre bay courſer / and kynge Pellenores ſadel ſette vpon hym/ Nold what ſhalle I calle you ſaid the knyght in as moche as ye haue my coſyn at your deſyre of your queſt Syr I ſhalle telle you my name is kyng Pellenore of the Iſles and knyghte of the table roundy / Nold I am glady ſaidy the knyght that ſuche a noble man ſhalle haue the rule of my coſyn/Nold what is your name ſaid Pellenore/ I pray you telle me/ Syr my name is ſyr Meliot of Logurs/ and this lady my coſyn hyght Nymue/and the knyghte that was in the other pauelione is my ſworne broder a paſſynge good knyghte and his name is Bryan of the Iſles/and he is ful lothe to do wronge and ful lothe to fyghte with ony man/but yf he be ſore ſoughte on/ſo that for ſhame he may not leue it/ It is merueil

ſaid Pellinore that he wilke not haue adoo with me/ ſyr he wil not haue adoo with no man but yf it be at his requeſt/ Bryng ge hym to the Courte ſaid Pellenore one of theſe dayes/ Syr we wylle come to gyderes/ and ye ſhalle be welcome ſaid Pellinore to the Courte of kynge Arthur / and gretely alowed for your comynge and ſo he departed with the lady/ & brought her to Camelot/ Soo as they rode in a lake it was ful of ſtones/ and there the ladyes hors ſtumbled and threwe her down that her arme was ſore bryſed and nere ſhe ſwouned for payne/ Alas ſyr ſayd the lady myn arme is oute of ioynte wherfore I muſt nedes reſte me/ ye ſhalt wel ſaid kyng Pellinore/ and ſo he alyzt vnder a fayr tree Where was fayr graſſe and he put his hors therto / and ſo layd hym vnder the tree/ and ſlepte tyl it was nyghte nyght/ And whan he awoke/ he wold haue rydē/ Sir ſaid the lady it is ſo derke that ye may as wel ryde backward as forward/ ſoo they abode ſtyll & made there their lodgyng/ Thenne ſyr Pellenore put of his armour thēne a lytel afore mydnyzt they herd the trottynge of an hors he ye ſtyll ſaid kyng Pellenore/ for we ſhalle here of ſomme aduenture

Capitulum xiiij

And ther with he armed hym/ ſo ryght euen afore hym ther met two knyghtes/ the one cam forward Camelot/ and the other from the northe/ and eyther ſalewed other/ What tydynges at Camelot ſayd the one/ by my hede ſaide the other ther haue I ben & aſpyed the courte of kynge Arthur And ther is ſuche a felauſhip they may neuer be broken/ and wel nyghe al the worlde holdeth with Arthur/ for there is the flour of chyualrye/ Wold for this cauſe I am rydyng in to the northe to telle our chyuetayns of the felauſhip that is withholden with kyng Arthur/ as for that ſaid the other knyght I haue brought a remedy with me that is the gretteſt poyſon that euer ye herd ſpeke of & to Camelot wyll I with it/ for we haue a frendy ryght nyghe kyng Arthur and wel cheryſſhed that ſhal poyſone kynge Arthur/ for ſo he hath promyſed our chyuetayns & requyed grete yeftes for to do it/ Welware ſaid the other knyght of Merlyn/ for he knoweth alle thynges by the deuyls craft/ therfore wille I not lete it ſaid the knyghte / & ſo they departed in ſonder/ Anone after Pellenore maade hym

rdy and̄ his lady and̄ wde tolward̄ Camelot/ And̄ as they cam by the wel there as the wounded knyght was and the lady/there he fond̄ the knyghte and̄ the lady eten with lyons or wylde beestes al sauf the hede/wherfor he made grete sorowe and̄ wepte passynge sore and̄ said̄ Allas her lyf myghte I haue saued̄/but I was so fyers in my queste therfore I wold̄ not abyde/wherfore make ye suche doole said̄ the lady/ I wote not said̄ Pellinore/but my herte moorneth sore of the deth of her for sir was a passyng fayr lady and̄ a yonge/ Nold wylle ye doo by myne aduys said the lady/ take this knyghte and̄ lete hym be buryed̄ in an hermytage/ and̄ thenne take the ladyes hede and̄ bere it with yold vnto Arthur/ Soo kyng Pellinore took this dede knyght on his sholdere / and̄ brought hym to the hermytage and̄ charged̄ the hermyte with the corps/that seruyse sholde be done for the soule / and̄ take his harneys for your payne/it shalle be done said̄ the hermyte as I wille an-

swer vnto yow ¶ Capitulum xb

And̄ ther with they departed̄ and̄ cam there as the hede of the lady lay with a fair yelald here that greued kyng Pellinore passyngly sore when he loked̄ on hit/ for more he cast his herte on the vysage/ And̄ soo by none they came to Camelot/and̄ the kynge and̄ the quene were passyng fayn of his comynge to the Courte/ And̄ there he was made to swere vpon the four euuangelystes to telle the trouth of his queste from the one to the other/ A syr Pellinore sayd̄ quene Gwenneuer ye were gretely to blame that ye saued not this ladyes lyf/Madame said̄ Pellinore ye were gretely to blame and̄ ye wold̄ not saue your owne lyf & ye myght/but sauf your pleasir I was so furyous in my queste that I wold not abyde/& that repenteth me & shal the dayes of my lyf/Truly saide Merlyn ye ought sore to repente it/for that lady was your owne doughter begotyn on the lady of the lake/ & that knyght that was dede was her loue/and̄ sholde haue wedded̄ her/and he was a ryghte good knyght of a yonge man and̄ wold̄ haue preued a good man/& to this court was he comyng & his name was sir Myles of the landys/& a knyght cam behynde hym/& smote him with a spere & his name is Lorayne le saueage a false knyght & a coward̄ / & he for grete sorow & dole slewe her self with

his ſwerdȝ/and her name was Eleyne/And by cauſe ye wold not abyde and kepe her /ye ſhalle ſee youre beſt frende faylle yold whan ye be in the greteſt diſtreſſe that euer ye were / or ſhalle be/And that penaūce godȝ hath ordeyned yold for that dede/that he that ye ſhalle moſt truſte to of ony man alyue/ he ſhalle leue yold ther ye ſhalle be ſlayne/ Me forthynketh ſaid kynge Pellinore that this ſhalle me betyde but godȝ may forbdo wel deſteny/Thus whan the queſt was done of the whyte herte/the whiche folowedȝ ſyr galhayne andȝ the queſt of the bracket folowedȝ of ſyr Tor Pellenors ſone/ & the queſt of the lady that the knyghte wolde alweye/ the whiche kyng Pellinore at that tyme folowed/ Thenne the kyng ſtablyſſhed all his knyghtes and gaf them that were of londes not ryche/he gaf them londes/ and chargedȝ hem neuer to doo outragyouſyte nor more dre/andȝ alweyes to flee treaſon/Alſo by no meane to be cruel/but to gyue mercy vnto hym that aſketh mercy vpon payn of forfeture of their worſhip and lordſhip of kyng Arthur for euermore / andȝ alweyes to doo ladyes/damoyſels/andȝ gentyllwymmen ſocour vpon payne of dethe / Alſo that no man take noo batails in a wrongful quarel for noo lalwe ne for noo worldes goodes / Vnto this were all the knyghtes ſworne of the table roundȝ both old and yong/Andȝ euery yere were they ſworne at the hyghe feeſt of Pentecoſt

¶ Explicit the weddynge of kynge Arthur

¶ Sequitur quartus liber ¶ Capitulū Primū

So after theſe queſtys of Syr Galhyne / Syr Tor/andȝ kynge Pellinore/It felle ſo that Merlyn felle in a dotage on the damoiſel that kyng Pellinore broughte to Courte/ andȝ ſhe was one of the damoyſels of the lake that hyghte Nyneue/But Merlyn wold kepe haue her no reſt but alweyes he wold be with her/And euer ſhe made Merlyn good chere tyl ſhe had lerned of hym al maner thynge that ſhe deſyred andȝ he was aſſotedȝ vpon her that he myghte not be from her / Soo on a tyme he told kynge Arthur that he ſholde not dure longe but for al his craftes he ſholdȝ be put in the erthe quyck and

so he told the kynge many thynges that shold befalle/but alle
wayes he warned the kynge to kepe wel his swerd and the
scaubard / for he told hym how the swerd and the scaubard
shold be stolen by a woman from hym that he most trusted/
Also he told kynge Arthur that he shold mysse hym/ yet had
ye leuer than al your landes to haue me ageyne/ A sayd the
kynge/syn ye knowe of your aduenture puruey for hit/ and
put awey by your crafftes that mysauenture/Nay said Merlyn
it wylle not be/soo he departed from the kynge/And within a
whyle the damoysel of the lake departed / and Merlyn went
with her euermore where some euer she went / And oftymes
merlyn wold haue had her pryuely awey by his subtyle craf-
tes /thenne she made hym to swere that he shold neuer do none
enchauntement Vpon her yf he wold haue his wylle/And so
he sware / so she and Merlyn went ouer the see Vnto the land
of Benwyck there as kynge Ban was kynge that had gre-
te warre ageynst kynge Claudas / and there Merlyn spake
with kynge Bans wyf a fair lady and a good/ and her na
me was Elayne/and there he salde yonge Launcelot/there the
quene made grete sorowde for the mortal werre y kyng claudas
made on her lord and on her landes /Take none kuyneſſe said
Merlyn/for this same child within this xx yere shall reuenge
yow on kynge Claudas that all Crystendom shalle spekе of it
And this same child shalle be the moost| man of worship of
the worlde / and his fyrst name is gala had/ that knowe I
wel said Merlyn/ And syn ye haue confermed hym Launce-
lot/that is trouthe said the quene/his fyrst name was Gala
had / O Merlyn saide the quene shalle I kyue to see my sone
suche a man of prowesse /ye lady on my payn ye shal see hit/
and kyue many wyntres after/And soo soone after the lady
and Merlyn departed/ and by the waye Merlyn shewed her
many wondres/ and cam in to Cornewaille / And alweyes
Merlyn lay aboute the lady to haue her maydenhode/ and she
was euer passynge wery of hym / and fayne wold haue ben
delyuerd of hym/for she was afeerd of hym by cause he was a
deuyls sone / and she coude not be skyfte hym by no meane /
¶ And soo on a tyme it happed that Merlyn shewed to her
in a roche where as was a greete wonder / and wrought by

enchaūtement that wente vnder a grete stone/ So by her suȝ tyle wyrehynge she maade Merlyn to goo vnder that stone to lete her wete of the merueilles there/ but she wroughte so ther for hym that he cam neuer oute for alle the crafte he coude doo/ And so she departed and lefte Merlyn/

¶ Capitulum Secundum

And as kynge Arthur rode to Camelot/ and held ther a grete feest with myrthe and Joye/ so soone after he re tourned vnto Cardoylle/ and there cam vnto Arthur nelue ty ȝ dynges that the kynge of Denmarke and the kynge of Ire land that was his broder and the kynge of the Ile and the kynge of Soleyse/ and the kynge of the yle of Longtaynse al these fyue kynges with a grete hoost were entrid in to the lād of kynge Arthur and brente and sleue clene afore hym/ both Cytees and castels that it was pyte to here/ ¶ Allas sayd Arthur yet had I neuer reste one monethe syn I was crow ned kyng of this land/ Now shalle I neuer reste tyl I me te with tho kynges in a fayre feld/ that I make myn auoūbe for my true lyege peple shalle not be destroyed in my defaul ȝte/ goo with me who wille and abyde who that wylle/ thenne the kynge lete wryte vnto kynge Pellenour and prayd hym in alle haste to make hym redy with suche peple as he myght lyȝ tlyest vere and hye hym after in al haste/ All the Barons we re prycely wrothe/ that the kynge wold departe so sodenly but the kynge by no meane wold abyde/ but made wrytynge vn to them that were not there/ and bad them hye after hym suȝ che as were not at that tyme in the Courte/ Thenne the kynge came to quene Gueneuer and sayd lady make yow redy / for ye shall goo with me/ for I may not longe myssse yow/ ye shal cause me to be the more hardy/ what auenture so befalle me/ I wille not were my lady to be in no ieopardy/ Sire sayd she I am at your commaundement/ and shalle be redy what tyme so ye be redy/ So on the morne the kynge and the quene departed with suche felaushyp as they hadde/ and cam in to the Northe in to a forest beside humber and there lodged hem

¶ Whanne the worde of tydynge came vnto the fyue kynges

aboue sayd that Arthur was besyde humber in a foreste there was a knyght broder vnto one of the fyue kynges that gaf hym this counceille / ye knowe wel that syre Arthur hath the floure of Chyualrye of the worldy with hym as it is preuedy by the grete batailke he dyd with the vj kynges/ And therfor hye vnto hym nyghte and daye tyl that we be nyghe hym/ for the lenger he tarryeth the bygger he is/and we euer the waiker And he is so courageous of hym self that he is come to the feldy with lytel peple/ And therfore lete vs set vpon hym or day and we shalke slee doune of his knyghtes ther shal none escape

Capitulum Tercium

THan to this counceille these fyue kynges assentedy/ and so they passedy forth with her hoost thorowe Northwales and came vpon Arthur by nyghte and sett vpon his hoost as the kynge and his knyghtes were in their pauelions kynge Arthur was vnarmedy/and had leid hym to rest with hys quene Gwenenuer/Sir said syr kaynus it is not good we be vnarmedy/we shalke haue no nede said syre Galvayne and Syr Gryflet that laye in a lytel pauelione by the kynge / With that they herdy a grete noyse and many cryed treson treson/Alkas said kynge Arthur we ben bitrayedy/ Anone armes felawes thenne he cryedy/so they were armedy anone at al poyntes/Thenne cam ther a woundedy knyghte vnto the kynge & saide syr saue your self and my lady the quene for our hoste is destroyedy and mocke peple of ours slayne/ Soo anone the kynge and the quene and the thre knyghtes took her horses & rode tolward humber to passe ouer it/and the water was so wough that they were aferd to passe ouer/Now may ye chese sayd kynge Arthur whether ye wille abyde and take the aduentur on this syde/for and ye be taken/they wille slee yold/It were me leuer sayd the queue to dye in the water than to falke in your enemyes handes & there be slayne/And as they stode soo talkyng/syr kaynus salve the fyue kynges comynge on horsback by hem self alone with her speres in her handes euen tolward hem/loo said syr kaynus yonder be the fyue kynges/lete vs go to them and matche hem/ that were foly sayd sire galvayne / for we are but thre and they ben fyue that is trouthe said syre Gryflet/ No force said syr kay I wille vndertake for two of

them/and thenne may ye thre vndertake for the other thre/and
ther with al syr kay lete his hors renne as fast as he myght
and strake one of them thorolh the shelde/ and the body a fa-
dom that the kynge felle to the erthe stark dede/That salue syr
Galhayne and ranne vnto another kyng so hard that he smo
te hym thurgh the body/ And ther with all kyng Arthur ran
to another / and smote hym thurgh the body with a spere that
he fylle to the erthe dede/Thenne syr Gryflet ranne vnto the iiij
kyng and gaf hym suche a falle that his neck brake / Anone
syr kay ranne vnto the fyfthe kynge and smote hym so hard
on the helme that the stroke clafe the helme and the hede to the
erthe/that was wel stryken sayd kynge Arthur / and wor-
shipfully hast thold holde thy promesse/therfor I shal honou-
re the/ whyle that I lyue/and ther with all they set the que-
ne in a barge in to humber/but alweyes quene gheneuer pra-
ysed syr kay for his dedes/and sayd what lady that ye loue/
and she loue wolle not ageyne she were gretely to blame/ and
amonge ladyes saide the Quene I shalle bere youre noble fa-
me/ for ye spak a grete worde and fulfylled it worshipfully
and therwith the quene departed / Thenne the kyng and the
thre knyghtes rode in to the forest/for there they supposed to he-
re of them that were escaped/and there he fonde the moste par
te of his peple / and tolde hem all how the fyue kynges were
dede/and therfor lete vs holde vs to gyders tyll it be day/ and
whan their hoost haue a spyed that their chyuetayns be slayn
they wille make suche dole that they shalle not molde helpe hem
self/and ryght so as the kynge saide/so it was/for whan they
fonde the fyue kynges dede/they made suche dole that they felle
fro their horses/Ther with all cam kyng Arthur but with a fe
we peple and slewe on the lyfte hande and on the ryght hand
that wel nyle ther escaped no man/but alle were slayne to the
nombre of xxx M/And whan the batayle was all ended
kynge kneled doune and thanked gode meekely / and thenne
he sente for the quene and soone she was come / and she made
grete Joye of the ouercomynge of that batayle

¶ Capitulum iiij

THere with alle came one to kynge Arthur/ and tolde hym that kyng Pellinore was within thre myle with a grete hoost/and he saide/ go vnto hym and lete hym vnderstande how we haue spedde/ Soo within a whyle kynge Pellinore cam with a grete hoost/ and salewed the peple and the kyng/ and ther was grete ioye made on euery syde / Thenne the kyng lete serche how moche people of his party ther was slayne/And ther were founde but lytel paste two honderd men slayne and viij̄ knyghtes of the table round in their pauelions Thenne the kynge lete entre and deuyse in the same place there as the batail was done a faire abbeye and endowed it with grete reuenewes and lete it calle the Abbey of la beale aduenture/but whanne somme of them cam in to their Countreyes ther of the fyue kynges were kynges and told hem how they were slayne/ther was made grete dole / And alle kynge Arthurs enemyes as the kynge of Northwales and the kynges of the North wyste of the batailke they were passynge feuy/ and soo the kynge retorned vnto Camelot in hast/ And whan he was come to Camelot/ he called kynge Pellinore vnto hym & sayde ye vnderstande wel that we haue loste viij̄ knyghtes of the beste of the table round/ and by your aduys we wille chese viij̄ ageyne of the beste we may fynde in this Courte/ Syr said Pellinore/I shal counseille yow after my conseyte the beste / there are in your Courte ful noble knyghtes bothe of olde & yonge And therfor by myn aduys ye shal chese half of the olde and half of the yonge/ whiche be the old said kyng Arthur / Syre said kynge Pellinore me semeth that kynge Uryence that hath wedded your syster Morgan le fay and the kynge of the lake and syr Heruyse de reuel a noble knyght/ and syr galagars the iij̄/this is wel deuysed said kyng Arthur and right soo shal it be/Now whiche are the four yong knyghtes said Arthur Syre saide Pellinore the fyrste is syr Galhayne your neuewe that is as goode a knyght of his tyme /as ony is in this lād And the seconde as me semeth beste is syre Gryflet le fyse the dene that is a goode knyght and ful desyrous in armes/ and who may see hym lyue he shal preue a goode knyghte / And the thyrd as me semeth is wel to be one of the knyghtes of the rounde table syr kay the seneschal for many tymes he hath done

ful worshipfully/ And now at your last batayle he dyd full honourably for to vndertake to slee two kynges/ By my hede sayd Arthur he is best worthy to be a knyght of the rounde table of ony that ye haue rehersed/ and he had done no more pro wesse in his lyf dayes

Capitulum Quintum

NOw sayd kynge Pellenore I shalle putte to yow two knyghtes/ and ye shalle chese whiche is moost worthy/ that is Syr Bagdemagus and syr Tor my sone /

But by cause Syre Tor is my sone I may not prayse hym / but els and he were not my sone/ I durst saye that of his age ther is not in this lande a better knyghte than he is nor of better condycions and lothe to doo ony wronge /and loth to take ony wronge/ By my hede said Arthur he is a passyng good knyght/ as ony ye spak of this day that wote I wel sayd the kyng/for I haue sene hym preued but he seyth lytyll and he doth mocke more/for I knowe none in al this courte & he were as wel borne on his moder syde as he is on your syde that is lyke hym of prowesse and of myghte /And therfor I wille haue hym at this tyme and leue syr Bagdemagus tyll another tyme/ Soo whan they were so chosen by the assente of alle the barons / Soo were there founden in her syeges euery knyghtes names that here are rehersed/ and so were they set in their syeges/ wherof syr Bagdemagus was wonderly wrothe that syr Tor was auaunced afore hym/ and therfore sodenly he departed from the Courte and toke his squyer with hym/ & rode longe in a forest tyll they came to a crosse and there alyzt and sayd his prayers deuoutely/ The meane whyle his squyer founde writyen vpon the crosse that Bagdemagus shold neuer retorne vnto the Courte ageyne/ tyll he had wonne a knyztes body of the rounde table body for body/ so syr said his squyer/ here I fynde wrytyng of yold/ therfor I rede yold retorne ageyne to the Courte/ that shalle I neuer said Bagdemagus tyll men speke of me grete worshyp/ and that I be worthy to be a knyghte of the rounde table/ and soo he rode forthe/ And ther by the way he founde a braūche of an holy herbe that was the sygne of the Sancgraill/ and no knyght founde suche tokens but he were a good knyer/ So as sir Bagdemagus rode

to ſee many aduentures/it happed hym to come to the rocke/there as the lady of the lake had put Merlyn vnder the ſtone/ and there he herde hym make grete dole/ wherof ſyre Bagdemagus wold haue holpen hym and went vnto the grete ſtone/ and he was ſo heuy that an C men myght not lyfte hyt vp/whan Merlyn wyſte he was there he bad leue his labour/for al was in vayne/for he myght neuer be holpen but by her that put hym ther/and ſo Bagdemagus departed and dyd many auentures and preued after a full good knyght/and came agayne to the Courte and was made knyght of the round table/ So on the morne ther felle nelde tydynges and other auentures

Capitulum Septum

Thenne it befelle that Arthur and many of his knyghtes rode on huntynge in to a grete foreſt/and it happed kyng Arthur/kynge Vryens and ſyr Accolon of gaule followed a grete herte for they thre were beſt horſed / and ſoo they chaced ſo faſt that within a whyle they thre were thenne a myle from her felauſhip/ And at the laſt they chaced ſo ſore that they ſlewe theyr horſes vndernethe them/thenne were they al thre on foote / and euer they ſawe the herte afore them paſſynge very and enbuſſhed/ What wille we doo ſaid kyng Arthur we are hard beſtad/ lete vs goo on foote ſaid kyng Vryens tyl we may mete with ſome lodgynge/ Thenne were they ware of the herte that lay on a grete water banke/and a brachet bytynge on his throte and mo other hounds cam after / Thenne kynge Arthur blewe the myſe and dyghte the herte / Thenne the kynge lokked aboute the worlde / and ſawe afore hym in a grete water a lytel ſhip al appareilled with ſylke downe to the water/ and the ſhyp cam ryghte vnto hem and ſtarted on the ſandes/Thenne Arthur went to the banke & lokked in/and ſawe none erthely creature therin/Sirs ſaid the kyng come thenne / and lete vs ſee what is in this ſhip / Soo they went in al thre and founde hit ryche ly behanged with clothe of ſylke/By thenne it was derke nyght / and there ſodenly were about them an C torches ſette vpon alle the ſydes of the ſhyp bordes and it gaf grete lyght/ And ther with all there

cam out twelue fayr damoyſels and ſalewed kynge Arthur on her knees and asked hym by his name/and sayd he was ryght welcome/ and suche chere as they kndy he sholdy haue of the best/the kynge thanked hem fayre/ There with all they lad the kyng and his two felawes in to a fair chambre/and ther was a clothe leyd rychely byfene of al that longed vnto a table/and there were they serued of al wynes and metes that they coude thynke/of that the kynge had great merueille / for he ferdy neuer better in his lyf as for one souper /And so when they had ſouped at her leyſer/kyng Arthur was ledde vnto a chamber/a rychyr befene chamber ſawe he neuer none / and ſoo was kynge Oryens serued/and ledde in to suche another chā byr / and syr Accolon was ledde in to the thyrd chamber paſſynge rychely and wel byſene/and ſo were they layde in their bedres easyly / And anone they felle on ſlepe / and ſlepte merueillouſly ſore all the nyght/ And on the morowe kynge Oryens was in Camelott aked in his wynes armes Morgan le fay/ And whan he awoke / he had grete merueylle/ how he cam there/ for on the euen afore he was two dayes Journey frō Camelot/ And whan kyng Arthur awoke he found hym ſelf in a derke pryſon wkynge aboute hym many complaynes of woful knyghtes

Capitulum Septimum

What are ye that ſoo complayne ſaid kynge Arthur / We ben here yy knyghtes pryſoners sayd they/ & some of vs haue layne here ſeuen yere and ſomme more and ſomme laſſe /for what cauſe sayd Arthur/ We ſhalle telle yow ſaid the knyghtes/ this lord of this caſtel his name is syr Damas/ & he is the falſeſt knyght that lyueth/ and ful of treaſon/and a very colward as ony lyueth / and he hath a yonger brodr a good knyghte of prowesſe / his name is syr Ontzlake/ and this traytour Damas the eldr brodr wylle gyue hym noo parte of his lyuelode / But as ſyre Ontzlake kepeth thorowh prowesſe of his handes/ and ſo he kepeth from hym a ful fair maner and a ryche and therin ſyre Ontzlake dwelleth worſhipfully/ and is wel biloued of al peple/ & this syre Damas our maiſter is as euyll beloued for he is without mercy/ and

he is a ſtrong / and grete warre hath ben betwyxe them bothe / but Ontzlake hath euer the better / and euer he profereth ſyre Damas to fyghte for the lyuelode body for body / but he wylle not doo / other elis to fynde a knyghte to fyghte for hym / Unto that ſyr Damas hath graunted to fynde a knyghte / but he is ſo euyll byloued and hated / that there nys neuer a knyghte wylle fyghte for hym / And whan Damas ſawe this that ther was neuer a knyght / wold fyghte for hym / he hath daily layn a wayte with many knyghtes with hym / and taken alle the knyghtes in this countrey to ſee and aſkye her auentures / he hath taken hem by force and brought hem to his pryſon / and ſo he wolde be ſeuerally as we rode on oure auentures / ſe many goode knyghtes haue dyed in this pryſon for hongre to the nombre of viii knyghtes / And yf ony of vs alle that here is or hath ben wolde haue fought with his broder Ontzlake / he wolde haue delyuerd vs / but for by cauſe this Damas is ſo falſe and ſo ful of treaſon we wolde neuer fyghte for hym to dye for it / And we be ſoo lene for hongre that vnnethe we may ſtande on oure feete / god delyuer yow for his mercy ſayd Arthur / Anone there with alle ther cam a damoyſel vnto Arthur / and aſked hym what chere / I can not ſay ſayd he / ſir ſayd ſhe and ye wylle fyghte for my lord ye ſhalle be delyuerd oute of pryſon / and elis ye eſcape neuer the lyf / Wold ſayd Arthur that is hard / yet had I leuer to fyghte with a knyght than to dye in pryſon / With this ſaid Arthur I may be delyuerd and alle theſe pryſoners I wylle doo the batail / yes ſaid the damoyſel / I am redy ſayd Arthur and I had hors and armoure / ye ſhalle lacke none ſaid the damoyſel / Me ſemeth damoyſel I ſholde haue ſene yow in the Courte of Arthur / Nay ſaid the damoyſel I cam neuer there / I am the lordes doughter of this caſtel / yet was ſhe falſe for ſhe was one of the damoyſeles of Morgan le fay / Anone ſhe went vnto ſyr Damas and tolde hym how he wolde doo bataille for hym / and ſo he ſente for Arthur / And whan he cam he was well coloured and well made of his lymmes / that al knyghtes that ſawe hym ſaid it were pyte that ſuche a knyghte ſholde dye in pryſon / ſoo ſyr Damas and he were agreed that he ſholde fyghte for hym vpon this couenaũt that alle other knyghtes ſholde be delyuerd

And vnto that was syr Damas sworne vnto Arthur/ and also to doo the batayll to the vttermest/And with that all the .xv. knyghtes were brought oute of the derke pryson in to the halle and delyuerd/and so they all abode to see the batayll

Capitulum Octauum

NOw torne we vnto Accolon of Gaulle that whanne he awoke/he found hym self by a depe welle syde Within half a foote in grete perylle of dethe / And there cam oute of that fontayne a pype of syluer/ and oute of that pype ranne water all on hyghe in a stone of marbel/ whan Syre Accolon sawe this/he blessyd hym and sayd Jhesu saue my lorde kynge Arthur and kynge Vryens/for these damoysels in this ship haue betrayed vs/they were deuyls and noo wymmen/ And yf I may escape this mysauenture/I shalle destroye all where I may fynde these fals damoysels that vsen enchaūtmentys/ Ryght With that ther cam a dwarf with a grete mouthe & a flat nose and salewed syre Accolon and said/ hold he came from Quene Morgan le fay / and she greteth yow wel/and byddeth yow be of strong herte/for ye shal fyghte to morne with a knyghte at the hour of pryme/ And therfore she hath sente yow here Excalibur Arthurs swerd and the scaubard /and she byddeth yow as ye loue her that ye doo the batail to the vttermest without ony mercy lyke as ye had promysed her whan ye spake to gyder in pryuete/And what damoysel that bryngeth her the knyghtes hed whiche ye shal fyghte with al/ she wille make her a quene / Now I vnderstand yow wel sayd Accolon/I shalle holde that I haue promysed her now I haue the swerd/whan salde ye my lady Quene Morgan le fay Ryghte late sayd the dwarf / thenne Accolon took hym in his armes/and said recommaunde me vnto my lady Quene/ and telle her all shal be done that I haue promysed her/ and els I wille dye for hit/Now I suppose said Accolon she hath made alle these crafte and enchauntement for this batayll / ye may wel bileue it said the dwarf/Ryght so there cam a knyghte and a lady with fyue squyers/ and salewed Accolon / and prayd hym for to aryse and come and reste hym at his

maner/and ſo Accolon mounted vpon a lyȝte hors/ & went with the knyght vnto a fayre maner by a pryory/ and there he had paſſynge good cheer/Thenne ſir Damas ſente vnto his broder ſyr Ontzelake/ and bade make hym redy by to morne at the houre of pryme/ and to be in the felde to fyght with a good knyght/for he had founden a good knyght that was redy to doo batayll at all poyntes/whan this word cam vnto ſir Ontzelake/he was paſſyng heuy/ for he was wounded a lyttel to fore thorold bothe his thyes With a ſpere/and made grete dole/But as he was wounded he wold haue taken the batayll on hand/Soo it happed at that tyme by the meanes of Morgan le fay Accolon was with ſyr Ontzelake lodged/ and whan he herd of that batayll and how Ontzelake was woũded/he ſayd that he wold fyght for hym by cauſe Morgan le fey had ſente hym Excalibur and the ſhethe for to fyȝte with the knyght on the morne/This was the cauſe ſyr Accolon to ſe the batayll on hand/thenne ſyre Ontzelake was paſſynge glad/and thanked ſyr Accolon with alle his herte that he wold do ſo mocke for hym/ & ther with al ſyr Ontzelake ſente word vnto his broder ſyre Damas/that he had a knyȝte yͤ for hym ſhold be redy in the felde by the houre of pryme/ Soo on the morne ſyr Arthur was armed and wel horſed/ and aſked ſyr Damas whan ſhalle we to the felde/ ſyr ſaid ſyr Damas ye ſhalle here maſſe/and ſo Arthur herd a maſſe/ And whan maſſe was done/there cam a ſquyer on a grete hors & aſked ſyr Damas yf his knyght were redy/ for oure knyght is redy in the felde/Thenne ſyre Arthur mounted vpon horſback/ & there were alle the knyghtes and comyns of that countrey/ & ſo by alle aduyſes ther were choſen yͤ good men of the countrey for to bayle vpon the two knyghtes/And ryght as Arthur was on horſback/ther cam a damoiſel from Morgan le fey and brought vnto ſyr Arthur a ſwerd lyke vnto Excalibur/ and the ſcaubard/ and ſayd vnto Arthur Morgan le fey ſendeth here your ſwerd for grete loue/and he thanked her/ & wende it had ben ſo/but ſhe was falſe/for the ſwerd and the ſcaubard was counterfeet & brutyll and fals

Capitulum ix

And thenne they dreſſyd hem on bothe partyes of the felde/ & lete their horſes renne ſo faſt that eyther ſmote other in the myddes of the ſhelde/ with their ſperes he de/ that bothe hors and man wente to the erthe/ And thenne they ſterte vp bothe/ and pulled oute their ſwerdys/ the meane whyle that they were thus at the batailke cam the damoyſel of the lake in to the felde/ that put Merlyn vnder the ſtone/ & ſhe cam thyder for loue of kynge Arthur/ for ſhe knewe well Morgan le fay had ſoo ordeyned/ that kynge Arthur ſholde haue ben ſlayne that daye/ and therfor ſhe cam to ſaue his lyf And ſo they went egerly to the batailke/ and gaf many grete ſtrokes/ but alweyes Arthurs ſwerd bote not lyke Accolon ſwerd/ But for the moſt party euery ſtroke that Accolon gaf he wounded ſore Arthur/ that it was merueylle he ſtode/ And alweyes his blood fylle from hym faſt/ whan Arthur behelde the grounde ſo ſore bebledde he was diſmayed/ and thenne he dempte treaſon that his ſwerd was chaunged/ for his ſwerd bote not ſtyk as it was wonte to do/ therfor he dredde hym ſore to be dede/ for euer hym ſemed that the ſwerd in Accolons hand was Excalibur/ for at euery ſtroke that Accolon ſtroke he delue blood on Arthur/ Nowe knyghte ſaid Accolon vnto Arthur kepe the well from me/ but Arthur anſwerd not agayne/ and gaf hym ſuche a buffet on the helme that he made hym to ſtoupe nygh fallynge doune to the erthe/ Thenne ſyr Accolon withdrewe hym a lytel/ and cam on with Excalibur on hyghe/ and ſmote ſyr Arthur ſuche a buffet that he felle nyghe to the erthe/ Thenne were they wroth bothe/ and gaf eche other many ſore ſtrokes/ but alweyes ſyr Arthur loſt ſo moche blood that it was merueille he ſtode on his feet/ but he was ſoo full of knyghthode that knyghtely he endured the payne/ And ſyr Accolon loſt not a dele of blood/ therfor he wayte paſſynge lyghte/ and ſyr Arthur was paſſynge feble/ and wende verely to haue dyed/ but for all that he made countenaunce as thoughe he myghte endure/ and helde Accolon as ſhorte as he myght/ But Accolon was ſo bolde by cauſe of Excalibur that he wayed paſſynge hardy/ But alle men that behelde hym ſayde they ſalde neuer knyghte fyghte ſo well as Arthur dyd conſyderyng the blood that he bled/ Soo was all the peple ſory for

hym/ but the two brethern wold not accorde/ thenne alwayes they fought to gyders as fyers knyghtes / and syre Arthur withdrewe hym a lytel for to reste hym/ and syre Accolon cal led hym to bataille and saide it is no tyme for me to suffre the to reste/ And therwith he cam fyersly vpon Arthur/ and syre Arthur was wrothe for the blood that he had lost/ and smote Accolon on hyghe vpon the helme soo myghtely that he made hym nyghe to falle to the erthe/ And therwith Arthurs swerde brast at the crosse and felle in the grasse amonge the blood and the pomel and the sure handels he held in his handes/ Whan syr ar thur salwe that/ he was in grete fere to dye/ but alwayes he held vp his shelde and lost no ground nor lacked no chere/

Capitulum x

Thenne syre Accolon beganne with wordes of treason and sayd knyght thold arte ouercome / and maiste not endure and also thold arte wepenles/ and thold hast loste moche of thy blood/ and I am ful lothe to slee the/ therfor yelde the to me as recreaunt/ Nay saide syre Arthur I maye not so/ for I haue promysed to doo the bataille to the vttermest by the feythe of my body whyle me lasteth the lyf/ and therfor I had leuer to dye with honour than to lyue with shame/ And yf it were possyble for me to dye an C tymes I had leuer to dye so ofte/ than yelde me to the/ for though I lacke wepen/ I shalle lacke no worshipe/ And yf thold slee me wepenles that shalle be thy shame/ wel sayd Accolon as for the shame I wyl not spare/ Nold kepe the from me for thold arte but a dede mā And therwith Accolon gaf hym suche a stroke that he felle nyg ghe to the erthe / and wolde haue had Arthur to haue cryed hym mercy/ But syre Arthur pressed vnto Accolon with his shelde/ and gaf hym with the pomel in his hand suche a buf fet that he wente thre strydes abak/ whan the damoisel of the la ke beheld arthur/ hold ful of prouesse his body was & the fals treson that was wrought for hym to haue had hym slayn she had grete pyte that so good a knyght & suche a mā of worshipe shold so be destroyed/ And at the next stroke syr Accolon stroke hym suche a stroke that by the damoysels enchauntment the swerd Excalibur felle oute of Accolons hande to the erthe / And therwith alle Syre Arthur lyghtely lepte to hit/ and gate hit

in his hand/and forthwith al he knelwe that it was his swerd Excalibur/& sayd thow hast ley from me al to long/& moche dommage hast thow done me/& ther with he aspyed the sawhard hangynge by his syde/and sodenly he sterte to hym and pulled the sawhard from hym and therwe hit fro hym as fer as he myghte throwe hit/O knyghte saide Arthur this daye hast thow done me grete dommage with this swerd/Now are ye come into youre dethe/for I shalle not warraunt yow but ye shalle as wel be rewarded with this swerde or euer we departe as thow hast rewarded me/for moche payne haue ye made me to endure/and moche blood haue I lost/And therwith syr Arthur russhed on hym with alle his myghte and pulled hym to the erthe/and thēne russhed of his helme/and gaf hym suche a buffet on the hede that the blood cam oute at his ewes/his nose & his mouthe/Now wylle I slee the said Arthur/Slee me ye may wel said Accolon and it please yow/for ye ar the best knyghte that euer I fonde/and I see wel that god is with yow/But for I promysed to doo this batail said Accolon to the vttermest and neuer to be recreaunt whyle I lyued therfore shal I neuer yelde me with my mouthe/but god doo with my body what he wyll/¶Thenne syr Arthur remembrid hym and thoughte he sholde haue sene this knyghte/Now telle me said Arthur or I wylle slee the/of what cōtrey art thou and of what courte/Syre knyghte sayd syr Accolon I am of the courte of kynge Arthur/& my name is Accolon of gaulle Thenne was Arthur more desmayed than he was before hand For thenne he remembryd hym of his syster Morgan le fay/and of the enchauntement of the ship/O syre knyght sayd he I pray yow telle me Why gaf yow this swerd and by whom ye had it/

¶Capitulum vj

¶Thenne syr Accolon bethoughte hym and said wo worth this swerd/for by hit haue I geten my dethe/it may wel be/said the kynge/Now syre said Accolon I wil telle yow this swerd hath ley in my keppynge the moost party of this twelue moneth/And Morgan le fay kynge Vryens wyf sente it me yester daye by a dwerf to this entente that I sholde slee kynge Arthur her broder/For ye shalle vnderstand

entente to slee kyng Arthur her broder/ for ye shal vnderstand kynge Arthur is the man in the worlde that she moost hateth by cause he is moost of worship and of prowesse of ony of her blood/ Also she loueth me oute of mesure as paramour/ and I her ageyne/ And yf she myghte brynge aboute to slee Arthur by her crafte/ she wolde slee her husband kynge Vryens lyghtly/ And thenne hadde she me deuysed to be kyng in this land/ and soo to regne / and she to be my quene / but that is nowe done saide Accolon/ for I am sure of my dethe wel sayd syre Arthur/ I fele by yow ye wolde haue ben kynge in this land/ It had ben grete dommage to haue destroyed your lord sayd Arthur/ it is trouth saide Accolon/ but now I haue told yow trouthe/ wherfore I praye yow telle me of whens ye are and of what courte / O Accolon sayd kynge Arthur now I wete the wete / that I am kynge Arthur to whome thow hast done grete dommage/ Whanne Accolon herd that/ he cryed on hyghe sayre swete lord haue mercy on me / for I knelde not yow / O syr Accolon sayd kynge Arthur mercy shalt thow haue/ by cause I fele by thy wordes at this tyme / thow knowest not my persone / But I vnderstand wel by thy wordes that thow hast agreed to the dethe of my persone/ and therfore thow arte a traytour/ but I hyde the the lasse/ for my syster Morgan le fay by her fals crafte made the to agree and consente to her fals lustes / but I shalle be sore auengyd vpon her and I lyue that alle Crystendome shalle speke of it/ god knoweth/ I haue honourd her and worshiped her more than alle my kynne/ and more haue I trusted her than myn owne wyf and alle my kynne after)

¶ Thenne syr Arthur called the kepars of the felde and said Syrs cometh hyder/ for here are we two knyghtes that haue foughten vnto a grete dommage vnto vs both/ and lyke echone of vs to haue slayne other/ yf it had happed soo/ And hadde ony of vs knowen other / here had ben no batailke/ nor stroke stryken ¶ Thenne al a lowde cryed Accolon vnto alle the knyghtes and men that were thēne there gadred to gyder/ and sayd to them in this manere/ O lordes this noble knyghte that I haue foughten with all / the whiche me sore repenteth is the moost man of prowesse of manhode and of

worshyp in the worlde/for it is hym self kynge Arthur our alther liege lord & with myshap and with mysaduenture haue I done this batayll with the kyng and lord that I am holden with all

¶ Capitulum vij

Thenne alle the peple felle doune on her knees and cryed kynge Arthur mercy / mercy shalle ye haue sayd Arthur / here maye ye see what auentures befallen oftyme of straunge knyghtes how that I haue foughten with a knyght of myn oldne vnto my grete dommage and his lothe/

But syres by cause I am sore hurte and he lothe/ and I had grete nede of a lytel rest / ye shalle vnderstande the occasyon betwixe yow two brethren as to the syre Damas/for whom I haue ben champyon and wonne the feldy of this knyghte / yet wylle I juge by cause ye syre Damas are called an orgulous knyghte and full of vylony and not worthe of prouesse of youre dedes / therfor I wylle that ye gyue vnto your broder alle the hole manoir with the appertenaūce vnder thys forme/that sir Ontzelake holdy the manoir of yow/and yerely to gyue yow a palfrey to ryde vpon / for that wylle become yow better to ryde on than vpon a courser / Also I charge the syre Damas vpon payne of deth/ that thow neuer destresse no knyghtes straunge that ryde on their aduenture/And also that thow restore these yy knyghtes that thow hast longe kepte prysoners of all their harneis that they be content for/and yf ony of hem come to my court and complayne of the/by my fede thou shalt dye therfore/ Also syre Ontzelake as to yow by cause ye are namedy a goody knyghte and ful of prouesse and true and gentyl in all youre dedes this shalle be youre charge I wylle gyue yow that in al goodely haste ye come vnto me and my courte and ye shalle be a knyghte of myne/and yf your dedes be there after I shall so preferre yow by the grace of god that ye shalle in shorte tyme be in ease for to lyue as worshipfully as your broder syre Damas / Body thanke your largenesse of your goodenes & of your bounte/I shall be from hens forward at all tymes at your commanndement/ For syr said syr Ontzelake as body wolde as I was hurte but late with an aduentures knyght thurgh both my thyes that greued me sore/ & eke

hadꝛ I done this batayll with yold/ godꝛ wold sayd Arthur it hadꝛ ben so / forꝛ thenne hadꝛ not I ben hurte as I am / I shalle telle yold the cause why/ forꝛ I hadꝛ not ben hurte as I am hadde not ben myne owne swerdꝛ / that was stolen from me by treason/ Andꝛ this batayll was ordeynedꝛ aforꝛe hand to haue slayne me/ andꝛ so it was brouzte to the purpos by fals treason andꝛ by fals enchauntement/ Alas said syr Ontzelak; he that is gretꝛe pytꝛe that euer soo noble a man as ye arꝛe of your dedes andꝛ prowesse/ that ony man oꝛ woman myzt fyndꝛe in their hertes to worche ony treason ageynst yold/ I shalle wel wardꝛ them said Arthur in shꝛt tyme by the gracꝛe of godꝛ Nold telle me said Arthur hold fer am I from Camelot/ syr ye arꝛe two dayes iourney therꝛ fro/ I woldꝛ fayn be at some placꝛe of worship said syr Arthur that I myghte reste me/ Syre said syr Ontzelake/ here by is a ryche abbey of your eldres foũdacyon of Nonnes but thre myle hens / So the kynge took his leue of alle the peple/ andꝛ mountedꝛ vpon horsback/ and sir Accolon with hym/ Andꝛ whan they were come to the Abbaye / he lete fetche lechꝛes andꝛ serche his woundes andꝛ Accolons bothe/ but syr Accolon dyedꝛ within four dayes / forꝛ he hadꝛ bledꝛ soo moche blodꝛ that he myghte not lyue/ but kyng Arthur was wel recouerdꝛ/ Soo whan Accolon was dede/ he lete sende hym on an horsbere with syxe knyghtes vnto Camelot/ andꝛ said/ bꝛꝛe hym to my syster Morgan le fay / andꝛ say that I sende hꝛ hym to a presentꝛe/ andꝛ telle hꝛ I haue my swerd Excalibur andꝛ the scaubardꝛ/ soo they departedꝛ with the body

¶ Capitulum xiij

THe meane while Morgan le fay hadde wendꝛ kynge Arthur hadꝛ ben dede / soo on a day she aspyedꝛ kynge Vryens lay in his bedde slepynge/ theme she called vnto hꝛ a mayden of hꝛ counceyll/ & said go fetche me my bꝛdes swerd forꝛ I salve neuer better tyme to slee hym than nold /

¶ O Madame saydꝛ the damoysel/ andꝛ ye slee my bꝛdꝛ ye can neuer escape / Care not yold said Morgan le fay/ forꝛ nold I see my tyme in the whiche it is best to doo hit/ And therfoꝛ hye the fast andꝛ fetche me the swerd/ Thene the damoisel departed

fonde ſyre Owayne ſlepynge vpon a bedde in another chamber ſoo ſhe wente vnto ſire Owayne and awaked hym/and badde hym aryſe and wayte on my lady youre moder / for ſhe wille ſlee the kynge your fader ſlepynge in his bedde/ for I goo to fetche his ſwerd/ wel ſaid ſyr Owayne go on your waye/and lete me dele/ Anone the damoyſel brought Morgan the ſwerd with quakynge handes/ and lyghtly took the ſwerd/& pulled it out/and wente boldely vnto the beddes ſyde/ and awayted hym and where ſhe myght ſle hym beſt / And as ſhe lyfte vp the ſwerd to ſmyte/ſir Owayne kepte vnto his moder and caught her by the hand and ſayd A fende what wilt thou do And thou were not my moder with this ſwerd I ſhold ſmyte of thy hede/ A ſayd ſyr Owayn men ſaith that Merlyn was begoten of a deuyle / but I may ſaye an erthely deuyle take me/O fayre ſone Owayne haue mercy vpon me/I was tempted with a deuyle/wherfore I crye the mercy/ I wylle neuer more doo ſoo and ſaue my worſhip and diſcouer me not / On this couenaunt ſaid ſyr Owayne I wille forgyue it you/ ſoo ye wille neuer be about to doo ſuche dedes/ Nay ſone ſaid ſhe/& that I make you aſſuraunce/

Capitulum viii

Thenne came tydynges vnto Morgan le fay that Accolon was dede/and his body brought vnto the chirche And how kynge Arthur had his ſwerd ageyne / But whanne Quene Morgan wyſte that Accolon was dede/ ſhe was ſoo ſorouful that nere hir herte to braſt/But by cauſe ſhe wolde not it were knowen /oute ward ſhe kepte her countenaunce/& made no ſemblaunt of ſorowe/But wel ſhe wyſte and ſhe abode tyll her broder Arthur cam thyder / there ſholde no gold goo for her lyf

Thenne ſhe wente vnto Quene Gweneuer / and aſkede her leue to ryde in to the countreye / ye maye abyde ſayde Quene Gweneuer tyll youre brother the kynge come home / I maye not ſayde Morgan le fay / for I haue ſuche haſty tydynges / that I maye not tary / wel ſaide Gueneuer ye maye departe

whanne ye wille / Soo erly on the morne or hit was daye she
woke her hors and wor alle that daye and mooste parte of the
nyght/And on the morn by none she cam to the same Abbay
of Nonnes/where as lay kyng arthur/& she knowyng he was
there she asked where he was/ And they answerd how he had
leyd hym in his bed to slepe/ for he had had but lytel reste these
thre nyghtes / Wel sayd she I charge yow that none of yow
awake hym tyl I doo/and thenne she alyght of her hors/ &
thought for to stele awey Excalibur his swerd/ and soo she
went streyght vnto his chamber/ And noo man durste dys-
obeye her commaundement/ and there she fond Arthur a slepe
in his bedde and Excalibur in his ryght hand naked/ Whan
she salwe that she was passynge fayr that she myght not co-
me by the swerd without she had awaked hym/ and thenne
she wyst wel she had ben dede / Thenne she toke the scaubard
and went her wey on horsback/ Whan the kynge awoke and
myssed his scaubard/he was wrothe/ and he asked who had
ben there/and they said his syster quene Morgan had ben ther
and had put the scaubard vnder her mantel and was gone /
Alas sayd Arthur falsly ye haue watched me / Syre sayd
they ake we durste not disobeye your systers commaundement
A sayd the kynge lete fetche the best hors maye be founde/And
bid syre Ontzlake arme hym in al hast/and take another go-
od hors and ryde with me/ Soo anone the kynge and Ontze
lake were wel armed/ and wor after this lady/ and soo they
cam by a crosse and found a Colwherd / and they asked the
poure man yf ther cam ony lady late rydynge that way/Syre
said this poure man/ ryght late cam a lady rydynge with a yl
horses/and to yonder forest she wor/ Thenne they spored their
horses/and followed fast/And within a whyle Arthur had
a syght of Morgan le fay/thenne he chaced as fast as he my-
ght/whanne she aspyed hym followynge her/ she wor a greter
pas thorowe the forest tyl she cam to a playne/ And whanne
she sawe she myght not escape, she wor vnto a lake ther by/&
sayd what soo euer come of me/my broder shall not haue this
scaubard / And thenne she lete throwe the scauberd in the dy-
pest of the water soo it sanke/for it was fayr of gold and pre-
cious stones ¶ Thenne she wor in to a Valeye

where many grete stones were/ And whan she salve she muste he ouertake she shope her self hors and may by enchauntemēt vnto a grete marbyl stone/ Anone with al cam Syr Arthur/ and syr Ontzelake where as the kynge myght knolve his syster and her men /and one knyght from another / A sayd the kynge here may ye see the vengeaunce of god/and nold am I sory that this mysauenture is befalle/ & thenne he loked for the saubard/but it wold not be founde/ so he retorned to the Abbeye there he came fro/So whan Arthur was gone/she torned alle in to the lykenesse as she and they were before / and sayd syrs nold may we goo where we wylle/

Capitulum xv

Thenne said Morgan salve ye Arthur my broder/ ye said her knyghtes ryght wel / and that ye shold haue founde and we myghte haue steredy from one stede/for by his armyuestal contenaunce he wold haue causedy vs to haue fled I byleue yold said Morgan/ Anone after as she wode she met a knyght ledyng another knyzt on his hors before hym bounde handy and foote blyndefeld to haue drounedy hym in a fontayne /whan she salve this knyzt so bounde/she asked hym what wylle ye doo with that knyght/ lady said he I wylle drolvne hym/ for what cause she asked/ for I fonde hym with my wyf and she shalle haue the same dethe anone/that were pyte sayd Morgan le fay/Nold what saye ye knyzt is it trouthe ? he saith of yold she said to the knyght that shold be drolvned/ nay truly madame he seith not ryght on me / Of whens be ye sayd Morgan le fay and of what countre / I am of the Courte of kynge Arthur / and my name is Manassey cosyn vnto Accolon of gaulle/ye say wel said she / and for the loue of hym ye shalle be delyuerd / and ye shalle haue your aduersary in the same caas ye be in/ So Manessey was losed & the other knyght bounde/ And anone Manessey vnarmed hym and armed hym self in his harneis/ and soo mounted on horsback /and the knyght afore hym and soo threlve hym in to the fontayne and drolvned hym / And thenne he rode vnto Morgan ageyne/ & asked yf she wold ony thyng vnto kynge Arthur/Telle hym that I rescued the/not for the loue of hym but for the loue of Accolon/and telle hym I fere hym not whyle I can make me

and they that ley with me in lykenes of stones / And lete hym wete I can doo moche more whan I see my tyme / And so she departed in to the countrey of Gorre/ and there was she rychely receyued/ and made her castels and townes passynge stronge/ for alweyes she drad moche kynge Arthur/ Whanne the kynge had wel rested hym at the Abbey he rode vnto Camelot/ and fonde his quene and his barons ryght glad of his comynge/ And whan they herd of his straunge auentures as is afore reherced / they alle hadde merueille of the falshede of Morgan le fay/ many knyghtes wysshed her brent/ thenne cam Maneſſen to courte and tolde the kyng of his auenture/ Wel said the kynge she is a kynde syster/ I shalle soo be auengid on her and I lyue/ that alle Crystendome shalle spekte of hit/ So on the morne ther cam a damoisel from Morgan to the kynge and she brought with her the rychest mantel that euer was sene in that Courte/ for it was sette as ful of precious stones as one myght stand by another/ and there were the rychest stones that euer the kynge salue/ And the damoysel saide youre syster sendeth yow this mantel/ and desyreth that ye shold take this gyfte of her/ And in what thyng she hath offended you she wille amende it at youre owne pleasyr/ whan the kyng he held this mantel it pleasyd hym moche/ but he said but lytel

Capitulum xvj

With that came the damoysel of the lake vnto the kyng and said syr I must spekte with yow in preuyte/ say on said the kynge what ye wille / Syr sayd the damoysel put not on yow this mantel tyl ye haue sene more/ and in no wyse lete it not come on yow nor on no knyghte of yours tyl ye commaunde the kynges therof to put it vpon her/ Wel said kynge Arthur/ It shalle be done as ye counceille me/ And thenne he said vnto the damoysel that cam fro his sister/ damoisel this mantel that ye haue brought me I wille see it vpon yow/ syr she said/ it wille not biseme me to were a kynges garment/ by my hede said Arthur/ ye shalle were it or it come on my bak or ony mans that here is/ and so the kyng made it to be putt vp on her/ And forth with al she felle doune dede/ and neuer more

ſpake wordy after and brente to coles/Thenne was the kyng wonderly wrothe more than he was to fore hand/ and ſayd vnto kynge Oryens my ſyſter your wyf is alwey about to betraye me/and wel I wote outher ye or my neuelde youre ſone is of counſille with her to haue me deſtroyed/But as for yold ſaid the kyng to kynge Oryens I deme not gretly that ye be of her counſill/ For Accolon confeſſyd to me by his owyn mouth that ſhe wold haue deſtroyed yold as wel as me ther for I hold yold excuſed/ But as for your ſone Syr Olbayn I hold hym ſuſpect/therfore I charge yold put hym oute of my courte/So ſyr Owayne was diſcharged/ And whanne Syr Galhayne wyſt that he made hym redy to go with hym/ & ſaid who ſo kannyſſeth my cofyn germayn/ſhal kannyſſe me Soo they two departed/and rode in to a grete foreſt/ and ſoo they came to an Abbay of Monkes/and ther were wel lodged But whanne the kynge wyſt that ſyr Galhayne was departed from the Courte/ther was made grete ſorowe amonge alle the eſtates/Yold ſayd Gaherys Galhayns broder we haue loſt two good kny3thes for the loue of one/So on the morne they herd their maſſes in the abbay/and ſo they rode forth tyl that they came to a grete foreſt/ thenne was ſyr Galhayne ware in a Valey by a turret yñ fayre damoyſels/and two kny3thes armed on grete horſes/and the damoyſels wente to and fro by a tree/ And thenne was ſyr Galhayne ware hold there hynge a whyte ſhelde on that tree/And euer as the damoyſels cam by it/they ſpytte vpon it/and ſome threwe myre vpon the ſhelde/

¶ Capitulum xviii

Thenne ſyr Galhayne and ſyr Olhayne wente and ſalewed them/and aſked why they dyd that deſpyte to the ſhelde / Syrs ſaiden the damoyſels/we ſhalle telle yold/ There is a kny3ght in this cõtrey that olweth this whyte ſhelde and he is a paſſyng good man of his handes/ but he hateth al ladyes and gentylwymmen/and therfore we doo alle this deſpyte to the ſhelde/ I ſhal ſay yold ſaid ſyr galhayne/hit beſemeth euylle a good kny3ght to deſpyſe all ladyes and gentil wymmen/ And paraduenture though he hate yold he hath ſomme

And paraduenture he loueth in ſomme other places ladyes and gentylwymmen/and to be loued ageyne/and he be ſuche a mā of prouẽſſe as ye ſpeke of/Hold what is his name/ſyr sayd they/his name is Marhaus the kynges ſone of Irelond / I knolde hym wel sayd ſyre Olbayne / he is a paſſynge good kny3ght as ony is on lyue/for I salde hym ones preuely at a Juſtes where many kny3ghtes were gadered / and that tyme ther my3ght no man withſtande hym/ A sayd ſyr Galbayne Damoyſels me thynketh ye are to blame/for hit is to ſuppoſe/ he that lenge that ſheld ther/he wille not be longe ther fro / & thenne may tho kny3ghtes matche hym on horſback / and that is more your worſhip than thus / For I wille abyde no len3 ger to ſee a kny3ghtes ſheld diſhonoured/ And therwith ſyre Olbayne and Galbayne departed a lyttel fro them/And then ne were they ware where ſyre Marhaus cam ryddynge on a gre te hors ſtrey3ght towardes them / And whanne the yȝ damoy3 ſels ſawe ſyr Marhaus they fled in to the turret as they were wylde ſo that ſomme of them felle by the wey / Thenne the one of the kny3ghtes of the Toure dreſſed his ſheld and said on hyghe ſyr Marhaus defende the / and ſoo they ranne to gy3 ders that the kny3t brake his ſpere on Marhaus /& Marhaus ſmote hym ſo hardy that he brake his neck and the hors back/ That ſalde the other kny3ght of the turret and dreſſed hym to3 ward Marhaus / and they mette ſo egerly to gyders that the kny3ht of the Turret was ſoone ſmyten doune hors and man ſtark dede/

Capitulum xviij

And thenne ſyr Marhaus rode vnto his ſheld/ and ſa3 we hold it was defolded/and sayd of this deſpyte I am a parte auenged/But for her loue that gaf me this whyte ſheld I ſhalle were the/ and hange myn where thold was and ſoo he hanged it aboute his neck / Thenne he rode ſtrey3ght vnto ſyr Galbayn and to ſyr Olbayne/and aſked them what they dyd there / They anſwerd hym that they cam from kynge Arthurs courte for to ſee auentures/ wel sayd ſyre Marhaus here am I redy ay auentures kny3ghte that wille fulfylle ony

aduenture that ye wylle deſyre / And ſoo departed fro them/ to fetche his raunge/ lete hym goo ſeid ſyr Owayn vnto ſyre Galvayne / for he is a paſſynge goodꝛ knyght as ony is ly= uynge/ I wold not by my wille that ony of vs were matched with hym/ Nay ſaid ſir Galvayne not ſo/ it were ſhame to vs were he not aſſayed were he neuer ſoo goodꝛ a knyght/ wel ſaid ſyr Owayne I wylle aſſaye hym afore yow / for I am more weyker than ye/ And yf he ſmyte me doune/ thenne may ye reuenge me/ ſoo theſe two knyghtes cam to gyders with gre te raundon that ſyr Owayne ſmote ſyr Marhaus that his ſpe re braſte in pyeces on the ſhelde / and Syre Marhaus ſmote hym ſo ſore that hors and man he bare to the erthe / and hurte ſyr Owayne on the lyfte ſyde/ Thenne ſyr Marhaus tornedꝛ his hors and rode toward Galvayne with his ſpere/ and when ſyr Galvayne ſalve that/ he dreſſidꝛ his ſhyldꝛ/ and they auen= trydꝛ their ſperes/ and they cam to gyders with alle the myght of their horſes/ that eyther knyght ſmote other ſo hardꝛ in myd des of theyr ſhyldes/ but ſyr Galvayns ſpere brak/ but ſir mar haus ſpere helde/ And therwith ſyre Galvayne and his hors ruſſhed doune to the erthe / And lyghtly ſyr Galvayne roſe on his feet/ and pulled out his ſwerdꝛ/ and dreſſydꝛ hym toward ſyr Marhaus on foote/ and ſyr marhaus ſalve that/ and pul= ledꝛ oute his ſwerdꝛ/ and beganne to come to ſyr Galvayne on horſback/ Syre knyght ſaid ſyr galvayn alyghte on foote or els I wylle ſlee thy hors / gramercy ſaydꝛ ſyr Marhaus of youre gentylneſſ ye profre me curtoſye/ for hit is not for one knyght to be on foote/ and the other on horſback / & therwith ſyr Mar= haus ſette his ſpere ageyne a tree and alyghte and tayedꝛ his hors to a tree/ and dreſſidꝛ his ſhelde / and eyther cam vnto o= ther egerly/ and ſmote to gyders with her ſwerdes that her ſhel des flewe in cantels/ and they bryſedꝛ their helmes and their hauberkes and wounded eyther other/ but Syre galvayne fro it paſſedꝛ iye of the cloke wayedꝛ euer stronger and stronger/ for thenne hit cam to the houre of noone & thryes his myghte Was encreacedꝛ/ Alle this aſpyedꝛ ſyr Marhaus and had grete wonder how his myghte encreacedꝛ/ and ſo they wounded other paſſynge ſore/ And thenne when it was paſt noone/ and when it drewe towardꝛ euenſonge ſyre galvayns ſtrengthe febledꝛ &

wayt passynge fayntr that vnnethes he myght dure ony len-
ger/ and syr Marhaus was thenne bygger and bygger/ syre
knyght sayd syr Marhaus/ I haue wel felt that ye are a pas-
synge good knyghte and a merueylous man of myghte as
euer I felt ony/ whyle hit lasteth/ And our quarels are not
grete/ and therfor it were ayte to doo yow hurte/ for I fele ye
are passynge feble/ A said syr Galhayn gentyl knyghte ye say
the wordy that I sholde say/ And therwith they took of their
helmes/ and eyther kyssed other/ and there they swore to ey-
ders eyther to loue other as brethern/ And syr Marhaus pra-
yd syr galhayn to lodge with hym that nyghte/ And so they
toke theyr horses/ and rode toward syr Marhaus hous/ And
as they rode by the wey/ syr knyghte said syr galhayne I ha-
ue merueylle that so valyaunt a man as ye be loue no ladyes
ne damoyseles/ Syre sayd syr marhaus they name me wron-
fully tho that gyue me that name/ but wel I wote it ben the
damoyseles of the Turret that so name me and other suche as
they be/ Now shalle I telle yow for what cause I hate them/
For they be sorceresses and enchaunters many of them/ & be a
knyght neuer so good of his body and ful of prowesse as man
may be/ they wille make hym a starke colward to haue the bet-
ter of hym/ and this is the prynapal cause that I hate them
& to al good ladyes and gentyl wymmen I olde my ser-
uyse as a knyght ought to do/ As the book reherseth in frenshe
ther were many knyghtes that ouermatched syr galhayne for
alle the thrpes myghte that he had/ Syr Launcelot de lake/ syr
Tristrams/ syr Boos de ganys/ syr Percyuale/ syr Pellias &
syr Marhaus/ these sixe knyghtes hadd the better of sir galhayn
Thenne within a lytel whyle they cam to syr Marhaus place/
whiche was in a lytel preyry/ and there they alyghte and la-
dyes and damoyseles vnarmed them/ and hastely wched to the-
yr hurtes/ for they were alle thre hurte/ and so they had alle thre
good lodgynge with syr Marhaus and good chere/ for whan
he wyste that they were kynge Arthurs systers sones/ he maade
them al the chere that lay in his power/ and so they sciourned
there a vij nyghte/ and were wel easyd of their wounds and
at the last departed/ Now sayd syre Marhaus we wylle not
departe soo lyghtly/ for I wylle bringe you thorow the forst

And rode daye by daye wel a seuen dayes or they fond ony a-uenture/ At the last they cam in to a grete forest that was na-med the countrye and foreste of Arroy and the countrey of straunge auentures/In this countrey sayd syr Marhaus am neuer knyghte syn it was crystened / but he fonde straunge auentures/and soo they rode/ and cam in to a depe valey ful of stones/and ther by they salve a fayr streme of water/ abo-ue ther by was the hede of the streme a fayr fontayne / & thre damoysels syttynge therby/ And thenne they rode to them/and eyther salewed other/ and the eldest had a garland of gold about her hede/ and she was thre score wynter of age/or more and her here was whyte vnder the garland / The second da-moysel was of thyrtty wynter of age with a sercklet of gold about her hede / The thyrd damoysel was but yo yere of age/ and a garland of floures about her hede/ when these knyght-es had soo beholde them/ they asked hem the cause why they sat at that fontayne / we be here sayd the damoysels for thys cause/yf we may see ony erraunt knyghtes to cleke hem vnto straunge auentures/and ye be thre knyghtes that seken auen-tures and we be thre damoysels/and therfore eche one of yolv must chese one of vs / And whan ye haue done soo/ we wylle lede yolv vnto thre hyle ways/ and there eche of yolv shal che-se a wey and his damoysel with hym / And this day twelue mone the ye must mete here ageyn/and god sende yolv your ly-ues/ and there to ye must plyghte your trouthe/this is wel sa-id sayd syr Marhaus

Capitulum xx

Nolv shalle euerych of vs chese a damoysel / I shalle take yolv sayd syre Owayne I am the yongest and moost weyleest of yolv bothe/therfor I wyl haue the eldest da-moysel/for she hath sene moche and can best helpe me whan I haue nede/for I haue moost nede of helpe of yolv bothe/Nolv said syr Marhaus I wyll haue the damoysel of thyrtty wyn-ter age for she falleth best to me/wel sayd syre galvayne/ I thanke yolv for ye haue lefte me the yongest and the fayreste/ and she is moost leueste to me/ Thenne euery damoysel took her

knyght by the raynes of his brydel/ and brought him to the thre wayes/ and there was their othe made to mete at the fon tayne that day twelue moneth and they were lyuynge / and ſo they kyſt and departed/and euerych knyght ſette his la dy behynd hym/ and ſyr Gawayne took the wey that lay weſt And ſyr Marhaus took the wey that lay ſouthe/ and ſyr ga wayne took the weye that laye northe/ Now wylle we begyn ne at ſyr galhayne that helde that wey tyll that he cam vnto a fayre manoir where dwellyd an old knyght & a good hous holder/ and there ſyr Galhayn alyed the knyght yf he knewe ony auentures in that countrey/ I ſhalle ſhewe yow ſomme to morne ſayd the old knyght/ and that merueyllous/ Soo on the morne they rode in to the foreſt of aduentures tyl they cam to a launde/ and ther by they fond a croſſe/ and as they ſto de and houed/ ther cam by them the fayreſt knyght and the ſe melyeſt may that euer they ſawe / makynge the grettеſt dole that euer man made/ And thenne he was ware of ſyr galha yn and ſaluèd hym and praid god to ſende hym moche wor ſhip/ As to that ſayd ſyr galhayn gramercy/ Alſo I praye to god that he ſende yow honour and worſhip/ A ſaid the kny ght I may laye that on ſyde / for ſorowe and ſhame cometh to me after worſhip /

Capitulum xxj

And ther with he paſſed vnto the one ſyde of the laun de/ And on the other ſyde ſawe ſyr Galhayne y knyg tes that houed ſtyll and make them redy with her ſheldes and ſperes agayne ſt that one knyght that cam by ſyr galhayn/ Thenne this one knyght auentryd a grete ſpere / and one of the y knyghtes encountred with hym / but this woful knyght ſmote hym ſo hard that he felle ouer his hors taylle/ So this ſame dolorous knyght ſerued them al/ that at the left way he ſmo te doune hors and man/ and alle he dyd with one ſpere/ and ſoo whan they were all y on fote/ they wente to that one kny ght/ and he ſtode ſtone ſtyll /and ſuffred hem to pulle hym dou ne of his hors/ and bounde hym hande and foote/ and tayed hym vnder the hors bely/ and ſo ledde hym with hem / O Jheſu

sayd syr galvayne this is a dooleful syghte / to see the yonder knyghte so to be entreted / and it semeth by the knyght that he suffreth hem to bynde hym soo/ for he maketh no resystence/ Noo said his hoost that is trouthe/ for and he wolde they al were to weyke soo to doo hym/ Syr said the damoysel vnto syr Galvayn / me semeth hit were youre worshipp to helpe that doloreus knyghte/ for me thynketh he is one of the best knyghtes that euer I salve/ I wold doo for hym sayde syre galvayn but hit semeth he wylle haue no helpe / thenne sayde the damoysel me thynketh ye haue no luste to helpe hym/ Thus as they talked they salve a knyzte on the other syde of the launde al armed sauf the hede/ And on the other syde ther cam a dwerf on horsback all armed sauf the hede with a grete mouthe/ and a shorte nose/ And whan the dwerf came nyghe he said where is the lady shold mete vs here/ and ther with all she came forth out of the wood/ And thenne they began to stryue for the lady/ For the knyghte sayde he wold haue her/ & the dwerf sayde he wold haue her/ Wyte we doo wel sayde the dwerf/ yonder is a knyght at the crosse/ lete vs put it to the vpon hym/ and as he semeth so shalle it be/ I wylle wel said the knyght/ and so they wente all thre vnto syre galvayn and tolde hym wherfor they strofe/ wel syrs said he wylle ye put the mater in my hand/ ye they sayde both/ Nowe damoysel sayd syr galvayn ye shal stande betwixe them both/ and whether ye lyst better to go to/ he shal haue yow/ And whan she was sette betwene them both she left the knyghte and wente to the dwerf / and the dwerf took her and wente his waye spyngynge/ and the knyghte wente hys wey with grete mornyng/ Thenne came ther two knyghtes all armed and cryed on hyghe Syre galvayn/ knyghte of kynge Arthurs make the redy in al haste and Juste with me/ soo they ranne to gyders that eyther felle doune / and thenne on foote they drelve their swerdes and dyd ful actually/ the mene whyle the other knyghte wente to the damoysel / and asked her / why she abode with that knyghte/ and yf ye wold abyde with me/ I wylle he your feythful knyghte and with yow wylle I he said the damoysel/ for with syr Galvayn I may not fynde in myn herte to be with hym/ For nowe here was one knyzt scomfyte y knyghtes/ And at the laste he was cowardly ledy

alwey/and therfore lete vs two goo whyleste they fyghte/and syre Galvayn fought with that other knyght longe/ but at the laste they accorded both/And thenne the knyght prayd syr galvayn to lodge with hym that nyghte / Soo as syre Galvayn wente with this knyghte he asked hym what knyghte is he in this countrey that smote doune the .xij. knyghtes/ for whan he had done so manfully he suffred hem to bynde hym handy and foote/and soo ledde hym alwey/A sayd the knyghte that is the beste knyght I trowe in the worldy/and the mooste may of prowesse / and he hath be serued soo as he was ene more than .x. tymes/and his name hyghte syr Pelleas/ and he loueth a grete lady in this countrey and her name is Ettard/and so whenne he louedy her there was cryedy in this countrey a grete Justes thre dayes/ And alle the knyghtes of this countrey were there and gentylwymmen/ And who that preued hym the beste knyght shold haue a passyng good swerd and a Serklet of gold and the serklet the knyght sholdy gyue hit to the fayreste lady that was at the Justes/ And this knyghte syre Pelleas was the beste knyghte that was there/and there were fyue hondredy knyghtes / but there was neuer may that euer syre Pelleas met with al/but he stroke hym doune or els from his hors / And euery day of thre dayes he strake doune elleuen knyghtes/therfore they gaf hym the pryse/& forthe with all he wente there as the lady Ettard was/and gaf her the serklet/& saidy openly/she was the fayreste lady that there was/ & that woldy he preue vpon ony knyghte that wold say nay/ ¶Ca xxij

And soo he chose her for his souerayne lady / & neuer to loue other but her / but she was so proude that she hady scorne of hym and sayd that she wold neuer loue hym thouz he wold dye for her/wherfor al ladyes and gentylwymmen hadde scorne of her that she was so proude / for there were fayrer than she/& there was none that was ther but & sir Pelleas wold haue proferd hem loue they wold haue loued hym for his noble prowesse / & so this knyzt promysed the lady ettard to folowe her in to this cõtrey/& neuer to leue her tyl she loued hym/& thus he is here the mooste party nyghe her and lodged by a pryory/and euery weke she sendeth knyghtes to fyzte with hym/And whan he hath put hem to the wers than wylle

he ſuffre hem wykkedly to take hym priſoner by cauſe he wold haue a ſpyght of this lady/ And alwayes ſhe doth hym grete deſpyte/for ſome tyme ſhe maketh her knyghtes to taye hym to his hors tayle and ſome to bynde hym vnder the hors bely Thus in the mooſt ſhamefulleſt wyſe that ſhe can thynke he is brought to her/ And alle ſhe doth hyt for to cauſe hym to leue this countrye and to leue his louynge/ But all this can not make hym to leue/for and he wold haue fought on foote he myght haue ynd the better of the ten knyghtes as wel on foote as on horſback / Allas ſayd ſyr galhayn it is grete pyte of hym/ And after this nyght I wylle ſeke hym to morowe in this foreſt to doo hym alle the helpe I can/So on the mor-ne ſyr galhayne toke his leue of his hoſt ſyre Carados and rode in to the foreſt / And at the laſt he mette with ſyr Pelle-as makyng grete moone oute of meſure/ſo eche of hem ſalewed other/and aſked hym why he made ſuche ſorowe/ And as it is aboue whererd/ſyre Pelleas told ſyre Galhayne/but alwe-yes I ſuffre her knyghtes to fare ſoo with me as ye ſalde yeſ terdaye in truſte at the laſt to wynne her loue/for ſhe knoweth wel alle her knyghtes ſhold not lyghtely wynne me / and me lyſte to fyghte with them to the vttermeſt / Wherfore and I loued her not ſo ſore I hadde leuer dye an honderd tymes/ and I myght dye ſoo often rather than I wold ſuffre that deſ pyte /but I truſte ſhe wylle haue pyte vpon me at the laſte / for loue cauſeth many a good knyght to ſuffre to haue his en-tent/but allas I am vnfortunate/ And ther with he maade ſoo grete dole & ſorowe that vnnethe he myght holde hym on hor-ſback ¶ Hold ſayd ſyr galhayne leue your mor-nynge and I ſhalle promyſe yold by the feythe of my body to doo alle that lyeth in my power to gete yold the loue of yo-ur lady/and ther to I wylle plyte yold my trouthe/ A ſayd ſyr Pelleas of what Courte are ye telle me I praye yold my good frend/ And thenne ſyr galhayne ſayd I am of the co-urte of kynge Arthur/and his ſuſters ſone / and kynge Lott of Orkeney was my fader / and my name is ſyre Galhayne/ And thenne he ſayd my name is Syre Pelleas borne in the Iles/and of many Iles I am lord / and neuer haue I lo-ued lady nor damoyſel tyl nold in an vnhappy tyme/and ſyr

knyght ſyn ye are ſoo nyght coſyn vnto kynge Arthur and a kynges ſone/therfor bytraye me not but helpe me/for I may neuer come by her but by ſomme good knyght/for ſhe is in a ſtronge caſtel here faſt by within this four myle/ and ouer all this countrey ſhe is lady of/ And ſo I may neuer come to her preſence/but as I ſuffre her knyghtes to take me/and but yf I dyd ſo that I myght haue a ſyght of her I had ben dede long or this tyme/and yet ſayne word had I neuer of her/ but whā I am brought to fore her ſhe rebuketh me in the foulleſt maner/ And thenne they take my hors and harneis and putten me oute of the yates / and ſhe wylle not ſuffre me to ete nor drynke/ and alwayes I offre me to be her pryſoner/ but that ſhe wylle not ſuffre me/for I wold deſyre no more what payne ſo euer I had/ſoo that I myght haue a ſyght of her dayly/wel ſayd ſyr galhayne/ All this ſhalle I amende and ye wylle do as I ſhal deuyſe/ I wylle haue your hors and your armour/and ſo wylle I ryde vnto her caſtel and telle her that I haue ſlayne yow/and ſoo ſhal I come withynne her to cauſe her to cheryſſhe me/ And thenne ſhalle I doo my true parte that ye ſhalle not faylle to haue the loue of her

Capitulum xxiij

And there with ſyr Galhayne plyght his trouthe vnto ſyr Pelleas to be true and feythful vnto hym / ſoo eche one plyght their trouthe to other/and ſoo they chaunged horſes and harneis / and ſire Galhayn departed/and came to the caſtel where as ſtoode the pauelions of this lady without the yate/ And as ſoone as Ettard had aſpyed ſyr Galhayn ſhe fledde in tolward the caſtel/ſyre Galhayn ſpak on hyght/ and badde her abyde/for he was not ſyre Pelleas/ I am another knyght that haue ſlayne ſyr Pelleas/ doo of youre helme ſaid the lady Ettard that I maye ſee your viſage/ And ſoo whan ſhe ſalve that it was not ſyr Pelleas/ſhe made hym alyght/and ledde hym vnto her caſtel/ and aſked hym feythfully/whether he had ſlayne ſyr Pelleas/and he ſayd her ye/ and told her his name was ſyr galhayn of the courte of kynge Arthur and his ſyſter ſone/Truly ſayd ſhe that is grete pyte for he was a paſſynge good knyght of his body / but

of al men on lyue I hated hym moost / for I coude neuer be quyte of hym / And for ye haue slayne hym / I shalle be your woman and to doo ony thynge that myghte please yold / Soo she made syr Galvayne good chere / Thenne syr galvayn sayd that he loued a lady / and by no meane she wold loue hym / She is to blame sayd Ettard and she wylle not loue yold / for ye that be soo wel borne a man and such a man of pro-wesse / there is no lady in the world to good for yold / wylle ye saydy syre Galvayne promyse me to doo alle that ye maye by the feythe of youre body to gete me the loue of my lady / ye syre sayd she / and that I promyse yold by the feythe of my body / Nold sayd syre Galvayne it is your self that I loue so wel / therfore I praye yold holde your promyse / I maye not chese sayd the lady Ettard / but yf I sholde be forsworne / and soo she graunted hym to fulfylle alle his desyre /

¶ Soo it was thenne in the moneth of May that she and syre Galvayn went oute of the castel and souped in a pauelione / and there was made a bedde / and there syr galvayne and the lady Ettard went to bedde to gyders / and in another pauel-ione she layd her damoyselx / and in the thyrd pauelione she leyd parte of her knyghtes / for thenne she had no drede of syr Ghelleas / And there syre galvayn lay with her in that pauel-ione two dayes and two nyghtes / And on the thyrd day in the morneyng erly syr Ghelleas armed hym / for he hadde neuer slepte syn syr Galvayn departed from hym / for syr Galvayne had promysed hym by the feythe of hys body to come to hym vnto his pauelione by that tyme within the space of a daye and a nyghte ¶ Thenne syre Ghelleas moun-ted vpon horsback / and cam to the pauelions that stode without the castel / and fonde in the fyrst pauelione thre knyghtes in thre bedes / and thre squyers lyggynge at theire feet / thenne went he to the seconde pauelione & fond four gentyl wymmen lyenge in four bedes / & thenne he yede to the thyrd pauelion & fond syr galvayn lyggyng in bedde with his lady Ettard & eyther clyppyng other in armes / and whan he salve that his herte wel nyghe brast for sorou / & said Alas that euer a knyzt sholde be founde so fals / and thēne he took his horse & myzt not abyde no lenger for pure sorowe / And whanne he hadde ryden

nyghe halfe a myle he tornedy ageyne and thoughte to slee hem bothe/And whanne he salwe hem bothe soo lye slepynge faste/ Vnnethe he myght holde hym on horsbak for sorowe/and sayde thus to hym self/ though this knyght be neuer soo fals I wyl neuer slee hym slepynge/ For I wylle neuer destroye the hyegh ordre of knyghthode/and therwith he departed ageyne

And or he hadde ryden halfe a myle he retornedy ageyne/ and thoughte thenne to slee hem bothe/ makynge the gretest sorow that euer man made /And whanne he came to the pauelions/ he tayedy his hors vnto a tree/and pulledy oute his swerd nakedy in his handy/and wente to them there as they lay/ and yet he thought it were shame to slee them slepynge/ and layd the nakedy swerdy ouerthwart bothe their throtes/ and soo toke his hors and rode his waye

¶ And whanne syre Pelleas came to his pauelions he told his knyghtes and his squyers how he hady spedy/ and sayde thus to them for your true and good seruyse ye haue done me I shall gyue yow alle my goodes/ for I wylle goo vnto my bedde and neuer aryse vntyl I am dede / And whan that I am dede/ I charge yow that ye take the herte oute of my body and bere it her betwyxe two syluer dysshes/and telle her how I salwe her lye with the fals knyght Syr Galwayne/ Right soo syr Pelleas vnarmedy hym self and wente vnto his bedde makynge merueylous dole and sorowe/

¶ Thenne syre Galwayne and Ettardy awoke of her slepe/ & fonde the nakedy swerdy ouerthwart theire throtes/ thenne she knewe wel it was syr Pelleas swerdy/ Alas sayde she to sir Galwayne ye haue betrayedy me and syr Pelleas bothe/ for ye tolde me ye had slayne hym/and nowe I knowe wel it is not soo he is on lyue/ And yf syre Pelleas hady ben as vncurteis to yow as ye haue ben to hym ye hadde ben a dede knyghte/ but ye haue deceyuedy me and betrayedy me falsly/ that al ladyes and damoyselis may bewaare by yow and me/ And ther with syr galwayn made hym redy/and wente in to the forest/ Soo it happedy thenne that the damoysel of the lake Nymue mette with a knyghte of syr Pelleas that wente on his foote in the forest makyng grete dole / and she askedy hym the cause And soo the woful knyghte tolde her how his mayster and

lorde was bitaxed thurgh a kny ghte and a lady / and holde he wyll neuer aryse oute of his bed tyl he be dede / Bryngeme to hym sayd she anone/and I wyl warraunt his lyf he shal not dye for loue/and she that hath caused hym so to loue / she shalle be in as euyl plyte as he is or it be long to/ for it is no Joy of suche a prowde lady that wylle haue no mercy of suche a valyaunt knyght/anone that knyzte brought her vnto hym And whan she salue hym kye in his bedde/ she thought she sa we neuer so lykely a knyght/and ther with she threwe an en chauntement vpon hym/and he felle on slepe/And ther whyle she rode vnto the lady Ettard / and charged no man to a wake hym tyl she came ageyne / Soo within two houres she brought the lady Ettard thyder/and both ladyes fonde hym on slepe/ soo sayd the damoysel of the lake ye oughte to be asha med for to murdre suche a knyght / And therwith she threwe suche an enchauntement vpon her that she loued hym sore/that wel nyghe she was oute of her mynde / O lorde Jhesu saide the lady Ettard/holde is it befallen vnto me/that I loue nolde hym that I haue moost hated of ony man alyue/ that is the ryght wys Jugement of gode sayd the damoysel/ And thenne anone syr Pelleas awaked and loked vpon Ettard/ And whan he salue her/he kneiue her/ & thēne he hated her more than ony wo man alyue/ and said alwey traitresse come neuer in my syzt And whan she herd hym say so/she wepte and made grete so row oute of mesure

Capitulum xxiiij

Syre knyght Pelleas sayd the damoysel of the lake/ ta ke your horse/ and come forthe with me oute of this co untrey/and ye shal loue a lady that shal loue yolde / I wylle wel said syr Pelleas/for this lady Ettard hath done me gre te despyte and shame / and there he told her the begynnynge and endynge/And holde he had purposed neuer to haue aryse tyll that he hadde ben dede/And nowe suche grace gode hath sente me / that I hate her as moche as euer I loued her thanked be oure lorde Jhesus/ Thanke me sayde the damoysel of the lake

anone syr Pellas armed hym and toke his hors and com=
maunded his men to bringe after his pauelions and his
stuffe where the damoysel of the lake wold assigne/ soo the la
dy Ettard dyed for sorowe/ and the damoysel of the lake re=
ioysed syr Pellas and bued to gyders durynge their lyf da=
yes/

Capitulum xxv

Now torne we vnto syr Marhaus that rode with the da
moysel of xxx winter of age southard/ and soo they
cam in to a depe foreste/ and by fortune they were myz=
ted/ and rode longe in a depe way/ and at the last they came
vnto a courtelage/ and there they asked herbord/ but the mā
of the courtelage wold not lodge them for no treatye that they
coude treate/ but thus mocke the good man sayd/ and ye will
take the aduenture of youre lodgyng/ I shal bringe you there
ye shalle be lodged/ what auenture is that that I shal haue/
for my lodgynge sayd syr Marhaus/ ye shalle were whan ye
come there sayd the good man/ syr what auenture so it be bring
me thyder I pray the sayd syr Marhaus/ for I am werry/ my
damoysel and my hors/ So the good man went and opened
the gate/ and within an houre he brought hym vnto a fayre
castel/ and thenne the poure man called the porter/ and anon
he was lete in to the castel/ & soo he told the lord how he brought
hym a knyght erraunt and a damoysel that wold be lodged
with hym/ lete hym in said the lord/ it may happen he shalle re
pente that they toke their lodgyng here/ So syr Marhaus was
lete in with wrecke lyghte/ and there was a goodely syghte of
yonge men that welcomed hym / And thenne his hors was
lede in to the stable/ and he and the damoysel were brought
in to the halle/ and there stode a myghty duke and many go=
odely men about hym/ thēne this lord asked hym what he hy=
ghte/ and fro whens he cam/ and with whome he dwelt / syr
he said I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs and knyght of the
table round / and my name is syr Marhaus/ and borne I
am in Irland / And thenne sayd the duke to hym/ that me
sore repenteth/ the cause is this / for I hue not thy lord / nor

none of thy felaudes of the table roundy/ Andy therfor ease thy
self this nyghte as wel as thold mayst/for as to morne I e
my sixe sonnes shal matche with yold/Is ther no remedy but
that I must haue a doo with yold andy your vj sones at ones
sayd syr Marhaus/No sayd the duke for this cause I maade
myn auoldr/for syr galdayne sleldr my seuen sonnes in a re ;
counter/therfore I made myn auoldr/there sholdy neuer knyzt
of kynge Arthurs court lodge with me or come there as I myz
ght haue adoo with hym/but that I wold haue a vruengyng
of my sonnes dethe/What is your name saidy syr Marhaus I
requyre yold telle me andy it please yold/Wete thold wel I am
the duke of south marchys/A sayd sir Marhaus I haue herd
saye that ye haue ley longe tyme a grete foo vnto my lord ar;
thur andy to his knyghtes/that shalle ye fele to morne said the
duke / Shalle I haue adoo with yold sayd syr Marhaus/ye
sayd the duke/therof shalt thold not chese / andy therfore take
yold to your chambre andy ye shalle haue all that to yold lon ;
geth/So syr Marhaus departedy andy was ledy to a chamber/
andy his damoysel was ledy vnto her chamber/And on the morn
the duke sente vnto syre Marhaus andy lady make hym redy /
Andy so syr Marhaus awose and armedy hym/andy thenne ther
was a masse songe afore hym andy brake his fast/and so mon
tedy on horsback in the courte of the castel there they sholdy doo
the batail/ So ther was the duke al redy on horsback clene ar
medy andy his syxe sonnes by hym/andy euerydhe hady a spere
in his handy/andy soo they encountredy where as the duke andy
his two sones brak theyr speres vpon hym/but sir Marhaus
held vp his spere andy touchedy none of them/

Capitulum xxvj

Thenne cam the foure sones by couple/and two of them
brake their speres/andy soo dydy the other two / Andy
aske this whyle syr marhaus touched hem not/Thenne sir mar
haus.ranne to the duke / andy smote hym with his spere that
hors andy man felle to the erthe/Andy so he seruedy his sones/
Andy thenne syr Marhaus alyghte doune andy lady the duke

yelde hym or els he wold slee hym/ And thenne some of his sones recouerd/and wold haue set vpon syr Marhaus/thenne syr Marhaus sayd to the duke seace thy sones or els I will doo the vttermest to yold all/Thenne the duke salde he myght not escape the deth he cryed to his sones and charged them to yelde them to syr Marhaus/And they kneled all doune/and put the pomels of theire swerdes to the knyght/and soo he receyued them / And thenne they halp vp their fader/ and soo by their comynal assente promysed to syr Marhaus neuer to be foes vnto kynge Arthur/ and therupon al whytsontyde after to come he and his sones and putte them in the kynges grace Thenne syr Marhaus departed and within two dayes his damoysel brought hym where as was a grete tornement that the lady de Malohe had cryed/ And who that dyd best sholde haue a ryche sercle of gold worthe a thousand besaunts/And there syr Marhaus dyd so nobly that he was renomed/ & had sometyme doune fourty knyghtes/ and soo the sercle of gold was awarded hym / Thenne he departed fro thens with grete worshyp/And soo within foure nyghtes his damoysel brought hym to ay erles place/his name was the erle Fergus/that after was syre Tryestrams knyght / and this Erle was but a ponge man/and late come in to his landes/ and there was a gyant fast by hym that hyght Taulurd/ and he had another brodr in Cornewaille that hyght Taulas that syr Tryestram slewe whanne he was oute of his mynde/So this Erle maade his complaynte vnto syr Marhaus that there was a gyaunt by hym that destroyed al his londes / & holy he durst nowhere ryde nor goo for hym/ Syr sayd the knyght Whether vseth he to fyghte on horsback or ay foote/ nay sayd the erle there maye no horse bere hym/ Wel said syr marhaus thenne Wille I fyghte With hym on foote/ Soo on the morne syr Marhaus prayd the erle that one of his men myghte bynge hym where as the gyaũt Was/and so he Was/for he sawe hym syttē vnder a tree of hooly/and many clubbes of yron and gysarmes about hym Soo thys knyght dressid hym to the gyant puttyng his shelde afore hym/and the gyant toke an yron clubbe in his hande/ & at the fyrste stroke he clafe syre Marhaus shelde in ij pyeces/ And there he Was in grete peryl/for the gyant was a Wyly

fyghter/but atte laſt ſyr Marhaus ſmote of his ryght arme
about the elbowe/ thēne the gyant fledde and the knyght after
hym/and ſoo he droſe hym in to a water / but the gyant was
ſoo hyghe that he myghte not wade after hym/And thenne ſir
Marhaus made the erle Fergus may to fetche hym ſtones / &
with tho ſtones the knyghte gaf the gyaunt many ſore knoc-
kes/tyl at the laſt he made hym falle doune in to the water/ &
ſo was he there dede/thēne ſyr Marhaus went vnto the gyants
caſtel/and there he delyuerd xxtiⁿ ladyes and eldelue knyg-
tes out of the gyants pryſon/and there he had grete ryche ſſe
without nombre / ſoo that the dayes of his lyf he was neuer
poure man/thenne he retorned to the erle Fergus / the whiche
thanked hym gretely/and wold haue gyuen hym half his lā
des but he wold none take/Soo ſyr Marhaus dwelyd with
the erle nyghe half a yere/for he was ſore bryſed with the gy-
aunt/and at the laſte he took his leue/ And as he rode by the
way he mette with ſyr galhayne and ſyr Olhayne/and ſo by
aduenture he mette with foure knyghtes of Arthurs courte /
the fyrſt was ſyr Sagramore deſyrus/ ſyr Ozanna/ſyr Do-
dynas le ſaueage/and ſyr felot of lyſtynoyſe/and there ſyr
Marhaus with one ſpere ſmote doune theſe foure knyghtes /
and hurte them ſore/Soo he departed to mete at his day afore
ſette

Capitulum xxviij

NOw coume we vnto ſyr Olhayne that rode weſtwarde
with his damoyſel of thre ſcore wynter of age / and
ſhe brought hym there as was a turnement nyghe the marche
of walys/and at that tornement ſyre Olhayne ſmote doune
xxx knyghtes/ therfore was gyuen hym the pryſe / and that
was a gerfaukon / and a whyte ſtede trapped with clothe of
gold/ Soo thenne ſyr Olhayn dyd many ſtraunge auentures
by the meanes of the old damoyſel/and ſo ſhe brought hym
to a lady that was called the lady of the roche/the whiche was
moche curtois /So there were in the countrey two knyghtes that
were bretheren/and they were called two peryllous knygh-
tes/the one knyghte hyght ſyre Edward of the redy caſtel/ &

the other syr Hue of the rede castel/ And these two bretheren had disherytede the lady of the roche of a Baronry of landes by their exorcion/ And as this knyzt was lodged with this lady she made her complaynt to hym of these two knyghtes/ Madame sayd syr Olbayne/they are to blame/for they doo ageynst the hyghe ordre of knyghthode & the othe that they made/And yf hit lyke yow I wille speke with hem by cause I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs/ and I wylle entrete them with fayrenesse/ And yf they wylle not I shalle doo batailke with them and in the deffense of youre ryghte/ gramercy sayd the lady/and there as I maye not acquyte yow/god shalle/ Soo on the morne the two knyghtes were sente for/ that they sholde come thyder to speke with the lady of the roche/and whether ye wel they fayled not/for they cam with an C horse/ But whan this lady salde them in this maner soo byggge/she wold not suffre syr Olbayne to goo oute to them Upon no surete ne for no fayr langage/ but she made hym speke with them ouer a toure/but fynally these two bretheren wolde not be entreated and answerde that they wold kepe that they had/wel said syr Olbayne/ thenne wylle I fyghte with one of yow/and preue that ye doo this lady wronge/ that wille we not said they For and we doo batailke we two wyl fyghte with one knyzt at ones/and therfore yf ye wille fyghte soo we wille be redy at what houre ye wille assigne/And yf ye wynne vs in batailke the lady shal haue her landes ageyne/ ye say wel sayd sir Olbayne/therfor make yow redy so that ye be here to morne in the defence of the ladyes ryght

Capitulum xxviij

So was there sykerneſſe made on both partyes that no treason sholde be wrought on neyther partye/soo thenne the knyghtes departede and made hem redy / and that nyghte syr Olbayn had grete chere/ And on the morne he arose erly and herde masse and brake his fast/ and soo he rode vnto the playn without the gates where houed the two bretheren a bydynge hym/ Soo they rode to gyders passynge sore that syre Edward and syr Hue brake their speres vpon syr Olbayne

And syr Owayne smote syre Edward that he felle ouer his hors and yet his spere brast not / And thenne he spored his hors and came vpon syr Hue and ouerthrewe hym/ but they soone recouerd and dressid their sheldes and drewe their swerdes and bad syre Owayne alyghte and doo his batayll to the vttermest/ Thenne syr Owayn auoyded his hors sodenly / & put his shelde afore hym and drewe his swerde / and soo they dressyd to gyders and eyther gaf other suche strokes/ & there these two bretheren wounded syr Owayne passyng grieuously that the lady of the welle wende he shold haue dyed/ And thus they fought to gyders fyue houres as men ragyd oute of reason/ And at the laste syr Owayne smote syr Edward vpon the helme suche a stroke that his swerde kerued vnto his canel bone / and thenne syr Hue abated his courage/ but syr Owayn pressed fast to haue slayne hym/ That sawe syr Hue he kneled doune and yelde hym to syr Owayne and he of his gentilnesse receyued his swerde and took hym by the hande & went in to the castel to gyders/ thenne the lady of the welle was passyng glad and the other broder made grete sorowe for his brothers dethe / thenne the lady was restored of al her landes/ and syr Hue was commaunded to be at the Courte of kynge Arthur at the next feest of penthecoste/ So sir Owayn dwelt with the lady nyghe half a yere/ for it was longe or he myghte be hole of his grete hurtes/ and soo whan it drewe nygh the terme day that syr galwayn syr Marhaus and syre Owayne sholde mete at the crosse way/ thenne euery knyght drewe hym thyder to holde his promyse that they had made / & syr Marhaus and syr Owayne brought their damoysels with them/ but sir Galwayn had lost his damoysel as it is afore wreton.

Capitulum xxix

Ryght soo at the twelue monethes ende they mette alle thre kn yghtes at the fontayne and their damoisels but the damoysel that syr galwayn had coude saye but lytel worshyp of hym / soo they departed from the damoysels and rode

thurgh a grete forest / and there they mette with a messager that cam fro kynge Arthur that had sought them wel nyh a yȝ moneth thorou oute al Englond / walys and Scotland / and charged yf euer he myght fynde syre Galhayn and syre Colhayn to brynge hem to the courte ageyne / And thenne were they al gladde / and soo prayd they syre Marhaus to ryde with hem to the kynges courte / And soo within twelue dayes they cam to Camelot / and the kynge was passyng glad of their comynge and soo was alle the Courte / thenne the kyng made hem to sware vpon a book to telle hym alle theire aduentures that had befalle hem that twelue monethe and soo they dyd / And there was sir Marhaus wel knowen / for ther were knyghts that he had matched afore tyme / and he was named one of the best knyghtes kyuyng / Ageyne the feest of pentecost cam the damoysel of the lake and brought with hir syr Pelleas / and at that hyh feest there was grete Justynge of knyghtes / and of al knyghtes that were at that Justes / syr Pelleas had the pryse / and syr Marhaus was named the next / but syr Pelleas was soo stronge / there myght but fewe knyghtes fytte hym a buffet with a spere / And at that next feest sir Pelleas and syr marhaus were made knyghtes of the table rounde / For there were two segges voyde / for two knyghtes were slayn that twelue moneth / and grete ioye had kynge Arthur of sire Pelleas and of sire Marhaus / but Pelleas loued neuer after sire Galhayne but as he spared hym for the loue of kyng arthur / But oftymes at Justes and turnementes sire Pelleas quyte sire Galhayn / for so it reherseth in the book of Frensshe / Soo sire Tristram many dayes after faughte with sire Marhaus in an plandy / and there they dyd a grete bataylle / but at the last sire Tristram slewe hym / soo sire Tristram was wounded that vnnethe he myght recouer and lay at a nonnery halfe a yere / and sire Pelleas was a worshipful knyghte / & was one of the four that enclosed the sancgreal / and the damoysel of the lake made by her meanes that neuer he had ado with sire launcelot de lake / for where sire launcelot was at ony Justes / or ony turnement / she wold not suffre hym be there that daye / but yf it were on the syde of sire launcelot /

¶ Explicit liber quartus

¶ Incipit liber quintus

¶ Whanne kyng Arthur had after longe werre re-
sted/and held a Royal feeste and table rounde
with his alyes of kynges/princes/and noble
knyghtes all of the round table/there cam in to
his halle he sittynge in his throne Royal yͤ all-
eyen men/berynge eche of them a braunche of Olyue in token
that they cam as Embassadours and messagers fro the Empe-
rour Lucyus/which was called at that tyme/Dictatour or
procurour of the publyke wele of Rome/which sayde messa-
gers after their entryng & comyng in to the presence of kynge
Arthur dyd to hym theyr obeyssaūce in makyng to hym reue-
rence said to hym in this wyse/The hyghe & myghty Emperour
Lucyus sendeth to the kyng of Bretayne gretyng/cōmaūdyng
the to knouleche hym for thy lord/and to sende hym the truag-
ge due of this Royamme vnto thempyre/which thy fader and
other to fore thy predecessours haue paid as is of record/And
thou as rebelle not knowlyngе hym as thy souerayne withhol-
dest and retreyneste contrary to the statutes and decrees maade
by the noble and worthy Julius Cezar conquerour of this
Royame/and fyrst Emperour of Rome/And yf thou refuse
his demaunde and commaundement/knowe thou for certayne
that he shal make stronge werre ageyneste the/thy Royames &
londes/and shall chastyse the and thy subgettys/that it shal be
ensample perpetuel vnto alle kynges and princes/for to denye
their truage vnto that noble empyre whiche domyneth vpon the
vnyuersal world/Thenne whan they had shewed theffecte of
their message/the kyng commaunded them to withdrawe them
And said he shold take auyse of counceylle and gyue to them
an answere/Thenne somme of the yonge knyghtes herynge this
their message wold haue wonne on them to haue slayne them
sayenge that it was a rebuke to alle the knyghtes there beyng
present to suffre them to saye so to the kynge/And anone the

kynge commaunded that none of them vpon payne of dethe to myſſaye them ne doo them ony harme/and commaũded a knyght to kynge them to their lodgynge / and ſee that they haue alle that is neceſſary and requyſyte for them/with the beſt chere/and that noo deynte be ſpared/For the Romayns ben gret lordes/and though theyr meſſage pleaſe me not ne my court yet I muſt remembre myn honour/ ¶ After this the kyng let calle alle his lordes and knyghtes of the rounde table to counceyll vpon this matter/and deſyred them to ſaye their aduyſe/thenne ſyr Cador of Cornelbaile ſpacke fyrſte and ſayd Syre this meſſage lyketh me wel/for we haue many dayes reſted vs and haue ben yolle / and nold I hope ye ſhalle make ſharp warre on the Romayns where I doubte not we ſhal gete honour/I beleue wel ſayd Arthur that this matr pleaſeth the wel/but theſe anſwers may not be anſwerd/ for the demaunde greueth me ſore/ For truly I wyl neuer paye truage to Rome/wherfore I pray yold to counceylle me/I haue vnderſtande that Belinus and Brenius kynges of Britayne haue had thempyre in their handes many dayes/And alſo Conſtantyn the ſone of Heleyne / which is an open euydence that we olde noo tribute to Rome / but of ryght we that ben deſcended of them haue ryght to clayme the tytle of thempyre /

¶ Capitulum Secundum

THenne anſwerd kynge Anguyſſhe of Scotlandꝛ/ Syre ye oughte of ryght to be aboue al other kynges / for vnto yold is none lyke ne parylle in Cryſtendome/of kynghode ne of dygnyte/ & I counceylle you neuer to obeye the Romayns/for whan they regned on vs/ they deſtruſſyd oure eldres/and putte this landꝛ to grete extorcions & tayllles/ wherfore I make here myn auolde to auenge me on them/ and for to ſtrengthe youre quarel I ſhal furnyſſhe yow M goodꝛ men of warre and wage them on my coſtes / which ſhal alwaye on yold with my ſelf whan it ſhal pleaſe yold/and the kyng of lytel Bretayne graunted hym to the ſame yow M / wherfor kynge Arthur thanked them / Andꝛ thenne euery man

agreed to make warre / and to ayde after their power / that is to wete the lord of westwales promysed to brynge xxx M men And syr Owayne / syre Ider his sone with their cosyns promysed to brynge xxx M / thenne syre launcelot with alle other promysed in lyke wyse euery man a grete multytude / ¶ And whan kynge Arthur vnderstood theire courages and good wylles / he thanked them hertely / and after lete alle them bassatours to fore theire ansuere / And in presence of alle his lordes and knyghtes he sayd to them in thys wyse / I wylle that ye retorne vnto your lord and procurour of the comyn weele for the Romayns / and saye ye to hym Of his demaunde and commaundement I sette nothyng / And that I knowe of no truage ne tribute that I owe to hym / ne to none erthely prynce / Cristen ne hethen / but I pretende to haue and occupye the soueraynte of thempyre / wherin I am entytled by the ryght of my predecessours somtyme kynges of this lond / and saye to hym that I am delybered and fully concluded to goo with myn armye with strengthe and power vnto Rome by the grace of god to take possession in thempyre / and subdue them that ben rebelle / wherfore I commaunde hym and alle them of Rome that incontynent they make to me their homage & to knouleche me for their Emperour and gouernour vpon payne that shalle ensiewe / And / thenne he commaunded his tresorer to gyue to them grete and large yeftes / and to paye alle theyr dispencys / and assygned syre Cador to conueye them oute of the land / and soo they took theire leue and departed / and toke theyr shyppynge at Sandwyche / and passed forthe by flaundrys / Almayn / the montayns / and all ytalye vntyl they cam vnto Lucius / And after the reuerence made / they made relacyon of their ansuer lyke as ye to fore haue herd / whan thempereur Lucyus had wel vnderstonde theyre credence / he was sore meued as he had ben al araged / & sayd / I had supposed that Arthur wold haue obeyed to my commaundement / and haue serued vold hym self / as hym wel besemed or ony other kyng to doo / O syre sayd one of the senatours late be suche sayn wordes / for we late yold wete that I and my felawes were full sore aferd to beholde his countenaunce / I fere me ye haue made a rodde for your self / for he entendeth to be lord of this empyre

whiche sore is to be doubted yf he come/ for he is al another mā than ye wene/and holdeth the most noble courte of the world alle other kynges ne prynces maye not compare vnto his no ble mayntene/Oy ne we yere daye we salde hym in his estate whiche was the ryalleste that euer we salde/ for he was serued at his table with ix kynges/and the nobleste felauship of other prynces lordes and knyghtes that ley in the worldy/and eue ry knyghte approued and lyke a lordy and holdeth table rōd And in his persone the moost manly man that lyueth/ and is lyke to conquere alle the worldy/ for vnto his courage it is to lytel/wherfore I adupse yow to kepe wel youre marches and straytes in the montayns/ For certaynly he is a lordy to be do ubted/ Wel sayd Lucius bifore Cester I suppose to passe the mountayns and soo forth in to fraunce/ and there kyrue hym his londes with janelweres and other myghty warryours of Tuskane and lombardye/ And I shall sende for them all that ley subgettys and alyed to the pyre of Rome to come to myn ayde/and forthwith sente oldy wyse knyghtes vnto these coun trayes foboldynge/fyrste to ambage and arrage/to Alysaun drye/to ynde.to hermonye/where as the ryuer of Eufrates ren neth in to Asye/to Auffryke/ and Europe the large/to ertay yne and Elampe to Arabye/Egypte and to damaske/to da mycte and Cayer/to Capadoce/to tarce/ Turkye/pounce/and pampoyke/to Surrye and galacye/And alle these were sub gette to Rome and many moo/as Grece/Cypres/Macydone/ Calabre/Caselandy/portyngale with many thousandes of spay nardys/Thus alle these kynges/dukes/and admyrals assem bledy aboute Rome with yby kynges at ones with grete mul tytude of peple/ whan themperour vnderstoody their comyng/he made redy his Romayns/ and alle the peple bylwene hym & Flaundres ¶ Also he hadde goten wyth hym fyfty Geaunts whiche hady ley engendredy of fendys And they were ordeyned to garde his persone / and to breke the fronte of the batayle of kynge Arthur/

And thus departedy fro Rome and came doune the montayns for to destroye the londes that Arthur hady conquerdy and cam vnto Coleyne/and bysegedy a Castel there by/ and wanne it soone and stuffedy hit with two hondred sarasyns or Infydeles

and after destroyed many fayr countrees/which Arthur had wonne of kyng Claudas/ And thus Lucius cam with alle his hoost which were dispersplyd ly myle in brede/ and commaunded them to mete with hym in Burgoyne/ for he purposed to destroye the Royame of lytyl Bretayne/

Capitulo tercio

Now leue we of Lucius the emperour and speke we of kynge Arthur/that commaunded alle them of his retenue to be redy atte Ytus of hyllary for to holde a parlement at yorke/And at that parlement was concludyd to areste alle the naupe of the londe and to be redy within xv dayes at sand wyche/and there he shewed to his armye how he purposed to conquere them pyre which he ought to haue of ryght/And there he ordeyned two gouernours of this Royame that is to say Syre Baldewyn of Bretayne for to counceille to the best and syr Constantyn sone to syre Cador of Cornewayle/ which after the dethe of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme/ And in the presence of alle his lordes he resygned the rule of the royame and Gdeneuer his quene to them/ wherfore syre launcelot was wrothe/ for he lefte syre Tristram with kynge marke for the loue of beal Isoulde/Thenne the quene Gdeneuer made grete sorowe for the departynge of her lordy and other/and swouned in suche wyse that the ladyes bare her in to her chambre

Thus the kyng with his grete armye departed leuyng the quene and Royamme in the gouernaunce of syre Baldwyn and Constantyn/And whan he was on his horse/he sayd with an hyhe voys yf I dye in this iourney I wyl that syre Constantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this royame as next of my blood/ And after departed and entred in to the see atte Sandwyche with alle his armye with a grete multitude of shippes/galeyes/Cogges/and dromoundes/saylynge on the see/

And as the kyng laye in his cabane in the ſhyp/ he fyll in a ſlomerynge and dremed a merueylous dreme / hym ſemed that a dredful dragon dyd drolne moche of his peple/and he cam fleynge out of the weſt/and his hede was enameled with aſure/and his ſholders ſhone as gold/ his he ly lyke maylles of a merueylous helue/ his tayle ful of tat ters/his feet ful of fyne ſable/ & his clawes lyke fyne gold And an hydous flamme of fyre fleiue out of his mouthe / lyke as the londe and water had flammed all of fyre/After hym ſemed there came out of thozyent/a grymly bore al blak in a cloude / and his palues as bygge as a poſt/he was rugh ged lokynge roughly / he was the fouleſt beeſt that euer man ſalue/he romed and romed ſo hydouſly that it were merueill to here/Thenne the dredful dragon auaunced hym and cam in the wynde lyke a falcon gpuynge grete ſtrokes on the bore / and the bore hytte hym ageyne with his gryſly tuſkes / that his breſt was al bloody / and that the hote blood made alle the ſee reed of his blood /

Thenne the dragon fleiue alwey al on an heyghe/ and came dou ne with ſuche a ſlough and ſmote the bore on the rydge whi che was .x. foote large fro the hede to the tayle/ and ſmote the bore all to polwdre bothe fleſſhe and bonys /that it flyttered al abrode on the ſee/ And therwith the kynge alboke anone /and was ſore abaſſhed of this dreme/And ſente anone for a wyſe philoſopher/ commaundynge to telle hym the ſygnyfycacion of his dreme/Syre ſayd the philoſopher / the dragon that tholde dremeſt of/ betokeneth thyn olone perſone that ſayleſt here/& the colours of his wynges ben thy Royames that tholde haſte wonne/And his tayle whiche is al to tattered ſygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of the roundy table ¶ And the bore that the dragon ſlough comyng fro the cloudes/betokeneth ſome tyraunt that tormenteth the peple/ or elis tholde arte lyke to fyghte with ſomme Geaunt thy ſelf/beynge horryble and ab hompnable Whoos pere ye ſalue neuer in your dayes/wherfore

of this dredeful dreme doubte the no thynge / but as a Conquewour come forth thy self / Thenne after this soone they hadde syghte of londe and saylledde tyl they arryuedde atte Barflete in Flaundres / and whanne they were there he fonde many of his grete lordes redy/as they had ben commaunded to abayde vpon hym

¶ Capitulum v

Thenne came to hym an husbonde man of the countrey / and tolde hym how there was in the countre of Constantyn beyde Bretayne a grete gyaunt whiche hadde slayne murtheredde and deuourdde moche peple of the countreye and had ben susteyned seuen yere with the childrem of the comyns of that landd/in soo moche that alle the childrem ben alle slayne and destroyed/and now late he hath taken the duchesse of Bretayne as she rode with her meyne / and hath ledde her to his lodgynge whiche is in a montayne for to rauysshe and lye by her to her lyues ende / and many people folowedde her moo than v C/but alle they myghte not reskolde her / but they lefte her shrykyng and cryenge lamentably/ wherfore I suppose that he hath slayn her in fulfyllynge his foule lust of lechery / She was wyf vnto thy Cosyn syre Howel/ whome we alle ful nyle of thy blood/ Now as thou a ryghtful kynge haue pyte on this lady/and reuenge vs al as thou arte a noble conquewour/ ¶ Alas sayd kynge Arthur/ this is a grete meschyef/ I had leuer than the beste Royame that I haue / that I hadde ben a forlonge way to fore hym for to haue reskowed that lady/ ¶ Now felawe sayd kynge Arthur canste thou brynge me there as thys gyaunt haunteth / ye syre sayd the goode man /soo yonder where as thou seest tho two grete fyres/there shalt thou fynde hym/ and more tresour than I suppose is in al Fraunce/whanne the kynge hadde vnderstanden this pytous caas/he retorned in to his tente /

¶ Thenne he calkyd to hym syre Kaye and syre Bedelvere / & commaunded them secretely to make redy hors and harneis for hym self and them tweyne / For after euensonge he wold ryde on pylgremage with them two only vnto saynt Mychels

mounte/ And thenne anone he maad hym redy/and armed hym at alle poyntes/and toke his hors and his shelde/ And soo they thre departed thens and rode forthe as faste as euer they myght tyl that they cam to the forlonde of that mount And there they alyghted/and the kynge commaunded them to tarye there/ for he wold hym self goo vp in to that mounte And soo he ascended vp in to that hylle tyl he came to a grete fyre/and there he fonde a careful wydowe wryngynge her handes and makyng grete sorowe syttynge by a graue newe made/ And thenne kynge Arthur salewed her / and demaunded of her wherfore she made suche lamentacion/ to whome she answerd and sayd Syre knyghte speke softe/for yonder is a deuyll yf he here the speke / he wylle come and destroye the / I holde the vnhappy what dost thou here in this mountayne / For yf ye were suche fyfty as ye be / ye were not able to make resystence ageynst this deuyl/ here lyeth a ducheſſe dede the whiche was the fayreſt of alle the worldy wyf to syre Hoel/ duc of Bretayne/ he hath murthred her in forcynge her / and hath slytte her vnto the nauyl/ ¶ Dame sayd the kynge/ I come fro the noble Conqueroure kynge Arthur for to treate with that tyraunt for his kyege peple/ Fy on suche treatys sayd she/he setteth not by the kynge ne by no man els / But and yf thou haue brought Arthurs wyf dame Gweneuer / he shalle be gladder than thou hadeſt gyuen to hym half fraunce/ Welcome approche hym not to nygh/for he hath rayuyſshed yͤ kynges / and hath maade hym a cote ful of precious stones enbrowdred with theyre berdes/ whiche they sente hym to haue his loue for sauacion of theyr peple at this laſte Crystemaſſe/ And yf thou wylt/ speke with hym at yonder grete fyre at souper/ wel sayd Arthur I wylle accomplyſſhe my meſsage for al your ferdful wordes/and wente forth by the creaſt of that hylle / and sawe where he satte atte souper gnawynge on a lymme of a man/ betynge his brode lymmes by the fyre and brecheles/and thre fayr damoyſels tornynge thre brochis whereon were brochyd twelue yonge childryn late borne lyke yonge byrdes ¶ Whanne kynge Arthur beheld that pyteous syght /he had grete compaſſion on them ſo that his hert

bledde for sowlde/and shyked hym sayeng in this wyse he that alle the world weldeth gyue the shorte lyf & shameful dethe/ Andy the deuyl haue thy soule/ why hast tholy murthred these yonge Innocent childrey/ andy murthredy this ducheſſe/ Therfore aryse andy dreſſe the tholy gloton/ For this day shalt thou dye of my handy/ Thenne the glotony anone starte vp andy toke a grete clubbe in his handy/ andy smote at the kynge that his coronal fylle to the erthe/ andy the kynge hytte hym ageyn that he carf his leby andy cutte of his genytours/ that his guttes & his entrayllee fylle doune to the groundy/ thenne the gyaunt threwe alwey his clubbe/ andy caught the kynge in his armes that he cruſſhydy his ryblles/ Thenne the thre maydens knelydy doune andy calkydy to Cryſt for helpe andy comforte of Arthur Andy thenne Arthur weltredy andy wrongt/ that he was other whyle vnder andy another tyme aboue/ And so weltryng and waltwynge they rolledy doune the hylle/ tyl they came to the see marke/ andy euer as they soo weltredy/ Arthur smote hym with his daggar/ andy it fortuned they came to the place/ where as the two knyghtes were andy kepte Arthurs hors/ thenne whan they salwe the kynge faſt in the gyaunts armes/ they came andy vnsedy hym/ Andy thenne the kynge commaundedy syr kaye to smyte of the gyaunts hede/ and to sette it vpon a trunchon of a spere/ andy bere it to syre holdel/ andy telle hym that his enemy was slayne/ andy after lete this hede be bounden to a barbycan that alle the peple may see andy beholdy hit/ and go ye two vp to the montayn/ andy fetche me my sheldy/ my swerdy andy the clubbe of yron/ Andy as for the treſour take ye it/ for ye shalle fynde there goody oute of nombre/ So I haue the kerchyf and the clubbe I deſyre no more/ This was the fyerſt gyaunt that euer I mette with/ sauf one in the mount of Arabe/ whiche I ouercame/ but this was gretter andy fyerſer/ Thenne the knyghtes fette the clubbe andy the kyrtyl/ andy some of the treſour they wolde to them selfe/ andy retwrnedy ageyne to the hoſt Andy anone this was knowlen thurgh alle the countrey/ wher for the peple came andy thankedy the kynge/ Andy he saydy ageyne yeue the thanke to godi/ and departe the goodes among yow/ Andy after that kynge Arthur saydy andy commaundedy his Coſyn holdel that he shold ordeyne for a chirche to be byldred

on the same hylle in the worshyp of sayncte Mychel / ¶ And on the morne the kynge remeuyd with his grete bataylle / and came in to Champayne and in a valeye / and there they pyght their tentys / and the kynge beynge set at his dyner / ther cam two messagers / of whome that one was Marchal of fraūce and sayd to the kyng that themperour was entryd in to fraunce / and had destroyed a grete parte and was in Burgoyn and had destroyed and made grete slaughter of peple & brente tounes and toroures / wherfor yf thou come not hastely / they must yelde vp their bodyes and goodes /

¶ Capitulum septum

THenne the kynge dyd doo calle syre Galbayn / syre Bore / syr Eyonel and syre Bedwere / and commaūnded them to goo straytc to syre Lucius / and saye ye to hym that hastely he remeue oute of my land / And yf he wil not / bydde hym make hym redy to bataylle and not distresse the poure peple / Thenne anone these noble knyghtes dressyd them to horsback / And whanne they came to the grene wood / they sawe many pauelions sette in a medowe of sylke of dyuerse colours beside a ryuer / And themperours pauelione was in the myddle with an egle displayed aboue / To the whiche tente our knyghtes rode tolward / and ordeyned syr Galbayn and syre Bors to doo the message / And lefte in a busshement syre Eyonel / and syre Bedwere / And thenne syre Galbayn and syr Bore dyd their message / and commaunded Lucius in Arthurs name to auoyde his lond / or shortly to adresse hym to bataylle / To whome Lucius answerde and sayd ye shalle retorne to your lord and saye ye to hym that I shalle subdue hym and alle his londes / Thenne syre Galbayn was wrothe and sayde I hadde leuer than alle Fraunce fyghte ageynste the / and soo hadde I saide syr Bore leuer than alle Bretayne or burgoyne ¶ Thenne a knyght named syre Gaynus nyghe cosyn to the Emperour sayde / loo how these Brebons ben ful of pryde and boost / and they brugge as though they were vp alle the worlde / Thenne syre Galbayne was sore grued

with these wordes/and pulled out his swerd and smote of his hede/ And therwith turned theyr horses and rode ouer wa ters and thurgh woodes tyl they came to theyre busshement / where as syr Eyonel and syr Bedeuer were houyng/The to mayns folowed fast after on horsback and on foote ouer a cha payn vnto a wood/thenne syr Boors turned his hors/ and salde a knyght come fast on/whome he smote thurgh the bo dy with a spere that he fylle dede doune to the erthe/thenne cam Talkyburne one of the strengest of payne and smote doun ma ny of Arthurs knyghtes/And whan syr Bors salde hym do soo mocke harme he adressyd tolvardes hym & smote hym thurz the brest that he fylle doune dede to the erthe / Thenne syr Fel denak thought to reuenge the dethe of gaynus vpon syre Ga wayn/but syr galvayn was ware therof and smote hym on the hede/which stroke styntyd not tyl it came to his breste / And thenne he returned and came to his felaldes in the buss shement/And there was a rencountre/for the busshement brake on the Romayns / and slelde and helde doune the Romayns and forcyd the Romayns to flee and returne/whome the no ble knyghtes chacyd vnto theyr tentes/ Thenne the Romayns gadred more peple/ and also foote men cam on/and ther was a nelde batayle and soo mocke peple that syr Bors and syr Berel were taken/but Whan syre galvayn salde that/he woke with hym syre Idrus the good knyght and sayd he wold ne uer see kynge Arthur but yf he rescued them/and pulled out galatyn his goody swerd/and folowed them that ledde tho ñ knyghtes albaye/and he smote hym that lady syr Bors/and took syr Bors fro hym and delyuerd hym to his felaldes / And syre Idrus in lyke wyse resolved syr Berel / thenne beganne the batayll to be grete that oure knyztes were in grete Jeopardy/wherfore syre Galvayn sente to kyng Arthur for so cour and that he hye hym for I am sore wounded / and that oure prysoners may paye goody oute of nombre/ And the mes sager came to the kyng and told hym his message/ And anon the kynge dyd doo assemble his armye/but anone or he depar ted the prysoners were comen / and syr galvayn and his fe laldes gate the felde and put the Romayns to flyght/and af ter returned and came with their felaushyp in suche wyse / that

no man of worshyp was lost of them/ sauf that syr Gawayn was sore hurte /Thenne the kynge dyd do ransake his wounds and comforted hym / And thus was the begynnynge of the fyrst iourney of the brytons and Romayns/and ther were slayne of the Romayns moo than ten thousandy / and grete ioye and myrthe was made that nyghte in the hoost of kynge Arthur / And on the morne he sente alle the prysoners in to parys vnder the garde of syr launcelot with many knyghtes & of syr Cador

Capitulum vij

Now torne we to the Empewour of Rome whiche aspyed that these prysoners sholde be sente to charys/ and anone he sente to leye in a busshement certayne knyghtes and prynces with syxty thousandy men for to reskolde his knyghtes and lordes that were prysoners/ And so on the morne as launcelot and syr Cador chyuetayns and gouernours of alle them that conueyed the prysoners as they sholde passe thurgh a wode syr Launcelot sente certayne knyghtes espye yf ony were in the woodes to lette them/ And whanne the said knyghtes cam in to the wood/ anone they aspyed and salwe the grete enbusshement/and retorned and told syr Launcelot that ther lay in a wayte for them thre score thousandy Romayns/ And thenne syr Launcelot with suche knyghtes as he hadde and men of warre to the nombre of v M put them in araye and met with them and fought with them manly / and slewe and dreuen chid many of the Romayns/ and slewe many knyghtes & admyrals of the party of the Romayns and sarasyns/ ther was slayne the kynge of kylye and thre grete lordes Aladuke /hermaldo and heryngdale/but syr Launcelot fought soo nobly that no man myght endure a stroke of his hande/ but where he came he shewed his prowesse and myght / for he slewe doune ryght on euery syde / And the Romayns and sarasyns fledde from hym as the shrep fro the wulf or fro the lyon/and putt them alle that abode alyue to flyght/ And so longe they fouzte that tydynges came to kynge Arthur/ And anone he graythed hym and came to the bataille /and salwe his knyghtes how they had

Launquysshed the batayll/he enbraced hem knyght by knyght in his armes and said ye be worthy to welde all your honour and worshipp/there was neuer kynge sauf my self that had so noble knyghtes/Syre sayd Cador there was none of vs failled other/but of the prouesse and manhode of syre Launcelot were more than wonder to telle/and also of his cosyns whiche dyd that daye many noble feates of werre/And also syre Cador tolde who of his knyghtes were slayne/ as syr beriel & other syr Morys and syr Maurel two good knyghtes/thenne the kynge wepte and dryed his eyen with a keuerchef/ & sayd your courage had nere hand destroyed yow/ For thoughe ye had retorned ageyne/ye had lost no worshipp/ For I calle hit foly/knyghtes to abyde whan they be ouermatched / Nay sayd Launcelot and the other/ For ones shamed maye neuer be recouerd

Capitulum viij

Now leue we kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche had wonne the felde/and had brought theyre prysoners to parys/and speke we of a senatour whiche escaped fro the bataille/and came to Lucius themperour & sayd to hym/Syre emperour I adupse the for to withdrawe the/what dost thow here / thow shalt wynne noo thynge in these marches but grete strokes out of al mesure/ For this day one of Arthurs knyghtes was worth in the batayll an hondred of ours Fy on the sayd Lucius thow spekest cowardly/for thy wordes grieue me more than alle the losse that I had this day/and anone he sende forth a kynge whiche hyght syr leompe with a grete armye/and bade hym hye hym fast to fore/and he wold folowe hastely after/ kynge Arthur was warned prively/ & sente his peple to Sessoyne/and toke vp the townes & castels fro the Romayns/Thenne the kyng commaunded syr Cador to take the vawarde/ & to take with hym certayne knyghtes of the round table/and syre Launcelot / syre Bors/syr kay/syre Marrok with syre Marhaus shalle alwayes on our persone / Thus the kynge Arthur disperpled his hoost in dyuerse partyes/to thende that his enemyes sholde not escape/ whanne the

Empereur was entryd in to the Vale of Seſſoyne/ he myght
ſee where kynge Arthur was enbataillyd and his baner dyſ-
playd/and he was hyſette round about with his enemyes/
that nedes he muſt fyghte or yelde hym/for he myght not flee/
¶But sayd openly vnto the Romayns;ſyrs I admoneſte you
that this day ye fyghte and acquyte yold as men/and remem
ber how Rome domyneth and is chyef and hede ouer alle the
erthe and vnyuerſal world/ and ſuffre not theſe Brewns thys
day to abyde agaynſte vs/ ¶ ther with he dyd commaunde hys
trōpetes to blowe the bloody ſoune in ſuche wyſe that the gro-
und trembled and dyndled/ Thenne the batails approuched
and shoue and ſholved on bothe ſydes and grete ſtrokes were
ſmyten on bothe ſydes/ many men ouerthrowen/hurte/ ¶ ſlayn
and grete Valyaunce/prouveſſes and appertyce of were we-
re that day ſhewed/ which were ouer long to recounte the no-
ble feates of euery man/ For they ſholde conteyne an hole vo-
lume/ ¶But in eſpecyal kynge Arthur wode in the bataille ey-
hortynge his knyghtes to doo wel/ and hym ſelf dyd as no-
bly with his handes as was poſſyble a man to doo/ he drewe
oute Eycalibur his ſwerd/and alwayed euer where as the ro-
mayns were thyckeſt and mooſt greued his peple/and anone
he adreſſyd hym on that parte and hewe and ſlewe doune ryght
and reſcued his peple/and he ſlewe a grete gyaunt named ga-
lapas/which was a man of an huge quantyte and heyghte
he ſhorted hym and ſmote of bothe his legges by the knees/ ſa
yenge Nold arte thold better of a ſyde to dele with/ than thou
were/and after ſmote of his hede/ there ſyre galhayn foughte
nobly and ſlewe thre admyrales in that bataill/ And ſo dyd
alle the knyghtes of the round table/ Thus the bataill bitwe-
ne kynge Arthur and Lucius themperour endured longe/ Lu
cius hewe on his ſyde many ſaraſyns/which were ſlayn/and
thus the bataille was grete/ and oftſydes that one party was
at a forde le and anone at an afterdele/ which endured ſo longe
tyl at the laſt kyng Arthur eſpyed/ where Lucius themperour
fought/and dyd wonder with his owne handes/ And anon he
rode to hym/And eyther ſmote other fyerſly/ and atte laſt Lu
cyus ſmote Arthur thwart the viſage/ and gaf hym a large
wound/ And whanne kyng Arthur felte hym ſelf hurte/anon

he ſmote hym ageyne with Excalibur that it cleft his hede fro the ſomette of his hede / and ſteynted not tyl it cam to his breſte And thenne themperour fylle doune dede/and there endid his lyf/And whan it was knowen that themperour was ſlayne anone alle the Romayns with all their hooſt put them to flyght/and kynge Arthur with alle his knyghtes folowed the chaas/and ſlewe doune ryght alle them that they myghte atteyne / And thus was the victory gyuen to kynge Arthur & the tryumphe / and there were ſlayne on the party of Lucius moo than an hondred thouſandy/And after kyng Arthur dyd doo ranſake the dede bodyes/and dyd doo burye them that were ſlayne of his retenue euery man acordynge to theſtate & degree that he was of/And them that were hurte he lete the ſurgyens doo ſerche their hurtes and woundes / and commaundid to ſpare no salues ne medecynes tyl they were hole/

Thenne the kyng wold ſtraycte to the place where themperour lucius lay dede / and with hym he fonde ſlayne the Soldan of Surrey / the kynge of Egypte and of Ethyope / whiche were two noble kynges with xxti other kynges of dyuerſe regyons/and alſo ſyxty ſenatours of Rome al noble men/ whome the kynge dyd do balme and gomme with many good gommes aromatyk/and after dyd do cure them in ſyxty folde of cruel clothe of Sendale/and leyd them in cheſtys of leed/by cauſe they ſhold not chauffe ne ſauoure / and vpon alle theſe bodyes their ſheldes with theire armes and baners were ſette/to thende they ſholde be knowen of what countrey they were/and after he ſonde thre Senatours whiche were on lyue to whome he ſayd/for to ſaue your lyues I wylle that ye take theſe dede bodyes/and carye them with yold vnto grete Rome / and preſente them to the poteſtate on my behalue ſheldynge hym my letters/and telle them that I in my perſone ſhal haſtely be atte Rome/And I ſuppoſe the Romayns ſhalle bidware hold they ſhal demaunde ony tribute of me/And I commaunde yold to ſaye whan ye ſhal come to Rome to the poteſtate and alle the counceylle and Senate/ that I ſende to them theſe dede bodyes for the tribute that they haue demaunded/And yf they be not content with theſe/I ſhal paye more at my comynge/for other tribute olde I none/ne none other wylle I paye / And me

thynketh this ſuffyſeth for Bretayne/ Irlond and al Almayne with germanye/ And ferthermore I charge yow to ſaye to them/ that I commaunde them vpon payne of theyr hedes neuer to demaunde trybute ne taxe of me ne of my londes
Thenne with this charge and commaundement the thre Senatours afore ſayd departed with alle the ſayd dede bodyes leynge the body of Lucius in a carre couerd with tharmes of the Empyre al alone/ And after alwey two bodyes of kynges in a charyot/ and thenne the bodyes of the Senatours after them and ſoo went toward Rome/ and ſhewed theyr legacyon & meſſage to the poteſtate and Senate/ recountyng the bataylle done in Fraunce/ and how the feld was loſt and moche people & innumerable ſlayne/ wherfore they aduyſed them in no wyſe to meue no more warre ageynſte that noble conqueroure Arthur/ For his myght and prowdeſſe is moſt to be doubted ſeen the noble kynges and grete multytude of knyghtes of the round table/ to whome none erthely prynce may compare/

Capitulo nono

Now torne we vnto kynge Arthur and his noble knyghtes whiche after the grete bataylle achieued ageynſte the Romayns/ entryd in to Loraine Brabayn and Flaundres and ſythen retorned in to hault Almayn/ and ſo ouer the mõtayns in to lombardye/ and after in to Tuſkane/ wherin was a Cyte/ whiche in no wyſe wold yelde them ſelf ne obeye/ wherfore kynge Arthur beſeged it/ and lay longe aboute hit/ and gaf many aſſaultes to the Cyte / And they within deffended them valyauntly/ Thenne on a tyme the kynge called ſyr Howayn a knyght/ and ſayd to hym they lacked bytaylle / and not ferre from hens lay grete foreſtes and woodes / wherin lay many of myn enemyes with moche beſtyayl/ I wyl that thou make the redy and goo thyder in fourreyng/ and take with the ſyr Galhayn my neueu/ Syre wyſſhard / ſyre Clegys/ Syre Clermondy and the Captayn of Cardef with other/ & bryng with yow alle the beſtes that ye there can gete / And anone theſe knyghtes made them redy/ and rode ouer holtys & hylles thurgh foreſtes and woodes/ tyl they cam in to a fayr medow

ful of fayre flowres and dry grasse/And there they rested them & theyr horses alle that nyghte/ And in the springynge of the day in the next morne / syre Galvayn took his hors and stale alway from his felaushyp to seke some aduentures/And anon he was ware of a man armed walkynge his hors easyly by a wodes syde/and his sheldy laidy to his sholdre syttynge on a stronge courser without ony man sauyng a page berynge a myghty spere. The knyght bare in his sheldy thre gryffons of goldy in sable charbuncle the chyef of syluer/Whan syre Gawayn aspyedy this gay knyght/he fewtrydy his spere and rode strayt to hym/andy demaūdedy of hym from whens that he was that other answerdy andy saydy he was of Tusaane/ andy demandedy of syre galvayn / what profryst thold proude knyghte the so boldly/here getest thou no praye/thou mayst proue whā thou wylt/for thou shalt be my prysoner or thou departe/

¶Thenne saydy galvayn/thou auaunterst the gretely and spekest proude wordes/I coūcylle the for alle thy boost that thou make the redy/and take thy gere to the / to fore gretter grame falle to the

¶Capitulum y

Thenne they took theyr speres and ranne eche al other with alle the myghte they hady / and smote eche other thurgh their sheldes in to theyr sholders/ wherfore anone they pulledy oute their swerdes/and smote grete strokes that the fyre sprange oute of their helmes/Thenne syre galvayne was al abasshedy and with galatyn his goody swerd he smote thurgh shelde andy thycke hauberke made of thyck maylles andy al to russhedy and brake the precious stones/and made hym a large wounde/that men myghte see bothe lyuer and long/Thenne grenedy that knyght/andy adressydy hym to syre Galvayn/ & with an aldre stroke gaf hym a grete woundy andy kyte a layne/ whiche greuedy galvayn sore/andy he bledde sore/ ¶Thenne the knyghte saydy to syre Galvayn/ bynde thy wounde or thy blee chaunge/for thou bybledest al thy hors and thy fayre armes / For alle the Barbours of Bretayne shal not conne staunche thy bloody/For who someuer is hurte with this blade he shalle

neuer be ſtaunchyd of bledynge/ Thenne anſuerd galwayn hit
greueth me but lytyl / thy grete wordes ſhalle not feare me ne
laſſe my courage/but thold ſhalt ſuffre tene and ſorowe or we
departe/but telle me in haſte who maye ſtaunche my bledynge/
That may I doo ſayd the knyght yf I wylle/ And ſo wylt
I yf thou wylt ſecoure and ayde me that I maye be cryſtned
and byleue on godꝛ / And therof I requyre the of thy man-
hode/and it ſhalle be grete merytꝛ for thy ſoule/ I graunte ſa-
id Galwayne ſo godꝛ helpe me tacomplyſſhe alle thy deſyre/
But fyrſt telle me what thou ſoughteſt here thus alone/andꝛ
of what londe and lygeaunce thou artꝛ of/ Syre he ſayd my na
me is Cyrpamus/andꝛ a grete prynce is my fadꝛ/andꝛ he hath
ben rebelle vnto Rome andꝛ ouer rydeꝛ many of theyꝛ londes/
My fadꝛ is lyneally deſcendyd of Alyſaunder andꝛ of hectoꝛ
by ryght lygne / And duke Joſue andꝛ Machabeus were of
oure lygnage/I am ryght enheritoure of Alyſaunder and au
ffryke andꝛ alle the oute yles/ yet wyl I byleue on thy lordꝛ
that thold byleueſt on/ Andꝛ foꝛ thy laboure I ſhalle yeue the
treſour ynough/ I was ſoo elate and hautayn in my hert that
I thought no man my pere ne to me ſemblable / I was ſente
in to this werre with ſeuen ſcore knyghtes/ andꝛ nold I haue
encountred with the whiche hath gyuen to me of fyghtyng my
fylle/ wherfore fyr knyghte I pray the to telle me what thold
artꝛ/I am no knyght ſayd galwayn/I haue ben brought vp
in the garderobe with the noble kynge Arthur many yeres foꝛ
to take hedꝛ to his armour andꝛ his other araye/andꝛ to poyn-
te his paltockes that longeth to hym ſelf/ At yole laſt he made
me yoman andꝛ gaf to me hoꝛs andꝛ harneys andꝛ an hondꝛed
pound in money/Andꝛ yf fortune be my fremdꝛ/I doubte not/
but to be wel auaunced andꝛ holpen by my lyege lady/A ſa-
yd Cyrpamus/yf his knauys be ſo kene andꝛ fyers/his knyg-
tes ben paſſynge good/Nold foꝛ the kynges loue of heuen wh
ther thou be a knaue oꝛ a knyghte telle thou me thy name/
By godꝛ ſayd ſyre Galwayn/ Nold wyl I ſaye the ſothe/my
name is ſyre galwayn and knolbey I am in his courte and in
his chambre/andꝛ one of the knyghtes of the roundꝛ table/ he
dubbedꝛ me a duke with his owne handꝛ/Therfoꝛe grutche not
yf this grace is to me fortunedꝛ / hit is the goodneſſe of godꝛ

that lente to me my strengthe/Nowe am I better pleasyd sayd
Pryamus than thou haddest gyuen to me al the prouynce and
parys the ryche/I had leuer to haue ben torn with wylde hor-
ses/than ony harlet had wonne suche los/or ony page or pry-
ster shold haue had prys on me/But nowe syr knyghte I
warne the/that here by is a duke of Lorayne with his armye
and the noblest men of Dolphyne and lordes of lombardye/
with the garneson of godard/and sarasyns of Southland y
nombred ly M of goode men of armes/wherfore but yf we
hye vs hens/it wylle harme vs bothe/for we ben sore hurte/ne-
uer lyke to recouer/but take hede to my page that he no horne
blowe/For yf he doo ther ben houynge here fast by an C knyg-
hts awaytynge on my persone/and yf they take the/ther shall
no raunson of golde ne syluer acquyte the/Thenne syr galha-
ne rode ouer a water for to saue hym/And the knyghte folo-
wed hym/and soo rode forthe tyl they came to his felawes/
whiche were in the medowe/where they had ben al the nyghte
Anone as syr wychard was ware of syr galhayn and salde
that he was hurte/he ranne to hym sorowfully weppynge/and
demaunded of hym who had soo hurte hym/and galhayn tolde
hold he had foughten with that man/and eche of them hadde
hurte other/and hold he had salues to hele them/but I can tel
le yold other tydynges/that soone we shal haue ado with ma
ny enemyes/Thenne syr pryamus and syr galhayn alyghi-
ted/and lete theire horses graze in the medowe and vnarmed
them/And thenne the blood ranne fresshly fro theyr woun-
des/And pryamus toke fro his page a vyolle ful of the four
waters that came oute of paradys/and with certayne traume
enoynted theyr wounde/and wesshe them with that water/e
within an houre after/they were both as hole as euer they we
re/And thenne with a trompet were they alle assembled to co-
uncyle/And there pryamus told vnto them/what lordes and
knyghtes had sworne to rescolde hym/and that without faille
they shold be assailled with many thousandes/wherfor he couns
eilled them to withdrawe them/Thenne syr galhayn sayd it
were grete shame to them to auoyde without ony strokes/
Wherfore I aduyse to take oure armes and to make vs redy
to mete with these sarasyns and myscheuyng men/and with

the helpe of god we ſhal ouerthrowe them and haue a fayre day on them / And ſyre Florens ſhall abyde ſtyll in thys felde to kepe the ſtale as a noble knyghte / and we ſhal not forſake yonder felawes / Nowe ſayd Cryamus ceaſſe your wordes / for I warne yow ye ſhal fynde in yonder woodes many perylous knyghtes / they wylle put forthe breſtes to calle yow on / they be out of nombre / and ye are not paſt vij C whiche ben ouer feble to fyght with ſoo many / Neuertheles ſayd ſyre galbayn we ſhal ones encountre them / and ſee what they can do and the beſte ſhalle haue the victory

¶ Capitulo xj

¶ Thenne ſyre Florence calkyd to hym ſyre florydas with an hondred knyghtes and droofe forth the herde of beſtes / Thenne folowed hym vij hondred men of armes / and ſyre Feraunt of ſpayne on a fayr ſtede came ſpryngynge oute of the woodes / and came to ſyre Florence and ayyd hym why he fledde / Thenne ſyre Florence took his ſpere / and rode ageynſte hym / and ſmote hym in the forhede and brake his necke bone / Thenne all thother were meued / and thought to auenge the dethe of ſyre Feraunt / and ſmote in emonge them ; and there was grete fyghte and many ſlayne and leyd doune to grounde / and ſyre Florence with his C knyghtes allwey kepte the ſtale and foughte manly / ¶ Thenne whan Cryamus the good knyght perceyued the grete fyght / he went to ſyre Galwayn / and badde hym that he ſholde goo and ſocoure his felauſhip / whiche were ſore beſtad with their enemyes / Syr grete yow not ſayd ſyre Galbayn / For theyr gree ſhall be theirs I ſhall not ones meue my hors to them ward / but yf I ſee mo than ther ben / For they ben ſtronge ynough to matche them / & with that he ſalwe an erle called ſyre Ethelwold and the duk of duchemen cam lepyng out of a wood with many thouſandes & pryamus knyztes / & cam ſtraytr by to the bataylle / thēne ſir galbayn comforted his knyghtes / and badd them not to be aſtaſſied / for al ſhalbe ours / thēne they began to walkope & mette with their enemyes / ther were mē ſlayn & ouerthrowen on euery

syde/Thenne threstyd in amonge them the knyghtes of the table round/ and smote doune to the erthe alle them that withstode them/in soo mocke that they made them to reuyelle & flee/ Wy god sayd syr Galvayn this gladeth my herte / for nold they lasse in nombre by yy M/Thenne entryd in to the battaylle Jubaunce a geaunt/and fought and sleive doune ryght and distressyd many of our knyghtes/ emonge whome was slayne syr Gherard a knyght of walys/Thenne our knyghtes tokē herte to them/and sleive many sarasyns/And thenne came in syr Priamus with his penon/and rode with the knyghtes of the round table/ and fought so manfully that many of their enemyes lost theyr lyues/ And ther syr Priamus sleive the Marquys of Moyses land/ and syr gawayn with his felawes so quytte hem that they had the feld/ but in that stoure was syr Chestelayne a chyld and ward of syr Gawayne slayne/wherfore was mocke sorow made/ and his deth wes soone auenged/ Thus was the bataylle ended and many lordes of lombardye and sarasyns left dede in the feld/

¶Thenne syr florence and syr Galvayne herketolved surely theyr peple/and token grete plente of festyal of gold & syluer and grete tresour and ryches and retorned vnto kyng Arthur which lay syk at the syege/And whanne they came to the kynge/they presented theyr prysoners and recounted theyre aduentures/and how they had vaynquyssed theyre enemyes

¶Capitulum xvij

Nold thanked he god sayd the noble kynge Arthur / But what maner man is he that standeth by hym self hym semed no prysoner/ Syre sayd Galvayne this is a good man of armes/he hath matched me/but he is yolden vnto god and to me for to bycome Crysten. had not he haue he vde sholde neuer haue retorned/wherfore I pray yold that he may be baptysed/for ther lyueth not a nobler man ne better knyght of his handes/thenne the kyng lete hym anon be crysned/ and dyd doo calle hym his fyrste name Priamus/and made hym a duke and knyghte of the table round ¶And thenne anon the kynge lete do crye assaulte to the cyte /and there was renynge of ladders bretyng of walys and the dyche fylled /

that men with lytel payne myght entre in to the cyte/thēne cam out a ducheſſe/& Claryſyn the countreſſe with many ladyes & damoyſels/and knelyng biſore kynge Arthur requyred hym for the loue of god to reſeyue the cyte/& not to take it by aſſaulte for thenne ſhold many gyltles be ſlayne/thēne the kyng aualyd his byſer with a meke & noble cōtenaūce/ & ſaid madame ther ſhal none of my ſubgettys myſdoo you ne your maydens/ne to none that to yold longen/but the duke ſhal abyde my Jugement/thenne anone the kyng commaunded to leue the aſſault/& anon the dukes oldeſt ſone brought out the keyes/& knelyng delyuerd them to the kyng/& byſouzt hym of grace/& the kyng ſeaſed the town by aſſent of his lordes/& toke the duc & ſent hym to douer there for to abyde pryſoner terme of his lyf & aſſigned certayn rentes for the dolder of the ducheſſe & for her childrem/Thenne he made lordes to rule tho londes & landes as a lord ought to do in his owne countrey/& after he took his iourney tolward Rome/& ſent ſir Florys & ſyr florydas to fore with V C men of armes/& they cam to the cyte of Vrbyne & leid there a buſſhement there as them ſemed moſt beſt for them/& to de to fore the toune/where anon yſſued out mocht peple & ſaz muſſhed with the fore rydars/thēne brake out the buſſhement & wan the brydge & after the town/& ſet vpon the walkis the kynges baner/thēne cam the kynge vpon an hille & ſalue the Cyte & his baner on the walkys/ by which he knewe that the Cyte was wonne/& anone he ſente & commaunded that none of his lyege men ſhold deſoule ne lygge by no lady/wyf/ne maide/& whan he cam in to the cyte/he paſſid to the caſtel/and comforted them that were in ſorou/& ordeyned ther a captayn a knyzt of his owen cōtrey/& whan they of Melane herd that thylk cyte was wōne/they ſent to kyng Arthur grete ſōmes of money/& beſouzt hym as their lord to haue pyte of them/promyſyng to be his ſubgettys for euer/& yelde to hym homage & fealte for the lādes of pleſaūce & pauye/ peterſaynt & the port of tremble/ & to gyue hym yerly a meloyn of gold al his lyf tyme/thēne he rydeth in to Tuſkane & wynneth townes & caſtels & waſted al in his way that to hym wil not obeye/& ſo to ſpolute & Viterbe & fro thens he rode in to the kale of Vyterboūte emong the hynes And fro thens he ſente to the ſenatours to wete/ whether they

wold knolde hym for theyr lord/ But soone after on a sater day came vnto kynge Arthur alle the senatours that were left on lyue/and the noblest Cardynals that thenne dwelkyd in Rome/ And prayd hym of pees/and profered hym ful large And byfought hym as gouernour to gyue lyaunce for vij wekes for to assemble alle the Romayns/ And thenne to crowne hym Emperour With crowne as it bylongeth to so hyghe astate/ I assente sayd the kynge lyke as ye haue requyred/and at crystemas there to be crowned/and to holde my round table With my knyghtes as me lyketh/ And thenne the senatours maade redy for his Intronysacyon/ And at the day appoynted as the Romaunce telleth he came in to Rome/ and was crowned emperour by the popes handy With alle the ryalte that coude be made/ And sudgerned there a tyme/and estably ssh ed alle his londes from Rome in to Fraunce/and gaf londes and royammes vnto his seruauntes and knyghtes to euerych after his desert in suche wyse that none complayned rych ne pour/ & he gaf to syre Bryamus the duchye of Lorayne/ and he thanked hym and sayd he wold serue hym the dayes of his lyf/ and after made dukes and erles/and made euery man ryche/ Thenne after this alle his knyghtes and lordes assembled them afore hym/and sayd blessyd be god your warre is fynyssh ed and your conqueste achieued/ in soo moche that we knolde none soo grete ne myghty that dar make warre ageynst vold / wherfore we beseche you to retorne homeward/ and gyue vs lyaunce to goo home to our wyues/ for whome we haue ben longe / and to reste vs/ for your Journey is fynyssh ed With honour & worshyp/ Thenne sayd the kyng/ ye saye trouthe/and for to tempte god it is no wysedome/ And therfore make you redy and retorne we in to Englond/ Thenne there was trussyng of harneis and bagage and grete caryage/ And after lyaunce gyuen he retorned and commaunded that noo man in payne of dethe shold not robbe ne take bytayle/ ne other thynge by the way but that he shold paye therfore/ And thus he came ouer the see and londed at sandwyche/ ageynste whome Quene Gweneuer his wyf came and mette hym/and he was nobly receyued of alle his comyns in euery cyte and burgh / and grete yeftes presented to hym at his home comyng to welcome hym With /

¶ Thus endeth the fyfthe booke of the conqueste that kynge Arthur hadde ageynste Lucius the Emperoure of Rome/ and here foloweth the fyxth book whiche is of syr Launcelot du lake

¶ Capitulum primum

Soone after that kyng Arthur was come/ fro rome in to Englonde/ thenne alle the knyghtes of the table rounde resorted vnto the kyng/ & made many Justes & turnementes/ & some there were that were but knyghtes whiche encreaced so in armes and worshyp that they passed alle their felawes in prowesse and noble dedes/ and that was wel preued on many/ But in especyal it was preued on syr launcelot du lake/ for in al turnementys and Justes and dedes of armes both for lyf and deth he passed al other knyghtes/ and at no tyme he was neuer ouercome/ but yf it were by treson or enchauntement/ so syr Launcelot encreaced soo merueylously in worshyp/ and in honour/ therfor is he the fyrst knyght that the fyrsshe booke maketh mencyon of after kynge Arthur came fro rome/ wherfore quene gwenneuer had hym in grete fauour aboue al other knyghtes· and in certayne he loued the quene ageyne aboue al other ladyes damoyselx of his lyf/ And for her he dyd many dedes of armes and saued her from the fyer thorou his noble chyualry/ Thus syr launcelot rested hym longe with play & game/ And thenne he thought hym self to preue hym self in straunge auentures/ thenne he badde his neuelbe syre Lyonel for to make hym redy/ for we two wylle seke aduentures/ So they mounted on their horses armed at al ryghtes/ and rode in to a depe forest & soo in to a depe playne/ ¶ And thenne the weder was hote about noone/ and syr launcelot had grete lust to slepe/ Thenne syr Lyonel aspyed a grete Appyl tree that stode by an hedge/ & said broder yonder is a fayre shadowe/ there maye we reste vs on oure horses/ hit is wel saide faire broder said syr launcelot/ for this nyght I was not so slepy as I am nowe/ and so they there alyghted & tayed their horses vnto sondry trees/ and so syr launcelot layd hym doune vnder an appyl tree/ and his helme he layd vnder his hede/ And Syre

lyonel wakede whyle he slepte / Soo syr launcelot was a slepe passynge fast / And in the mene whyle there came thre knyghtes rydynge as faste fleynge as euer they myghte ryde And there fokolwed hem thre but one knyghte / And whanne syr lyonel salwe hym / hym thought he salwe neuer soo grete a knyghte nor soo wel farynge a man neyther soo wel apparayled vnto al ryghtes / Soo within a whyle this strong knyzt had ouertaken one of these knyghtes / and there he smote hym to the colde erth that he lay styll / And than he rode vnto the seconde knyght / and smote hym soo that man and hors felle doune / And thenne streyghte to the thyrde knyghte he rode and smote hym behynde his hors ars a spere length / And thenne he alyghte doune and arayned his hors on the brydel & bonde alle the thre knyghtes fast with the raynes of their owne bridels / Whan syr lyonel salwe hym doo thus / he thought to assay hym / & made hym redy & stylly / and pryuely he took his hors & thoughte not for to awhake syr launcelot / And whan he was mounted vpon his hors / he ouertoke this strong knyght / & bad hym torne / and the other smote syr lyonel so hardy that hors & man he bare to the erthe / & so he alyght doun & bound hym fast and threlde hym ouerthwart his owne hors / and soo he serued hem al foure / & rode with hem alwey to his owne castel / And whan he came there he garte vnarme them & bete hem with thornys al naked / & after put hem in a depe prysoy where were many mo knyghtes that made grete dolour

Capitulum secundum /

WHan syr Ector de marys wyst that syr launcelot was past out of the court to seke aduentures he was wroth with hym self / & made hym redy to seke syr launcelot / & as he had ryden long in a grete foreste he mette with a man was lyke a foster / Fayre felaw said syre Ector knowest thou in thys countrey ony aduentures that ben here nygh hand / Syr sayd the foster / this countrey knowe I wel. and here by within thys myle / is a stronge manoir and wel dyked / & by that manoir on the lyfte hande there is a faire fourde for horses to drynke of / and ouer that fourde there groweth a fayr tree / and theron hangen many fayre sheldes that welded somtyme good knyghtes / & atte hoole of the tree hangeth a lucyn of coper & latwey /

and ſtryke vpon that kyng with the but of thy ſpere thryes/ And ſoone after thou ſhalt here nelve tydynges/ And elles haſt thou the fayreſt grace that many a yerle hath euer knyght that paſſed thorou this foreſt/gramercy sayd ſyre Ector/and departed/and came to the tree and ſalve many fayre ſheldes/ And amonge them he ſalve his broders ſheld ſyr Lyonel and many moo that he knelve that were his felavves of the vvunde table/the vvhiche greved his herte / and promyſed to vvenge his broder/Thenne anone ſyr Ector lete on the kyng as he vvere vvood/and vvhenne he gaf his hors drynke at the fourde/ & ther came a knyght behynd hym/and bad hym come oute of the vvater and make hym redy/ and ſyre Ector anone torned hym ſhortly and in felvver caſt his ſpere and ſmote the other knyght a grete buffet that his hors torned tvvyes about/ This vvas vvel done ſaid the ſtrong knyght/& knyghtly thou haſt ſtryken me/ And thervvith he ruſſhed his hors on ſyre Ector/ and cleyght hym vnder his ryght arme & bare hym clene out of the ſadel/ and rode vvith hym albey in to his owne halle/& threlve hym doune in mydes of the floore / the name of thys knyghte vvas ſyre Turquyne/ than he ſaid vnto ſyre Ector for thou haſt done this day more vnto me than ony knyghte dyd theſe vij yeres/Nold vville I graunte the thy lyf ſo thou vvilt be ſvvorn to be my pryſoner all thy lyf dayes/ Nay ſaid ſir Ector/that vvylle I neuer promyſe the/ but that I vvill do myne auauntage/That me repenteth ſayd ſyre Turquyne/ and thenne he garte vnarme hym and bete hym vvith thornys all naked/and ſythen putte hym doune in a depe dungeon vvhere he knelve many of his felavves/But vvhan ſyre Ector ſalve ſyr Lyonel thenne made he grete ſorovve/ Alas broder ſayd ſyr Ector/vvhere is my broder ſyre Launcelot / Fayre broder I lefte hym on ſlepe vvhan that I from hym yode vnder an apel tree and vvhat is become of hym I can not telle yold/Alas ſaid the knyghtes/but ſyre launcelot helpe vs ve may neuer be delyuerd/ for ve knolve nold noo knyght that is able to matche oure mayſter Turquyn

Capitulum tercium

Now leue we these knyghtes prysoners and speke we of syr Launcelot du lake that lyeth vnder the Appyl Tree slepynge / euen aboute the noone there come by hym foure queues of grete estate / And for the hete sholde not nyghe hem there wode foure knyghtes aboute hem/and bare a clothe of grene sylke on foure spercys betwixe them and the sonne/ And the queues rode on foure whyte mules

¶ Thus as they rode they herde by them a grete hors grymlynge/thenne were they ware of a slepynge knyghte that laye alle armed vnder an appyl tree / anone as these queues loked on his face/they knewe it was syr launcelot/Thenne they bygan for to stryue for that knyghte / euerychone sayd they wold haue hym to her loue/ ¶ We shalle not stryue sayd Morgan le fay that was kynge Arthurs syster/I shalle putte an enchauntement vpon hym / that he shalle not awake in syxe owres/And thenne I wylle lede hym awey vnto my castel / And whanne he is surely within my holde / I shalle take the enchauntement from hym / And thenne lete hym chese whyche of vs he wylle haue vnto paramour / ¶ Soo thys enchauntement was caste vpon syr Launcelot / And thenne they leyd hym vpon his shelde / and bare hym soo an horsback betwixt two knyghtes/and brought hym vnto the castel chartyot/ and there they leyd hym in a chambyr colde / and att nyghte they sente vnto hym a fayre damoysel with his souper redy dyght Ony that the enchauntement was past / And whan she came she salewed hym/and asked hym what chere/ I can not saye fayre damoysel said syr Launcelot/for I wote not how I cam in to this castel/but it be by an enchauntement/ Syre sayd she ye must make good chere/ And yf ye be sicke a knyghte as it is sayd ye ben/I shalle telle you more to morne by tyme of the daye/ Gramercy fayre damoysel sayd syr Launcelot of youre good wyll I requyre you/ And soo she departed/ And there he laye alle that nyght without comforte of ony body

¶ And on the morne erly came these foure queues passyngly wel besene / Alle they bydding hym good morne/ and he them ageyne / ¶ Syre knyghte the foure queues sayd thou must vnderstande thou arte our prysoner/and we here knowe the wel that thou arte syr Launcelot du laake/kynge Bans

sone/And by cause we vnderstande your worthynes that thou arte the noblest knyght lyuyng/ And as we knowe wel ther can no lady haue thy loue but one/ and that is quene Gwenewer/ and nowe thou shalt lose her for euer and she the/ and therfore the behoueth nowe to chese one of vs four/ I am the quene Morgan le fay quene of the lande of Gore/ and here is the quene of Northgalys and the quene of Estlande/ and the quene of the oute yles/ ¶ Nowe chese one of vs whiche thou wylt haue to thy paramour/ for thou mayst not chese or eles in thys pryson to dye/ This is an hard caas sayd syre Launcelot that eyther I muste dye or els chese one of yow/ yet hadde I leuer to dye in this pryson with worshipe than to haue one of you to my paramour maugre my hede/ And therfore ye be answerde I wylle none of yow for ye be fals enchauntresses/ And as for my lady dame Gwenener/ where I at my lyberte as I was/ I wolde preue hit on you or on yours that she is the trueste lady and her body lyuyng/ Wel sayde the quenes/ is this your answer that ye wylle refuse vs/ ye on my lyf sayde syr Launcelot/ refusede ye ben of me/ Soo they departede and lefte hym there alone that made grete sorowe

¶ Capitulum quartum

RYght so at the noone came the damoysel vnto hym with his dyner/ and asked hym what chere/ truly fayre damoysel sayde syre Launcelot in my lyf dayes neuer so ylle/ sir she sayd that me repentest/ but and ye wylle be rulyde by me/ I shal helpe you out of this distresse/ and ye shal haue no shame nor vylany soo that ye holde me a promyse/ fayre damoysel I wil graunte yow/ and sore I am of these quenes sorceresses aferde/ for they haue destroyed many a good knyght/ syre sayd she that is sothe and for the renome and bounte that they here of you/ they wolde haue your loue/ and sir they sayne/ your name is syre Launcelot du lacke the floure of knyghtes/ & they be passynge wrothe with yow that ye haue refused hem/ But syre and ye wolde promyse me to helpe my fader on tomorowe nexte comynge/ that hath made a turnement betwixe hym and

the kynge of Northgalys/ for the last tuesdaye past my fader lost the felde thorugh thre knyghtes of Arthurs courte / And ye wyll be there on tuesday next comyng/ and helpe my fader to morne or pryme by the grace of god I shalle delyuer yold clene/ Fayre mayden sayd syr launcelot telle me What is your faders name/ and thenne shal I gyue you an answer / Syre knyghte she sayd/ my fader is kyng Bagdemagus that was foule rebuked at the last turnement/ I knowe your fader wel said syre launcelot for a noble kyng and a good knyghte/ And by the feythe of my body ye shalle haue my body redy to doo your fader and you seruyse at that day/ Syre she sayd gramercy/ and to morne alwayte ye be redy by tymes and I shal be she that shal delyuer you/ and take you your armoure and your hors shelde and spere/ And here by within this y myle is an Abbey of whyte monkes/ there I praye you that ye me abyde/ and thyder shal I bringe my fader vnto you / alle thys shal be done saide syre Launcelot as I am true knyghte / and soo she departed and came on the morne erly/ and found hym redy/ thenne she brought hym oute of twelue lockes & brought hym vnto his armour/ & whan he was clene armed/ she brought hym vntyl his owne hors / and lyghtely he sadeled hym and toke a grete spere in his hand/ and soo rode forth/ and sayd fayre damoysel I shal not faile you by the grace of god / And soo he rode in to a grete forest all that day/ and neuer coude fynde no hyghe waye/ and soo the nyght felle on hym/ and thenne was he ware in a slade of a pauelione of red sendel/ Wy my feythe sayd syre launcelot in that pauelione wil I bodge alle this nyghte/ and soo there he alyghte doune and tayed his hors to the pauelione / and there he vnarmed hym / and there he fond a bedde/ and layd hym theryn/ and felle on slepe sadly

Capitulum v

Thenne within an houre there came the knyghte to whome the pauelione ought/ And he wende that his lemã had layne in that bedde/ and soo he laid hym doune beside syr Launcelot/ and toke hym in his armes and beganne to kysse

hym/ And whanne syr launcelot felte a rough herd kyssyng hym/ he starte oute of the bedde lyghtly/ and the other knyzt after hym/ and eyther of hem gate their swerdes in theire handes/ and oute at the pauelione dore wente the knyghte of the pauelione/ and syr launcelot folowed hym/ and ther by a lytel slake syr launcelot wounded hym sore nyghe vnto the deth And thenne he yelded hym vnto syr launcelot/ and so he graūted hym so that he wold telle hym why he came in to the bedde Syr sayd the knyght the pauelione is myn owne/ and there thys nyght I had assygned my lady to knue slepte with me And nold I am lykely to dye of this wounde/ that me repenteth sayd launcelot of youre hurte/ but I was adrad of treson/ for I was late begyled/ and therfore come on your way in to your pauelione and take your rest/ And as I suppose I shalle staunche youre blood/ and soo they wente bothe in to the pauelione/ And anone syr launcelot stauncked his blood/ There with al came the knyghtes lady / that was a passynge fayre lady / And whanne she aspyed that her lord Bellcaus was sore Wounded she cryed oute on syr launcelot/ and made grete dole oute of mesure/ Ches my lady and my loue said Bellcaus/ for this knyght is a goood man and a knyght aduenturous/ and there he told her all the cause how he was wounded/ And whan that I yolde me vnto hym/ he lefte me goodely and hath stauncked my blood / Syre sayd the lady I requyre the telle me what knyght ye be/ and what is youre name/ Fayr lady he sayd/ my name is syr launcelot du lake/ soo me thought euer by your speche sayd the lady/ for I haue sene yold ofte or this / and I knolde you better than ye wene/ ¶ But nold and ye wold promyse me of your curtosy for the harmes that ye knue done to me and to my lord Bellcaus that whanne he cometh vnto Arthurs courte for to cause hym to be made knyghte of the rounde table/ for he is a passyng good man of armes and a myghty lord of landes of many oute ylles / ¶ Fayre lady said syr launcelot lete hym come vnto the courte the next hyghe feest/ and lete that ye come with hym/ and I shal doo my power/ and ye preue you doughty of your handes that ye shalle knue your desyre ¶ So thus within a whyle as they thus talkedy the nyghte passed/ and the daye shone/ and

thenne ſyr launcelot armed hym/and took his hors/and they raught hym to the Abbaye and thyder he rode within the ſpace of two owrys

¶ Capitulum ſextum /

And ſoone as ſyr launcelott came within the Abbeye yarde/ the doughter of kynge Bagdemagus herd a grete hors goo on the pauyment/And ſhe thenne arose and yede vnto a wyndowe/and there ſhe ſalve ſyr launcelot/and anone ſhe made men faſt to take his hors from hym / & lete lede hym in to a ſtabyl/and hym ſelf was ledde in to a fayre chamber/ and vnarmed hym/ and the lady ſente hym a longe goune/& anone ſhe came her ſelf/ And thēne ſhe made launcelot paſſyng good chere/and ſhe sayd he was the knyzt in the world was moſt welcome to her/Thenne in al haſte ſhe ſente for her fader Bagdemagus that was within vij myle of that Abbay, and afore euen he came with a fayre felauſhip of knyghtes with hym/ And whanne the kynge was alyghte of his hors he yode ſtreyte vnto ſyr launcelots chamber/ and there he fond hys doughter/and thenne the kyng enbraced ſyr Launcelot in hys armes and eyther made other good chere/ Anone ſyr launcelot made his complaynt vnto the kynge how he was betrayed And how his broder ſyre lyonel was departed from hym / he nyſt not where/and how his doughter lady delyuerd hym out of preſon/therfor whyle I lyue I ſhal doo her ſeruyſe and al her kynred/ Thenne am I ſure of youre helpe sayd the kynge on tewesday next comynge/ye ſyr sayd ſyr launcelot/I ſhalle not faylle yow / for ſoo I haue promyſed my lady your doughter/ But ſyre what knyghtes be they of my lord Arthures that were with the kynge of Northgalys/ and the kyng sayd it was ſyre madore de laporte /and ſyr Mordred and ſyr gahalaptyne that al fur fared my knyghtes/for ageynſt hem thre I nor my knyghtes myghte bere no ſtrengthe/Syre sayde ſyre launcelot as I here say that the turnement ſhal be here within this thre myle of this abbay/ ye ſhal ſende vnto me thre knyghtes of yours ſuche as ye truſt and loke that the thre knyghtes haue al whyte ſheldes & I alſo & no paynture on the ſheldes /& and we four wil come out of a lyttel wood in mydes of both

partyes/and we ſhalle fake in the frounte of oure enemyes & greue hem that we may/ And thus ſhal I not be knowen what knyght I am/Soo they took their reſt that nyght / and thys was on the ſonday/and ſoo the kyng departed/and ſente vnto ſyr launcelot thre knyghtes with the four whyte ſheldes
And on the tewesday they lodged hem in a lytyl leued wood beſyde there the turnement ſholde be/ And there were ſcaffoldis and holes that lordes and ladyes myghte beholde and to gyue the pryſe/ Thenne came in to the feldy the kyng of Northgalys with eyght ſcore helmes/ And thenne the thre knyghtes of Arthurs ſtode by them ſelf/ ¶ Thenne cam in to the feld kyng Bagdemagus with four ſcore of helmys/ And thenne they feltryd their ſperys/ and cam to gyders with a grete daſſhe/ & there were ſlayn of knyghtes at the firſt rencountre vij of kyng Bagdemagus parte/and ſyx of the kyng of Northgalys party/and kyng Bagdemagus party was ferre ſette a backe /

¶ Capitulum ſeptimum

With that came ſyr Launcelot du lake and he threſte in with his ſpere in the thyckeſt of the prees/and there he ſmote doune with one ſpere fyue knyghtes / and of foure of hem he brake their backes/ And in that throng he ſmote doune the kynge of Northgalys/and brake his thye in that falle /
Alle thys doyng of ſyr Launcelot ſalve the thre knyghtes of Arthurs/Yonder is a ſhrewde geſt ſayd ſyr Mador de la port therfore knue here ones at hym/ſoo they encountred/and ſyr Launcelot bare hym doune horſe and man / ſoo that his ſholder wente oute of lyth/ Now befalleth it to me to juſte ſayd Mordred/for ſyr Mador hath aſore falle/ Syre Launcelot was ware of hym/and gate a grete ſpere in his hand/and mette hym and ſyr Mordred brake a ſpere vpon hym / and ſyr launcelot gaf hym ſuche a buffet that the arſſon of his ſadel brake/ & ſoo he flelde ouer his horſe tayle that his helme butte in to the erthe a foote and more that nyghe his neck was broken/ & there he lay longe in a ſwoune/ ¶ Thenne came in ſyr Gahalantyne with a grete ſpere/ and Launcelot agenſt hym with al theyre ſtrength that they myght dryue that both her ſperes to braſt euen

to their handes/and thenne they flang out with their swerdes and gaf many a grym stroke/Thenne was syr launcelot wroth oute of mesure/and thēne he smote syr galahantyne on the helme that his nose braste oute on bloody and eeryes and mouthe bothe / and ther with his hede henge bolde / And therwith his hors ranne awey with hym/and he felle doune to the erthe / Anone there with al syr launcelot gate a grete spere in hys handy/ And or euer that grete spere brake/he kaste doune to the erthe xbij knyghtes some hors and man/ and some the man & not the hors/ & ther was none but that he hyt surely he kaste none armes that day/ And thenne he gate another grete spere & smote doune twelue knyghtes/and the moost party of hem neuer throse after/ And thēne the knyghtes of the kyng of northgalys wold Juste nomore/ And there the grace was gyuen to kynge Bagdemagus/ So eyther party departed vnto his owne place/ and syr launcelot rode forth with kynge Bagdemagus vnto his castel/and there he had passynge good chere both with the kyng and with his doughter/ and they profred hym grete yeftes/ And on the morne he took his leue/and told the kynge that he wold goo and seke his broder syr Lyonel that wente from hym whan that he slepte/so he toke his hors/ and betaught hem alle to god/ And there he sayd vnto the kynges doughter yf ye haue nede ony tyme of my seruyse I praye you lete me haue knouleche / and I shal not faylle you as I am true knyght/and so syr launcelot departed/and by aduenture he came in to the same forest/there he was take slepyng/ And in the myddes of an hyle way he mette a damoysel ryding on a whyte palfroy/ and there eyther salewed other/ Fayre damoysel said syr launcelot knowe ye in this countray ony aduentures/ syre knyghte sayd that damoysel / here are aduentures nere hand/and thou durst preue hem/why sholde I not preue aduentures said syr launcelot for that cause come I hyder/ Wel sayd she thou semest wel to be a good knyght/ And yf thou dare mete with a good knyght/ I shal bringe the where is the best knyght/and the myghtyest that euer thou fond/ so thou wylt telle me what is thy name/and what knyght thou arte/damoysel as for to telle the my name I take no grete force/ Truly my name is syr launcelot du lake/syre thou bysemyst

wel/here ben aduentures by that falleth for the/for here by du-
elleth a knyght that wylle not be ouermatched for no man I
knowe but ye ouermatche hym/ & his name is syr Turquyne
And as I vnderstande he hath in his prysen of Arthurs co-
urte goode knyghtes thre score and foure/that he hath wonne
with his owne handes/ But whan ye haue done that Journey
ye shal promyse me as ye are a true knyght for to go with me
and to holpe me/and other damoysels that are distressid day
by with a fals knyghte/ All your entente damoysel and dese-
re I wylle fulfylle/ soo ye wyl bringe me vnto this knyghte
Nowe sayre knyght come on your waye/and soo she broughte
hym vnto the fourde and the tre where hinge the hacyn/So sir
launcelot lete his hors drynke/and sythen he bete on the hacyn
with the butte of his spere so hard with al his myght tyl the bo-
dem felle oute/ and longe he dyd soo but he salve noo thynge
Thenne he rode endlong the gates of that manoyre nygh half
an houre/And thenne was he ware of a grete knyght that dro-
ve an hors afore hym / and ouerthwarte the hors there lay an
armed knyght bounden/ And euer as they came nere and ne-
re/syre launcelot thought he sholde knowe hym/Thenne sir laun-
celot was ware that hit was syre gaherys Gawayns broder a
knyghte of the table round/Nowe sayre damoysel sayd sir la-
uncelot / I see yonder cometh a knyght fast bounden that is a
felawe of myne/and broder he is vnto syr gawayne/And att
the fyrste begynnyng I promyse yowe by the leue of god to re-
skowe that knyght/ But yf his mayster sytte better in the sa-
del I shal delyuer alle the prysoners that he hath oute of daun
ger / for I am sure he hath two bretheren of myne prysoners
with hym/By that tyme that eyther had sene other/they gryp
ped theyr speres vnto them/ Nowe sayre knyghte sayd syr la-
uncelot/put that wounded knyghte of the hors / and lete hym
reste a whyle/and lete vs two preue oure strengthes/For as
it is enformed me thou doest and hast done grete despyte and
shame vnto knyghtes of the round table/and therfor nowe de-
fende the/And tho he of the table round sayd Turquyne I
defye the and alle thy felauship/ that is ouermoche sayd/sa-
yd syr launcelot

And thēne they put theyr ſperes in the reſtes/ & cam to gyders with ther horſes as faſt as they myght renne/ And eyther ſmote other in mydes of theyre ſheldes that bothe theyre horſe backes braſte vnder them/ and the knyghtes were bothe aſtonyed/ and as ſoone as they myght auoyde theyre horſes/ they took theire ſheldes afore them/ and dreve outr ther ſwerdes/ and came to gyder egerly/ and eyther gaf other many ſtronge ſtrokes/ for there myght neyder ſheldes nat harneis holde theyr ſtrokes/ And ſoo within a whyle they hadde bothe grymly woundes/ and bledde paſſynge grieuouſly/ Thus they ferd two houres or mo traſyng and raſyng eyther other where they myght hytte ony bare place/ Thenne at the laſt they were bretheles bothe/ and ſtode lenyng on theyr ſwerdes/ Nowe ſe/ Lalve ſayd ſyr Turquyne hold thy hand a whyle/ and telle me what I ſhal aſke the/ Say on thenne Turquyne ſayd thou arte the byggeſt man that euer I mette with al/ and the beſte harthed/ and lyke on knyght that I hate aboue al other knyghtes/ ſo be hit that thou be not he I wyl knyghtly accorde with the/ & for thy loue I wil delyuer al the preſoners that I haue that is ther ſcore and foure/ ſoo thou wylt telle me thy name/ And thou and I we wyl be felawes to gyders and neuer to faple the whyle that I lyue/ it is wel ſayd/ ſayd ſyr launcelot/ but ſythen hit is ſoo that I may haue thy frendſhip what knyght is he that thou ſoo hateſt aboue al other/ Feythfully ſayd ſyr Turquyne his name is ſyr launcelot du lake/ for he ſlewe my broder ſyr Carados at the dolorous toure that was one of the beſt knyghtes on lyue/ And therfore hym I except of al knyghtes/ for may I ones mete with hym/ the one of vs ſhal make an ende of other I make myn auowe/ And for ſir launcelots ſake I haue ſlayne an C goody knyghtes/ and as many I haue maymedy al vtterly that they myght neuer after helpe them ſelf/ and many haue dyed in preſon/ and yet haue I thre ſcore and foure/ and al ſhal be delyuerd ſo thou wilt telle me thy name/ ſo be it that thou be not ſyr launcelot/

¶ Nowe ſee I wel ſayd ſyr launcelot that ſuche a man I myghte be I myght haue pees/ and ſuche a man I myghte be/

that ther ſholde be ſharpe mortal batayle. Be / and nold ſyr kynghte at thy requeſt I wyll that thou wete and knowe that I am launcelot du lake kynge Bans ſone of Benwyck / & bere kynghte of the table rounde / And nold I defye the and the thy lyf / Ha ſayde Turquyne / launcelot / thou arte vnto me moſt welcome that euer was kynghte / for we ſhalle neuer departe tyl the one of vs be dede / Thenne they hurtled to gyders as two wilde bulles roſſhynge and laſſhyng with their ſhelldes and ſwerdes that ſomtyme they felle bothe ouer theyr hors / Thus they foughte ſeuen houres and more / and neuer wolde haue reſte / and ſyr Turquyn gaf ſyr launcelot many wounds / that alle the grounde there as they foughte was al beſpecklyd with blood

Capitulum ix

Thenne at the laſt ſyr Turquyn wayned fayntē / and gaf fom what a lak / and bare his ſhelde lowe for werynesſe / That aſpyed ſyre launcelot / and lepte vpon hym ſtarkly and gate hym by the vauowre of his helmet / and plucked hym doune on his knees / And anone he vnlaced of his helme / and ſmote his necke in ſondre / And whanne ſyre launcelot had done this / he yede vnto the damoyſel and ſayde / damoyſel I am redy to goo with yolde where ye wylle haue me / but I haue no hors / Syre ſayde ſhe / take this wounded kynghtes hors and ſende hym in to this manoyr and commaunde hym to delyuer alle the preſoners / Soo ſyr launcelot wente vnto Gaheryes and praid hym not to be agreued for to lene hym his hors Nay ſyre ſaid gaheryes I wyll that ye take my hors at your owne commaundement / for ye haue holpe ſaued me and my hors / & this day I ſaye ye are the beſt kynghte in the worlde For ye haue ſlayne this daye in my ſyghte the myghteſt man & the beſt kynghte except yolde that euer I ſawe / & fore ſyre ſaid Gaheryes I pray you telle me your name / Syre my name is ſyr launcelot du lake that ought to helpe you of ryghte for kyng arthurs ſake / & in eſpecial for my lord ſir gawayns ſake your owne dere brother / & whan that ye come within yonder manoyr / I am ſure ye ſhal fynde ther many kynghtes of the round table / for I haue ſene many of their ſheldes that I knowe

oy yonder tree/there is kayes shelde/ and sir braundeles shelde/
and sy marhaus shelde and syr Galyndes shelde and syr
Bryan de lystnoyse shelde and syr Alydukes shelde with ma
ny mo that I am not nowe auysed of/and also my two brothe
rs shelde syr Ector de marys and syr Lyonel/ wherfore I
pray yow gete them all fro me/ and say that I byde them
tale such stuffe there as they fynde/and that in ony wyse my
brethern goo vnto the court and abyde me there tyl that I
come/for by the feest of pentecost I ast me to be there/ for as at
this tyme I must ryde with this armoyse for to saue my pro
myse/ and so he departed from Gaheryse/ Gaheryse ye dyn to
the manoir/and ther he fond a yoman porter kepyng ther ma
ny keyes/ Anone with al syr gaheryse thanke the porter vnto
the grounde/and toke the keyes from hym/and hastely he ope
ned the prysons dore/and there he lete oute all the prysoners/
and euery man lysed other of their bondes/ And whan they
salue syr Gaheryse/alle they thanked hym/ for they wend that
he was woundyd/ Not so sayde Gaheryse/ hit was launcelot
that stelve hym worshipfully with his owne handes/ I saue
it with myn owne eyen/and he greteth you al wel/ and pray
eth you to haste you to the court/ And as vnto syr Lyonel
and Ector de marys he prayeth you to abyde hym at the court
That shalle be not doo sayd his brethern/ we wyll fynde hym
and we may hym/ So shal I sayde syr kay fynde hym or I
come at the court as I am true knyghte/ Thenne alle the fyue
knyghtes sought the hous there as the armour was/ and therin
they armed hem/ and euery knyght sonde his owne horse/&
al that euer longed vnto hym/ And whan this was done the
squyer a foster with foure horses lode with fatte venyson/ Anone
syr kay sayde/here is good mete for vs for one meale/ for we
fynde not many a dore so goode repaste/ And so that venyson
was rosted baken and sodden/ and so after souper sonne abode
there al that nyghte/ But syr Lyonel and Ector de marys
and syr kay rode after syr launcelot to fynde hym yf they
myghte

Capitulum Decimum

NOw horne the vnto syr launcelot that rode with the da
moysel in a fayre hyghe waye/ sys sayde the damoysel/
here by this way haunteth a knyght that destressyth al
ladyes and gentylwymmen/ And at the leest he robbeth them
or lyeth by them/ what said sir launcelot is he a theef & a kny-
ght & a rauyssher of wymmen/ he doth shame vnto the ordre of
knyghthode/ and contrary vnto his othe/ hit is pyte that he ly-
ueth/ But fayre damoysel ye shal ryde on afore your selff/ and
I wylle kepe my selff in couerte/ And yf that he trouble yow
or disturbe yow/ I shalle be your resolve and lerne hym to be
ruled as a knyghte/ Soo the mayde rode on by the way a soft
amblynge paas/ And within a whyle cam oute that knyght
on horsback oute of the woode/ and his page with hym/ & the-
re he put the damoysel from her hors/ and thenne she cryed/
With that came launcelot as fast as he myghte tyl he came to
that knyght/ sayenge/ O thou fals knyght and traytour vnto
knyghthode/ who dyd lerne the to dystresse ladyes and gentyl
wymmen/ whanne the knyghte salve syr launcelot thus rebu-
kynge hym/ he answerd not/ but drelve his sperde and rode vn
to syre launcelot/ and syr launcelot threlve his spere fro hym /
and drelve oute his sperde/ and strake hym suche a buffet on
the helmet that he clafe his hede and neck vnto the throte
Now hast thou thy payement that long thou hast deserued/ that
is trouthe sayd the damoysel/ For lyke as syr Turquyne was
ordy to destroye knyghtes/ soo dyde this knyght attende to des-
troye and dystresse ladyes damoysels and gentylwymmen / &
his name was syre cherys de fourfe sauoage/ Now damoysel
sayde syr launcelot wylle ye ony more serupse of me/ Nay syr
she sayde at this tyme/ but almyghty Jhesu preserue you whe-
re someuer ye ryde or goo / for the curteyst knyghte thou arte
and metteste vnto all ladyes and gentylwymmen that now ly-
ueth/ But one thyng syr knyghte me thynketh ye lacke / ye
that are a knyghte vnpueles that ye wyl not loue some may-
den or gentylwoman/ for I coude neuer here say that euer ye lo
ued ony of no maner degree and that is grete pyte/ but hit is
noysed that ye loue quene Gueneuer/ and that she hath ordey
ned by enchauntement that ye shal neuer loue none other/ but
her/ ne none other damoysel ne lady shall mioyse you / wherfor

many in this lande of hyghe estate and lowe make grete sorowe/ ¶ Fayre damoysel sayde syr launcelot I maye not warne peple to spelle of me what it pleaseth hem/ But for to be a wedded may/ I thynke hit not/for thenne I must couche with her/and leue armes and turnementys/batayles/and aduentures/ And as for to say for to take my pleasaunce with paramours that wylle I refuse in prynceypal for drede of gody/ For knyghtes that ben auenturous or lecherous shal not be happy ne fortunate vnto the werreys/for outher they shalle be ouercome with a symplyer knyghte than they be hem self/Outher elles they shal by vnhap and her cursydnes slee better men than they ben hem self/ And soo who that vseth paramours shalle be vnhappy/and alle thyng is vnhappy that is aboute hem/ And soo syr Launcelot and she departede/ And thenne he rode in a depe foreste two dayes and more/and had straye lodgynge/ Soo on the thyrde day he rode ouer a longe bridge/ and there starte vpon hym sodenly a passynge foule chorle/ and he smote his hors on the nose that he tornede aboute/ & asked hym why he rode ouer that bridge without his lycence/why sholde I not ryde this way sayde syr launcelot/I may not ryde kepyde/thou shalt not chese sayde the chorle and lasshyde at hym with a gret clubbe shode with yron/Thenne syr launcelot dreue his swerd and put the stroke aback/and clafe his hede vnto the pappys/ At the ende of the bridge was a fayre village/& al the people men and wymmen cryed on syr launcelot/and sayde Alders dede dydest thou neuer for thy self/for thou hast slayn the chyef porter of oure castel/syr launcelot lete them say what they wolde And strenghe he wente in to the castel/ And whanne he cam in to the castel he alyghte/ and tyede his hors to a ringe on the walle/And there he sawe a fayre grene courte/and thyder he dressyde hym/ For there hym thought was a fayre place to fyghte in/ Soo he lokede aboute/and sawe moche peple in dores and wyndowes that sayde fayr knyghte thou arte vnhappy

¶ Capitulum xj

Alone with al cam there vpon hym two grete gyaunts wel armed al sauf the hedes with two horryble clubbes in theyr handes / Syre Launcelot put his shield afore hym and dyd put the stroke alweye of the one gyaunt / and with his swerd he clafe his hede a sondre / Whan his felaw sawe that / he ran alwey as he were wood / for fere of the horryble strokes / & Launcelot after hym with al his myght & smote hym on the shulder / and clafe hym to the nauel / Thenne syre launcelot went in to the halle / and there came afore hym thre score ladyes and damoyselis / and all kneled vnto hym / and thanked god & hym of their delyueraunce. For syre sayd they / the mooste party of vs haue ben here this seuen yere their prysoners / and we haue wrought al maner of sylke werkes for oure mete / and we are al grete gentyllwymmen borne / and blessyd be the tyme knyghte that euer thou be borne / For thou hast done the mooste worshipful that euer dyd knyght in this world / that wyl we here recorde and we al pray you to telle vs your name / that we maye telle our frendes who delyuerd vs oute of pryson / Fayre damoyselle he sayd / my name is syre launcelot du lake / A syre sayde they al / wel mayst thou be he / for els saue your self / as we demed / there myghte neuer knyght haue the better of these two gyaunts / for many fayre knyghtes haue assayed hit / and here haue endyd / and many tymes haue we wysshed after yold / and these two gyaunts dredde neuer knyghte but you / Nold maye ye saye sayd syr launcelot vnto youre frendes hold & Who hath delyuerd you / and grete them al from me / and yf that I come in ony of your marches / shewe me suche chere as ye haue cause and what tresour that there in this castel is I gyue it you for a reward for your greuaunce / And the lorde that is owner of this castel I wold he receyued it as is ryght / Fayre syre saide they / the name of this castel is Tyntygayl / & a duke ought it somtyme that had wedded fair Igrayn / & after wedded her Vther pendragon / & gate on her Arthur / wel saide sir launcelot I vnderstande to whome this castel longeth / and soo he departed from them / and bytaughte hem vnto god ¶ And thenne he mounted vpon his hors & rode in to many straunge & wyld

countreyes and thorou many waters and valeyes and euyl was he lodged / And at the laste by fortune hym happend a geynst a nyghte to come to a fayr courtelage/ & therin he fond an old gentylwoman that lodged hym with good wyll/ and there he had good cher for hym and his hors/ And whan tyme was his oost brought hym in to a fayre garet ouer the gate to his bedde/ There syre Launcelot vnarmed hym & sette hys harneys by hym/ and went to bed/ & anone he felle on slepe/ So soone after ther cam one on horsback/ & knocked at the gate in grete haste/ and whan syr launcelot herd this he arose vp and lokked oute at the wyndowe/ & salde by the mone lyghte thre knyghtes cam ryding after that one man/ and al thre lasshed on hym at ones with swerdes/ & that one knyght wounded on hem knyghtly ageyne/ and deffended hym/ Truly saide syre launcelot yonder one knyghte shal I helpe/ for it were shame for me to see thre knyghtes on one/ And yf he be slayne I am partener of his deth/ & ther with he took his harneis/ and went out at a wyndowe by a shete doune to the four knyghtes/ & thenne syr launcelot sayd on hyghe/ torne you knyghtes vnto me and leue your fyghtyng with that knyght/ And thenne they alle thre lefte syr kay/ and torned vnto syr launcelot/ and there began grete batayle/ for they alyghte al thre/ and strake many grete strokes at syr launcelot/ and assayled hym on euery syde / Thenne syre kay dressid hym for to haue holpen syre Launcelot/ nay syre sayd he I wylle none of your helpe/ therfor as ye wylle haue my helpe/ lete me alone with hem/ Syre kay for the pleasyre of the knyghte suffred hym for to doo hys wylle/ and soo stode on syde/ And thenne anon within vj strokes/ syre launcelot had stryken hem to the erthe

¶ And thenne they al thre cryed syre knyghte we yelde vs vnto you as many of myght maieles/ As to that sayd syr launcelot I will not take youre yeldyng vnto me/ But so that ye wylle yelde you vnto syr kay the Seneschal on that couenaunt I wyl saue your lyues and els not/ ¶ Fayre knyghte sayd they that were we lothe to doo/ For as for syr kay / we chaced hym hyder/ and had ouercome hym had not ye ben/ therfor to yelde vs vnto hym it were no reson/ wel as to that said launcelot/ anyse you wel/ for ye may chese whether ye wylle

dye or lyue/for and ye be yolden it ſhal be vnto ſyr kay /
¶ Fayre knyght thenne they ſayd in ſauynge of oure lyues
we wylle doo as thou commaundys vs/ Thenne ſhal ye ſayd
ſyre launcelot on whytſonday nexte comyng go vnto the courte
of kynge Arthur/and there ſhal ye yelde you vnto quene Gue
neuer/and put you al thre in her grace and mercy/and ſaye
that ſir kay ſente you thyder to be her pryſoners/ Syre they ſaid
it ſhalle be done by the feythe of oure bodyes / and we ken ly ;
uynge/ and there they ſwore euery knyghte vpon his ſwerde/
And ſo ſir launcelot ſuffred hem ſoo to departe/ And thenne ſir
launcelot knocked at the yate with the pomel of his ſwerde /
and with that came his oſt/and in they entred ſir kay and he
Syre ſayd his hoſt I wende ye had ben in youre bedde/ ſo I
was /ſayd ſire launcelot/ But I aroſe and lepte oute atte my
wyndowe for to helpe an old felawe of myne/And ſo whanne
they came nyghe the lyghte/ſir kay knewe wel/that it was ſir
launcelot/and ther with he kneled doune and thanked hym of
al his kyndeneſſe that he had holpen hym tbyes from the deth
Syre he ſayd I haue no thynge done but that me ought for to
doo/and ye are welcome/ and here ſhal ye repoſe yold and ta;
ke your reſt/ Soo whan ſir kay was vnarmed/ he aſked after
mete /ſoo there was mete fette hym/and he eet ſtrongly / And
whan he hadde ſouped they went to theyr beddes and were bed
ded to gyders in one bedde /On the morne ſir launcelot aroſe er
ly/and lefte ſyre kay ſleepynge/and ſir launcelot toke ſire ka;
yes armour and his ſhelde and armed hym/and ſo he wente to
the ſtable/and toke his hors and toke his leue of his oſt/and
ſoo he departed/ Thenne ſoone after aroſe ſyr kay and myſſed
ſir launcelot / And thenne he eſpyed that he had hie armoure
and his hors/ Nold by my feythe I knowe wel that he wylle
greue ſome of the courte of kynge Arthur. For on hym knyght
es wylle he holde/and deme that it is I! and that wyll begyle
them/ And by cauſe of his armoure and ſhelde I am ſure I
ſhal ryde in pees/ And thenne ſoone after departed ſir kay &
thanked his hoſt

¶ Capitulum xij

Now torne we vnto syr launcelot that hath ryden long in a grete forest/and at the last he came in to a lowe countray ful of fayre ryuers and medowes/And a fore hym he sawe a longe brydge/and thre pauelions stode theron of sylke and sendyl of dyuers hewe/And without the pauelions henge thre whyte sheldes on trunchons of speres/ & grete longe speres stode vpryght by the pauelions/and at euery pauelions dore stode thre fresshe squyers/and soo syr launcelot passed by them and spake no worde/whan he was paste the thre knyghtes sayden hym that hit was the proud kay/ he weneth no knyght soo goode as he/ and the contrary is oftyme preued/Why my feythe sayd one of the knyghtes/his name was syr gaunter/I wylle ryde after hym/ & assaye hym/ for alle his pryde/and ye may beholde how that I spede / Soo this knyght syr Gaunter armed hym / and henge his shelde vpon his sholder/and mounted vpon a grete hors / and gate his spere in his hand/and walkopt after syr launcelot/ and whanne he came nygh hym/he cryed Abyde thou proude knyght syr kay/for thou shalt not passe quyte/Soo syr launcelot torned hym/and eyther feutryd their speres/and came to gyders with alle theyr myghtes/ and syr Gaunters spere brake but syr launcelot smote hym doune hors and man/and whan syr gaunter was at the erthe/ his brethern sayd echone to other yonder knyght is not syre kay/for he is hyggar than he/ I dare laye my hede sayd syre Gylmere yonder knyght hath slayne syr kay and hath taken his hors and his harneis/ whether it be soo or no sayd syr Raynold the thyrd broder/lete vs nowe goo mounte vpon oure horses and rescowe oure broder sir Gaunter vpon payne of dethe/we alle shal haue werke ynouz to matche that knyght/for euer me semeth by his persone it is syre Launcelot/or syr Trystram/or syr Pelleas the good knyght/Thenne anon they token theyr horses and ouertwok syr launcelot/and syre gylmere put forth his spere/and ranne to sir launcelot/and syre launcelot smote hym doune that he lay in a swoune/ Syre knyght sayd syr Raynold thou arte a strong man / and as I suppose thou hast slayne my two brethern/ for the whiche rayseth my herte sore ageynst the/And yf I myght with my worshyp I wolde not haue a doo with yow but

nedes I muſt take parte as they doo/ And therfor kynghte he sayd/ kepe thy ſelf/ And ſoo they hurtledy to gyders with alle theyr myghtes/ and al to ſcreuedy bothe theyre ſperes/ And thenne they drewe her ſwerdes and laſſhyd to gyder egerly/ Anone there with arooſe ſyre Gauter/ and came vnto his brother ſyre gylmere/ and bad hym aryſe and helpe the ouer brother ſyr Raynoldy that yonder merueylkouſly matchedy yonder goody kynght/ There with alle they lepte on theyr horſes & hurled vnto ſyre launcelot/ ¶ And whanne he ſalue them come/ he ſmote a ſore ſtroke vnto ſyr Raynoldy that he felle of his hors to the gwoundy/ And thenne he ſtroke to the other tivo brethern/ and at tivo ſtrokes he ſtrake them doune to the erthe/ With that ſir Raynold beganne to ſtarte vp with his heed al bloody/ and came ſtrycte vnto ſyre launcelot/ Nold late he sayd ſir launcelot/ I was not ferre from the whan thou were maade kynght ſir Raynoldy/ and alſo I knolde thou arte a goody kynght/ and bothe I were to ſlee the/ Gramercy sayd ſyr raynold as for your goodnes/ And I dare saye as for me and my brethern we wyl not be bothe to yelde vs vnto yold/ with that we knewe youre name/ for wel we knolde ye are not ſire kay/ As for that be it as it be maye/ for ye ſhal yelde yold vnto dame gweneuer/ and bide that ye be with her on whytſonday and yelde you vnto her as pryſoners/ and saye that ſyre kay ſente yold vnto her/ thenne they ſwore hit ſholdy be done/ and ſo paſſedy forthe ſire launcelot/ nd echone of the brethern halpe other as wel as they myght

¶ Capitulum viii

SOo ſir launcelot rode in to a depe foreſt/ and ther by in a ſlade/ he ſalue four kynghtes houyng vnder an oke/ and they were of Arthurs courte/ one was ſir Sagramour le deſyrus and Ector de marys/ and ſir Galvayn and ſir Olvayne/ Anone as theſe four kynghtes hady eſpyed ſir Launcelot they wendy by his armes it hadde ben ſir kay/ Nold by my fey the sayd ſir Sagramour/ I wylle preue ſir kayes myghte/ & gate his ſpere in his handy/ and came toward ſir launcelot Ther with ſir launcelot was ware and knelde hym wel/ and

feutryd his spere ageynst hym/and smote syr Sagramore so sore that hors and man felle bothe to the erthe/Lo my felaus sayd he yonder ye may see what a buffet he hath/that knyzt is moche bygger than euer was syr kay/Nowe shal ye see what I may doo to hym/Soo syr Ector gate his spere in his hand and walloped tobward syr Launcelot/and syr Launcelot smote hym thorou the shelde & sholder that man and hors went to the erthe/and euer his spere held/By my feythe sayd sir Owayne yonder is a strong knyght/and I am sure he hath slayne syr kay/And I see by his grete strengthe it wyll be hard to matche hym/And there with al syr Owayne gate his spere in his hand and rode tobard syr Launcelot/and syr launcelot knelve hym wel/and soo he mette hym on the playne/& gaf hym suche a buffette that he was astonyed/that longe he wyst not where he was/Nowe see I wel sayd syr galwayne I must encounter with that knyzt/Thenne he dressid he his shelde and gate a good spere in his hand/and syr launcelot knelve hym wel/and thenne they lete renne theyr horses with al theyr myghtes/and eyther knyght smote other in myddes of the shelde/But syr galwaynes spere to braste/and syr launcelot charged so sore vpon hym that his hors tnuersed vp so doune And moche sorowe had syr galwayn to auoyde his hors/and so syr launcelot passed on a paas and smyled and said god gyue hym ioye that this spere made/for there came neuer a better in my hand/Thenne the four knyghtes wente echone to other and comforted eche other/what saye ye by this geste sayd syr Galwayne/that one spere hath felled vs al foure/we commaunde hym vnto the deuyl they sayd al/for he is a man of grete myght/ye may wel saye it/sayd syr galwayne/that he is a man of myght/for I dare lay my hede it is syr Launcelot I knowe it by his rydyng/Lete hym goo sayd syr Galwayn for whan we come to the courte than shal we wete/and thenne had they moche sorowe to gete theyr horses ageyne

Capitulum xiiij

Nowe leue we there & speke of syr Launcelot that rode a grete whyle in a depe forest where he sawe a blacke bracket

ſekyng in maner as it hadȝ ben in the feaute of an hurt dere / Andȝ ther with he rode after the brachet and he ſalde lye on the grounde a large feaute of bloodȝ / Andȝ thenne ſyre launcelot rode afterr / Andȝ euer the Brachet lokedȝ behyndȝ hȝr / andȝ ſoo ſhe wente thorou a grete mareyſe / andȝ euer ſyre launcelot folowedȝ / Andȝ thenne was he ware of an oldȝ manoyr / andȝ thyder ranne the brachet / andȝ ſoo ouer the brydge / Soo ſyre launcelot rode ouer that brydge that was oldȝ andȝ feble / and whan he cam in mydde of a grete halle ther he ſalde lye a dede knyght that was a ſemely man / andȝ that brachet lycked his woundes / andȝ there with al came oute a lady wepyng & wrynggyng her handes / Andȝ thenne ſhe ſaydȝ / O knyghte to moche ſorowe haſt thou brought me / Why ſaye ye ſoo ſaydȝ ſyr launcelot / I dydȝ neuer this knyghte no harme / for hyther by feaute of bloodȝ this Brachet brought me / Andȝ therfor fayre ladȝ be not diſpleaſedȝ with me / for I am ful ſore agreuedȝ of your greuaunce / Truly ſyre ſhe ſaydȝ I trowe hit be not ye that hath ſlayne my huſbandȝ / for he that dydȝ that dede is ſore woundedȝ / & he is neuer lykly to recouer / that ſhal I enſure hym / What was your huſbandes name ſayd ſyre launcelot / Syr ſaydȝ ſhe / his name was calledȝ ſyre Gylbert the baſtardȝ one of the beſt knyghtes of the worldȝ / andȝ he that hath ſlayne hym I knowe not his name / Wold godȝ ſende you better comforte ſaydȝ ſyre launcelot / andȝ ſoo he departed andȝ wente in to the foreſt ageyne / andȝ there he met with a damoyſel / the whiche knewe hym wel / andȝ ſhe ſaydȝ o lorde fondȝ my lordȝ Andȝ now I requyre the on thy knyghthode helpe my brother that is ſore wounded / andȝ neuer ſtyntyth bledyng / for this day he fought with ſyre gylbert the baſtardȝ & ſlowe hym in playn batayle / andȝ there was my broder ſore woundedȝ / and there is a lady a ſorcereſſe that dwelleth in a caſtel here beſyde / and this day ſhe told me / my broders woundes ſhold neuer be hole tyl I coude fyndȝ a knyght wold goo in to the chappel perylous / & ther he ſholdȝ fyndȝ a ſwerd and a bloody clothe that the wounded knyght was lapped in / andȝ a pyece of that clothe & ſwerd ſholdȝ hele my broders woundes ſo that his woundes were ſercled with the ſwerde andȝ the clothe / This is a merneyllous thynge ſaydȝ ſyre launcelot / but what is your broders name /

Syr ſhe ſayd/his name was ſyr Melyot de logurs/ that me repenteth ſaid ſyr launcelott / for he is a felawe of the table round/and to his helpe I wylle doo my power / Thenne ſyr ſayd ſhe/folowe euen this hyghe waye/and it wyll brynge you vnto the chappel perylous/ And there I ſhalle abyde tyl god ſende you here ageyne/and but you ſpede I knowe no knyghte lyuynge that may encheue that aduenture

Capitulum xv

Rygght ſoo ſyr Launcelot departed/ And whan he cam vnto the chappel perylous/he alyghte doune / and tyed his hors vnto a lytyl gate/and as ſoone as he was with in the chirche yard/he ſawe on the fyrſt of the chappel many fayre ryche ſheldes hynged vp ſo doune/and many of the ſheldes ſyr launcelot had ſene knyghtes bere byfore hand / wyth that he ſawe by hym there ſtande a yyy grete knyghtes more by a yarde than ony man that euer he had ſene / and all tho grued and gnaſted at ſyr launcelot/ And whan he ſawe theyr countenaunce he dred hym ſore/ and ſoo putte his ſhelde afore hym/and toke his ſwerd redy in his hand redy vnto batayle /and they were al armed in blacke harneis redy with her ſheldes and her ſwerdes drawen / And whan ſyr Launcelot wold haue gone thorou out them /they ſcatered on euery ſyde of hym/and gaf hym the way/and ther with he wayed al bold/and entred in to the chappel/and thenne he ſawe no lyght/but a dymme lamp brennynge/ and thenne was he ware of a corps hyled with a clothe of ſylke/Thenne ſyr Launcelot ſtouped doune/and cutte a pece alwey of that clothe/and thenne it ferd vnder hym as the erthe had quaked a lytel/ there with al he ferd/And thenne he ſawe a fayre ſwerd lye by the dede knyghte/ and that he gate in his hand and hyed hym oute of the chappel/ Anone as euer he was in the chappel yarde/alle the knyghtes ſpake to hym with a grymly voys/and ſayd knyghte ſyr launcelot leye that ſwerd from the or elles thou ſhalt dye /whether that I lyue or dye ſayd ſyr launcelot with noo grete word gete ye hit ageyne / therfor fyghte for it and ye lyſt /Thenne tyght ſoo he paſſed thorou out them /and

by yonde the chappel yarde ther mette hym a fayre damoysel
sayde syr launcelot leue that swerde behynde the/ or thou
dye for it/I leue it not sayde syr launcelot for no treatys /
No sayde she and thou dydest loue that swerde/ quene gwene-
uer shold thou neuer see/ thenne were I a foole and I wold
leue this swerde sayde launcelot/ Nold gentyl knyghte sayde
the damoysel/I requyre the to kysse me but ones / Nay sayde
syr launcelot that gode me forbede/wel syr sayde she/and thou
haddest kyssed me/ thy lyf dayes hade ben done/but nold alas
she said I haue loste al my labour/ for I ordeyned this chap-
pel for thy sake/and for syr galhayne/ And ones I fond syr
Galhayne within me/ and at that tyme he fought with that
knyghte that lyeth there dede in yonder chappel syre Gylbert
the bastarde.and at that tyme he smote the lyfte hand of of sir
Gylbert the bastarde/ And syr Launcelot nold I telle the/I
haue loued the this seuen yere/ but there may no woman ha-
ue thy loue but quene Gweneuer / But sythen I maye not
wioyer the to haue thy body on lyue I fond kepte no more ioye
in this worlde/but to haue thy body dede/Thenne wolde I ha-
ue taumed hit and serued hit/and soo haue kepte it my lyfe
dayes/and dayly I sholde haue clypped the/and kyssed the in
despyte of Quene Gweneuer/ye saye wel sayde syr launcelot
Jhesu preserue me from your subtyle crafte/ And ther with al
he took his horse and soo departed from her/ And as the book sa
yth whan syr launcelot was departed she took suche sorow that
she dyed within a fourten nyghte / and her name was Hekta-
bes the sorowfulle lady of the castel Nygramous / Anone syr
launcelot mette with the damoysel syre Melyotis syster/ And
whan she salue hym she clapped her handes/ and wepte for ioye
And thenne they rode vnto a castel there by where lay syr Me-
lyot/ And anone as syr launcelot sawe hym/he kneled hym /
but he was passynge pale as the erthe for bledyng/ whan syre
Melyot salde syr launcelot he kneled vpon his knees and cry
ed on hyghe/O lord syr launcelot helpe me/ Anone syr laun
celot lepte vnto hym and touched his woundes with syr Gyl-
bertes swerde/ And thenne he wypped his wounde with a part
of the bloody clothe that sir gylbert was wrapped in/and anon
ey holer may in his lyf was he neuer/ And thenne ther was

grete ioye bytwene hem / and they made syr launcelot all the che re that they myghte / and soo on the morne syre launcelot toke his leue / and rode syre Melyot hye hym to the courte of my lord Arthur / for it drawyeth nyghe to the feeste of pentecoste / and there by the grace of god ye shal fynde me / and therwith they departed /

Capitulum xxj

And soo syre Launcelot rode thorou many straunge co; untreyes ouer marys and valeyes tyll by fortune he came to a fayre castel / and as he paste beyonde the castel / hym thought he herde two lettys synge · And thenne was he ware of a Faucon came flyenge ouer his hede towardy an hyghe elme / and longe lunys aboute her feet / and she flewe vnto the elme to take her perche / the lunys ouer caste aboute a bough / And whanne she wolde haue taken her flyghte / she henge by the leg; ges fast / and syre launcelot sawe how he henge / and byheld the fayre faucon-peregot / & he was sory for her / The meane whyle came a lady oute of the castel and cryed on hyghe O laun celot launcelot as thou arte floure of alle knyghtes helpe me to gete my hauke / for and my hauke be lost / my lord wyl caste me / for I kepte the hauke and she slypped from me / and yf my lord my husband wete hit / he is soo hasty that he wyll slee me / What is your lordes name sayd sir Launcelot / sir she said his name is sire Phelot a knyghte that longeth vnto the kynge of Northgalys / wel fayre lady syn that ye knowe my name and requyre me of knyghthode to helpe you I wylle doo what I may to gete your hauke / and yet god knoweth I am an yll clymber and the tree is passynge hyghe / and selde so ; wes to helpe me with alle / And ther with sir launcelot alyzte and tyed his hors to the same tree / and prayd the lady to vnarme hym / And soo whan he was vnarmed / he put of alle his clothes vnto his sherte and breche / and with myghte & force he clamme vp to the faucon / and tyed the lunys to a gre te cottry boyste / and threwe the hauke doune and it with alle / Anone the lady gate the hauke in her hand / and there with al came oute syre phelot oute of the grenys sodenly / that was her

hus̄bandꝫ al armedꝫ/andꝫ with his nakedꝫ ſwerd in his hand andꝫ ſaydꝫ O knyghte launcelot nowe haue I fondꝫ the as I woldꝫ andꝫ ſtodꝫ at the tree to ſlee hym/A ladꝫ ſaydꝫ ſyre launcelot whꝫ haue ye betrayedꝫ me / She hath done ſaydꝫ ſyre Phebot but as I commaundedꝫ her/ andꝫ therfor there nys none other boote but thyne houre is come that thou muſte dye/That were ſhame vnto the ſaydꝫ ſyr launcelot thou an armedꝫ knyghte to ſlee a nakedꝫ man by treaſonꝫ/ thou getеſt no ne other grace ſaydꝫ ſyre phebot andꝫ therfor helpe thy ſelf andꝫ thou canſt/Truly ſayde ſyre launcelot that ſhal be thy ſhame/ but ſynꝫ thou wylt doo none other/take myn̄ harneys with the andꝫ hange my ſwerde vpon a bough that I maye gete hit/& thenne doo thy beſt to ſlee me andꝫ thou canſt/Nay nay ſaid ſir phebot/for I knowe the better than thou weneſt/therfor thow geteſt no wepen andꝫ I may kepe you ther fro/Alas ſaid ſir launcelot that euer a knyghte ſholdꝫ dye wepenles/ And ther with he wayteꝫ aboute hym andꝫ vnder hym/andꝫ ouer his hede he ſawe a wolvnſeppe a byggе bough leueles/andꝫ ther with he brake it of by the bodꝫ/Andꝫ thenne he came bolder & abaytedꝫ holdꝫ his owne horſe ſtodꝫ/ andꝫ ſodenly he lepte on the ferther ſyde of thꝫ horſe frowardꝫ the knyghte/And thenne ſir phebot laſſhedꝫ at hym egerly wenynge to haue ſlayne hym/But ſyr launcelot putte abeye the ſtroke with the wounſeppe/andꝫ ther with he ſmote hym on the one ſydꝫ of the hedꝫ that he felle doune in a ſwoune to the groundꝫ / Soo thenne ſyre launcelot took his ſwerdꝫ oute of his handꝫ andꝫ ſtroke his neck fro the bodꝫ/Thenne cryedꝫ the ladꝫ / Alas whꝫ haſt thou ſlayne myn̄ husbandꝫ/I am not cauſer ſaydꝫ ſyre launcelot/ for with falſe herte ye woldꝫ haue hadꝫ ſlayne me with treaſonꝫ / andꝫ nowe it is falle on you bothe / Andꝫ thenne ſhe ſoundedꝫ as though ſhe woldꝫ dye/And ther with al ſyre launcelot gate al his armoꝛ ur as wel as he myght / andꝫ put hit vpon hym for dredꝫ of more reſorte/for he dredꝫ that the knyghtes caſtel was ſoo nygh Andꝫ ſoo as ſoone as he myght he took his horſe andꝫ departedꝫ andꝫ thankedꝫ godꝫ that he hadꝫ eſcapedꝫ that aduenture

So ſyr launcelot rode many wylde ways thorou out many and many wylde wayes / And as he rode in a valey he ſalve a knyght chacynge a lady with a naked ſwerde to haue ſlayn her / And by fortune as this knyght ſholde haue ſlayne thys lady ſhe cryed on ſyr launcelot and prayd hym to reſcolue her / Whan ſyr launcelot ſalve that meſchief / he took his horſe and rode bytwene them / ſayeng knyght fy for ſhame / why wolt thou ſlee this lady / thou doſt ſhame vn to the and alle knyghtes / what haſte thou to doo betwyx me & my wyf / ſayd the knyght / I wylle ſlee her maugre thy hede / that ſhalle ye not ſayd ſyr launcelot / for rather we two wylle haue adoo to gyders / Syr launcelot ſayd the knyght thou doſt not thy part / for this lady hath betrayed me / hit is not ſo ſayd the lady / truly he sayth wronge on me / And for by cauſe I loue and cheryſſhe my coſyn germayne / he is jalous betwixe hym and me / And as I ſhalle anſuer to god thre was neuer ſynne betwyxe vs / But ſir ſayd the lady as thou arte called the worſhipfulleſt knyghte of the worlde I requyre the of true knyghthode kepe me and ſaue me / For what ſom euer ye ſaye he wyl ſlee me / for he is without mercy / haue ye no doubte ſayd launcelot it ſhal not lye in his power / Syr ſayd the knyghte in your ſyghte I wyl be ruled as ye wylle haue me / And ſoo ſir launcelot rode on the one ſyde and ſhe on the other / he had not ryden but a whyle / but the knyghte badde ſir launcelot torne hym and take kehynde hym / and ſayde ſyr yonder come men of armes after vs rydynge / And ſoo ſir launcelot tornede hym and thoughte no treaſon / and there with was the knyghte and the lady on one ſyde / & ſodenly he ſwapped of his ladyes hede / And whan ſyr launcelot hadde eſpyed hym what he had done / he ſayd and called hym traytour thou haſt ſhamed me for euer / and ſodenly ſir launcelot alyghte of his horſe and pulled oute his ſwerde to ſlee hym / and there with al he felle flat to the erthe / and gryped ſir launcelot by the thyes and cryed mercy / Fy on the ſayd ſir launcelot thou ſhameful knyght thou mayſt haue no mercy / and therfor aryſe and fyghte with me / nay ſayde the knyghte I wyl neuer aryſe tyl ye graunte me mercy / Now wyl I profer the fayr ſaid launcelot I wyl vnarme me vnto my ſherte / and I wylle

haue nothyng vpon me/but my ſherte and my ſwerd and my
hande/And yf thou canſt flee me/quyte be thou for euer/nay
ſir ſaid Pedyuere that wille I neuer/ Wel ſaid ſir Launcelott
take thi is lady and the hede/and bere it vpon the/and bere ſhalt
thou ſwere vpon my ſwerde to bere it alweyes vpon thy backe
and neuer to reſte tyl thou come to quene Gueneuer/ Syre ſa
yd he that wyll I doo by the feithe of my body/Nowe ſaid la
uncelot telle me what is your name/ſir my name is Pedyue
re/In a ſhameful houre were thou borne ſaide launcelot/ Soo
Pedyuere departed with the dede lady and the hede/and fond
the quene with kynge Arthur at wyncheſtre/and there he tolde
alle the trouthe/Syre kinyght ſaid the quene this is an horryble
dede and a ſhameful/ and a grete rebuke vnto ſire launcelott
But not withſtondynge his worſhip is not knowen in many
dyuerſe countreyes / but this ſhalle I gyue you in penaunce
make ye as goode ſkyfte as ye can ye ſhal bere this lady with
you on horſſebak vnto the pope of Rome / and of hym receyue
your penaunce for your foule dedes/ and ye ſhalle neuer reſte
one nyghte there as ye doo another/and ye goo to ony bedde the
dede body ſhal lye with you/this othe ſwere he made and ſoo de
parted/ And as it telleth in the frenſſhe booke/whan he cam to
Rome/the pope badde hym goo ageyne vnto quene Gueneuer
and in Rome was his lady beryed by the popes commaunde
ment/ And after this ſir Pedyuere felle to grete goodneſſe/ &
was an holy man and an hermyte

¶ Capitulum xviij

NOwe torne we vnto ſir launcelot du lake that came ho
me two dayes afore the feeſt of Pentecoſt/and the kyng
and alle the courte were paſſynge fayne of his comynge /
And whanne ſire Gawayne/ſir Agwayne/ſire Agramore/ſir
Ector de marys ſalde ſire Launcelot in hayes armour/ thenne
they wiſt wel it was he that ſmote hem doune al with one ſpe
re/Thenne there was laughyng and ſmylyng amonge them /
and euer nowe and nowe came alle the knyghtes home that ſir
Turquyn badde pryſoners and they alle honoured and wor
ſhipped ſyre launcelot/ ¶ Whanne ſir Gahetes herd them

ſpeke/he ſaid/I ſaw alle the batayll from the begynnyng to the endynge/and there he told kyng Arthur alle how it was and how ſyre Turquyn was the ſtrongeſt knyght that euer he ſawe except ſyre launcelot/there were many knyghtes fayn hym record nyght thre score/ Thenne ſir kay told the kynge/ how ſyr launcelot had reſcowed hym whan he ſholde haue ben ſlayne/ and how he made the knyghtes yelde hem to me/and not to hym/And there they were all thre/and fayn record/and by Ihesu ſaid ſyr kay by cauſe ſyr launcelot took my harneis and lefte me his/I rode in good pees/and no man wold haue ado with me/ ¶Anone there with alle ther came the thre knyghtes that fought with ſyre launcelot at the longe bridge And there they yelded hem vnto ſyr kay/ and ſir kay forſoke hem and ſaid he fought neuer with hem/but I ſhall eaſe your herte ſaid ſir kay/yonder is ſyr launcelot that ouercam you whan they wyſt that/they were glad/And thenne ſyr Melyot de logrys came home/and told the kynge how ſyr launcelot had ſaued hym fro the dethe/ and all his dedes were knowen how foure quenes ſorcereſſes had hym in pryſon/and how he was delyuerd by kynge Bagdemagus doughter/Alſo there were told alle the grete dedes of armes that ſyr launcelot dyd betwixe the two kynges/that is for to ſaye the kynge of north galys and kynge Bagdemagus Alle the trouthe ſyr Gahalantyne dyd telle/and ſyre Mador de la porte and ſyre Mordred/for they were at that ſame turnement/ ¶Thenne cam in the lady that kneled ſyr launcelot whan that he wounded ſyr Bellyus at the paueſone / And there atte requeſt of ſyr launcelot ſyr Bellyus was made knyght of the round table / And ſoo at that tyme ſir launcelot had the gretteſt name of ony knyght of the world/and moſt he was honoured of hyghe and lowe

¶Explicit the noble tale of ſyr Launcelot du lake which is the vj book

¶Here followeth the tale of ſyr Gareth of Orkeney that was called Beaumaynes by ſyr kay / and is the ſeuenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

Han Arthur held his wundy table mooſt ple-
nour/it fortuned that he commaunded that the
hyghe feeſt of Pentecoſt ſholde be holden at a cy-
te and a Caſtel the whiche in tho dayes was
called kynke kenadonne vpon the ſondes that
marched nyghe walys/¶ Soo euer the kyng hadde a cuſtom
that at the feeſt of Pentecoſt in eſpecyal afore other feeſtes in
the yere he wold not goo that daye to mete vntyl he hady herdy
or ſene of a grete merueylle / And for that cuſtome alle ma-
ner of ſtraunge aduentures came afore Arthur as at that fe-
eſt before alle other feeſtes/And ſoo ſire Galvayne a lytyl to
fore none of the daye of Pentecoſt aſpyed att a wyndolwe thre
men vpon horſback and a dwarf on foote/ and ſoo the thre men
alighte and the dwarf kepte their horſes/and one of the thre
men was hyer than the other tweyne by a foote and an half
Thenne ſir Galvayne went vnto the kynge and ſayd/ſire go
to your mete/for here at the hande comen ſtraunge aduentures
So Arthur went vnto his mete with many other kynges /
And there were alle the knyghtes of the round table only tho
that were priſoners or ſlayn at a recounter/thenne at the hy-
he feeſt euermore they ſholde be fulfilled the hole nombre of an
C. and fyfty/for thenne was the round table fully compliſſhed
Right ſoo cam in to the halle two men well biſene and ryche-
ly/and vpon their ſholders there lened the goodlyeſt yong man
e the faireſt that euer they alle ſalve/e he was large and longe
and brode in the ſholders e well vyſaged/and the fayreſt and
the largeſt handed that euer man ſalve/but he ferdy as though
he myghte not goo nor here hym ſelf/ but yf he lened vpon their
ſholders/Anon as Arthur ſalve hym there was made pees e
rome/e ryght ſo they yede with hym vnto the hyghe deyſe with
out ſayeng of ony wordes/ Thenne this mocke yong man pul-
led hym a lafft and eaſily ſtretched vp ſtreyghte/ ſayeng kynge
Arthur god you ſaue and alle your fair felauſhip/and in eſpe
ciall the felauſhip of the table rounde/ And for thys cauſe I
am come hyder to praye you and requyre you to gyue me thre
yeftes/and they ſhalle not be vnreſonably aſked / but that ye
may wel ſhipfully and honorably graunte hem me/and to you

no grete hurte nor losse/And the fyrst done and gyfte I wil aske nowe/and the other two yeftes I wylle aske this daye twelue moneth/where someuer ye holde your hygthe feest/ Nowe aske sayde Arthur/and ye shalle haue your askyng

¶Nowe syre this is my petycyon for thys feest/ that ye wylle gyue me mete and drynke suffycyauntly for this twelue moneth/and at that day I wylle aske myn other two yeftes

¶My fayr sone sayde Arthur aske better I counsaille the for this is but a symple askynge/ for my herte geueth me to the gretely that thou arte come of men of worshyp / and gretely my consayte fayleth me/but thou shalt preue a man of ryghte grete worshyp/Syre he sayde/ther of be as it be may I haue asked that I wylle aske/wel sayde the kynge ye shal haue mete & drynke ynouz/I neuer defended ꝑ none/ nother my furde ne my foo / But what is thy name I wolde wete/ I can not telle you sayde he/ that is merueylle sayde the kynge / that thou knowest not thy name/and thou arte the goodlyest yonge man one that euer I salde/ Thenne the kyng betoke hym to sir kay the stewarde / and charged hym that he sholde gyue hym of al maner of metes and drynkes of the beste/ and also that he hadde al maner of fyndynge as though he were a lordes sone/that shal lyte nede sayd syr kay to doo suche coste vpon hym For I dare vndertake he is a vylayne borne/and neuer wille make man/for and he had come of gentylmen he wolde haue axed of you hors and armour/ but suche as he is so he asketh And sythen he hath no name/ I shall yeue hym a name that shal be Beaumaynes that is fayre handes/and in to the kechen I shalle brynge hym / and there he shal haue fatte brothes euery day ꝑ he shall be as fatte by the twelue monethes ende as a porke hog / ryght soo the two men departed and beleft hym to syr kay/that scorned hym and mocked hym ¶Ca ij

THere at was sir Galvayn wroth/& in especyal sir Launcelot bad sir kay leue his mockyng / for I dare laye my lyfe he shall preue a man of grete worshyp/lete be/ said sir kay/it may not be by no reason/for as he is/so he hath asked/Welwate said syre Launcelot/ so ye gafe the good knyght Brewnor syre Dynadamps broder a name /and ye called hym la cote male tayle / and that wounded you to anger after

ward/ As for that sayd syr kay this shall neuer preue none such/ For syr Brewnor despred euer worshyp and thys des-
with bred & drynke/ & brothe vpon payne of my lyf he was fostred vp in some abbay/ and hold someuer it was they fay
ked mete and drynke/ and soo hyther he is come for his sus-
tenaunce ¶ And soo syre kay badde gete hym a
place and sytte doune to mete/ soo Beaumayns went to the
halle dore/ and sette hym doune amonge boyes and laddys/ &
there he eet sadly/ And thenne syr launcelot after mete badde
hym come to his chamber/ And there he sholde haue mete and
drynke ynough/ And soo dyd syre Galvayne/ but he refused
hem al/ he wold doo none other) but as syr kay commaunded
hym for no profer/ But as touchynge syre Galvayn he hadde
reson to profer hym lodgyng mete and drynke/ for that profer
came of his blood/ for he was new kynne to hym than he wyst
But that as syre launcelot dyd was of his grete gentylnes
and curtoysye ¶ Soo thus he was putte in to the
kechyn and laye nyghtly as the boyes of the kechen dyd/
And soo he endured alle that tweluemoneth/ and neuer dis-
pleasyd may nor chylde/ but alweyes he was mete & mylde/
But euer whanne that he salde ony Justynge of knyghtes/
that wold he see and he myght/ And euer syre launcelot wold
gyue hym gold to spende and clothes/ and soo dyd syre Ga-
wayne/ and where there were ony maystryes done/ there atte
wold he be/ and there myght none cast darte nor stone to hym
by two yerdys/ Thenne wold syre kay saye hold kyketh yold
my boye of the kechyn/ soo it past on tyl the feest of Whytsons
tyde/ And at that tyme the kynge helde hit att Carlyon in the
moost royalleste wyse that myght be/ lyke as he dyd yerly/
But the kynge wold no mete ete vpon the whytsonday vn
tyl he herd some aduentures/ Thenne cam ther a squyer to the
kyng/ and said/ syre ye maye goo to your mete/ for here cometh
a damoysel with somme straunge aduentures/ thenne was the
kynge gladde and sette hym doune/ ¶ Rygh-
te soo ther came a damoysel in to the halle and salewed the kynge and prayd
hym of socour/ for whome sayd the kynge what is the aduen
ture/ ¶ Syre she sayd I haue a lady of grete worshyp and
renomme/ and she is beseged with a tyraunte so that she may

not oute of her caſtel / And by cauſe here are callyd the no-
bleſt knyghtes of the worldy / I come to you to praye you of
ſocour / What hetith your lady and where dwelleth ſhe / & who
is he / & what is his name that hath beſegedy her / ſyre kyng ſhe
ſaide / as for my ladyes name that ſhall not ye knowe for me
as at this tyme / but I lete you wete ſhe is a lady of grete wor-
ſhip and of grete landes / And as for the tyraunt that beſy-
geth her and deſtroyeth her landes he is calledy the rede knyght
of the reed launde / I knowe hym not sayd the kynge / Syre
ſaid ſyre Gawayne / I knowe hym wel for he is one of the pe-
rilloust knyghtes of the worldy / men saye that he hath ſeuen
mennys ſtrengthe / and from hym I eſcapedy ones ful hardy /
with my lyf / Fayre damoyſel sayd the kynge there ben knyg-
tes here wolde doo her power for to reſcowe your lady / but by
cauſe ye wylle not telle her name nor where ſhe dwelleth / ther-
for none of my knyghtes that here be nowe ſhal goo with yow
by my wylle / thenne muſt I ſpeke further sayd the damoyſel

¶ Capitulum iij

With theſe wordes came before the kynge Beaumayns
whyle the damoyſel was ther / & thus he ſaid ſyr kyng
god thanke you I haue ben this yere monethe in your kechyn
and haue hadde my ful ſuſtenaūce and now I will aſke my
two yeftes that ben behynde / Aſke vpon my peryl ſaid the ky-
nge / Syre this ſhal be my two gyftes / fyrſt that ye will gra-
unte me to haue this aduenture of the damoyſel / for hit belon-
geth vnto me / thou ſhalt haue hit sayd the kyng I graunte it
the / thenne ſyr this is the other yeft / that ye ſhal hyde Launce
lot du lake to make me knyght for of hym I will be made knyg-
ght and of els of none / And whanne I am paſte I praye yow
lete hym ryde after me and make me knyght / whan I requy-
re hym / All this ſhal be done sayd the kynge / Fy on the sayde
the damoyſel / shalle I haue none but one that is your kechyn
page / thenne was ſhe wrothe and tolke her hors and departed /
And with that there cam one to Beaumayns and tolde hym
his hors and armour was come for hym / and there was the
dwarf come with all thyng that hym nedede in the rycheſt ma-
ner / ther at al the court had moche merueille fro whens cam al ꝑ

gere/Soo whanne he was armed there was none but felde soo goodely a man as he was/and ryght soo as he came in to the halle and took his leue of kyng Arthur & sir Galvayn & syr launcelot/and prayed that he wolde hye after hym/ and soo departed and rode after the damoysel

Capitulum iiij

But there went many after to beholde how wel he was horsed and trapped in clothe of gold/but he had neyther shelde nor spere/Thenne syr kay sayd al open in the halle I wylle ryde after my boye in the kechyn to wete / whether he wylle knowe me for his better/Said syr launcelot and sir gawayn yet abyde at home/So syr kay made hym redy and took his hors and his spere and rode after hym/ And ryght as Beumaynes ouertook the damoysel/ryght soo cam syr kay & sayd Beumaynes what syr knowe ye not me/ Thenne he tornedy his hors/and knewe hit was sir kay/that had done hym alle the despyte as ye haue herde afore]/ ye sayd beumaynes I knowe yold for an vngentyl knyght of the courte/and therfore kepe you of me / There with syre kay putte his spere in the reste/and ranne strenghe vpon hym/and beaumaynes cam as fast vpon hym with his swerd in his hand/ and soo he putte alwey his spere with his swerdand with a foyne thrested hym thorou the syde/that syr kay felle doune as he had ben dede / & he alyght doune and took sir kayes shelde and his spere/ and starte vpon his owne hors and rode his waye / Al that salwe syr launcelot and soo dyde the damoysel/ And thenne he badde his dwarf starte vpon sir kayes hors/and soo he dyde /|by that syre Launcelot was come/thenne he profered sir launcelot to juste/and eyther made hem redy/ and they came to gyder soo fyersly that eyther gaue doune other to the erthe / and sore were they displesed/ Thenne sir launcelot arose and halpe hym fro his hors And thenne beaumayns threwe his shelde from hym/and profered to fyghte with sir launcelot on foote/and soo they rasshed to gyders lyke boys thacynge / rasynge and foynynge to the

mouthenaunce of an houre / and syre launcelot felte hym soo hyggo that he merueylled of his strengthe / for he fought more lyker a gyaunt than a knyght / and that his fyghtynge was durable and passynge perilous / For syr launcelot had so moche ado with hym that he dred hym self to be shamed / and sayd Beaumayns fyghte not so sore / youre quarel and myn is not soo grete but we may leue of / Truly that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / but it doth me good to fele your myght / and yet my lord I shelded not the vtterraunce

Capitulum quintum

IN goddes name sayd syr launcelot / for I promyse you by the feythe of my body I had as moche to doo as I myght to saue my self for you vnshamed / and therfore haue ye no doubte of none erthely knyghte / Hope ye so that I may ony whyle stand a proued knyght sayd Beaumayns / ye sayd launcelot / doo as ye haue done / and I shal be your warant / Thenne I praye you sayd Beaumayns yelde me the order of knyghthode / thenne must ye telle me your name seyd launcelot / and of what kynne ye be borne / Syr soo that ye wyll not discouer me I shal say sayd Beaumayns / nay sayd syr launcelot / and that I promyse you by the feithe of my body / Vn tyl hit be openly knowen / Thenne syr he sayd my name is Gareth and broder vnto syr Gawayn of fader and moder / A syr said launcelot I am more gladder of you than I was / For euer me thought ye sholde be of a grete blood / and that ye cam not to the courte neyther for mete ne for drynke / And thenne sire Gareth prayd hym for to departe and lete hym goo / Soo syr launcelot departed from hym and came to syre kay and maade hym to be born home vpon his shelde / and so he was kelyd hard with the lyf / and al men scorned syr kay / and in especyal sir Gawayne and syr launcelot sayd it was not his parte to re buke no yonge man / for ful lytel knowe he of what byrth he is comen / and for what cause he came to this courte / and soo we leue syr kay and torne we vnto Beaumayns / whanne he had ouertaken the damoysel / anone she sayd what dost thou here / thou stynkest al of the kechyn / thy clothes ben talwdy of

the grete and stedfe that thou gaynest in kyng Arthures kechyn/woneste thou sayd sir that I abyde the for yonder knyght that thou lyghtest/Nay truly/ for thou sleest hym vnhappely and cowardly/therfor torne ageyn lawdy kechyn page/I know the wel/for syre kay named the Beaumayns / what arte thou but a luske and a torner of brockes and a ladyl wessher Damoysel sayd Beaumayns saye to me what ye wylle / I wylle not goo from you what someuer ye say/for I haue vndertake to kynge Arthur for to acheue your aduenture/and so shal I fynysshe it to the ende)eyther I shal dye therfore / Fy on the kechyn knaue wolt thou fynysshe myn aduenture/thou shalt anone be met with al/ that thou woldest not for alle the gode that euer thou soupest ones bake hym in the face/I shal assaye sayd Beaumayns/ Soo thus as they rode in the wode/there came a may fleynge al that euer he myght/ whether wolt thou sayd Beaumayns/O lord he said/helpe me/for here by in a shade are syxe theues that haue taken my lord and bounde hym/soo I am aferd lest they wyl slee hym/ Bringe me thyder said Beaumayns / and soo they rode to gyders vntyl they came there as was the knyghte bounden/ and thenne he rode vnto hem/and strake one vnto the dethe/and thenne an other/and at the thyrd strooke he slewe the thyrdde theef/and thenne the other thre fledde / And he rode after hem/and he ouertook hem/and thenne tho thre theues tourned ageyne and assayled Beaumayns hard/but at the laste he slewe them/& re torned and vnbounde the knyghte/And the knyght thanked hym/and prayd hym to ryde with hym to his castel there a ly tel beside/and he shold worshipfully rewarde hym for his good dedes/Syr sayd Beaumayns I wille no rewardy haue / I was this day made knyghte of noble syr launcelot/ & therfor I wylle no rewardy haue/ but gody rewarde me/And also I muste folowe this damoysel/And whan he came nyghe her she bad hym ryde fro her/for thou smellyst al of the kechyn/ Wenest thou that I haue Joye of the/for al this dede that thou hast done nys but myshappen the/ But thou shalt see a syghte shal make the torne ageyne and that lyghtly / Thenne the same knyght whiche was resolved of the theues rode after that damoysel and prayd her to lodge with hym alle that nyghte And by cause it was nere nyght/the damoysel rode with hym

to his caſtel/and there they had grete chere/and at ſouper the knyght ſat ſyr Beaumayns afore the damoiſel/Fy fy ſaid ſhe ſyr knyght ye are vnaurtoys to ſette a kechyn page afore me hym hyſemeth better to ſpeke a ſwyne than to ſytte afore a damoyſel of hyghe parage/thenne the knyght was aſhamed atte her wordes/and took hym vp/and ſette hym at aſyde lordy/ and ſette hym ſelf afore hym/and ſoo al that nyght they had goody chere and mery reſte/

Capitulum ſeytum

And on the morn the damoiſel & he took their leue & thanked the knyght / and ſoo departed / and rode on her way/vntyl they came to a grete foreſt/And there was a grete ryuer and but one paſſage/and ther were redy two knyghtes on the ferther ſyde to lette them the paſſage/what ſaiſt thou ſayd the damoyſel/ wylt thou matche yonder knyghtes or torne ageyne/ Nay ſayd ſyr Beaumayns I wyl not torne ageyn and they were fyue mo/And ther with al he raſſhyd in to the water/ and in myddes of the water eyther brake their ſperes vpon other to their handes/and thenne they dreive their ſwerdes/and ſmote egerly at other/And at the laſt ſyr Beaumayns ſmote the other vpon the helme that his hede ſtonyed/and there with alle he felle doune in the water / and there was he drowned/And thēne he ſporyd his hors vpon the londe/wherre the other knyghte felle vpon hym/and brake his ſpere/and ſoo they dreive theyr ſwerdes/and fought longe to gyders
At the laſte ſyre Beaumayns claſe his helme and his hede doune to the ſholders/and ſoo he rode vnto the damoyſel & bad her ryde forth on her way/ Alas ſhe ſayd that euer a kechen page ſholde haue that fortune to deſtroye ſuche two douzty knyghtes/thou weneſt thou haſt done doughtely that is not ſoo/ For the fyrſte knyghte his hors ſtumbled / and there he was drowned in the water/and neuer it was by thy force / nor by thy myght/ And the laſt knyghte by myſchap thou camyſt behynde hym and myſhapely thou ſlewe hym/Damoyſel ſayd Beaumayns ye maye ſaye what ye wyl/but with whom ſomeuer I haue a doo with al I truſte to god to ſerue hym or he

reuerte/And therfor I recke not what ye say soo that I may wynne youre lady/ Fy fy foule lechery knaue thou shalt se knyghtes that shal abate thy boost/ Fayre damoysel gyue me goodly langage/and thenne my care is past/for what knyghtes someuer they be/I care not ne I doubte hem not/Also sayd she I saye it for thyne auayle/yet mayst thou torne ageyne with thy worshipp/for and thou folowe me/thou arte but slayne/for I see alle that euer thou dost is but by mysauenture/ and not by prowesse of thy handes/wel damoysel ye may say what ye wylle/but where someuer ye goo I wylle folowe you Soo this Beaumaynes rode with that lady tyl euensong tyme and euer she chyde hym and wold not reste/ And they cam to a blacke launde/and there was a blacke hauthorne/& therby stenge a blak baner/and on the other syde there stenge a blacke shelde/and by hit stode a blacke spere grete and longe/ and a grete blacke hors couerd with sylke/and a blacke stone fast by

Capitulum septimum

There sat knyghte al armed in blacke harneis/ and his name was ꝑ knyght of the blak laūde/ thēne ꝑ damoysel whanne she salde that knyghte she badde hym flee douñ that lyke for his hors was not sadeled/Gramercy sayd Beaumaynes/for alwayes ye wold haue me a coward/with that the blacke knyghte/whanne she came nygh hym spak/& sayd damoysel haue ye brought this knyghte of kynge Arthur to be your champyon/ Nay fayr knyghte sayd she/this is but a lechyn knane that was fedde in kynge Arthurs kechyn for almesse/Why cometh he sayd the knyghte in suche aray/hit is shame that he kepeth you company/ syr I can not be delyuerd of hym sayd she/for with me he rydeth maugre myn hede/ godd wold that ye sholde put hym fro me/outher to slee hym and ye may/for he is an vnhappy knaue/and vnhapely he hath done this day/thorou mysshappe I salde hym slee two knyghtes at the passage of the water/and other dedes he dyde beforne ryght merueylous and thorou vnhappynes/ that merueylled me sayd the blacke knyghte that ony man that is of worshyp wylle haue adoo with hym/they knowe hym not sayd the damoysel/And for by cause he rydeth with me/they wene that he

he some man of worship borne/that may be/sayd the blak knyght/hold be it as ye say that he be no man of worshyp he is a ful lykely person/and ful lyke to be a stronge man / but thus moche shal I graunte you sayd the blacke knyghte / I shal putte hym doune vpon one foote / and his hors and hys harneys he shal leue with me / for it were shame to me to doo hym ony more harme/Whanne syre Beaumayns herd hym sa ye thus/he sayd syre knyghte thou art ful large of my hors and my harneys/I lete the wete it coste the nought/e whether hit lyketh the or not this launde wylle I passe maulgre thyn ede/And hors ne harneys getest thou none of my/ but yf thou wynne hem with thy handes/and therfor lete see what thou canst doo/Sayst thou that sayd the blacke knyghte/nold yelde thy lady fro the/for it besemeth neuer a kechyn page to ryde with suche a lady / Thou lyest sayd Beaumayns I am a gentyl man borne and of more hyghe lygnage than thou/e that wyl I preue on thy body/Thenne in grete wrathe they departed with theyr horses/and came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder/and the blacke knyghtes spere brake/and Beaumayns thrested hym thorou bothe his sydes/and there with his spere brak/and the truncheon lefte stylle in his syde/But neuertheles the blacke knyght dreue his swerd / and smote many eger strokes and of grete myghte/and hurte Beaumayns ful sore/But at the laste the blacke knyghte within an houre and an half he felle doune of his hors in swonne / and there he dyed/ And thenne Beaumayns salue hym soo wel horsed and armed/thenne he alyghte doune and armed hym in his armour/ and soo took his hors and rode after the damoysel/ Whanne she salue hym come nyghe/she sayd alwey kechyn knaue oute of the wynde / for the smelle of thy laudy clothes greueth me/Allas she sayd that euer suche a knaue shold by myshap slee soo goody a knyghte as thou hast done/ but alle thys is thyn vnhappynes/But here by is one shal paye the alle thy payement/and therfore yet I counsylle the/flee/it may happen me sayd Beaumayns to be beten or slayne/but I warne you fayre damoysel I wyll not flee alwey/nor leue your company for al that ye can say/for euer ye say that they wil kylle me or lete me/but hold fomeuer hit happeneth I escape/ and

they lye on the grounde / And therfore it were as good for you to holde you ſtyll thus al day rebukynge me/for alwey wille I not tyll I ſee the vttermeſt of this Journeye / or els I wylle be ſlayne/outher truly taken/therfore ryde on your waye/ For folowe you I wille what someuer happen

Capitulum octauum

THus as they rode to gyders they ſawe a knyght come dryuend by them al in grene bothe his hors & his harneis/ And whanne he came nygh the damoyſel he aſked her/is that my broder the blacke knyght that ye haue brought with yold/Nay nay ſhe sayd this vnhappy lecherꝑ knaue hath ſlayne your broder thoꝛou vnhappyneſſe/Alas sayd the grene knyght that is grete pyte that ſoo noble a knyght as he was ſholde ſoo vnhappely be ſlayne/ and namely of a knaues hande as ye ſay that he is/a traytour sayd the grene knyght thou ſhalt dye for ſleynge of my broder/ he was a ful noble knyght and his name was ſyr Perard/I defye the ſaid Beaumayns/for I lete the wete I ſlewe hym knyghtely and not ſhamefully/Therwith al the grene knyght rode vnto an horne that was grene/and hit longe vpon a thorne/and there he blewe thre dedely motys/and there came two damoyſels and armed hym lyghtly/ And thenne he took a grete hors/ and a grene ſhelde and a grene ſpere/And thenne they ranne to gyders with al their myghtes and brake their ſperes vnto their handes / And thenne they drewe their ſwerdes/and gaf many ſadde ſtrokes/and either of them wounded other ful yll And at the laſt at an ouerthwart Beaumayns with his hors ſtroke the grene knyghtes hors vpon the ſyde that he felle to the erthe / And thenne the grene knyght auoyded his hors lyghtly/and dreſſid hym vpon foote/That ſalde Beaumayns And there with al he alighte and they maſſhed to gyders lyke two myghty stempys a longe whyle/ and ſore they bledde bothe/with that cam the damoyſel / and ſaid my lord the grene knyghte/why for ſhame ſtande ye ſoo longe fyghtyng with the lecherꝑ knaue/ Alas it is ſhame that euer ye were made knyghte to ſee ſuche a ladde to matche ſuche a knyghte / as the

vode ouer grene the corne/ Therwith the grene knyght was
aſhamed/ and therwith al he gaf a grete ſtroke of mygh̄te &
claſe his ſhelde thorou/ Whan Beaumayns ſawe his ſhelde cle
uen a ſonder/ he was a lyttel aſhamed of that ſtroke and of her
langage/ And thenne he gaf hym ſuche a buffet vpon the hel-
me that he felle on his knees/ And ſoo ſodenly Beaumayns
pulled hym vpon the grounde grouelynge/ And thenne the
grene knyght cryed hym mercy/ and yelded hym vnto ſyr
Beaumayns/ and prayd hym to ſlee hym not/ Al is my layn
ſaid Beaumayns for thou ſhalt dye but yf this damoyſel that
came with me praye me to ſaue thy lyf/ and therwith al he vn
laced his helme lyke as he wolde ſlee hym/ Fy vpon the falſe
kechen page/ I wyll neuer praye the to ſaue his lyf/ for I will
neuer be ſoo mocke in thy daunger/ Thenne ſhalle he dere ſayde
Beaumayns/ Not ſoo hardy thou baudy knaue ſayde the da-
moyſel/ that thou ſlee hym/ Alas ſayd the grene knyght ſuf
fre me not to dye for a fayre wordy may ſaue me/ Fayr knyght
ſaid the grene knyght ſaue my lyf/ & I wyl forgeue the/ the
dethe of my broder/ and for euer to become thy man/ and yyy
knyghtes that holde of me for ener ſhal doo you ſeruyſe/ In
the deuyls name ſayde the damoyſel that ſuche a baudy kechen
knaue ſholde haue the and thyrtty knyghtes ſeruyſe/ Syr kn-
yght ſaid Beaumayns alle this auayleth the not/ but yf my
damoyſel ſpeke with me for thy lyf/ And therwith al he ma-
de a ſemblaunt to ſlee hym/ lete be ſayde the damoyſel thou bau
dy knaue/ ſlee hym not/ for and thou do/ thou ſhalt repente it
Damoyſel ſaide Beaumayns your charge is to me a pleaſyr
and at your commaundement his lyf ſhal be ſaued/ & els not
Thenne he ſaid ſir knyght with the grene armes I releace the
quyte at this damoyſels requeſt/ for I wylle not make her
wrothe/ I wille fulfylle al that ſhe chargeth me/ And thenne
the grene knyght kneled doune/ and dyde hym homage with
his ſwerde/ thenne ſaide the damoiſel me repenteth grene kny
ght of your dommage/ and of youre broders dethe the blacke
knyght/ for of your helpe I had grete myſter/ For I drede
me ſore to paſſe this foreſt/ Nay drede you not ſayde the grene
knyght/ for ye ſhal lodge with me this nyght/ and to morne
I ſhalle helpe you thorou this foreſt/ Soo they woke theyre

horſes and rode to his manoyr which was faſt there beſyde

Capitulum ix

And euer ſhe rebuked Beaumayns and wold not ſuf fre hym to ſytte at her table/but as the grene knyght wold hym and ſat hym at a ſyde table/Merueylle me thynketh ſaid the grene knyght to the damoyſel why ye rebuke this no ble knyghte as ye doe/for I warne you damoyſel he is a full noble knyght/and I knowe no knyght is abel to matche hym therfor ye doo grete wrong to rebuke hym/ for he ſhall do yold ryght goody ſeruyſe/for what someuer he maketh hym ſelf /ye ſhalle preue at the ende that he is come of a noble bloody and of kynges lygnage / Fy fy ſaid the damoiſel it is ſhame for you to ſaye of hym ſuche worſhip/Truly ſaid the grene knyght it were ſhame for me to ſey of hym ony diſworſhip/for he hath prouedy hym ſelf a better knyght than I am/ yet haue I mett with many knyghtes in my dayes/ and neuer or this tyme he ue I fond no knyght his matche/and ſo that nyght they yo de vnto reſt/and al that nyght the grene knyght commaunded thyrtty knyghtes pryuely to watche Beaumayns for to kepe hym from al treaſon/And ſoo on the morne they al aroſe and herdy their maſſe and brake their faſt/and thenne they woke their horſes/and rode on their ways/ and the grene knyghte conueyed hem thorou the foreſt / and there the grene knyghte ſaid my lordy Beaumayns I e theſe thyrtty knyghtes ſhall be allweye at your ſomons both erly and late at your callyng and whether that euer ye wille ſende vs/it is wel ſaid / ſaydy Beaumayns / whanne that I calle vpon you/ye muſt yelde you vnto kynge Arthur and all your knyghtes/ yf that ye ſo commaunde vs/ We ſhal ben redy at all tymes ſaid the grene knyght/ Fy fy vpon the in the deuyls name ſaide the damoyſel that ony good knyghtes ſhold be obedyent vnto a lechyn kna ue/Soo thenne departedy the grene knyghte andy the damoy ſel/ And thenne ſhe ſaid vnto Beaumayns why foloweſt thou me thou lechyn boye/caſte alway thy ſhelde andy thy ſpeere/and flee alweye/yet I counceille the by tymes or thou ſhalt ſay ry ght ſoone Alas for were thou as wyſe as euer was wade

or Lauãbe/ Tryſtram/ or the goody knyght ſyr lamaryſ thou ſhalt not paſſe a paas here that is called the paas perilous / Damoyſel ſaid Beaumayns whi is aferd lete hym flee/ for it were ſhame to torne ageyne ſythen I haue ryden ſoo longe with yold/ wel ſaid the damoyſel ye ſhal ſone wyther ye wyll or not

¶ Capitulum x

SOo within a whyle they ſalve a toure as whyte as ey ny ſnolve wel matcheold al aboute / and doubel dy ked / And ouer the toure gate there henge a fyfty ſheldes of dyuerſe colours/ and vnder that toure there was a fayr medow And therin were many knyghtes and ſquyers to behold ſaf foldes and pauelions/ for there vpon the morn ſhold be a gre te turnement/ and the kid of the toure was in his caſtel and loked out at a wyndolve/ and ſalve a damoyſel/ a dwarf and a knyzt armed at al poyntes/ So god me helpe ſaid the lord with ꝑ knyzt wyll I Juſte/ for I ſee that he is a knizt armed ꝑ ſoo he armed hym and horſed hym haſtely/ And whanne he was on horſback with his ſhelde and his ſpere/ it was al re de lothe his hors and his harneis/ and alle that to hym bon geth/ And whanne that he came nygh hym he wende it hadde ben his broder the blacke knyght/ And thenne he cryed a loude broder what doo ye in theſe marches/ nay nay ſayd the damoy ſel/ it is not he/ this is but a lechyn knaue that was brought vp for almeſſe in kynge Arthurs courte / Neuertheles ſayd the red knyght I wylle ſpeke with hym or he departe/ A ſa yd the damoyſel this knaue hath kylled thy broder / and ſyre kay named hym Beaumayns/ and this hors and this har neis was thy broders the blacke knyght/ Alſo I ſalve thy bro der the grene knyght ouercome of his handes / Nold maye ye he truenged vpon hym/ for I may neuer be quyte of hym

¶ With this eyther knyghtes departed in ſondre/ and they cam to gyder with alle their myght/ and eyther of their horſes fell to the erthe/ and they auoyded their horſes/ and put their ſhel des afore them and drelve their ſwerdes/ and either gaf other ſadde ſtrokes/ nold here/ nold there/ raſyng/ traeyng/ foynynge and hurlynge lyke two lores the ſpace of two houres/ And thenne ſhe cryed on hyghe to the red knyght/ Alas thou noble

rede knyght/thynke what worship hath followed the/lete ne uer a lechyr knaue endure the soo longe as he doth / Thenne the rede knyght wayed wrothe and doubled his strokes and hurte Beaumayns wonderly sore that the blood ranne doune to the grounde that it was wonder to see that stronge battaille / Yet at the last syre Beaumayns strake hym to the erthe/and as he wold haue slayne the rede knyght he cryed mercy sayeng noble knyght slee me not/ and I shall yelde me to the with fyfty knyghtes with me that be at my commaundement And I forgyue the al the despyte that thou hast done to me/ and the dethe of my broder the black knyght/All this auaylleth not said Beaumayns/but yf my damoysel praye me to saue thy lyf/ And therwith he maade semblaunt to stryke of his hede/Lete be thou Beaumayns slee hym not/for he is a noble knyght/and not soo hardy vpon thyne hede but thou saue hym/Thenne Beaumayns badde the rede knyght stande vp and thanke the damoysel nold of thy lyf/ ¶ Thenne the rede knyght praid hym to see his castel/ and to be there al nyghte Soo the damoysel thenne graunted hym/and there they had mery chere/But alwayes the damoysel spak many foule wordes vnto Beaumayns wherof the rede knyght had grete merueylle / and alle that nyghte the rede knyghte maade there swore knyghtes to watche Beaumayns that he sholde haue no shame nor vylony/And vpon the morne they herde masse and dyned/and the rede knyghte came before Beaumayns with his thre score knyghtes/and there he proferd hym his homage and feaute at al tymes he and his knyghtes to doo hym seruyse/I thanke you said Beaumayns / but this ye shalle graunte me/whanne I calle vpon you to come afore my lorde kynge Arthur and yelde you vnto hym to be his knyghtes/ Syr said the rede knyghte I wille be redy and my felaushyp at your somons/So syr Beaumayns departed and the damoysel and euer she wold chydynge hym in the foulest maner/

DAmoysel said Beaumayns ye are vnaurtys so to re-
buke me/as ye doo / for me semeth I haue done you
good seruyse/and yf euer ye threate me I shal be beten
with knyghtes that ye mete/ but euer for al your boost they
lye in the dust or in the myre/and therfor I pray you rebuke
me no more/And whan ye see me beten or yolden as recreaūt
thenne may ye byde me goo from you shamefully/ but fyrste
I bete you wete I wylle not departe from you / for I were
werse than a foole and I wold departe from you alle the why
le that I wynne worshyp/wel said sir/ryght soone ther shal
mete a knyght shal paye the alle thy wages/for he is the moste
man of worshyp of the worldy excepte kyng Arthur/ I wil
wel said Beaumayns / the more he is of worshyp / the more
shalle be my worshyp to haue adoo with hym/ Thenne anone
they were ware/Where was afore them a Cyte ryche and fayre
And bytwixe them and the Cyte a myle and an halfe there
was a fayre medowe that semed nerbe mowen/and therin we
re many pauelions fayre to beholde/Lo said the damoysel yon-
der is a lord that owneth yonder cyte/ and his custome is whan
the weder is fayre to lye in this medowe to Juste and torneye/
And euer there ben about hym fyue hondred knyghtes & gen
tilmen of armes/and there bey alle maner of games that ony
gentylman can deuyse / That goodly lord saide Beaumayns
wold I fayne see / thou shalt see hym tyme ynough saide the
damoysel / and soo as sir rode nere she aspyed the pauelione /
Where he was/Loo sayd she seest thou yonder pauelione that is
al of the colour of Inde and al maner of thynge that there
is about men and hymmen/and horses trapped/shelder and
speres were all of the colour of Inde and his name is sir per
sant of Inde the mooste hardyest knyghte that euer thou bleest
on/Hit may wel be said Beaumayns/but be he neuer so sto-
ute a knyghte in this felde / I shalle abyde tyl that I see hym
vnder his shelde/A foole said she thou were better flee by ty-
mes/why sayd Beaumayns and he be suche a knyghte as ye
make hym be wylle not sette vpon me with alle his men / or
with his/v/C knyghtes/ For and ther come no more but one

at ones/ I ſhall hym not fayle whyleſt my lyf laſteth/ Fy fy ſaid the damoyſel that euer ſuche a ſtynkynge knaue ſholde bolde ſuche a boſt/ Damoyſel he ſaid ye ar to blame ſoo to re-buke me/ For I had leuer do fyue batails/ than ſo to be rebu-ked/ lete hym come and thenne lete hym doo his werſt/ Syre ſhe ſaid I merueylle what thou arte and of what kyn thou arte come/ boldly thou ſpekeſt/ and boldly thou haſt done/ that haue I ſene/ therfore I praye the saue thy ſelf and thou ma-yſt/ for thy hors and thou haue had grete trauevlle/ And I orde we dwelle ouer longe from the ſege/ For hit is but lens seuen myle/ and alle perillous paſſages we ar paſt saue al on-ly this paſſage/ and here I orde me for leſt ye ſhalle lete-che ſome hurte/ therfore I wold ye were lens that ye were not hey-ded nor hurte with this ſtronge knyght/ But I lete you we-te this syr Perſant of ynde is no thyng of myzte nor ſtrength vnto the knyghte that leid the ſyege aboute my lady/ As for that ſaid ſyre Beaumayns be it as it be may / For ſythen I am come ſoo nyghe this knyght I wille preue his myghte or I departe from hym/ and els I ſhalle be ſhamed/ and I nold withdraw me from hym / And therfore damoyſel haue ye no doubte by the grace of god I ſhall ſo dele with this kny-ghte that within tuo houres after none I ſhalle delyuer hym And thenne ſhal we come to the ſyege by day lyghte/ O Ihe-ſu merueille haue I ſaid the damoyſel what maner a man ye be/ for hit may neuer ben otherwyſe but that ye be comen of a noble blood / for ſoo foule ne ſhamefully dyde neuer woman rule a knyghte as I haue done you/ and euer curteiſly ye ha-ue ſuffred me/ and that cam neuer but of a gentyl blood/

¶ Damoyſel ſayd Beaumayns a knyght may lyte do that may not ſuffre a damoiſel/ for what someuer ye ſaid vnto me/ I took none hede to your wordes/ for the more ye sayde the mo-re ye angryde me/ and my wrathe I wreked vpon them that I had a doo with al/ And therfor alle the myſſayenge that ye myſſayed me/ forfered me in my batailk & cauſed me to thyn-ke to ſhelde & preue my ſelf at the ende what I was/ for peraduentur thouz I had mete in kyng Arthurs kechyn/ yet I myzt haue had mete ynouz in other places/ but alle that I dyde it for to preue & aſſaye my frendes / and that ſhalle be knowen

another day/ and whether that I be a gentylman borne or no/ ne/ I lete you wete fayre damoysel I haue done you gentil mans seruyse/ and parauentur better seruyse yet wille I do or I departe from you/ Alas sir saidy fayr Beaumayns for gyue me alle that I haue myssaidy or done ageynst the/ wyth alle my herte saidy he I forgyue it yold/ for ye dyde no thyng but as ye sholdy doo/ for al your euyl wordes pleasydy me/ damoysel saide Beaumayns syn hit lyketh you to saye thus fayre vnto me/ wete ye wel it gladeth my herte gretely/ and nold me semeth ther is no knyght lyuynge but I am able y nough for hym

¶ Capitulum Duodecimum

Wyth this sir Persant of ynde hady aspyed them as they houedy in the felde/ and knyztly he sente to them wher ther he came in werre or in pees/ say to thy lord said beauma nys I take no force/ but whether as hym lyst hym self/ Soo the messager went ageyne vnto syr Persaunt/ and told hym alle his answer/ wel thenne wille I haue adoo with hym to the vttraunce/ and soo he purueyedy hym and rode ageynst hym/ And Beaumayns salue hym and made hym redy/ ther they mette with all that euer theyr horses myght renne/ and braste their speres eyther in thre pyeces/ their horses passed so to gyders that bythe their horses felle dede to the erthe lyztly they auoydedy their horses/ and put their shildes afore them/ drewe their swerdes/ and gaf many grete strokes that somtyme they hurtled to gyder that they felle grouelyng on the ground Thus they fought two houres and more that their shildes theyr hauberkes were al forkerued/ in many stedys they were wounded/ So at the last syr Beaumayns smote hym thorou the myd of the body/ thenne he retrayedy hym here there knyghtly mayntened his batail long tyme/ And at the last though hym lothe were Beaumayns smote sir Persant aboue vpon the helme that he felle grouelyng to the erthe/ thenne he lepte vpon hym ouerthwart and vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym/ Thenne syr Persant yelded hym asked hym mercy/ with that cam the damoisel praid to saue his lyf/ I wil wel/ for it were pyte this noble knyzt shold dye/ gramercy sayd Persaunt gentyl knyzt damoysel/ For certeynly nold I

wote wel it was ye that slewe my broder the blacke knyght / at the blacke thorne/he was a ful noble knyght/his name was syr Gerard / Also I am sure that ye are he that wanne myn other brother the grene knyght/his name was syr Gerwaye Also ye wanne my broder the wedy knyght syr Gerrymones/ And nowe syn ye haue wonne these/this shal I do for to plese you ye shal haue homage & feaute of me/& an C knyghtes to be aldeyes at your commaundement to go & ryde where ye wil commaunde vs/& so they wente vnto sir Gersauntes pauelione & dranke the wyne/& eke spyces / & afterward sire Gersaunte made hym to reste vpon a bedde vntyl souper tyme/and after souper to bedde ageyne/ whan Beaumayns was abedde syr Gersaunt had a lady a faire douzter of yiij yere of age and there he called her vnto hym/& charged her & commaunded her vpon his blessynge to go vnto the knyghtes bedde/and lye doun by his syde/& make hym no straunge chere/but good chere/and take hym in thyne armes & kysse hym/& loke that this be done I charge you as ye wil haue my loue & my good wil So syr Gersants doughter dyd as her fader bad her/ and soo she wente vnto syr Beaumayns bed/& pryuely she dispoyled her/& leyd her doune by hym/& thenne he awoke & salue her & asked her what she was/syre she said I am sir Gersants douzter that by the commaundement of my fader am come hyder / Be ye a mayde or a wyf said he/ sir she said I am a clene maiden/God defende sayd he that I sholde defoyle you to doo syre Gersaunt suche a shame / therfore fayre damoysel aryse oute of this bedde or els I wille /Syre she said I cam not to you by myn owne wille but as I was commaunded/ Alas said syr Beaumayns I were a shameful knyght and I wolde do your fader ony dishonour/and so he kyst her and soo she departed and came vnto syr Gersant her fader / and told hym alle how she had spedde / Truly saide syre Gersaunt what someuer he be/he is comen of a noble blood / and soo we leue hym there tyl on the morne

Capitulum viij

Capitulum viij

And̄ soo on the morne the damoysel & sir Beaumayns herd masse & brake their faste/ and̄ soo took their leue Fair damoysel said Persaunt whether ward ar ye way ledyng this knyght/syr she said this knyght is goyng to the sege / that besyegeth my syster in the castel Dangerus/ A a sayd per saunt that is the knyght of the red̄ launde/the which is the moost perylous knyght that I knolde nold lyuyng / and̄ a man that is without̄ mercy/and men sayen that he hath seuen mens strength/ god̄ saue you said he to Beaumayns from ꝑ knyght/for he doth grete wrong to that lady/and that is gre te pyte/for she is one of the faireste ladyes of the world̄/& me semeth that your damoysel is her suster/is not your name Lyo net said he/ye sir said she/and my lady my systers name is da me Lyonesse/Nold shal I telle you said̄ syr Persaunt/ thys red̄ knyght of the red̄ launde hath layne long at the syege wel nyghe thre twoo yeres/ and̄ many tymes he myght haue had her and̄ he had wold̄/ but he prolongeth the tyme to thys entent/for to haue sir Launcelot du lake to doo batayle with hym or sir Trystram or syr Lamerak de galys/or syre Galhayne/& this is his tarryenge soo longe at the syege/Nold my herd̄ syre Persaunt of ynde said the damoysel Lynet I requyre you that ye wolle make this gentilman knyght as euer he fyght with the red̄ knyght/I wolle with all my herte said syr Persaunt and it please hym to take the ordre of knyghthode of so sym ple a man as I am / Sire said Beaumayns I thanke you for your good wil/for I am better sped̄/ for certaynly the no ble knyght sir Launcelot made me knyght/ A said sir Persant of a more renamed̄ knyght myght ye not be made knyght/ For of alle knyghtes he maye be called chef of knyghthode/& so all the world̄ saith that betwixe ther knyghtes is departed̄ clerly knyghthode/that is Launcelot du lake/syr Trystram de ly onesand̄ sir Lamerak de gales/ these ben nold the renommee/ there ben many other knyghtes as sir Palamydes the sarasyn and̄ sir Safere his broder/Also sir Bleoberys and̄ sire Bla more de ganys his broder/Also syr Bors de Ganys & syr Ec tor de marys & sir Percyuale de galis/these & many mo ben no ble knyztes/but ther be none ꝑ passe ꝑ in̄ aboue said /therfor god

ſpede you wel ſaid ſyr Perſant/for and ye may matche the we-
de knyghte ye ſhalle be called the fourth of the worldy/ſir ſaid
Beaumayns I holde fayne be of goody fame/and of knygh
thode/And I lete you wete I am of goody men / for I dare
ſay my fader was a noble man / and ſoo that ye wil kepe hit
in cloſe/ and this damoyſel/I wyl telle you of what kyn I am
We wille not diſcouer you ſaid they both tyl ye commaunde vs
by the feythe we owe vnto godi/ Truly thenne ſaide he/ my
name is Gareth of Orkeney and kynge Lot was my fader/ &
my moder is kynge Arthurs ſyſter/her name is Dame Mor-
gaulſe/and ſir Gawayne is my broder/and ſir Agrauayne &
ſir Gaherys/and I am the yongeſt of hem alle/ And yet wo
te not kyng Arthur nor ſir Gawayn what I am

Capitulum xiiij

SOo the book ſaith/that the lady that was beſeged had
herd of her ſyſters comynge by the dwerf and a kny-
ghte with her/and holy he hady paſſed al the perilous paſſa-
ges/What maner a man is he ſaid the lady/he is a noble kny-
ght truly madame ſaid the dwerf and but a yong man/but
he is as lykely a man as euer ye ſawe ony/ what is he sayd
the damoyſel/and of what kynne is he come / and of whome
was he made knyghte/ Madame ſaid the dwerf he is the kyng-
ges ſone of Orkeney/but his name I wille not telle you as
at this tyme/but wete ye wel of ſyre launcelot was he maade
knyght/for of none other wolde he be maade knyghte/ and ſire
kay namedy hym Beaumayns/how eſcapedy he ſaidy the lady
from the bretherin of Perſaunt/ Madame he ſaid as a noble
knyghte ſholdy/ Fyrſte he ſlewe two bretherin att a paſſage of
a water/ A ſaide ſhe they were goody knyghtes but they were
murtherers/the one hyght Gherard de breuſſe/ & the other kny-
ght hyght ſir Arnolde le Brewſe/ thenne madame he recoun-
tredy with the blacke knyght/andy ſlewe hym in playne batail
& ſo he toke his hors & his armour & fouzt with the grene kny-
ght & wanne hym in playn batail/& in lyke wyſe he ſerued
the red knyzt/and aftir in the ſame wyſe he ſerued the blewe
knyzt & wan hym in playn batail/thēne ſaid the lady he hath
ouercome ſir Perſaūt of Inde/one of the nobleſt knyztes of the
world/& þ dwerf ſaid he hath wōne al the iiij bretherē & ſlayn

the blak knyght/and yet he dyd more tofore he ouerthrewe sir kay and lefte hym nyghe ded vpon the grounde/ Also he dyd a grete batayll with syr launcelot/and there they departed on euen handes/ And thenne syr launcelot made hym knyght/ Dwerf sayd the lady I am gladde of these tydyngee/therfor go thou in ayn hermytage of myn here by/and there shalt thou here with the of my wyn in two flagans of siluer/they ar of two galons/ and also two cast of bred with fatte veneson bake and dynte foules/and a cop of gold/ here I delyuer the/ that is ryche and precyous and here alle this to myn hermytage/and put it in the hermytes handes/ And sythen go thou vnto my syster and grete her wel/and commaūde me vnto that gentyl knyght/and praye hym to ete and to drynke and make hym stronge/and say ye hym I thanke hym of his curtoysye and goodenes that he wold take vpon hym suche labour for me that neuer dyd hym bounte nor curtoysye/ ¶ Also pray hym that he be of good herte & courage/for he shalle mete with a ful noble knyghte/but he is neyther of bounte/curtoysye/ nor gentylnes/for he attendyth vnto nothynge but to murther/& that is the cause I can not prayse hym nor loue hym/So this dwerf departed/ and came to syr persant where he fond the damoysel lynet and syr Beaumayns/ and there he told hem alle as ye haue herd/and thenne they took theyr leue/but syr persant took an amblyng harney and conueyed hem on theyr wayes/ And thenne lefte hem to gode/ and soo within a lytil whyle they came to that hermytage/ and there they dranke the wyne/and ete the veneson and the foules bitten/

And so whan they had repasted hem wel/ the dwerf retorned ageyn with his kesse vn to the castel ageyne/ and there mette with hym the yeed knyght of the yeed laundes/ and asked hym from whens that he came/and where he had ben/ Syr sayd the dwerf I haue ben with my ladyes syster of this castel and she hath ben at kynge Arthurs court/ and brought a knyght with her/thenne I accompte her trauaille but loste/ For though sir had brought with her syr launcelot/sir Trystram/syr Lamerak or syr galhayne/ I wold thynke my selfe good ynough for them alle/it may well be said the dwerf/but this knyght hath passed alle the perylous passages & slayn

the blacke knyghte and other two mo / and whonne the grene knyght/the redy knyghte and the blewe knyghte/thenne is he one of these four that I haue afore rehersed/He is none of the said the dwerf/but he is a kynges sone/what is his name sayd the redy knyght of the redy launde/that wille I not telle you sayd the dwerf/but sire kay vpon scorne named hym Beaumayns/I care not sayd the knyght what knyghte soo euer he be/for I shal soone conquer hym / And yf I euer matche hym he shalle haue a shameful dethe as many other haue had that were pyte sayd the dwerf/ And it is merueille that ye make suche shameful warre vpon noble knyghtes

Capitulum xv

NOw leue we the knyghte and the dwerf/and speke we of Beaumayns that al nyght lay in the hermytage / & vpon the morne he and the damoysel lynet herd theire masse/ and brake their faste/ And thenne they toke theyr horses/and rode thorou oute a fair forest/and thenne they came to a playne and sawe where were many pauelions and tentes/ and a fayr castel/and there was mocke smoke and grete noyse/and whanne they came nere the sege/ syr Beaumayns aspyed vpon grete trees as he rode/ how there henge ful goodly armed knyghtes by the neck and theire shelder about theire neckes with their swerdes/and gylt spores vpon their heles/ and soo there henge nyghe a fourty knyghtes shamefully with ful rych armes/ Thenne sir Beaumayns abaysed his countenaunce & sayd what meneth this/ Fayre syre said the damoysel abaste not your chere for all this syghte / for ye muste coutage your self or els ye ben al shente / for all these knyghtes came hyder to this sege to reskowe my syster Dame lyones/and whanne the rede knyghte of the red launde hadde ouercome hem / he putte them to this shameful dethe without mercy and pyte / And in the same wyse he wyll serue you/but yf ye quyte you the better Wold Ihesu defende me said Beaumayns from suche a vylayneus dethe and shenshyp of armes / For rather than I sholde so be farey with all /I wolde rather be slayn manly in playn

batayle/ Soo where ye better sayd the damoysel/for trust not in hym is no curtoysye but alle goth to the deth or shameful murther/and that is pyte/for he is a ful lykely man / wel made of body / and a ful noble knyght of prowesse and a lorde of grete laundes and possessions/ Truly sayd Beaumayns/ he may wel be a good knyght/but he vseth shameful customs and it is merueylle that he endureth so longe that none of the noble knyghtes of my lord Arthurs haue not delt with hym And thenne they rode to the dykes and salve them double dyked with ful warly walkis/and there were lodged many grete lordes nyghe the walkys/and there was grete noyse of myn strals/and the see ketyd vpon the one syde of the walkes wher were many shippes and maryners noyse with hale & holo And also there was fast by a Sykamore tree/ and ther hinge an horne the gruttest that euer they salve of an Olyfantes horne/and this knyght of the redy launde hadd hanged it vp ther that yf ther came any arraunt knyght / he muste blowe that horne / and thenne wylle he make hym redy & come to hym to doo batayle/But syr I pray you said the damoysel Lynet blowe ye not the horne tyl it be hyghe none/ for nold it is about pryme/& nold encreaced his myght/ that as men say he hath seuen mens strengthe/ A fy for shame fair damoisel say ye neuer soo more to me/ For and he were as good a knyght as euer was I shalle neuer fayle hym in his moost myght/ for outher I wille wynne worshipp worshipfully or dye knyghtely in the felde/ and ther with he spored his hors strygthe to the Sykamore tree/ and blewe soo the horne egerly that alle the sege and the castel range therof / And thenne there lepte oute knyghtes oute of their tentys and pauelions / and they within the castel loked ouer the walkis and oute att wyndowes/ Thenne the redy knyght of the redy launde armed hym hastely / and two barons sette on his spores vpon his heles/ and alle was bodyed redy his armour spere and shelde/ And an Erle bucked his helme vpon his hede / and thenne they brought hym a rede spere and a rede stede/and soo he rode in to a lytyl dale vnder the castel/that al that were in the castel and at the sege myght beholde the batayll

Syre sayd the damoysel Lynet vnto syr Beaumayns wote ye be glad and lyght/for yonder is your deedly enemy / and at yonder wyndolde is my lady my syster dame Lyones/wherto sayd Beaumayns/yonder said the damoysel & poynted with her synger/that is trouthe sayd Beaumayns / She resemeth a ferre the fayrest lady that euer I loked vpon and truly he said I aske no better quarel than nold for to do batayle/for truly she shalle be my lady/and for her I wylle fyght / And euer he loked vp to the wyndolde with glad countenaunce/And the lady Lyones made curtesy to hym doune do the erthe with holdynge vp bothe their handes / Wyth that the reed knyght of the reed launds called to syr Beaumayns/leue syr knyght thy lokynge/and beholde me I counsaille the/for I warne the wel she is my lady/ and for her I haue done many stronge batails/Yf thou haue so done said Beaumayns/me semeth it was but waste labour / for she loueth none of thy felaushyp/and thou to loue that loueth not the/ is but gret folye/ For and I vnderstode that she were not glad of my comynge/I wold be auysed or I dyd batayle for her/ But I vnderstande by the syegyng of this castel she may forbere thy felaushyp/ And therfor were thou wel thou red knyght of the reed launds/I loue her/and wille recouer her or els to dye/Saist thou that said the reed knyght/me semeth/ thou aughte of reson to be ware by yonder knyghtes that hold salwest hange vpon yonder trees/ Fy for shame said Beaumayns that euer thou sholdest saye or do so euyl/ for in that thou shamest thy self and knyghthode/and thou mayst be sure ther wylle no lady loue the that knoweth thy vyckedy customme And nold thou weneste that the syghte of these hanged knyghtes sholde fere me/Nay truly not so/that shameful syght causeth me to haue courage and hardynes ageynste the more than I wolde haue had ageynst the/ and thou were a wel ruled knyght/make the redy said the reed knyght of the red launds/and talke no lenger with me/ Thenne syre Beaumayns badde the damoysel goo from hym/and thenne they putte their speres in their reystes and came to gyders with alle their myght

that they had bothe/and eyther smote other in myddes of their shelders that the paytrelles/surcengles/and cruppers braste/ and felle to the erthe bothe/ and the reynes of their bridels in their handes/ and soo they laye a grete while sore stonyed that al that were in the castel and in the sege wende their nekkes had ben broken/ and thenne many a straunger and other sayd the straunge knyght was a bygge man/ and a noble Juster/ for or nold we salde neuer noo knyght matche the redy knyght of the redy launde/ thus they sayd bothe within the castel and without/thenne lyghtly they auoyded theyr horses and put their shelders afore them/ and drewe their swerdes and ranne to gyders lyke two fyers lyons/ and eyther gaf other suche buffets vpon their helmes that they relyd backward bothe two strydes/and thenne they recouerd bothe and helde grete pyeces of theire harneis and theire shelders/ that a grete parte felle in to the feldes

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And thenne thus they foughte tyl it was past none/ and neuer wolde stynte tyl att the laste they lacked wynde bothe/ and thēne they stode wagyng and scatering pon tyng/bolwynge and bledynge that al that behelde them for the moost party wepte for pyte/ Soo whan they had restyd them a while/they yede to batailke ageyne/ tracyng racyng foynyng as two bores/ And at some tyme they tokte their renne as hit had ben two rammys & hurtled to gyders that somtyme they felle grouelyng to the erthe/ And at somtyme they were so amased that eyther wold others swerd in stede of his owne / Thus they endured tyl euensong tyme/ that there was none that behelde them myghte knolde whether was lyke to wynne the batail/and their armour was so fer helpen that men myght see their naked sydes/and in other places/they were naked/ but euer the naked places they dyd defende/and the rede knyghte was a wyly knyght of werre/and his wyly fyghtyng taughte syr Beaumayns to be wyse/but he aboughte hit fulle sore or he dyd aspy his fyghtynge / And thus by assente of them bothe they graunted eyther other to rest/and so they sette

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hym doune vpon two mokke hylles there respyte the fyghtynge place/and ryther of hem vnlaced his helme/and toke the cold wynde/for either of their pages was fast by them to come whan they called to vnlace their harneis and to sette hem on ageyn at their commaundement/And thenne whan syr Beaumayns helme was of/he loked vp to the wyndowe/and there he salwe the faire lady Dame Lyones/and she made hym suche countenaunce that his herte wayed lyghte and joly/and ther with he lady the wedy knyghte of the wedy laundes make hym redy and lete vs doo the bataille to the vttraunce/I will wel sayd the knyghte/and thenne they laced vp their helmes/and their pages auoyded/& they stepte to gyders & foughte fyersly/ but the wedy knyghte of the wedy laundes albayted hym/ & at ayn ouerthwart smote hym within the hand/that his swerde felle oute of his handy/and yet he gaf hym another buffet vpon the helme that he felle grouelynge to the erthe/ & the wedy knyghte felle ouer hym/for to holde hym doune/ Thenne cryed the maiden Lynet on hyghe/ O syr Beaumayns where is thy courage become/ Alas my lady my syster beholdeth the and she sobbeth and wepeth/that maketh myn herte fuyl/when syr Beaumayns herd her saye soo/he abrayed vp with a grete myght and gate hym vpon his feet/ and lyghtly he lepte to his swerde and gryped hit in his hand and doubled hys paas vnto the wed knyghte and there they foughte a nelde bataille to gyder/But sir Beaumayns thenne doubled his strokes/and smote soo thyck that he smote the swerde oute of his handy/and thenne he smote hym vpon the helme that he felle to the erthe/and sir Beaumayns felle vpon hym / and vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym/and thenne he yelded hym and asked mercy / and saide with a lowde voys O noble knyghte I yelde me to thy mercy/Thenne syr Beaumayns bethoughte hym vpon the knyghtes that he hadde made to be hanged shamefully/ and thenne he saide I may not with my worshyp saue thy lyf / for the shameful dethes that thou hast causedy many ful goody knyghtes to dye/Syre saide the wed knyghte of the wedy laundes holde your hand and ye shalle knowe the causes why I put hem to so shameful a dethe/saye on saide sir Beaumayns/Syre I louedy oues a lady a faire damoisel/and she

lady her broder slayne/and she saidy hit was syr launcelot du lake/or elles syr galbayn/and she praide me as that I louedy her hertely that I wold make her a promyse by the feith of my knyghthode for to labour dayly in armes vnto I mette with one of them/and alle that I myghte ouercome I shold putte them vnto a vylaynous dethe/and this is the cause that I haue putte alle these knyghtes to dethe/and soo I ensuredy her to do alle the vylony vnto kynge Arthurs knyghtes/and that I sholdy take vengeaūce vpon alle these knyghtes and syr nolde I wille the telle that euery daye my strengthe encreaceth tylle none/and al this tyme haue I seuen mens strengthe

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Thenne came ther many Erles and Barons and noble knyghtes and praidy that knyghte to saue his lyf and take hym to your prysonner/And alle they felle vpon theyr knees and praydy hym of mercy / and that he wolde saue his lyf/and syr they all sayde it were fairer of hym to take homage and feaute/and lete hym holde his landes of you than for to slee hym/by his deth ye shal haue none auauntage and his myseders that ben done maye not ben vndone/ And therfor he shal make amendys to al partyes & we al will become your men and doo you homage and feaute/ Fayre lordes said Beaumayns/wete you wel I am ful lothe to slee this knyght neuertheles he hath done passyng ylle and shamefully/ But in soo mocke al that he dyde was at a ladyes requeste I blame hym the lesse/and so for your sake I wil releace hym that he shal haue his lyf vpon this couenaunt/that he goo within the castel/ and yelde hym there to the lady/And yf she will forgyue and quyte hym/I will wel/ With this he make her amendys of al the trespas he hath done ageynst her and her landes / And also whanne that is done that ye goo vnto the court of kyng Arthur/and there that ye aske syr Launcelot mercy/& syr Galbayn for the euyl will ye haue had ageynst them/sire said the tred knyght of the reed launde/al this will I do as ye commaunde/and syker assuraunce and lordes ye shal haue/And soo thenne whan the assuraunce was made/ he made

his homage and seaute/and alle the erles and barons with hym/And thenne the mayden Lynet came to syr Beaumayns/and vnarmed hym and serched his woundes/and stynched his blood/and in lyke wyse she dyd to the vrde knyghte of the wode laundes / and there they soiourned ten dayes in their tentes/and the wode knyghte made his lordes and seruaūtes to doo alle the pleasyr that they myghte vnto syr Beaumayns/ And soo within a whyle the wode knyghte of the wode laundes yede vnto the castel/and putte hym in her grace And soo she varyued hym vpon suffysaunt seurte / so alle her hurtes were wel restored of al that she coude complayne/and thenne he departed vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / and there openly the wed knyghte of the wode laundes putte hym in the mercy of syr Launcelot and syr Galhayne/ and there he told openly how he was ouercome and by whome / and also he told alle the batailles from the begynnynge vnto the endynge/Ihesu mercy sayd kynge Arthur and sire Galhayne we merueylle moche of what blood he is come/for he is a noble knyghte/Haue ye no merueille saide sire Launcelot/for ye shal vyght wel wete that he is comen of a ful noble blood / and as for his myghte and hardyness ther dey but fewe now lyuynge that is so myghty as he is/ and so noble of prowesse It semeth by yow said kynge Arthur that ye knowe his name/and fro whens he is come/and of what blood he is/I suppose I doo so said Launcelot / or els I wold not haue yeuen hym thordre of knyghthode/ but he gaf me suche charge at that tyme that I shold neuer discouer hym vntyl he requyred me or els if he knowen openly by some other

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NOw turne we vnto syr Beaumayns that desyred of Lynet that he myght see her syster his lady/Syre she said I wold fayne ye salue her/Thenne syr Beaumayns armed hym and toke his hors and his spere and wente streyght vnto the castel/And whanne he cam to the gate he fond there many men armed and pulled vp the draūbe brydge/& drewe

the porte chose/ ¶ Thenne merueilled he why they wold not suffre hym to entre/ And thenne he lokked vp to the wyndolw And there he salue the fair Lyones that said on hyghe go thy way/ syr Beaumayns / for as yet thou shalt not haue holy my loue vnto the tyme that thou be callyd one of the nombre of the worthy knyghtes / And therfor goo labour in worshipe this twelue monethe/ and thenne thou shalt here nelbe tydyn gees/ Allas faire lady said Beaumayns I haue not deserued that ye sholde shelde me this straungenes/ and I had wende that I sholde haue tyght goode chere with you and vnto my polder I haue deserued thanke/ and wel I am sure I haue fought your loue with parte of the best blode within my body Fayre curteis knyghte said Dame Lyones/ be not displeasyd nor ouer hasty/ for were you wel/ your grete trauaill nor goode loue shal not be lost/ for I consyder your grete trauail & la bour/ your bounte and your goodnes as me oughte to doo / And therfore goo on your wey/ and lete that ye be of good comforte for all shal be for your worshipe/ and for the best / & yerde a twelue moneth wille soone be done/ and truste me fair knyghte I shal be true to you and neuer be bitraye you / but to my dethe I shalle loue you/ and none other/ And ther with alle she wended her from the wyndolwe/ and syr Beaumayns rode alwey ward from the castel making grete dole/ and soo he rode here and there & wyste not ne where he rode tyl hit was derke nyghte/ And thenne it happend hym to come to a poure mans hous and there he was herborowed all that nyghte/ But syr Beaumayns hadde no rest but walwed and wrythed for the loue of the lady of the castel / And soo vpon the morowe he took his hors and rode vn tyl vndrent/ and thēne he came to a brode water/ and there by was a grete lodge/ and there he alyghte to slepe and leid his hede vpon the shelde/ and betoke his hors to the dwarf/ and commaunded hym to wat che al nyghte/ Now torne we to the lady of the same castel / that thoughte mocke vpon Beaumayns/ and thenne she called vnto her syr Bryngamore her broder/ and praid hym in al ma ner as he loued her hertely that he wolde ryde after syr Beau mayns/ and euer haue ye wayte vpon hym tyl ye may fynde hym slepynge/ for I am sure in his kuynes he wil alyzt doun

in ſome place/ and̄ leye hym doune to ſlepe/ And̄ therfor haue ye your waye vpon hym / and̄ in the preuyeſt manere ye can take his dwerf/ and̄ go ye your waye with hym as faſte as euer ye maye or ſyr Beaumayns awake / For my ſyſter Lynet telleth me that he can telle of what kynrede he is come/ and̄ what is his ryghte name/ And̄ the meane whyle I and my ſyſter wille ryde vnto youre caſtel to awayte whanne ye bryngе with you the dwerf/ And̄ thenne whan ye haue brought hym vnto youre Caſtel/ I whyle haue hym in examynacion my ſelf/ vnto the tyme that I knowe what is his ryghte name/ and̄ of what kynrede he is come/ ſhalle I neuer be mery at my herte ¶ Syſter ſaid̄ ſyr Gryngamore alle thys ſhalle be done after your entente / And̄ ſoo he rode alle the other daye and̄ the nyghte tylle that he fond̄ ſyr Beaumayns lyenge by a water and̄ his hede vpon his ſhelde for to ſlepe/ ¶ And̄ thenne whanne he ſalde ſyr Beaumayns faſt on ſlepe/ he cam ſtylly ſtalkyng behynde the dwerf and̄ pluckede hym faſt vnder his arme/ and̄ ſoo he rode awaye with hym as faſte as euer he myghte vnto his owne caſtel And̄ this ſyr Gryngamors armes were alle black and̄ that to hym longeth/ But euer as he rode with the dwerf towarde his caſtel/ he cryede vnto his lorde/ and̄ prayde hym of helpe / And̄ there with awoke ſyr Beaumayns / and̄ vp he lepte lyghtly / & ſalde where the Gryngamor rode his waye with the dwerf/ and̄ ſoo ſyr Gryngamor rode oute of his ſyghte/

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne ſyr Beaumayns putte on his helme anone / and̄ buckeled̄ his ſhelde/ and̄ toke his horſe/ and̄ rode after hym alle that euer he myghte ryde thorou marys and̄ feldes and̄ grete dales / that many tymes his horſe and̄ he plongede ouer the hede in depe myres/ for he knewe not the wey/ but toke the gayneſt waye in that woodenes that many tymes he was lyke to perysſhe/ And̄ at the laſte hym happed̄ to come to a fayre grene waye And̄ there he mette with a poure man of the countreye whom he ſalewed & aſked hym /

whether he mette not with a knyght vpon a blacke hors & all blacke harneis a lytel dwerf syttynge behynde hym with two eres / Syre saide thie poure may here by me came syre Gryngamor the knyght with suche a dwerf morynng as ye saye/ & therfore I rede you not forbyde hym/ For he is one of the pe-ryllouste knyghtes of the worldy / and his castel is here nyhe hande but two myle/therfor we aduyse you ryde not after syr Gryngamor but yf ye olde hym goody wille/ Soo leue we syre Beaumayns rydynge towarde the castel and speke we of sir Gryngamor and the dwerf / Anone as the dwerf was come to the castel / dame Lyones and dame Lynet her syster asked the dwerf where was his maister borne/and of what lygnage he was come / And but yf thou telle me saide dame Lyones thou shalt neuer escape this castel/but euer here to be prysoner As for that saide the dwerf I fere not greatly to telle his name and of what kynne he is come/ Wete ye wel he is a kynges sone/and his moder is syster to kyng Arthur / and he is broder to the goody knyghte of syre Galvayne/and his name is syre Gareth of Orkeney/and nowe I haue told you his ryght name/I praye you fayre lady lete me goo to my lord a-geyne/ for he wille neuer oute of this countrey vntyl that he haue me ageyne/ And yf he be angry/he wil doo moche harme or that he be stynte/and wroche you wrake in this countray As for that thretyng sayde syr Gryngamore be it as it be may We wille goo to dyner / and soo they wasshed and went to mete/and made hem mery and wel at ease / by cause the lady Lyones of the castel was there/they made grete Ioye

¶ Truly Madame sayde Lynet vnto her syster wel maye he be a kynges sone / for he hath many good tatches on hym / for he is curteis and mylde and the moost sufferynge man that euer I mette with al/ For I dar saye ther was neuer gentyl bo-may trulyer man in soo foule a maner / as I haue vsbuked hym/ And at all tymes he gafe me goodely and mekie answers ageyne ¶ And as they sate thus talkyn-nge/ther came sire Gareth in at the gate with an angry coun-tenaunce and his swerd drawen in his hande / and cryed a loude that alle the castel myght here hit sayeng thou traitour syre

Gryngamor delyuer me my dwerf ageyn/or by the feith that I owe to the ordre of knyghthode I ſhal doo the al the harme that I can/Thenne ſyr Gryngamor lokede oute at a wyndow and ſaide ſyr gareth of Orkeney leue thy lokeyng wordes/for thou geteſt not thy dwerf ageyne/Thou coward knyghte ſayd ſyr Gareth bringe hym with the/and come and doo batayle with me/and wynne hym and take hym/So wille I do ſaide ſyr Gryngamor and me lyſt/ but for al thy grete wordes thou geteſt hym not/A fayr broder ſaid dame Lyones I wold he had his dwerf ageyne/for I wolde he were not wroth/for now he hath holde me al my deſyre I kepe nomore of the dwerf And alſo broder he hath done moche for me/and delyuerde me from the wedy knyghte of the wedy launde/and therfor broder I owe hym my ſeruyſe afore al knyghtes lyuynge/ And wete ye wel that I loue hym before al other/and ful fayne I wolde ſpeke with hym/But in no wyſe I wolde that he wiſt what I were/but that I were another ſtraunge lady/Wel ſaide ſyr Gryngamor ſythen I knowe now your wille/I wylle obeye now vnto hym/And ryght ther with al he went doun vnto ſyr Gareth/and ſaid ſyr I crye you mercy/and al that I haue myſdone I wille amende hit at your wille/And therfore I pray you that ye wolde alyghte / and take ſuche chere as I can make you in this caſtel/ Shal I haue my dwerfe ſaide ſyre Gareth/ ye ſyr/and alſo the pleaſaunce that I can make you/ for as ſoone as your dwerf tolde me what ye were and of what kbody ye ar come/ and what noble dedes ye haue done in theſe marches/thenne I repentyde of my dedes/ And thenne ſyr Gareth alyghte/and ther came his dwerf & took his hors/O my felawe ſaid ſyr gareth/I haue had many aduentures for thy ſake/And ſoo ſyre Gryngamor toke hym by the hand/and ledde hym in to the halle where his olde wyf was

And thenne came forth Dame Lyones arayed lyke a prynces/and there she made hym passyng good cher and he her ageyne / and they had goodely langage & knely countenaunce to gyder/ And syr Gareth thought many tymes Jhesu wold that the lady of the castel perilous were so fayre as she was/there were al maner of games & playes of dauncyng and syngynge/ And euer the more syr Gareth bihelde that lady/the more he loued her/and so he brenned in loue that he was past hym self in his reason / and forth ward nyghte they yede vnto souper/ and syre Gareth nyghte not eete for his loue was soo hote, that he wist not where he was Alle these lokes aspyed syr Gryngamor/and thenne at after souper he calld his syster Dame Lyones vnto a chamber/and sayd/fair syster J haue wel aspyed your countenaūce betwixe you and this knyght/ And J wil syster that ye wete he is a ful noble knyght / & yf ye can make hym to abyde here J wil do hym all the pleasyr yt J can/ for & ye were better than ye ar ye were wel bylwaryd vpon hym / Fayr broder said Dame Lyones J vnderstande wel that the knyghte is good & come he is of a noble hous/ Notwithstandyng J wille assaye hym bet ter holde he it J am moost beholdyng to hym of ony erthely mā for he hath had grete labour for my loue / and passid many a daungerous passage / Right soo syr Gryngamor went vnto syr Gareth and said syre make ye good cher /for ye shal haue none other cause /for this lady my syster is yours at al tymes her worshipp saued/for wete ye wel she loueth you as wel as ye doo her and better/ yf better may be/And J wist that said syr Gareth/ther lyued not a gladder man than J wold be vpon my worshipp said syr Gryngamor trust vnto my promyse And as long as it lyketh you ye shal soiourne with me and this lady shal be with vs dayly and nyghtly to make yold alle the chere that she can/J wille wel said syre Gareth/ For J haue promysed to be nygh this country this twelue moneth / And wel J am sure kynge Arthur and other noble knyghtes wille synde me where that J am within this twelfe moneth/ For J shal be soughte and founden yf that J be on lyue ¶ And thenne the noble knyghte syr Gareth went vnto the dame Lyones whiche he thēne moche loued & kyste her

many tymes/and eyther made grete Joye of other/And there she promysed hym her loue certaynly to loue hym and none other the dayes of hyr lyf/ Thenne this lady dame Lyones by the assente of her broder tolde syr Gareth alle the trouth what she was/And how she was the same lady that he dyde batail for/and how she was lady of the castel perylous/ and there she told hym how she caused her broder to take alwey his dwerf

¶ Capitulum xxvij

For this cause to knowe the certaynte what was your name/and of what kynne ye were come/ And thenne she lete fetche tofore hym Lynet the damoysel that had ryden with hym many wyckesome wayes/Thenne was syr Gareth more gladder than he was to fore/And thēne they trouthe plyght eche other to loue/ and neuer to fayle whyles their lyf ys lasteth/And soo they brente bothe in loue that they were accorded to abate their lustes secretely/And there Dame Lyones counseyled syr Gareth to slepe in none other place but in the halle/And there she promysed hym to come to his bedde a lyt tel afore mydnyght/This counsail was not soo preuely kepte but it was vnderstande/for they were but ponge bothe and tendyr of age/and hady not vsed none suche crafres to forne/ Wherfor the damoysel Lynet was a lytel displeasyd/and she thought her syster Dame Lyones was a lytel ouer hasty/ that she myghte not abyde the tyme of her marryage/ And for sauyng their worshyp/she thought to abate their hote lustes/ And so she lete ordeyne by her subtyl crafres that they had not their ententes neyther with other as in her dyspire/ vntyl they were maryed/And soo it past on/ At after souper was made clene anoydaunce/that euery lorde and lady sholde goo vnto his rest/But syr Gareth saidy playnly he wold goo noo further than the halle/for in suche places he said was conuenyent for any auenture knyght to take his rest in/and so there were ordeyned grete couches/& thewy fethir bedres/& there lyde hym doune to slepe/& within a whyle cam dame Lyones wrapped in a mantel furred with Ermyne & leid her doun besydes syr gareth/And there with alle he began to kysse her/And thenne he lokyd afore hym and there he apperceyued and salle come an armed knyght with many lyghtes about hym/ and

ſalde come an armed knyȝt with many lyghtes about hym/ e
this knyghte had a longe Gyſarme in his hand/and maade
grym countenaunce to ſmyte hym / Whanne ſyre Gareth ſalde
hym come in that wyſe/he lepte oute of his bedde and gate in
his hand his ſwerde and lepte ſtrayte tolward that knyght /
And whanne the knyght ſalde ſyr Gareth come ſo fyerſly vp
on hym/he ſmote hym with a ſoyne thorou the thycke of the
thyȝ that the wounde was a ſhaftmon brode and had cutte a
two many vaynes and ſenewes/And there with al ſyr Ga-
reth ſmote hym vpon the helme ſuche a buffet that he felle gro-
uelyng/and thenne he lepte ouer hym and vnlaced his hel-
me and ſmote of his hede fro the body/ And thenne he bledde ſo
faſt that he myghte not ſtande/but ſoo he leide hym doun vpon
his bedde/and there he ſwouned and laye as he had ben dede
Thenne dame Lyones cryede alowde/ that her broder ſyr Gryn-
gamor herde/and came doune/ And whan he ſalde ſyr Gareth
ſoo ſhamefully wounded/he was ſore diſpleaſyd and ſayd I
am ſhamed that this noble knyghte is thus honoured/ Syr ſa
yd ſyr Gryngamor how may this be/that ye be here/ and thys
noble knyghte wounded/Broder ſhe ſaid I am not trulle yold
For it was not done by me nor by myn aſſente/ For he is my
lord and I am his/ and he muſt be myn huſband/therfore my
broder I wille that ye wete I ſhame me not to be with hym /
nor to doo hym alle the pleaſyr that I can / Syſter ſaid ſyre
Gryngamor/and I wille that ye wete it and ſyr Gareth both
that it was neuer done by me nor by my aſſente that this vn-
happy dede was done/ And there they ſtaunched his bledynge
as wel as they myghte / and gate ſorou made ſir Gryngamor
and Dame Lyones / And forthe with al came Dame Lynet
and eyke by the hede in the ſyghte of hem alle / and enoynted
it with an oyntement there as it was ſmyten of/ and in the ſa
me wyſe ſhe dyde to the other parte there as the hede ſtak/ And
thenne ſhe ſette it to gyders/and it ſtak as faſt as euer it did
And the knyghte aroſe lyghtly vp/and the damoyſel Lynet
put hym in her chambre/ Alle this ſalde ſir Gryngamor and
dame Lyones/and ſoo dyd ſir Gareth/and wel he eſpyed that
it was the damoyſel Lynet that rode with hym thorou the pe-
rylous paſſages/A wel damoyſel ſaid ſyre Gareth I wende

wold not haue done as ye haue done / my lord Gareth said Lynet/ alle that I haue done I will auowe/ and alle that I haue done shal be for youre honoure and worship/ and to be alle/ And soo with a wyfe sir Gareth was nyght hole/ & wan ryght lyghte and ioculnde/ and sange / daunced and ga-med / and he and dame Lyones there soo hote in brennynge loue that they made their couenaunte at the tenth nyghte after that she shold come to his bedde/ And by cause he was wounded afore/ he laid his armour / and his swerd nyght his bedde syde.

¶ Capitulum xxiij

Right as the promysed/ she came/ and she was not soo soone in his bedde / but she aspyed an armed knyghte comyng toward the bedde/ there with alle she warned sir Gareth / and lyghtly therof the good herte of Dame Lyones he was armed/ and they hurtled to gyders with grete ire & mas tyre al aboute the halle/ and there was grete lyght as it had ben the nombre of xx torches bothe before and behynd/ soo that sir Gareth retayned hym/ soo that his old wounde braste a-geyne on bledyng/ but he was hote and coutageous and to-ke no kepe/ but with his grete force he stroke doune that knyghte/ and lopped his helme/ and strake of his hede/ Thenne he bare the hede in an honderd pyeces/ And whan he had done so he wolde vp alle tho pyeces and threwe hem oute at a wyndow in to the dyches of the castel/ and by this done/ he was so faynt that vnnethes he myght stande for bledyng/ And by thenne he was al most swarmed/ he sette in a study swoune in the flore/ And thenne dame Lyones cryed soo that sir Gryngamor herd/ And whan he cam and fond sir Gareth in that plyte he made grete sorou/ & there he alaced sir Gareth/ and gaf hym a drynke that releued hym wonderly wel / but the sorou that Dame Lyones made there maye no tonge telle/ for she soo fa-ryed with her self as she wold haue dyed/ ¶ Right soo cam this damoysel Lynet before hem al / and she had sette alle the gobbets of the hede that sir Gareth had throwen out at a wyn dowe/ and there she enoynted hem as she had done to fore/ & set them to gyder ageyn / wel damoisel Lynet said sir Gareth/

I have not deſerued alle this deſpyte that ye doo vnto me/ſir
knyght (he ſaid)/I haue no thynge to do/but I will anolye/
And all that I haue done ſhalle be to your worſhip and to
Yo all/And thenne was ſyr Gareth glaudyng of his bledyng
But he dyed not/that ther was no man that kuew hym/
Bekor bete hym horde out of his hounde/but yf they beſo
hym that cauſed that ſeruyce by enchauntement/So leue we ſyr
Gareth there with ſyr Kayrnegamour and his ſyſters/and we
ye the kyng Arthur that at the nexte feeſt of Pentecoſt
held his feeſt/and there cam the greene knyght with fyfty kny
ghtes/and yelded hym all vnto kyng Arthur/And ſo there
came the reed knyght his brodir/and yelded hym to kyng Ar
thur and they fyue knyghtes with hym/Alſo there came the
twelue knyghtes kyngis/to them with an hondred knyghtes/e
ye yelded hem vnto kyng Arthur/and the greene knyghtes na
me was Perſyuale/and the reede knyghtes name was Ge
ryamore/and the fyfte knyghtes name was ſyr Perſaunt of
Inde/theſe fyue brethern toke kyng Arthur holde they were
ouercome by a knyghte that a damoyſel had with her/and
called hym Beaumeyne/Sirs ſaide the kyng I merueyle
what knyghte he is/and of what lygnage he is come/
He was with me a fyftene moneth/and nourly and that
me thynke he was hardy/and ſyr kay in ſcorne named hym
Beaumeyne/So ryght as the kyng ſtode ſo talkyng with
theſe fyue brethern/there came ſyr Launcelot du lake and told
the kynge that there was come a goodly lorde with vi C. kn
ghtes with hym/thenne the kynge went out of Carlyon
for there was the feeſt/and there came to hym this lorde/and
ſalewed the kynge in a goodly maneer/What kynde ye ſayde
kyng Arthur/and what is youre euuyn/Syr he ſaid my na
me is the reede knyghte of the reede launde/but my name is
ſyr Amoryde/and ſyr here ye wel/here I am ſente to yolde
of a knyght that is called Beaumeyne/for he wanne me in
playne battaille hande for hande/and ſoo dyd neuer no kny
ght but he that ouer hadde the better of me this yere hyuer/
the whiche commaunded to yelde me to yolde at youre kynde/
ye are welcom ſaid the kyng/for ye haue ben long a grete foo
to me and my Courte/and nowe I truſte to god I ſhalle

soo entreate you that ye shal be my frende/ Syre/ bothe I and
myne true hondred knyghtes that alwayes be at your somons
to doo you seruyse as moche lye in oure powere / Iesu mercy
said kyng Arthur I am moche beholdynge vnto that knyght/
that hath put soo his body in daunger to worshippe me & my
Court/ And as to the I warnyde that art called the wed kny-
ghte of the wed launde thou arte called a perylous knyght
And yf thou wylte holde of me I shal worshippe the also ma
ke the knyghte of the table rounde/ but thenne thou must be no
more a murtherer/ Syre as to that I haue promysed vnto
syr Beaumayns neuer more to vse suche customme / for all
the shameful customes that I vsed I dyd at the requeste of a
lady that I loued/ and therfor I must goo vnto syr Launce-
lot and vnto syr Gawayne / and aske them forgeuenes of
the euyl wylle I bade vnto them/ for alle that I put to deth
was al only for the loue of syr Launcelot and of syr Gawa-
yne/ They ben here nowe said the kynge afore the/ nowe maye ye
saye to them what ye wylle/ And thenne he kneled doune vn
to syr Launcelot and to syr Gawayne and prayde them of
forgeuenes of his enmyte that euer he had agayne them /

Capitulum xviii

THenne gaderly they said al at ones/ god forgeue you
and we do/ and praye you that ye wylle take vs to fe-
lae may fynde syr Beaumayns/ Fayre lordes said syr Gawa-
yne I can not take you/ for it is ful hard to fynde hym / for
suche yong knyghtes as he is one / whanne they be in ther ad
uentures ben neuer abydynge in no place/ But to saye the
worshyp that the wed knyghte of the wed launde and syr Per-
saunt and his brother said of Beaumayns/ it was merueil to
here/ Wel my fayre lordes said kynge Arthur/ wete ye wel that
I shalle do you honour for the loue of syr Beaumayns/ and
as soone as euer I mete with hym I shalle make you al by
on one day knyghtes of the table rounde/ And as to the syre
Persaunt of Inde thou hast ben euer called a ful noble kny-
ghte/ and soo haue euer ben thy thre brethren called/ But I
merueil said the kyng that I here not of the blacke knyght your

broder / he was a full noble knyghte / Syr sayd Gerflyre the grene knyght syr Beaumayns smote hym in a recoûtre with his spere / his name was syr Gerard / that was grete pyte sayd the kynge and soo said many knyghtes / For these four brethe ren were full well knowen in the courte of kynge Arthur for noble knyghtes / for long tyme they had ben werre ageynst the enemyes of the round table / Anone sayd Gerflepe the grene knyght to the kynge after a passage of the water of mosayll there encountred syr Beaumayns with two brethe ren that were for the moost party kepers that passage / and they were two worthy knyghtes / and there he smote the eldest broder in the water / and smote hym vpon the hede suche a buffet that he felle doune in the water / and there he was drowned / & his name was sir Gerard le breuse / and after he smote the other broder vpon the hond / his name was syr Arnold le breuse /

¶ Capitulum xxxj

SOo thenne the kyng and they went to mete / and were serued in the best maner / And as they sate at the mete / there came in the quene of Orkeney with ladyes & knyghtes a grete nombre / And thenne syr Gawayn / syr Agrauayn and Gaheris arose / and went to her / and saluted her vp on their knees / and asked her blyssyng / for in yo yeer they had not sene her / Thenne she toke on bytyme to her broder kynge Arthur / where haue ye done my yong sone syr Gareth / he was here amongst you a twelue moneth / & ye made a kechyn knaue of hym / the whiche is shame to you all / Alas where haue ye don my yerle sone that was my joye and blysse / O dere mo ther said syr Gawayn I knewe hym not / Nor I said the kynge that nold me to-yenes / but thanked be god he is preued a worshipful knyghte as ony is nold kepyng of his yerd / & I shal neuer be glad tyl I may fynde hym / A broder sayd the quene vnto kyng Arthur and vnto syr Gawayne and to alle her sones / ye dyd your self grete shame to-day ye amongst you kepte my sone in the kechyn and fedde hym lyke a poure boy / Fayr sister said kyng Arthur ye shall ryghte well wete / I knewe hym not / nor nomore dyd syre Gawayn / nor his

sorrowes / but sythen hit is so sayd the kyng that he is thus
gone from vs alle / we muste shape a remedy to fynde hym / Also
sytten me semyth ye myght haue done me to wete of his comy-
nge / And thenne and I had not done wel to hym / ye myght
haue blamed me / For whan he cam to this courte he came lep-
nyng vpon two mens sholders as though he myght not haue
gone / And thenne he asked me thre yefres / and one he asked
the same day / that was that I wolde gyue hym mete ynough
that twelue moneth / and the other two yefres he asked that
day a twelue moneth / and that was that he myght haue had
aventure of the damoyselle Lynet / and the thyrde was that syr
Launcelot sholde make hym knyght whan he desyred hym /
And soo I graunted hym alle his desyre / and many in this
Courte merueilled that he desyred his sustenaunce for a twelf
monethe / And thew by the remedy many of vs that he was
not come of a noble hous / Syre sayd the Quene of Orkeney
vnto kynge Arthur her brodir / wete ye wel that I sente hym
vnto you rychte wel armed and horsed and worshipfully
besene of his body / and golde and syluer plente to spende / it
may be sayd the kynge / but thewe salle we none / sauf that sa-
me daye as he departed from vs / knyghtes tolde me that ther
came a dwerf ryder sodenly and broughte hym armour and
a goodly hors ful wel and rychely besene / and thew al we al
sadly merueilled / two wekes that ryche sse came / that we demed al
that he was come of men of worship / Broder said the Quene
alle that ye saye I beleue / for euer sythen he was growen / he
was merueilously wyghted / and euer he was feythful & true
of his promesse / But I merueille said she that syr kay dyde
mocke hym and scorne hym / and gaf hym that name Beau-
mayns / yet syr kay said the quene namede hym mow ryghte-
nously than he wende / For I dare saye and he be on lyue / he
is as fair an handed man and wel disposed as ony is lyu-
ynge / Syre said Arthure be this langage be stylle / and by the
grace of gode he shal be founde / and he be within these seuen ty
games / and lete alle this passe and be mery / for he is pretely
to be a man of worship / and that is my Joye

¶ Capitulum xxbij

Thenne sayd syr Galhayne and his brethern vnto ar
thur/ syre and ye wyll gyue vs leue we wille go and
seke oure brother / Nay sayd syr Launcelot that shalle
ye not nede/ and so sayd syr Baldewyn of Britayne/ for as
by oure aduys the kynge shal sende vnto dame Lyones a mes
sager / and praye her that she wille come to the courte in alle
the haste that she may/ and doubte ye not she wille come/ And
thene she may gyue you best counceille where ye shal fynde hym
This is wel sayd of you sayd the kyng/ Soo thenne goodely
letters were made/ and the messager sente forth that nyghte e
day he wente tyl he cam vnto the castel perilous/ And thenne
the lady dame Lyones was sente fore there as she was wyth
syr Gryngamor her broder and syr Gareth/ and whan she vn
derstode this message/ she badde hym ryde on his way vnto ky
nge Arthur/ and she wolde come after in al goodely haste
¶ Thenne whan she came to syr Gryngamor and to sir Ga
reth she told hem al how kyng Arthur hadde sente for her / that
is by cause of me sayd syr Gareth / Nay by cause of me sayd dame
Lyones what shalle I saye and in what manere I shal ryde
me/ My lady and my loue sayd sir Gareth I pray you in no
wyse be ye aknowen where I am / but wel I wote my moder
is there and alle my brethern / and they wille take vpon hem
to seke me/ I wote wel that they doo / But this madame I
wolde ye sayde and aduysed the kynge whan he questyoned
with you of me/ Thenne maye ye say/ this is your aduys that
and yit tyde his good grace/ ye wille doo make a crye ayenst
the feest of thassumpcion of our lady that what knyghte there
preueth hym best he shal wedde you and alle your landy / And
yf soo be that he be a wedded man that his wyf shall the regne
and a coronal of gold besette with stones of vertue to the va
lewe of a thousandy pounde and a whyte Jarfaucon /
Soo dame Lyones departed/ and came to kynge Arthur where
as she was nobly receyued/ and there she was foure questyoned
of the kyng and of the queene of Orkeney/ And she answerde
where syr Gareth was she cowde not telle/ But thus mocke she
said vnto Arthur/ syre I wille here crye a turnement that shal
be done before my castel at the Assumpcion of oure lady/ and
the crye shal be this that you my lorde Arthur shalt be there/ e

your knyghtes/and I will purueye that my knyghtes shalle be ageynst youre/ And thenne I am sure ye shalle here of syr Gareth/this is wel aduysed said kynge Arthur/and soo she departed / And the kynge and she made grete prouysyon to that turnement/ Whan dame Lyones was come to the yle of Vtylyon that was the same yle ther as her broder syr Stynges nor dwelte / thenne she told hem al how she had done/ and what promyse she had made to kynge Arthur/Allas said syr Gareth/I haue ben soo wounded with vnhappynes sythen I am in to this castel that I shal not be abyl to doo at that turnement lyke a knyght/for I was neuer thoroughly hole syn I was hurte/Be ye of good chere said the damoysel Lynet/for I vndertake within these vij dayes to make you hole and as lusty as euer ye were/ And thenne she leid an oynement & a salue to hym as it pleasyd to her that he was neuer so fressh nor soo lusty/ Thenne said the damoysel Lynet/send you vnto syr Persaunt of vnde/ and assomone hym and his knyghtes to be here with you as they haue promysed/ Also that ye send vnto syr Ironsyde that is the redy knyght of the redy launds/and charge hym that he be redy with you with his hole somme of knyghtes / and thenne shalle ye be abyl to matche with kynge Arthur and his knyghtes/ Soo this was done & alle knyghtes were sente for vnto the castel perylous/& thenne the red knyght answerd and said vnto dame Lyones and to syr Gareth/Madame & my lord syr Gareth ye shal vnderstande that I haue ben at the court of kynge Arthur and sire Persaunt of Inde and his bretheren/and there we haue done oure homage as ye commaunded vs / Also syr Ironsyde sayd I haue taken vpon me with syre Persaunt of Inde and his bretheren to holde party ageynst my lord sir Launcelot and the knyghtes of that courte/ And this haue I done for the loue of my lady Dame Lyones and you my lord sir Gareth/ye haue wel done said syr Gareth/ But wete you wel ye shal be full sore matched with the moost noble knyghtes of the world/therfor we muste purueye vs of goode knyghtes where we may gete them/That is wel said/said sir Persaunt and worshipfully And soo the crye was made in England/walis and scotland Irland/Cornewaille/& in alle the oute Iles and in bretayn

and in many countreyes that at the feeſt of our lady the aſ-
ſumpcion next comyng men ſholde come to the caſtel perylous
beſyde the yle of Auykyon / And there al the knyghtes that
ther came ſholde haue the choyſe whether them lyſt to be on the
one party with the knyghtes of the caſtel or on the other par-
ty with kynge Arthur / And two monethes was to the daye
that the turnement ſholde be/ & ſo ther cam many good knyght-
es that were at her large and helde hem for the moſt party a
geynſt kynge Arthur and his knyghtes of the round table/
cam in the ſyde of them of the caſtel/ For ſyr Eppynogrus was
the fyrſt /and he was the kynges ſone of Northumberland/ &
ſyr Palamydes the ſaraſyn was another/and ſyr Safere his
broder/ and ſyre Segwarydes his broder/but they were cryſt-
ned/ and ſyre Malegryne another / and ſyr Bryan des les
Iſlkys a noble knyghte/ and ſyr Grummore gummurſum a
good knyghte of Scotland/and ſyr Carados of the dolorous
toure a noble knyghte and ſyr Turquyn his broder/and ſyr
Arnold and ſyre Gautre two bretheren good knyghtes of
Cornewaile/there cam ſyr Tryſtram de lyones/and with hym
ſyr Dynadas the ſeneſchal/and ſir Saduk/|but this ſyr Triſ-
tram was not at that tyme knyght of the table round/ but he
was one of the beſt knyghtes of the world/ And ſoo all theſe
noble knyghtes accompanyed hem with the lady of the caſtel
and with the redy knyghte of the redy launde/but as for ſir
Gareth he wold not take vpon hym more but as other meane
knyghtes

Capitulum xxbiij

And thenne ther cam with kynge Arthur ſir Galvayn
Agrauayne/Gaherys his bretheren/ And thenne his
neuewes ſyr Owayn le blaunche mayns/ and ſyr Agloual
ſyr Tor/ſir Percyuale de galys/and ſyre Lamorak de gales
Thenne came ſir Launcelot du lake with his bretheren neuewes
and coſyns as ſir Lyonel/ſir Ector de marys/ſyr bors de ga-
nys and ſir Galyhodyn/ſyre Galihud and many moo of ſyre
Launcelots blood and ſyre Dynadan/ſir la cote male tayle/
his broder a good knyghte/and ſir Sagramore a good knyght

And at the moste party of the wounde table/ Also there cam with kynge Arthur these knyghtes the kynge of Irelande / kynge Agidysaunce /and the kyng of Scotland kyng Carados and kynge Uryens of the londe of gore and kyng Bagdemagus and his sone syr Melyaganus and syr Galahault the noble prynce/ Alle these kynges prynces and Erles Barons and other noble knyghtes/as syr Braundyles/syr Uwayne les auoultres/and syr Kay/syr Bedeuer/syr Melyot de logrys syr Petypase of Wynkelsee/syr Sodelake/alle these came with kynge Arthur and moo that can not ben rehersed/

¶ Nold leue we of these kynges and knyghtes/ and lete vs speke of the grete araye that was made within the castel and about the castel for bothe partyes / the lady Dame Lyones ordeyned grete aray vpon her party for her noble knyghtes for al maner of lodgyng and vytaille that cam by lande & by water that ther lacked no thynge for her party nor for the other but there was plente to be had for golde and syluer for kynge Arthur and his knyghtes/ And thenne ther cam the herbegeours from kynge Arthur for to herberowe hym & his kynges/dukes Erles Barons and knyghtes/ And thenne syr Gareth prayd dame Lyones and the rede knyghte of the rede launde/ and syr Persant and his broder/and syre Gryngamor that in no wyse ther shold none of them telle not his name and make no more of hym than of the leest knyghte that there was/for he said I wille not be knowen of neyther more ne lesse/neyther at the begynnynge neyther at the endynge .

¶ Thenne Dame Lyones said vnto syr Gareth/syre I wylle lene you a rynge/but I wold pray you as ye loue me hertely lete me haue it ageyne whanne the turnement is done/¶ For that rynge enchaceth my beaute mocke more than it is of hym self/ And the vertu of my rynge is that/that is grene it wille turne to rede/ and that is rede it wil turne in lykenes to grene/ And that is blewe it wil turne to lykenes of whyte/ and that is whyte it wil turne in lykenes to blewe/ and so it wil doo of al maner of colours/ Also who that bereth my rynge / shalle lese no blood/ and for grete loue I wil gyue you thys rynge/ Gramercy said syr Gareth myn owen lady/ for this rynge is passynge mete for me/ for hit wille turne al manere of

lykenes that I am in/ and that shalle cause me that I shall not be knowen/Thenne syr Gryngamor gaf syr Garith a bay courser that was a passyng good hors/Also he gaf hym good armoure and sure and a noble swerd that somtyme syr Gryngamors fader Ivanne vpon ayr hethen Tyraunt/And soo thus euery knyght made hym redy to that turnement e kyng Arthur was comen two dayes to fore thassumpcion of our lady/And there was al maner of Royalte of al mynstralsye/ that myght be founde/Also there cam quene Gyeneuer and the quene of Orkeney syr Gareths moder/And vpon the assumpcion day vshanne masse and matyns were done there were hewolde with trompettes commaunded to sholde to the feld And soo there came oute syr Eppynogrus the kynges sone of Northumberland from the castel/ and there encountred with hym syr Sagramor le desyrus/and eyther of hem brake their speres to their handes/ And thenne came in syr Palamydes oute of the Castel/and there encountred with hym Galhayne and eyther of hem smote other so hard that bothe the good knyghtes and their horses felle to the erthe/And thenne knyghtes of eyther party resolved their knyghtes/And thenne cam in syr Safere and syre Segwarydes bretheren to syr Palamydes/and there encountred syr Agrauayne with syr Safere and syr Salerys encountred with syr Segwarydes/ So syr Safere smote doune Agrauayne syr Galhayns broder/and sir Segwarydes syr Saferys broder And syr Malgryne a knyght of the Castel encountred with syr Owayne le Blaunche mayns/And there syr Owayne gaf syr Malgryn a falle/that he had almoste broke his neck

Capitulum xxiv

Thenne syr Bryan de les yles and Grummore grummorsum knyghtes of the Castel with syr Agwayne and syre Tor smote doun syr Gromere Gromorson to the erth Thenne cam in syr Carados of the dolorous ture e syr Turquyne knyghtes of the Castel/and there encountred with hem syr Percyuale de galys e syr Launcelot de galys/ that were two bretheren/And there encountred syr Percyuale with syre

Cardus/ and eyther brake their speres vnto their handes/ & thenne syr Turquyn with syre Lamerak/ and eyther of hem smote doune others hors and ake to the erthe/ and eyther partyes rescowed other/ and horsed them ageyn/ And syr Arnold and syr Gautere knyghtes of the castel encountred with syre Braundyles and syr Kay/ and these four knyghtes encountred myghtely/ and brake their speres to their handes/ Thenne came in syr Trystram/ syre Saduk/ and syre Dynas knyghtes of the castel/ and there encountred syr Trystram with syr Bedyuere/ and there syr Bedyuere was smyten to the erthe bothe hors and man/ And syr Saduk encountred with sir Petypase/ and there syr Saduk was ouerthrowen/ And there Colbayne les a outoutres smote doune syr Dynas the seneschal/ Thenne came in syr Persaunt of Inde a knyght of the castel And there encountred with hym syr Launcelot du lake/ and there he smote syr Persaunts hors and man to the erthe/ thenne came syr Pertylope from the castel/ and there encountred with hym syr Lyonel/ and there syr Pertylope the grene knyght smote doune syr Lyonel broder to syr Launcelot/ All this was marked by noble knoudes/ who bare hym best/ and their names/ And thenne came in to the folde syre Perymones the grene knyght syr Persaunts broder that was a knyght of the Castel/ and he encountred with syr Ector de marys/ and eyther smote other so hardy/ that bothe their horses and they felle to the erthe/ And thenne came in the redy knyght of the red laundes and syr Gareth from the castel/ and there encountred with hem syr Bors de ganys and syr Bleoberys/ and there the redy knyghte and syr Bors smote other so hardy that her speres brast and their horses felle grouelynge to the erthe
Thenne syr Blamor brake his spere vpon syr Gareth/ but of that stroke syr Blamor felle to the erthe/ whan syr Galyhodyn sawe that/ he bad sir gareth kepe hym/ & sire gareth smote hym to the erthe/ thenne sire Galyhud gate a spere to auenge his broder/ & in the same wyse sir gareth serued hym/ & sir Dynadan & his broder la cote male tayle/ & sir Sagramor desirus & sir Dodynas le saueage/ All these he bare doun with one spere/ whan kyng Aguysaūce of Irlande sawe syr Gareth fare so he merueiled what he myght be / one tyme semed grene & another

tyme at his agayne comyng he semed̄ bretre/ And̄ thus at e-
uery cours that he rode to and̄ fro he chaunged̄ his colour so
that ther myght neyther kynge nor knyghte haue redy cog-
nyssaunce of hym/Thenne syr Anguyssaunce the kyng of Ir-
land̄ encountred̄ with syr Gareth/and̄ there syr Gareth smo-
te hym from his hors sadyl and̄ alle/ And̄ thenne came kyng
Caradus of Scotland̄ and̄ syr Gareth smote hym doun hors
and̄ man/ And̄ in the same wyse he serued̄ kyng Orkens of
the land̄ of Gore/ And̄ thenne came in syr Baldemagus/
and̄ syr Gareth smote hym doune hors and̄ man to the erthe
And̄ Baldemagus sone Melyganus brake a spere vpon sir
Gareth myghtely and̄ knyghtely/ And̄ theune syr Galahaut
the noble prynce cryed̄ on hyghe knyghte with the many colo-
urs wel haste thou justed̄/ Now make the redy that I maye
juste with the/Syr Gareth herd̄ hym/and̄ he gat a grete spe
re/and̄ soo they encountred̄ to gyder/ and̄ there the prynce bur
ste his spere/But syr Gareth smote hym vpon the lyfte syde
of the helme/that he reled̄ here and̄ there/and̄ he had̄ falle do-
une had̄ not his men reuered̄ hym/ Soo god̄ me help sayd̄
kynge Arthur that same knyghte with the many colours is a
good̄ knyghte/Wherfor the kynge called vnto hym syr Laun
celot and̄ praid hym to encountre with that knyghte/Syr sa-
id Launcelot I may wel fynde in my herte for to forbere hym
as at this tyme/ for he hath had̄e trauail ynough this day/ e
whan a good̄ knyghte doth soo wel vpon somme day/ it is no
good̄ knyghtes parte to lette hym of his worship/ And̄ na-
mely whan he seeth a knyghte hath done soo grete labour / for
peraduenture said syr Launcelot his quarel is here this day/ e
peraunter he is best byloued̄ with this lady of al that ben he-
re/for I see wel/he payneth hym e enforceth hym to do grete de
des/ e therfor said syr launcelot as for me this day he shall ha
ue the honour/though it lay in my power to put hym fro it/ I
wold̄ not

Capitulum xxx

Thenne whanne this was done / there was dralwynge
of swerdes/ And̄ thenne there began a sore turnement

And there dyde ſyr Lamerak meruey-lous dedes of armes/ & kyllyne ſyr Lamerak and ſyre Ironſyde that was the tredy knyght of the tredy landes there was ſtrong batail/ & kellyne ſyr Palamides & Bleoberys there was a ſtrong batail/ & ſir Galvayne and ſyr Tryſtram mette/ and there ſyr Galvayne had the verſe/for he pulled ſyre Galvayne from his hors/ And there he was long vpon foote and defouled/ Thenne cam in ſyr Launcelot and he ſmote ſyr Turquyne/and he hym/ & thenne came ſyr Caradus his broder/ and bothe at ones they aſſayled hym/& he as the mooſt nobleſt knyght of the world worſhipfully fought with hem bothe/that al men wondred of the nobleſſe of ſyr launcelot/ And thenne came in ſyr Gareth and knelde that it was ſir launcelot that fought with tho two perylous knyghtes / And thenne ſyr Gareth came with his good hors and hurtled hem in ſonder/& no ſtroke wold he ſmyte to ſyr Launcelot/that aſpyed ſir launcelot & demed it ſhold be the good knyght ſyre Gareth/& thenne ſyr Gareth rode he-re and there/& ſmote on the ryght hand & on the lyfte hand/ that alle the folke myght wel aſpye where that he rode/and by fortune he mette with his broder ſyr Galvayn/and there he put ſyr Galvayne to the verſe/for he put of his helme/and ſo he ſerued fyue or ſyxe knyghtes of the rounde table that alle men ſaid/he put hym in the moſt payne/and beſt he dyde his de-uoyr/ For whan ſyr Tryſtram behelde hym bold he fyrſt juſ-ted and after fought ſo wel with a ſwerde / Thenne he rode vnto ſyr Ironſyde and to ſyre Perſaunt of ynde and aſked hem by their feythe/what maner a knyght is yonder knyght that ſemeth in ſoo many dyuerſe colours/ Truly me ſemeth ſay-de Tryſtram that he putteth hym ſelf in grete payne for he ne-uer ceaſeth/ Wote ye not what he is ſayde ſyr Ironſyde/ No ſa-id ſyr Tryſtram/thenne ſhal ye knowe that this is he that lo-ueth the lady of the caſtel and ſhe hym ageyne/and this is he that wanne me whan I beſegede the lady of this caſtel/and this he that wanne ſyr Perſaunt of ynde/and his fyue brethe-ren/what is his name ſayde ſyr Tryſtram and of what blood is he come/he was calkede in the courte of kyng Arthur Be-aumaynes/but his ryght name is ſir Gareth of Orkeney broder to ſir Galvayn/by my fede ſaid ſir Triſtram he is a good knyght

knyght and a bygge man of armes/ & yf he be yong he shalle preue a ful noble knyghte/ he is but a child they all saide & of syr Launcelot he was made knyzt/ therfor is he myshel the better said Tryssiam/ And thenne syr Tryssiam/ syr Yronsyde/ syr Persaunt and his broder rode to gyders for to helpe sir gareth/ & thenne there were gyuen many strong strokes/ And thenne syr Gareth rode oute on the oute syde to amende his helme/ & thenne said his dwerf take me your ryng that ye lese it not whyle that ye drynke/ And so whan he had dronken he gat on his helme/ & egerly took his horse & rode in to the felde & lefte his ryngе with his dwerf/ and the dwerf was glad of the ryng was from hym/ for thenne he wist wel he shold be knowen And thenne whan syr Gareth was in the felde all folkes sawe hym wel/ & playnly that he was in yelowe colours/ & there he rassyd of helmes & pulled doun knyzhes that kynge Arthur had merueyle what knyzt he was/ for the kyng salwe by his hewe that it was the same knyght

¶ Capitulum xxvj

But by forse he was in so many colours and now he is but in one colour that is yelowe/ Now goo said kyng Arthur vnto dyuerse kynges and ryde about hym & aspye what maner knyght he is / for I haue speryd of many knyghtes this day that ben vpon his party/ and all saye they knowe hym not/ And so ay kynge rode nyhe Gareth as he coude/ and there he salwe knyzhen about his helme in golde/ This helme is syr gareth of Orkeney/ Thenne the kynge cryed as he were wood/ & many kynges with hym/ This is syre gareth of Orkeney in the yelowe armes that by all kynges and knyghtes of Arthurs beheld hym & awayted / & thenne they pressyd al to behold hym / & euer the kynges cryed this is syre gareth of Orkeney kyng Lots sone/ and whan syr gareth aspyed that he was discouerid/ thenne he doubled his strokes/ & smote doune syr Sagramore & his broder sir galwayn/ O broder saide sir galwayn I wende ye wolde not haue strykен me/ so whan he herd hym say so he thwang hewe & thewe/ & so with grete payne he gat out of the prees/ and there he mette with his dwerf/ O boye said syr gareth thou hast begyled me foule this day that thou kepte my ryngе/ Gyue it me anone ageyn that

I may hyde my body with al/ and soo he woke it hym/ And
thenne they all wist not where he was become/ and syr galha-
yn had in maner aspyed where syr Gareth wode/ and thenne he
wode after with alle his myghte/ that aspyed syr Gareth and
rode lyghtely in to the forest that syr Galhayn wist not where
he was become/ And when syr Gareth wyst that syr Galha-
yn was past/ he asked the dwerf of best counceil/ Syr said the
dwerf/ me semeth it were best nowe that ye are escaped fro spy-
eng that ye send my lady dame lyones her ryngе/ It is well
aduysed said syr Gareth/ nowe haue it here and here it to her/
And saye that I recommaunde me vnto her goode grace/ and
saye her I will come when I maye/ and I pray her to be true
and feythful to me as I wil be to her/ Syr said the dwerf it
shal be done as ye commaunde/ and soo he rode his waye and
ryde his ewaunde vnto the lady / Thenne she said where is my
knyghte syr Gareth/ Madame said the dwerf he bad me saye /
that he wolde not be long from you/ ¶ And soo lyghtely the
dwerf cam ageyne vnto syr Gareth that wolde ful fayne ha-
ue had a lodgyng/ for he had nede to be reposed/ And thenne
felle there a thonder and a rayne as heuen and erthe sholde
goo to gyder/ And syr Gareth was not a lytyl wery/ for of al
that day he had but lytel rest neyther his hors nor he/ So this
syr Gareth rode soo longe in that forest vntyl the nyghte came
And euer it lyghtned and thondred as it had ben woode
At the last by fortune he came to a Castel/ and there he herd
the wayters vpon the walkys ¶ Capitulum xxxij /

Thenne syr Gareth rode vnto the barbycan of the castel/
and praid the porter fayr to lete hym in to the castel/
The porter answerd vngoodely ageyne/ and saide thou
getest no lodgyng here/ Fayr syr say not soo for I am a knyght
of kynge Arthurs/ & pray the lord or the lady of this castel to
gyue me herberowe for the loue of kynge Arthur/ Thenne the
porter went vnto the ducheſſe/ and tolde her how ther was a
knyghte of kyng Arthurs wolde haue herberowe/ lete hym in
said the ducheſſe/ for I wille see that knyghte/ And for kyng
Arthurs sake he shalle not be herberoules/

¶ Thenne she yode vp in to a toure ouer the gate with greete
torche lyght/ when sir Gareth sawe that torche lyghte he cryed

on hyght whether thou be lordy or lady gyaunt or champyon I
aske no force so that I may have herberowde this nyghte/ & yf
hit so be that I muste nedes fyghte/spare me not to morne when
I have reseyde me for wolde I and myn hors ben werye/ Syr
knyghte sayd the lady thou spekest knyghtly and boldly/but
wete thou wel the lord of this castel loueth not kyng Arthur/
nor none of his court/for my lord hath euer ben ageynst hym
and therfor thou were better not to come within this castel /
For and thou come in this nyghte / thou must come in vnder
such fourme that where someuer thou mete my lord by fyre or
by sterre/thou must yelde the to hym as prysoner/Madame sa
idy syr Gareth what is your lordy and what is his name/ syr
my lordes name is the duke de la rouse/wel madame said syr
Gareth I shal prompse yolde in what place I mete your lordy
I shalle yelde me vnto hym and to his goody grace with that
I vnderstande he wille do me no harme/And yf I vnderstand
that he wille I wil I release my self and I may with my spe
re and my sherdy/ye say wel said the duchesse/and thenne she
lete the drawe brydge doune / and soo he rode in to the halle /
and there he alyghte/and his hors was ledde in to a stable/ &
in the halle he vnarmed hym/ & saide madame I will not oute
of this folke this nyghte/And whan it is daye lyghte/lete see/
Who wil haue adoo with me / he shal fynde me redy / Thenne
was he sette vnto souper/and had many good dysshes / then-
ne syr Gareth lyst wel to ete/and knyghtly he ete his mete /
and egerly/there was many a fair lady by hym/ & some said
they neuer sawe a goodlyer man nor so wel of etynge/ then-
ne they made hym passyng goody chere/ & shortly whan he had
soupedy his leyde was made there so he restedy hym al nyghte /
And on the morne he herdy masse & brake his fast & toke his le
ue at the duchesse/ & at them al/ & thanked her goodely of her
lodgyng & of his good chere/ & thenne she askedy hym his na-
me/Madame he saide truly my name is Gareth of Orkeney / &
some men calle me Begumayne/thene knewe she wel it was
the same knyght that fought for dame lyones / so sir gareth depar-
tedy & rody by in to a mountayne/ & ther mete hym a knyghte /
his name was syr Bendelayne and sayd to syr Gareth thou
shalt not passe this way/for outher thou shalt Juste with me or

eks be my prysoner/Thenne wille I Juste said syr Gareth/
And soo they lete their horses renne/and there syr Gareth smo
te hym thorou oute the body/and syr Bendalyne rode forth to
his castel there besyde and there dyed/So syr gareth wold ha
ue rested hym/and he cam rydynge to Bendalaynis castel /
Thenne his knyghtes and seruauntes aspyed that it was he
that had slayne their lord/Thenne they armed yg good men
and cam oute and assailled syr gareth/and soo he had no spe
re but his swerd/and put his shelde afore hym/and there they
brake their speres vpon hym/and they assailled hym passyng
ly sore/But euer syr gareth deffended hym as a knyght

¶ Capitulum xxxiij

SOo whan they salwe that they myght not ouercome
hym/ they rode from hym/and wolde their counceylle to
slee his hors/and soo they cam in vpon syr gareth/ and with
speres they slelue his hors/and thenne they assailled hym hard
But whan he was on foote / there was none that he raughte
but he gaf hym suche a buffet that he dyd neuer wouer / So he
slelue hem by one and one tyl they were but foure/ and there
they fledde/and sire gareth wolde a goode hors that was one of
theirs and rode his waye/Thenne he rode a grete pas til that
he came to a castel and there he herd mocke mornynge of ladys
es and gentyllwymmen/so ther cam by hym a page/what nop
se is this said syr gareth that I here within this castel / Syre
knyghte said the page here ben within this castel thyrtty ladys
es and alle they be wydolwes/ For here is a knyght that way
teth dayly vpon this castel / and his name is the brown kny
ght without pyte /and he is the peryllouste knyght that nolw
lyueth/ And therfor sir said the page I rede you flee/Nay sa
id sir gareth I wille not flee though thou be aferd of hym /
And thenne the page salwe where came the broune knyghte/ soo
said the page yonder he cometh/ lete me dele with hym said syre
gareth/ And whan eythet of other had a sygh̄te they lete the
yr horses renne/and the broune knyghte brake his spere and
sir gareth smote hym thorou oute the body that he ouerthrelue
hym to the ground starke dede/So sir gareth rode in to the castel
& praid the ladyes y he myght repose hym/ alas said the ladyes
ye may not be lodged here / make hym good chere said the page

for this knyght hath slayne your enemy/ thenne they al made hym good chere as laye in their power/ But were ye wel they made hym good chere for they myght none otherwyse doo for they were but poure/ And so on the morne he went to masse/ and there he salue the thyrtty ladyes knele/ and lay gwelyng vpon dyuerse tombes makynge grete dole and sorowde/ Thenne syr Gareth wyst wel that in the tombes lay their lordes / Fayre ladyes said syr Gareth ye must at the next feeste of Pentecost be at the court of kynge Arthur/ and saye that I syr Gareth sente you thyder/ we shal doo this said the ladyes Soo he departed/ and by fortune he came to a monntayne / & there he found a goodely knyght that hadde hym abyde syr knyght and juste with me/ what are ye said syr Gareth/ My name is said he the duke de la rouse/ A syr ye ar the same knyght that I lodged ones in your Castel/ And there I made promyse vnto your lady that I sholde yelde me vnto you A said the duke arte thou that proude knyght that profereste to fyght with my knyghtes/ therfore make the redy for I wil haue adoo with you/ Soo they lete their horses renne/ and there syr Gareth smote the duke doune from his hors/ But the duke lyghtly auoyded his hors/ and dressid his shelde and drewe his swerd/ and bad syr Gareth alyght and fyght with hym/ Soo he dyd alyght/ and they dyd grete batail to gyders more than an houre/ and eyther hurte other ful sore/ Att the last sir Gareth gat the duke to the erthe / and wold haue slayn hym/ and thenne he yelded hym to hym/ Thow must ye goo said sir Gareth vnto syr Arthur my lord at the next feest and saye that I sir Gareth of Orkeney sente you vnto hym/ hit shal be done said the duke/ and I wil doo to yold homage and feaute with an C knyghtes with me/ and alle the dayes of my lyf to doo you seruyse to what ye wille commaunde me/

Capitulum xxiiij

SOo the duke departed/ and sir Gareth stode there alone and there he sawe an armed knyght comyng toward hym / Thenne syr Gareth toke the dukes shelde/ and

mounted vpon horſback/and ſoo without lyeyng they ranne to gyder as it had ben the thonder/And there that knyght hurt ſyr Gareth vnder the ſyde with his ſpere/And thenne they alyghte/ and drewe their ſwerdes/and gaf grete ſtrokes that the blood trayled to the grounde/ And ſoo they foughte two houres/ At the laſt ther came the damoyſel Lynet that ſomme men calle the damoyſel ſaueage / and ſhe came ryeynge vpon an ambelynge meule/and there ſhe cryed al on hyghe/ ſyr Gawayne ſyr Galvayne leue thy fyghtynge with thy broder ſyre Gareth/ And whan he herd her ſaye ſoo he threwe abeye hys ſhelde and his ſwerde / and ranne to ſyre Gareth/ and toke hym in his armes/and ſythen kneled doune and aſked hym mercy/ What are ye ſaid ſyr Gareth that ryght nold were ſoo ſtronge and ſoo myghty/and nold ſo ſodenly yelde you to me O Gareth I am your broder ſyr Galvayn that for youre ſake haue had grete ſorow and labour/Thenne ſyr Gareth vnlaced his helme/and kneled doune to hym/and aſked hym mercy/ thenne they roſe both and embraced eyther other in their armes and wepte a grete whyle or they myghte ſpeke/ and eyther of hem gaf other the pryce of the bataille/ And there were many kynde wordes betwene hem/ Alas my faire broder ſaid ſir gawayn perde I olde of ryghte to worſhippe you/ and ye were not my broder/for ye haue worſhipped kyng Arthur and all his courte/for ye haue ſente me mo worſhipful knyghtes this twelue moneth than ſyxe the beſt of the roundy table haue done except ſir Launcelot/Thenne cam the damoyſel ſaueage that was the lady Lynet that rode with ſir gareth ſoo longe / and there ſhe dyd ſtaunche ſir garethe wounded/ and ſir galvayns Nold what wille ye doo ſaid the damoyſel ſaueage/ me ſemeth that it were wel do yf Arthur had wetyng of you both, for your horſes are ſoo bruſed that they may not bere/ Nold faire damoyſel ſaid ſyr Galvayne/I praye you ryde vnto my lorde myn vnkel kynge Arthur/and telle hym what aduenture is to me befyd here / and I ſuppoſe he wille not tary long / Thenne ſhe toke her meule and lyghtly ſhe came to kynge Arthur / that was but two myle thens/ And whan ſhe had told hym tydynges the kynge bad gete hym a palfroy/ ¶ And whan he was vpon his bak he badde the lordes and ladyes come after who

that wold/and there was sadelyng and brydelyng of quenes horses and princes horses/& wel was hym that soonest myght be redy/Soo whan the kynge came there as they were he salde syr Galbayn and syr Gareth sytte vpon a lytel hyke syde/& thenne the kynge auoyded his hors/And whanne he cam ny/ gh syr Gareth/he wold haue spoken but he myght not/and therwith he sanke doune in a swoune for gladnesse-/ and soo they starte vnto theyr vnkyl/ and requyred hym of his goody grace to be of goody comforte/Wete ye wel the kyng made grete ioye and many a pytous complaynte he made to syr Gareth/And euer he wepte as he had ben a chyld/With that cam his moder the quene of Orkeney dame Morgause/ And whan she salde syr Gareth redely in the vysage she myght not wepe but sodenly felle doun in a swoune/and lay there a grete whyle lyke as she hady ben dede/And thenne syr Gareth recomforted his moder in suche wyse that she recouerd and made good chere/Thenne the kynge commaunded that al maner of knyghtes that were vnder his obrissaunce sholde make their lodgyng ryght there for the loue of his neuelbes/And soo it was done and al manere of purueaunce purueyd that ther lacked nothyng that myght be gotyn of lame nor wyld for gold or syluer/ And thenne by the meanes of the damoysel Saueage syr Galbayne and syr Gareth were heled of their wounds/ and there they soiourned eyght dayes/Thenne saidy kyng Arthur vnto the damoysel saueage I merueylle that your syster Dame Lyones cometh not here to me/and in especyal that she cometh not to vysyte her knyghte my neuelbe syre Gareth that hath hady soo mocke trauaille for her loue/My lordy saidy the damoysel Lynet ye muste of your goody grace holdy her excused/ For she knowleth not that my lordy syr Gareth is here/So thenne for her saidy kynge Arthur that we may be apoynted what is best to done accordyng to the plesyr of my neuelbe/Syr saidy the damoysel that shal be done/and soo she rode vnto her syster/ And as lyghtely as she myght made her redy & she cam on the morne with her broder syr Bryngamor/ and with her yl knyghtes/And so whan she was come she hady alle the chyr that myght be done bothe of the kynge andy of many other kynges andy quenes

Ryde amonge alle these ladyes she was named the fayr
rest vnder heuen/ Thenne whanne syr Gawayn sawe
her/there was many a goodely loke and goodely wordes that
alle men of worshyp had ynge to beholde them/Thenne cam kyng
Arthur and many other kynges and dame Gweneuer
the quene of Ortheney/And there the kyng asked his neuew
syr Gareth whether he wold haue that lady as paramour or
to haue her to his wyf / Wy lorde wete yow wel that I wold
her aboue al ladyes lyuynge/Now fayr lady said kyng Ar
thur what say ye/Moost noble kynge said dame Lyones wete
yow wel that my lord syr Gareth is to me mow leuer to haue
and welde as my husbandy than ony kyng or prynce that is
vnwedy/and yf I maye not haue hym I promyse yow I
nyll neuer haue none/ For my lady Arthur sayd dame Ly
ones wete ye wel he is my fyrst loue and he shal be the laste/
And yf ye wil suffre hym to haue his wyl and free choyse I
dare saye he nyll haue me/ That is trouthe said syr Gareth/
And I haue not you and wel do not you as my wyf / there
shal neuer lady ne gentylwoman reigne me / What neuelbe
said the kynge is the wynde in that doore / for wete ye wel I
wold not for the kynde of my crowne to be causar to withdra
we your seruyses/ And wete ye wel ye can not loue so wel but
I shal wither encreace hit than dystresse hit/ And also ye shal
haue my loue and my lordshyp in the vttermest wyse that may
lye in my power/And in the same wyse said sir Gareths mo
der/thenne there was made a prouysyon for the day of mary
age/and by the kynges aduyse it was prouyded that it shold
be at Mychelmas folowyng at kynkenadon by the see syde/ for
ther is a plentyful countrey/ And soo it was cryed in al the
places thurgh the wyamme/ And thenne syr Gareth sent his
somones to alle these knyghtes and ladyes that he had won
nen in batail to fore that they sholde be at his day of maryage
at kynkenadon by the sandys/And thenne dame Lyones and
the damoysel Lynet with syr Gryngamor rode to their castel /
and a goodely and a ryche kynge she gaf to syr Gareth/ and
he gaf her another / And kyng Arthur gaf her a ryche lee of

goldy/ andy soo she departedy/ andy kyng Arthur andy his felau ship rode towardy Kynkenadon/ andy syr Gareth brought his lady on the way/ & so cam to the kyng ageyne andy rode with hym/ Lord the grete chere that syr launcelot made of sir Gareth andy he of hym/ for there was neuer no knyght that syr gareth louedy so wel as he dydy syr Launcelot/ andy euer for the most party he woldy be in syr launcelots company/ for after syr Gareth hady aspyedy sir Galvayns condycions he withdrelve hym self fro his broder syr Galvayns felaus ship/ for he was benge able/ andy where he hatedy he woldy be auengyd with murther andy that hatedy syr gareth

Capitulum xxxvj

SOo hit drelve faste to Mychelmas/ andy thyder came dame Lyones the lady of the castel peryllous andy her syster dame Lynet with syre grygamor her broder with hem/ For he hady the conduyte of these ladyes/ Andy there they were lodgedy at the deuyse of kyng Arthur/ Andy vpon mychelmas day the Bisshop of Caunterbury made the weddyng betwixe syr gareth andy the lady Lyones with grete solempnyte/ andy kyng Arthur made galerys to wedde the damoysel saueage/ that was dame Lynet/ andy kyng Arthur made syr Agrauayne to wedde dame Lyones nees a fayr lady/ her name was dame Laurel/ Andy so whan this solemnacion was done/ thenne came in the grene knyghte syr Pertylope with thyrtty knyghtes/ andy there he dyd homage and feaute to syr gareth and these knyghtes to holdy of hym for euermore/ Also sir Pertilope saidy I pray you that at this feest I maye be your chamberlayne/ with a goody wil saidy syr gareth/ syth it lykethy you to take soo symple on offyce/ Thenne come in the redy knyghte with thre score knyghtes With hym/ and dyde to syr Gareth homage andy feaute/ andy alle tho knyghtes to holdy of hym for euermore/ Andy thenne this syr Perymonyes prayde sir gareth to graunte hym to be his chyef botteler at that hyghe feest I Wil Wel saide sir gareth that ye haue this offyce and it were better/ Thenne came in syr Persant of Inde With an C knyghtes With hym/ andy there he dyd homage andy feaute/ and

al his knyghtes ſholde doo hym ſeruyſe/ and holde their lon=
des of hym for euer/ and there he prayde ſyr Gareth to make
hym his Seluar chyef at the feeſt/ I will wel ſaide ſyr Ga=
reth that ye haue it & it were better/ Thenne cam the duke la
roldſe with an C knyghtes with hym / and there he dyde ho=
mage and feaute to ſyr Gareth/ and ſoo to holde theire londes
of hym for euer/ And he requyred ſyr Gareth that he myght
ſerue hym of the wyn that day at that feeſt / I will wel ſayde
ſyr Gareth and it were better/ Thenne came in the red knyght
of the rede launde that was ſyr Ironſyde/ and he brought
with hym thre honderde knyghtes/ and there he dyde homage &
feaute/ and al theſe knyghtes to holde their landes of hym for
euer / And thenne he aſked ſyr Gareth to be his ſeruer / I
will wel ſaide ſyr Gareth and it pleaſe you/ Thenne came in to
the courte thyrtty ladyes/ and alle they ſemed wydowes/ and
tho thyrtty ladyes brought with them many fayre gentylwy=
mmen/ And alle they kneled doune at ones vnto kyng arthur
and vnto ſyr Gareth/ and there al tho ladyes tolde the kyng
how ſyr Gareth delyuerde them from the dolorous toure/ and ſle
we the broune knyght without pyte/ And therfore we and
oure heyres for euermore wille doo homage vnto ſyr Gareth of
Orkeney/ So thenne the kynges and quenes/ prynces & erlys
Barons and many bolde knyghtes went vnto mete / & wel
maye ye wete there were al maner of mete plentyuouſly/ alle
maner rules and games with al maner of mynſtralſy that
was vſed in tho dayes/ ¶ Alſo ther was grete Juſtes thre da=
yes/ But the kynge wolde not ſuffre ſyre Gareth to Juſte by
cauſe of his newe knyghthode/ for as the frenſſhe book ſayth that da=
me Lyones deſyred of the kynge that none that were wedded
ſholde Juſte at that feeſt/ Soo the fyrſt day there Juſted ſir la
meraik de galys/ for he ouerthrewe thyrtty knyghtes/ & did paſ
ſyng merueillouſly dedes of armes/ and thenne kyng Arthur
made ſyr Perſaunt and his two bretheren knyghtes of the ro=
unde table to their lyues ende/ and gaf them grete londes/ Alſo
the ſeconde daye there Juſted Tryſtram leſt/ and he ouerthrew
fourty knyghtes/ and dyde there merueillous dedes of armes
And there kynge Arthur made Ironſyde that was the rede
knyghte of the rede launde a knyghte of the table round to

his lyues ende/and̄ gaf hym̄ grete landes/ The thyrd day there Justed syr launcelot du lake/and̄ he ouerthrewe fyfty knyghtes and̄ dyd̄ many merueylleous deds of armes that all men wondred on hym̄/ And̄ there kynge Arthur made the duke de la rouse a knyghte of the round̄ table to his lyues ende/and gaf hym̄ grete landes to spende / But whan̄ this Justes were done/syr Lamerak and̄ syr Trystram departed sodenly/& wold not be knowen̄/ for the which kyng Arthur and̄ all the court were sore displeasyd̄/ And̄ soo they helde the courte fourty dayes with grete solempnyte / And̄ this syr Gareth was a noble knyghte and̄ a well rulyd̄ and̄ fayr langaged̄

¶ Thus endeth this tale of syr Gareth of Orkeney that wedded dame Lyones of the castel perylous/ And̄ also syr Gaherys wedded her syster dame Lynet / that was called̄ the damoysel saueage/ And syr Agrauayne wedded dame Laurel a fayr lady and̄ grete and̄ myghty landes with grete ryches̄e gaf with them kyng Arthur that ryally they myght lyue tyl their lyues ende

Here followeth the viij̄ book the which is the first book of sir Tristram de Lyones/& who was his fader & his moder/& how he was borne and̄ fosterd̄/ And̄ how he was made knyghte

¶ Capitulum primum

It was a kyng that hyght Melyodas/and he was lord and kynge of the countre of Lyonas And this Melyodas was a lykely knyght as ony was that tyme lyuynge/And by fortune he wedded kynge Markys syster of Cornewaille/ And she was called Elyzabeth that was callyd bothe good and fair And at that tyme kynge Arthur regned/ and he was hole kynge of Engbond/ walys and Scotland & of many other royammes holy he it there were many kynges that were lordes of many countreyes/but alle they held their landes of kyng Arthur/for in walys were two kynges/and in the north were many kynges/ And in Cornewail and in the west were two kynges/ ¶ Also in Irland were two or thre kynges and al were vnder the obrissaunce of kyng Arthur/So was the kynge of Fraunce and the kyng of Bretayn and alle the lordshippes vnto Rome/So whan this kyng Melyodas hadde ben with his wyf/within a whyle she wayid grete with child and she was a ful meke lady/and wel she lued her lord/& he her ageyns/soo there was grete loye betwixe them/ Thenne ther was a lady in that countrey that lady lued kynge Melyodas longe/And by no meane she neuer coude gete his loue therfore she lete ordeyne vpon a day as kynge Melyodas rode on huntynge/for he was a grete chacer/ and there by an enchauntement she made hym chace an hert by hym self alone/til that he came to an old Castel/|and there anone he was taken prysoner by the lady that hym lued/Whanne Elyzabeth kyng Melyodas myst her lord/and she was nyghe oute of her wyte and also as grete with child as she was she took a gentylwoman with her/and ranne in to the forest to seke her lord/ And whanne she was ferre in the forest she myghte no ferther for she byganne to trauaille fast of her child/And she had many grymly wolues/ her gentylwoman halp her alle that she myghte/And soo by myracle of oure lady of hruen she was delyuerd with grete payne/But she had taken suche cold for the defaute of helpe that depe draughtes of deth toke her/ that nedes she must dye and departe oute of this worldy/ther was

none other boote / And whanne this quene Elyzabeth salde that ther was none other bote/thenne she made grete dole / and saide vnto her gentylwoman / whan ye see my lord kyng Melyodas recommaunde me vnto hym / and telle hym what paynes I endure here for his loue / and how I must dye here for his sake for defaute of goode helpe/and lete hym wete that I am ful sory to departe out of this world for hym/therfor praye hym to be frende to my soule/ Nowe lete me see my lytel childe/ for whome I haue hade alle this sorowe/ And whanne she sawe hym she saide thus / A my lytel sone thou hast murthered thy moder/ and therfore I suppose thou that arte a murtherer soo yonge/thou arte ful lykely to be a manly man in thyn age/ And by cause I shal dye of the byrthe of the / I charge the gentylwoman/ that thou praye my lorde kynge Melyodas that whan he is crystned lete calle hym Tryssram that is as moch to saye/as a sorouful byrthe / And ther with this quene gaf vp the ghoost and dyed / Thenne the gentylwoman leyd her vnder an vmbre of a grete tree/and thenne she lapped the chylde as wel as she myght for colde/ Right soo ther came the Barons folowynge after the quene/ ¶ And whan they salde that she was dede/ and vnderstood none other but the kynge was destroyed/

¶ Capitulum secundum

Thenne certayne of them wolde haue slayne the childe/ by cause they wolde haue ben lordes of the countrey of Lyonas/ But thenne thorou the faire speche of the gentylwoman/and by the meanes that she made/ the moost party of the Barons wolde not assente ther to/ And thenne they lete carye home the dede quene/and moche dole was made for her/ Thenne this meane whyle Merlyn delyuerd kynge Melyodas out of pryson on the morne after his quene was dede/ And so when the kynge was come home/the moost party of the barons made grete iope/ But the sorou that the kyng made for his quene that myght no tong telle

Soo thenne the kynge lete entere her ryche ly/and after he lete crystene his childe as his wyf had commaunded afore her

with / And̄ thenne he lete calle hym Tryſtram the ſorouful bo-
rne child̄. ¶ Thenne the kynge Melyodas endured ſeuen ye-
res without a wyf / And̄ alle this tyme Tryſtram was nou
ryſſhed̄ wel. ¶ Thenne hit befelle that kynge Melyodas
wedded̄ kynge Hoelles doughter of Britayne / and̄ anone
ſhe hadde children of kynge Melyodas / thenne was ſhe kny
and̄ wrothe / that her children ſholde not regner the Countrey
of Lyones / wherfor this quene ordeyned̄ for to poyſone yong
Tryſtram / So ſhe lete poyſon be put in a pyece of ſyluer in the
chamber where as Tryſtram and̄ her children were to gyders /
ſonde that entente that whanne Tryſtram were thurſty he ſho-
lde drynke that drynke / And̄ ſo hit felle vpon a daye the que-
nes ſone as he was in that chamber / aſpyed̄ the pyece with
poyſon / and̄ he wende hit hadde ben good̄ drynke / and̄ by ca-
uſe the child̄ was thurſty he toke the pyece with poyſon and
dranke frely / and̄ there with al ſodenly the child̄ braſt & was
ded / whanne the quene Melyodas wyſt of the dethe of her ſone
ſhe fel in ſwel that ſhe was kny / But yet the kyng vnderſto-
de no thynge of her treaſon. ¶ Not withſtandynge the quene
woldē not leue this / but efte ſhe lete ordeyne more poyſon / and
putte hit in a pyece / And̄ by fortune kyng Melyodas her huſ
band̄ fonde the pyece with wyn where was the poyſon / and̄ he
that was mocke thurſty took the pyece for to drynke ther oute
And̄ as he woldē haue dronken therof / the Quene aſpyed̄
hym / and̄ thenne ſhe ranne vnto hym / and̄ pulled̄ the pyece
from hym ſodenly. ¶ The kyng merueilled̄ why
ſhe dyd̄ ſoo / and̄ remembred̄ hym how her ſone was ſodenly
ſlayne with poyſon / And̄ thenne he took her by the hand̄ and
ſayd̄ / thou falſe traitreſſe thou ſhalte telle me what maner of
drynke this is / or els I ſhalle ſlee the / And̄ ther with he pul
led̄ oute his ſwerd̄ / and̄ ſware a grete othe that he ſhold ſlee
her / but yf ſhe told̄ hym trouthe / A mercy my lord̄ ſayd̄ ſhe /
and̄ I ſhalle telle you alle / And̄ thenne ſhe told̄ hym why
ſhe woldē haue ſlayne Tryſtram / by cauſe her chyldren ſholdē
regner his land̄ / wel ſaid̄ kyng Melyodas / and̄ therfor ſhal
ye haue the lalbe / And̄ ſoo ſhe was dampned̄ by the aſſente
of the Barons to be brent / and̄ thenne was ther made a grete
fyre / & ryght as ſhe was at the fyre to take her execucion / yong

Tryſtram knelyd afore kynge Melyodas/ and beſought hym to gyue hym a bone/ I wylle wel ſaid the kynge ageyne/ ¶ Thenne ſaide yonge Tryſtram gyue me the lyf of thy quene my ſtepmoder/ That is vnryghtfully aſked ſaid kyng Melyodas/ for thou oughte of ryght to hate her/ for ſhe wold haue ſlayne the with that poyſon and ſhe myghte haue hadde her wille/ And for thy ſake mooſt is my cauſe that ſhe ſholde dye Syr ſaide Tryſtram as for that I beſeche you of your mercy that ye wille forgyue hit her/ And as for my parte god forgyue it her and I doo/ and ſoo moche it lyked your hyghnes to graunte me my bone/ for goddes loue I requyre you hold your promyſe/ Sythen hit is ſoo ſaid the kynge I wille that ye haue her lyf/ thenne ſaid the kynge I gyue her to you/ and go ye to the fyre and take her/ and doo with her what ye wylle/ Soo ſyre Tryſtram wente to the fyre/ and by the commaunde ment of the kyng delyuerd her from the dethe/ But after that kynge Melyodas wold neuer haue adoo with her as at bedde and borde/ But by the good meanes of yong Tryſtram he made the kynge and her accorded / But thenne the kynge wold not ſuffre yonge Tryſtram to abyde no lenger in his courte.

¶ Capitulum iij

AND thenne he lete ordeyne a gentylman that was wel lerned and taught/ his name was gouernayle/ and thenne he ſente yonge Tryſtram with Gouernayle in to Fraunce to lerne the langage/ and nurture / and dedes of armes/ And there was Tryſtram more than ſeuen yeres/ ¶ And thenne whanne he wel couthe ſpeke the langage and hadde lerned alle that he myght lerne in that countreys/ thenne he came home to his fader kynge Melyodas ageyne/ and ſo Tryſtram lerned to be an harper paſſynge alle other that there was none ſuche called in no countrey/ and ſoo in harpynge & on Inſtrumentys of muſyke he applyed hym in his yongthe for to lerne/ And after as he growed in myght and ſtrengthe he laboured euer in huntynge and in haukynge ſoo that neuer

gentylman more that euer we herd rede of / ¶ And as the book sayth/he beganne goode mesures of bodyng of beestes of venery and beestes of chace/ and alle maner of vermayns/ and alle these termes we haue yet of haukyng and huntyng And therfore the book of venery / of haukynge and huntynge is called the book of syr Tristram/ Wherfor as me semeth alle gentylmen that beren olde armes ought of ryght to honoure syr Tristram for the goodly termes that gentilmen haue and vse/and shalle to the daye of dome/ that there by in a maner alle men of worship maye dissheuer a gentylman fro a yoman/and from a yoman a vylayne/ For he that gentyl is wylle drawe hym vnto gentil tatches/and to fouldy the customes of noble gentylmen ¶ Thus syr Tristram endured in Cornewaile vntyl he was bygge/and stronge/of the age of xviij yeres/ And thenne the kynge Melyodas had grete ioye of syr Tristram/ and soo had the quene his wyfe/ For euer after in her lyf by cause syre Tristram saued her from the fyre she dyd neuer hate hym more after / but loued hym euer after/and gaf Tristram many grete yeftes for euery estate loued hym/ where that he wente

¶ Capitulum quartum

Thenne it befelle that kynge Anguysshe of Irlande / sente vnto kynge Marke of Cornewaile for his truage that Cornewaile had payed many wynters/ And alle that tyme kynge Marke was behynde of the truage for sauen yeres/ And kyng Marke and his Barons gaf vnto the messager of Irlande these wordes and answere that they wolde none paye / and bad the messager goo vnto his kynge Anguysshe/and telle hym we wille paye hym no truage/but telle youre lorde/and he wille alweyes haue truage of vs of Cornewaile/bydde hym sende a trusty knyghte of his lande / that wille fyghte for his ryght/ and we shalle fynde another. for to defende oure ryght / With this answer the messagers departed in to Irlande/ ¶ And whanne kynge Anguysh vnderstood the answere of the messagers/he was wondrly wroth

And thenne he axkyd vnto hym syr Marhaus the good kny-
ght that was nobly preued/and a knyght of the table ro-
und/ And this Marhaus was broder vnto the quene of Ir-
land/ ¶ Thenne the kynge sayd thus/ Fayre broder sir Mar
haus I praye yald goo in to Cornelwaile for my sake and do
batailke for our truage that of ryght we ought to haue/and
what someuer ye spende ye shalke haue suffycyently more than
ye shal nede/Syre saide Marhaus wete ye wel that I shalke
not be lothe to doo batailke in the ryght of you and your land
with the beste knyght of the table rounde / for I knowe them
for the moost party what ben theire dedes/ and for to auaunce
my dedes and to encreace my worshyp I wylke ryght gladly
goo vnto this tourneye for oure ryghte
¶ Soo in alke haste there was made purueaunce for syr mar
haus/and he hadde al thynge that to hym neded/and soo he de-
parted out of Irland / and arryued vp in Cornelwaile euen
fast by the castel of Tyntagil/ And whan kynge Marke vn-
derstood that he was there arryued to fyghte for Irland /
¶ Thenne made kynge marke grete sorou whan he vnderstood
that the good and noble knyghte sire Marhaus was come /
For they knewe no knyght that durste haue adoo with hym/
For at that tyme syr Marhaus was called one of the fame-
sest and renoumed knyghtes of the world
¶ And thus syre Marhaus abode in the see/ and euery daye
he sente vnto kynge Marke for to paye the truage that was
behynde of seuen yere / outher ele to fynde a knyght to fyghte
with hym for the truage / This maner of message syr Mar-
haus sente dayly vnto kynge Marke/ ¶ Thenne they of
Cornelwayle lete make cryes in euery place that what knyght
wold fyghte for to saue the truage of Cornelwaile he sholde
be rewarded soo that he sholde fare the better the terme of hys
lyf/ ¶ Thenne some of the Barons sayde to kynge
Marke / and counceiled hym to sende to the courte of kynge
Arthur for to selle syre Launcelot du lake that was that ty-
me named for the moste doughtyest knyght of alle the worlde /
¶ Thenne there were somme other Barons that counceylled
the kynge not to doo soo & said that it was labour in vayn/

by cause syr Marhaus was a knyght of the round table/ therfor ony of hym will he loth to haue adoo with other/but yf hit were ony knyght at his owne requeste wold fyght dysguysed and vnknowen/ Soo the kynge and alle his barons assented that it was no boote to seke ony knyght of the round table /

¶ This meane whyle came the langage and the noyse vnto kynge Melodas how that sire Marhaus abode bataille faste by Tyntagil/ And how kyng Marke couthe fynde no maner knyght to fyght for hym/ Whan yong Trystram herd of thys / he was wrothe and sore ashamed that ther durst no knyght in Cornewaile haue adoo with syr Marhaus of Irland /

¶ Capitulum quintum

THere with al Trystram went vnto his fader kynge Melodas and asked hym counsail what was best to doo for to recouer Cornewaile from truage / For as me semeth said sir Tristram it were shame that syr Marhaus the quenes broder of Irland sholde goo alwey onles that he were fought with alle ¶ As for that said kyng Melodas Wete you wel sone Tristram that syr Marhaus is called one of the best knyghtes of the world and knyght of the table round / And therfore I know no knyght in this countre that is able to mateche with hym/ ¶ Alas said syre Tristram that I am not made knyght/ And yf sir Marhaus sholde thus departe in to Irland/ god lete me neuer haue Worship and I were made knyght I sholde mateche hym /

And syr said Trystram I pray you gyue me leue to ryde to kynge Marke/ and soo ye be not displeased/ of kynge Marke Wille I be made knyght/ I wille wel said kyng Melodas that ye be ruled as your courage wille rule you

¶ Thenne sir Trystram thanked his fader mocke / And thenne he made hym redy to ryde in to Cornewaile / ¶ In the meane whyle there came a messager with letters of loue fro kynge Faramon of Fraunces doughter vnto syre Trystram that were ful pytous letters & in them were wryten many complaynctes of loue/ but syre Tristram had no Joye of her letters nor

ward vnto her/Also she sente hym a lyttel brachet that was passynge fayre/ But whan the kynges doughter vnderstood that syre Trystram wold not loue her/as the book sayth/ she dyed for sorou/ ¶ And thenne the same squyer that brought the letter and the brachet came ageyne vnto syr Trystram/ as after ye shalle here in the tale ¶ Soo this ponge syre Trystram rode vnto his eme kynge Marke of Cornewayle/ ¶ And whanne he came there/he herd say that ther wold no knyghte fyghte with syre Marhaus/Thenne rode sir Tristram vnto his eme and sayd /syre yf ye wylle gyue me thorde of knyghthode / I wille doo batailke with syr Marhaus/ What are ye said the kynge and from whens be ye comen/ Sir said Trystram I come fro kynge Melyodas that wedded youre syster and a gentylman wete ye wel I am ¶ Kynge Marke beheld sir Trystram and salwe that he was but a ponge man of age / but he was passyngly wel maade and bygge/ ¶ Faire syre said the kynge what is youre name and where were ye borne/Syre sayd he ageyne / my name is Trystram/and in the countrey of Lyones was I borne / Ye saye wel said the kynge/ and yf ye wille doo this batayll I shalke make yow knyghte / Therfore I come to you sayd syre Trystram and for none other cause ¶ But thenne kynge Marke made hym knyghte/And therwith al anone as he had made hym knyght he sente a messayger vnto syre Marhaus with letters that sayd / that he hadde sonde a ponge knyghte redy for to take the batailke to the vttermest/hit may wel be said syre Marhaus/ ¶ But telle kynge Marke I wille not fyghte With no knyghte but he be of blood royal/that is to saye outher kynges sone outher quenes sone borne of a prynce or prynceſſe/ ¶ Whanne kynge Marke vnderstood that / he sente for syre Trystram de Lyones and tolde hym what was the answer of syr Marhaus / ¶ Thenne sayd syre Trystram sythen that he seyth soo/lete hym wete that I am comen of fader syde and moder syde of as noble blood as he is/ ¶ For syre nold shalke ye knowe that I am kynge Melyodas sone borne of youre oldn syster dame Elyzabeth that dyed in the forest in the byrthe of me/ O Jhesu said kynge Marke ye are welcome faire neuewe

to me/ ¶ Thenne in alle the haste the kynge lete horse syr Tris
tram and arme hym in the best maner that myght he had or
gete for gold or syluer/ ¶ And thenne kynge Marke sente
vnto sir Marhaus/and dyde hym to wete that a ketter born mā
than he was hym self sholde fyghte with hym/and his name
is sir Trystram de lyonas gete of kynge Melyodas/and bo-
rne of kynge Markes syster/Thenne was sir Marhaus glad
and blythe that he sholde fyghte with suche a gentylman/and
soo by the assente of kynge Mark and of syr Marhaus they
lete ordeyne that they sholde fyghte within an Iland nyghte
syr Marhaus shyppes/and soo was syr Trystram putte in to
a vessel bothe his hors and he and all that to hym longed bo-
the for his body and for his hors/Syre Trystram lacked no
thynge/ And whan kynge Marke and his Barons of Cor-
nelvaile knewe how yonge syr Trystram departed with suche
a carpage to fyghte for the ryghte of Cornelvaile / there was
neyther man ne woman of worshyp but they wepte to see and
vnderstande soo yonge a knyght to Jeoparde hym self for their
ryghte/

¶ Capitulum sextum

SOo to shorten this tale whan syr Trystram was arry-
ued within the Iland/he wente to the ferther syde / &
there he salde at an anker fyue shippes nyghe to the land/and
vnder the shedowe of the shippes vpon the land/ there houed
the noble knyghte syr Marhaus of Irland/ Thenne syr Tris-
tram commaunded his seruaunt gouernail to brynge his hors
to the land and dresse his harneis at al manere of ryghtes /
And thenne whan he had soo done/he mounted vpon his hors
And whan he was in his sadel wel apparailled/& his shelde
dressid vpon his sholder / Trystram asked Gouernayle whate
is this knyghte that I shal haue ado with alle / Syre sayd
Gouernaile/see ye hym not/I wende ye had sene hym yonder
he houeth vnder the vmbre of his shippes on horsback with his
spere in his hand and his shelde vpon his sholder / That is
trouthe sayd the noble knyght syre Trystram nold I see hym
wel ynouz Thenne he commaunded his seruaunt Gouernayle

to goo to his beſſaile ageyne/and commaunde me vnto myne eme kynge Marke/and praye hym/yf that I be ſlayn in this bataille for to entere my body as hym ſemeth beſt/ & as for me lete hym wete I will neuer yelde me for colbardyſe/and yf I be ſlayne and flee not/thenne they haue loſt no truage for me And yf ſoo be that I flee or yelde me as recreaũt/bydde myn eme neuer kepe me in Cryſten kepers/ And vpon thy lyf ſaid ſyr Tryſtram to Gouernayle/come thou not nyghe this ſy land tyl that thou ſee me ouercomen or ſlayne/or elſ that I wynne yonder knyght/ſoo eyther departeth from other for ye pynge

Capitulum ſeptimum

And thenne ſyr Marhaus auyſed ſyr Tryſtram and ſaid thus/yonge knyght ſyr Tryſtram what doſt thou here/me ſore repenteth of thy courage/for wete thou wel I haue ben aſſayed/and the beſt knyghtes of this land haue ben aſſayed of my hand/And alſo I haue matched with the beſt knyghtes of the worlde/ and therfor by my counceille retorne ageyne vnto thy beſſaile/ And faire knyght and wel preued knyght ſaid ſyre Tryſtram thou ſhalt wel wete I maye not forſake the in this quarel/ for I am for thy ſake made knyght And thou ſhalt wel wete that I am a kynges ſone born and gotten vpon a quene/ and ſuche promyſe I haue made att my neueus requeſt and myn olde ſekyng that I ſhalle fyghte with the vnto the vttermeſt / and delyuer Cornewaile from the olde truage/And alſo wete thou wel ſyr Marhaus/that this is the gretteſt cauſe that thou courageſt me to haue adoo with the/ For thou art called one of the mooſt renoumed knyghtes of the worlde/and by cauſe of that noyſe and fame / that thou haſt/thou gyueſt me courage to haue adoo with the/ for neuer yet was I preued with goode knyghte/ And ſythen I toke the ordre of knyghthode this day/I am wel pleaſyd that I maye haue adoo with ſo goode a knyght as thou arte/ And nowe wete thou wel ſyr Marhaus that I caſte me to gete worſhip on thy body/And yf that I be not preued/I truſte to gode that I ſhal be worſhipfully preued vpon thy body/and to delyuer the countrey of Cornewaile for euer fro alle

maner of tribage from Irland for euer/ Whanne syr Marhaus had herde hym saye soyst he wold/ he saide thenne thus agayn Fair Knyght sythen it is soo that thou casteste to wynne wor ship of me/ I lete the wete/ worship may thou none lese by me yf thou mayst stande me thre strokes/ for I lete the wete / for my noble dedes preued and sene/ Kyng Arthur made me kny ght of the table round / Thenne they beganne to feute theyre speres/ and they mette soo fyersly to gyders / that they smote eyther other doune/ bothe hors and all/ But sir Marhaus smo te syr Tryestram a grete wounde in the syde with his spere/ & thenne they auoyded their horses/ and pulled oute their swer des/ and threwe their shelders afore them/ And thenne they las shed to gyders as men that were wyld and courageous/ And whan they hadde stryken soo to gyder longe / thenne they lefte ther strokes/ and foyned at their brethes and vysours/ & when they sawe that that myght not preuaile them/ thēne they hurt led to gyders lyke rammes to here eyther other doun/ thus they fought styll more than half a day/ and eyder were wounded passyng sore/ that the blood ranne doune fressh fro them vp on the ground/ By thenne syr Tryestram waxed more fresshar/ than syr Marhaus and better wynded and bygger/ and with a myghty stroke he smote syr Marhaus vpon the helme suche a buffet that hit went thorou his helme/ and thorou the coyfe of steele and thorou the brayn pan/ and the swerd stak soo fast in the helme and in his brayn pan that sir Tryestram pulled thry es at his swerd or euer he myght pulle it out from his hede/ & there Marhaus felle doun on his knees the edge of Tristrams swerd left in his brayne pan/ And sodenly syr marhaus rose grouelynge/ and threwe his swerd and his shelde from hym/ and soo ranne to his shippes and fledde his waye/ and sir tris tram hadde euer his shelde and his swerd/ And whan sir Tris tram sawe sir Marhaus withdrawe hym/ he said A sir knyght of the round table why withdrawest thou the/ thou dost thy selfe and thy kyn grete shame/ for I am but a yong Knyghte/ or nold I was neuer preued/ and rather than I shold withdraw We me from the/ I had rather be hewen in C pyeces/ Syr mar haus answerd no Worde but yede his Way sore gronynge/ Well sir knyght said sir Tristram I promyse the thy swerd and thy

ſhelde ſhal be myn/and thy ſhelde ſhalle I bere in al places
where I ryde on myn aduentures and in the ſyghte of kyng
Arthur and alle the roundy table

¶ Capitulum viij

Anon ſir Marhaus and his felauſhip departed in to Ir-
landy/And as ſoone as he came to the kynge his bro-
der/he lete ſercche his woundes/ ¶ And whan his hede
was ſercched/a pyece of ſyre Tryſtrams ſwerdy was founden
therin/and myghte neuer be handy oute of his hede for no ſurge
ons/and ſoo he dyedy of ſyr Tryſtrams ſwerdy/and that pye-
ce of the ſwerdy the quene his ſyſter kepte hit for euer with
her/for ſhe thoughte to be reuengydy and ſhe myghte/ ¶ Nowe
turne we ageyne vnto ſyr Tryſtram that was ſore woundedy /
and ful ſore bledy that he myȝt not within a lytel whyle when
he handy take coldy vnnethe ſteere hym of his lymmes/And the
ne he ſette hym doune ſoftely vpon a lytel hylle / and bledde
faſt/Thenne anone came Gouernaile his may with his veſſel
And the kynge and his barons came with proceſſion ageynſt
hym/And whan he was come vnto the landy/Kynge Marke
tolde hym in his armes/ and the kynge and ſir Dynas the ſe
neſcal ladde ſyr Triſtram in to the caſtel of Tyntygail/And
thenne was he ſerched in the beſt maner/and leid in his bedde/
And whan kynge Marke ſalue his woundes/he wepte hertely
and ſoo dyd alle his lordes/ So god me help ſaid kyng Mark
I wolde not for alle my landes that my neueWe dyedy/Soo
ſyr Tryſtram laye there a moneth and more/and euer he was
lyke to deye of that ſtroke that ſir Marhaus ſmote hym fyrſt
With the ſpere/For as the Frenſſhe booke ſaith/the ſperes hede
was enuenymed that ſyr Tryſtram myghte not be hole/Then
ne was kynge Mark and alle his barons paſſynge kuy/For
they demed none other/but that ſyr Tryſtram ſholdy not reco-
uer/Thenne the kynge lete ſende after alle manere of leches &
ſurgens bothe vnto men and wymmen / and there was none /
that wold behote hym the lyf / Thenne came there a lady that
was a ryght wyſe lady/& ſhe ſaid playnly vnto kyng mark
and to ſir Tryſtram and to alle his barons that he ſhold neuer

ſe hole/ but yf ſire Tryſtram went in the ſame countrey that the venym came fro/ and in that countrey ſholde he be holpen or elſe neuer/ Thus ſaid the lady vnto the kynge/ whan kynge Marke vnderſtood that/ he lete purueye for ſyr Tryſtram a fair veſſel/ well vytailled/ and therin was put ſyr Tryſtram and gouernail with hym/ and ſir Triſtram toke his harp with hym/ and ſoo he was putte in to the ſee to ſayle in to Irlande/ and ſoo by good fortune he arryued vp in Irlande euen faſt by a caſtel where the kynge and the quene was/ and at his arryuayl he ſat and harped in his bedde a mery lay ſuche one herde they neuer none in Irlande afore that tyme/

And whan it was told the kyng and the quene of ſuche a knyght that was ſuche an harper/ anone the kyng ſente for hym/ and lete ſerche his wounds/ and thenne aſked hym his name/ thenne he anſwerd I am of the countrey of Lyonas/ & my name is Tramtryſt that thus was wounded in a batailke as I fought for a ladyes ryght/ So god me helpe ſaid kyng Angwyſſhe ye ſhal haue al the helpe in this land that ye may haue here/ But I lete you wete in Cornewaile I had a grete hoſſe/ as euer hadde kynge/ for there I loſt the beſt knyghte of the world/ his name was Marhaus a ful noble knyghte and knyght of the table round/ and there he told ſyr Tryſtrā wherefore ſyr Marhaus was ſlayne/ Syr Tryſtram made ſemblaunt as he had ben ſory/ and ſtreyght kneled he down bifore the kynge

Capitulum ix

Thenne the kynge for grete fauoure maade Tramtryſt to be put in his doughters ward and kepyng by cauſe ſhe was a noble ſurgeon/ And whan ſhe had ſerched hym/ ſhe fond in the bottome of his wound that therin was poyſon/ and ſoo ſhe heled hym within a whyle/ and therfore Tramtriſt eaſt grete loue to la beale Iſoud/ for ſhe was at that tyme the faireſt mayde and lady of the worlde/ And there Tramtryſt lerned her to harpe/ and ſhe beganne to haue a grete fantaſye vnto hym/ And at that tyme ſir Palampdes the ſaraſyn was in that countrey and wel cheryſſhed with the kynge and the

quent/And euery day syr Palamydes dreuе vnto la beale Isoud/and profered her many presentes/ for he loued her passyngly wel/ Al that aspyed Tramtryst/ and ful wel knewe he syr Palamydes for a noble knyght and a myghty man / And wete ye wel syr Tramtryst had grete despyte at syr palomydes/for la beale Isoud told Tramtryst that Palamydes was in wyll to be crystened for her sake/Thus was ther gre te enuy betwixe Tramtryst and syr Palamydes/ Thenne hit befelle that kynge Anguysshe lete crye a grete Justes and a grete turnement for a lady that was called the lady of the laundes/and she was nyghe cosyn vnto the kynge/ And what man wanne her/ thre dayes after he sholde wedde her and haue alle her landes/This crye was made in Englande/walys Scotlande and also in Fraunce and in Bretayne/ It befelle vpon a day la beale Isoud came vnto syr Tramtryst and told hym of this turnement/he answerde and sayde fayr lady I am but a feble knyghte / and but late I hade ben dede/ hade not your goode ladyship ben/ Nowe fayre lady what wolde ye I sholde doo in this matere / wel ye wote my lady that I maye not Juste / A Tramtryst saide la beale Isoude why wille ye not haue ado at that turnement/wel I wote syr Palamydes shalle be there/and to doo what he maye/And therfore Tram tryst I pray you for to be there/for els syr Palamydes is lyke to wynne the degree/Madame saide Tramtrist as for that/ it may be soo / for he is a proude knyght / and I am but a yong knyght and late made/ and the fyrst batail that I dyd it myshapped me to be sore wounded as ye see / But and I wyst ye wold be my better lady/at that turnement I will be so that ye wille kepe my counceille and lete no creature haue knoulecche that I shalle Juste but your self / and suche as ye wil to kepe your counceil/ my poure persone shall I Jeoparde there for your sake that peraduenture sir Palamydes shal knowe whan that I come/Therto saide la beale Isoud do your beste as I can saide la beale Isoud I shal purueye hors and ar mour for you at my deuyse/as ye will soo be hit said syr Tra triste I wille be at your cōmaundement/So at the day of Jus tes/ther cam sir Palamydes with a blacke shelde/& he ouerthrew many knyghtes that alle the peple hade meruey lle of hym/

For he putte to the werse syr Galbayne/Gaherys/Agrauayn Gaydemagus/kay/Dodynes le saueage / Sagramores le desyrus/Gumret le petyte/and Gryflet le fyse de dieu / Alle these the fyrste daye syr Chalamydes stroke doune to the erthe/And thenne alle maner of knyghtes were adred of sir Chalamydes and many calledy hym the knyght with the blacke sheld/Soo that day syr Chalamydes had grete worshyp/ ¶Thenne came kynge Anguysshe vnto Tramtryst / and asked hym why he wold not juste/Syr he saidy I was but late hurte/and as yet I dare not auenture me/ ¶Thenne came there the same squyer that was sente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce/ vnto syr Trystram/ And whanne he had aspyed syr Tristrā he folke flat to his feete / Alle that aspyed la Bele Isoudy/ what curtoysye the squyer made vnto syr Trystram/ And therwith al sodenly syr Trystram ranne vnto his squyer whos name was Helles le renoumes / and praidy hym hertely in noo wyse to telle his name/Syr saidy Helles I wille not discouer your name/but yf ye commaunde me

¶Capitulum x

THenne syr Trystram asked hym what he dyde in those countreyes/syr he saydy/I came hyder with syr Galbayn for to be made knyght/ And yf it please you of your grandes that I may be made knyghte/Abaite vpon me as to morn secretely/and in the feld I shal make you a knyght/ Thenne had la beale Isoudy grete suspecyon vnto Tramtryst that he was somme man of worship prouedy/ and therwith she comforted her self/and cast more loue vnto hym than she had done tofore ¶And soo on the morne syr Chalamydes maade hym redy to come in to the feldy as he dyde the fyrst day/ And there he smote doune the kynge with the C knyghtes and the kynge of Scottes / ¶Thenne had la beale Isoud ordeyned and wel arayed syr Trystram in whyte hors and harneis/ And ryght soo she lete putte hym oute at a preuy posterne / & soo he came in to the feldy as it had ben a bryght angel/ And anone syr Chalamydes aspyed hym/and therwith he feutred a spere vnto syr Tramtryst /and he ageyne vnto hym / And

there ſyr Tryſtram ſmote doune ſyr Palamydes vnto the erth And thenne there was a grete noyſe of peple/ſome ſayd/ſyr Palamydes hadde a falle/ſome ſaid the knyght with the blak ſhelde had a falle/ And there you wel la beale Iſoud was paſſynge gladde/ And thenne ſire Galhayne and his felawes ly had merueille what knyght it myght be that had ſmyten doune ſyr Palamydes / Thenne wold there none Juſte with Tramtryſt/but alle that there were forſoke hym/mooſt & leſt/ Thenne ſyr Tryſtram made Hekes a knyght/and cauſed hym to put hym ſelf forthe/and dyd ryght wel that day/ So after ſyr Hekes held hym with ſyr Tryſtram/ And whan ſyre Palamydes had ouercomed this falle/there ye wel that he was ſore aſhamed/ And as prycely as he myght / he withdrewe hym oute of the feld/Alle that aſpyed ſyre Tryſtram / and lyghtly he rode after ſyre Palamydes and ouertoke hym / and badde hym torne/for better he wold aſſaye hym/ or euer he departed/ Thenne ſyr Palamydes torned hym and eyther laſſhed at other with their ſwerdes/ But at the fyrſte ſtroke ſyre Tryſtram ſmote doune Palamydes/and gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke vpon the hede that he felle to the erthe/Soo thenne Triſtram badde yelde hym/ and doo his commaundement or els he wold ſlee hym/whan ſyre Palamydes behelde his countenaunce/he dredde his buffets ſoo/that he graunted al his aſkynges/ Wel ſaid/ſaid ſir Triſtram/this ſhalle be your charge / Fyrſt vpon payne of your lyf that ye forſake my lady la beale Iſoud/and in no maner wyſe that ye dralde not to her / Alſo this twelue moneth and a day/that ye bere none armoure nor none harneis of were/ ¶ Now promyſe me this or here ſhalt thou dye/ Alas ſaide Palamydes for euer I am aſhamed/ ¶ Thenne he ſware as ſyr Tryſtram hadde commaunded hym/ Thenne for deſpyte and anger/ ſyre Palamydes caſte of his harneis/and threwe them alweye/ And ſoo ſyr Tryſtram torned ageyne to the Caſtel where was la beale Iſoud / and by the weye he mette with a damoyſel that aſked after ſyre Launcelot that whanne the dolorous gard Worſhipfully/ & this damoyſel aſked ſire Triſtram What he Was/For it Was tolde her that it Was he that ſmote doune ſyr Palamydes/by Whom the y knyghtes of kynge Arthurs were ſmyten doune /

Thenne the damoyſel prayd ſyr Tryſtram to telle her what he
was/ And whether that he were ſyr Launcelot du lake/for ſhe
demyd that there was no knyght in the worldꝛ myght do ſuch
dedes of armes/ but yf it were Launcelot/ Fayre damoyſel
ſaydꝛ ſyr Tryſtram wete ye wel that I am not ſyr launcelot
for I was neuer of ſuche prouesse / but in godꝛ is al that he
maye make me as good a knyght as the goodꝛ knyght ſir Lan
celot/ Now gentyl knyght ſaid ſhe/put vp thy vyſure/ & whan
ſhe behelde his vyſage/ſhe thought ſhe ſawe neuer a better mãs
vyſage/nor a better farynge knyght/ And thenne whan the
damoyſel knewe certaynly that he was not ſyr launcelot /
thenne ſhe took her leue and departed from hym / And then
ne ſyr Tryſtram rode pryuely vnto the poſterne where kepte
hym la beale Iſoud/ and there ſhe made hym goodꝛ chere and
thankedꝛ godꝛ of his goodꝛ ſpedꝛ/ Soo anonꝛ within a whyle
the kynge and the quene vnderſtoodꝛ that hit was Tramtryſt
that ſmote doune ſyr Palamydes/ thenne was he moche ma
de of more than he was before

Capitulum vj

THus was ſir Tramtryſt longe there wel cheryſſedꝛ /
with the kynge and the quene/ and namely with la
beale Iſoud/ So vpon a daye/ the quene and la beale
Iſoud made a kayne for ſyre Tramtryſt/ And whan he was
in his kayne / the quene and Iſoud her doughter romed vp &
doune in the chamber/ and there whyles Gouernail and De
ſtres attendyd vpon Tramtryſt/ & the quene beheld his ſwerd
there as it laye vpon his bedde/ And thene by vnhap the que
ne dreue oute his ſwerd/ and beheld it a longe whyle/ and
bothe they thought it a paſſynge fayre ſwerd / but within a
foote and an half of the poynte there was a grete pyece there
of oute broken of the edge/ And whan the quene aſpyed that
gap in the ſwerd/ ſhe remembryd her of a pyece of a ſwerd /
that was fownde in the brayne pan of ſyr Marhaus the goodꝛ
knyght that was her broder / Allas thenne ſaid ſhe vnto her
doughter la beale Iſoud / this is the ſame traytour knyghte
that ſlewe my broder thyn eme/ Whanne Iſoud herd her ſaye

soo/ she was passynge sore abasshed/ for passyng wel she loued Tramtryst/ and ful wel she knewe the cruelnes of her moder the quene/ Anon there with alle the quene went vnto her olde chamber/ and sought her cofre/ and there she toke oute the pyece of the swerd that was pulled out of syr Marhaus hede after that he was dede/ And thenne she ranne with that pyece of yron to the swerd that laye vpon the bedde/ And whanne she putte that pyece of stele and yron vnto the swerd/ hit was as mete as it myghte be/ whan it was newe broken/ And thenne the quene gryped that swerd in her hand fyersly/ & with alle her myghte she ranne streyghte vpon Tramtryst where he sat in his bayne/ And there she hadde ryued hym thorou hadde not syr Debes goten her in his armes / and pulled the swerd from her/ and els she hadde threst hym thorou/ Thenne whanne she was lettyd of her euyl wylle/ she ranne to the kynge Anguyssh her husband and sayde on her knees / O my lord here haue ye in your hous that traitour knyght that slewe my broder and your seruaunt that noble knyght syr Marhaus / Who is that said kynge Anguysshe and where is he/ Syr she said hit is syr Tramtryst the same knyght that my doughter helpd Alias said the kynge therfore am I ryght heuy/ for he is a ful noble knyght as euer I salve in felde/ ¶ But I charge you said the kyng to the quene that ye haue not ado with that knyght/ but lete me dele with hym/ Thenne the kynge went in to the chambre vnto syr Tramtryst/ and thenne was he gone vnto his chambre/ and the kynge fond hym al redy armed to mounte vpon his hors / whanne the kynge salwe hym al redy armed to goo vnto horsback/ the kynge said nay Tramtryst hit wille not auaile to compare the ageynst me/ But thus moche I shalle doo for my worship and for thy loue in soo moch as thou arte within my courte/ hit were no worship for me to slee the / therfore vpon this condycyon I wille gyue the leue for to departe from this courte in sauste/ so thou wilt telle me who was thy fader/ and what is thy name/ and yf thou slewe syr Marhaus my broder

¶ Capitulum xij

Syr sayd Tryſtram nowe I ſhalle telle you alle the trouthe/my faders name is ſir Melyodas kynge of Lyonas/& my moder hyȝt Elyzabeth that was ſiſter vnto kynge marke of Cornewaile/& my moder dyed of me in the foreſte/And by cauſe therof ſhe commaunded or ſhe dyed that whan I were cryſtened/they ſholde cryſtene me Tryſtram/& by cauſe I wolde not be knowen in this countrey I turned my name and lete me calle Tramtryſt/& for the truage of Cornewayle I fought for myn emes ſake/& for the ryght of Cornewaile that ye had poſſeſſed many yeres/And wete ye well ſayd Tryſtram vnto the kynge I dyde the bataylle for the loue of myn vncle kynge Marke/and for the loue of the countreye of Cornewaile/and for to encreace myn honoure/For that ſame day that I fought with ſir Marhaus I was made knyȝt And neuer or than dyde I no batayle with no knyght/& fro me he went alyue & lefte his ſhelde & his ſwerd behynde/ſo god me helpe ſaid the kyng I may not ſay but ye dyde as a knyght ſholde/& it was your part to doo for your quarrel/& to encreace your worſhip as a knyght ſholde/ holde be it I may not maynteene you in this countrey with my worſhip onles that I ſholde diſpleaſe my barons & my wyf/& her kyn/Syr ſaid Tryſtram I thanke you of your good lordſhip that I haue had with you here/and the grete goodenes my lady your doughter hath ſhewed me/& therfor ſayd ſir Triſtram it may ſo happen that ye ſhalle wynne more by my lyf than by my dethe/ for in the partyes of Englonde it may happen I may doo you ſeruyſe at ſome ſeaſon that ye ſhal be glad that euer ye ſhewed me your good lordſhip/ ¶ Wyth more I promyſe you as I am true knyȝt that in alle places I ſhal be my lady your douȝteres ſer ſaunt/& knyȝt in ryght & in wrong/ & I ſhal neuer fayle her to doo as moche as a knyght maye doo

¶ Alſo I beſeche your good grace that I may take my leue at my lady your doughter and at alle the Barons and knyghtes/I wille wel ſayd the kynge/ ¶ Thenne ſir Triſtram went vnto la beale Iſoud / and toke his leue of her/ And thenne he tolde her alle what he was and how he had chaunged his name by cauſe he wold not be knowen/ & how a lady tolde hym he ſholde neuer be hole tyl he cam in to this cõtrey where

the poyſon was made/ wherē thorow I was nere my dethe had not your ladyſhip ben/ O gentyl knyght ſaid la beale Iſoud ful woo am I of thy departynge / for I ſalbe neuer may that I ought̄e ſoo goodly wille to/ and therw with all ſhe wept̄e ter tely / Madame ſaid̄ ſire Tryſtram ye ſhalle vnderſtande that my name is ſir Tryſtram de lyones goten of kyng Melyodas and̄ borne of his quene/ And̄ I promyſe you feythfully that I ſhal be alle the dayes of my lyf your knyght̄e/ Gramercy ſaid̄ la beale Iſoud/ and I promyſe you therw ageynſte that I ſhalle not be maryed̄ this ſeuen yeres but by your aſſent/ and to whome that ye wille I ſhalle be maryed̄ to/ hym whylle I haue/ and̄ he wille haue me yf ye wil conſente / And̄ thenne ſyre Tryſtram gaf her a rynge and̄ ſhe gaf hym another/ and̄ ther with he departed̄ fro her/ leuynge her/ makynge grete dole and lamentacion / and̄ he ſturyghte wente vnto the Courte amonge alle the Bawns/ and̄ therw he took his leue at moo ſt and̄ leeſt/ and̄ openly he ſaid̄ amonge them all/ Faire lordes nowe it is ſoo that I muſte departe / Yf therw be ony man here that I haue offended̄ vnto/ or that ony man be with me grieued̄/ lete complayne hym here afore me or that euer I depart and̄ I ſhal amende it vnto my power/ And̄ yf therw be ony that wil profer me wronge or ſay of me wrong/ or ſhame be fyndē my bak/ ſaye hit nowe or neuer / and̄ here is my body to make it goodly body ageynſt body / And̄ alle they ſtood ſtylle/ ther was not one that woldē ſaye one wordē / yet were there ſome knyghtes that were of the quenes blood and of ſire Marhaus blood/ but they wold not medle with hym/

¶ Capitulum viij

SOo ſir Triſtram departed and toke the ſee/ & with good wynde he arryued vp at Tyntagyl in Cornewaile/ & whan kyng Mark was hole in his proſperite ther cam tydynges that ſir Triſtram was arryued and hole of his woundes/ therof was kynge marke paſſyng glad/ & ſoo were alle the barons/ & whan he ſalve his tyme he rode vnto his fader kyng melyodas / & therw he had alle chere that the kyng & the quene coude make hym/ And̄ thenne largely Kynge Melyodas and̄ his quene departed̄ of their landes and goodes to ſire Tryſtram/

¶ Thenne by the lyeance of Kynge

Melyodas his fader he wbornedy ageyne vnto the court of kyng Marke/ andy there he lyuedy in grete ioye long tyme/ vntyll at the laste there befelle a Jalousye andy an vnkyndenes betwyxe kynge Marke andy sir Tristram/ for they louedy bothe one lady/ Andy she was an erles wyf that hyght syre Segwarydes/ Andy this lady louedy syre Trystram passyngly wel/ Andy he louedy her ageyne for she was a passynge fayr lady/ Andy that aspyedy sir Tristram wel/ ¶ Thenne kynge Marke vnderstoody that andy was Jalous/ for kyng Marke loued her passyngly wel/ Soo it felle vpon a day/ this lady sent a dwerf vnto sir Tristram andy badde hym as he louedy her/ that he wold be with her the nyzt neyte folowynge/ Also she chargedy you that ye come not to her but yf ye be wel armed/ for her lordy was alledy a goody knyght. ¶ Syre Trystram answerdy to the dwerf/ recommaunde me vnto my lady/ andy telle her I wille not fayle but I wille be with her the terme that she hath sette me/ andy with this answer the dwerf departedy/ Andy kynge Marke aspyedy that the dwerfe was with syre Trystram vpon message from Segwarydes wyf/ thenne kyng Marke sent for the dwerfe/ Andy whanne he was comen/ he maade the dwerf by force to telle hym alle why andy wherfore that he came on message from sire Tristram

¶ Now saidy kynge Marke goo where thou wolt/ andy vpon payne of dethe that thou saye no wordy that thou spakest with me/ soo the dwerf departedy from the kynge/ ¶ Andy that same nyghte that the steuen was sette betwixt Segwarydes wyfe & syr Trystram kynge Marke armedy hym/ andy made hym redy and took two knyghtes of his counceylle with hym/ andy soo he rode afore for to abyde by the waye/ for to awayte vpon sir Trystram/ ¶ Andy as sire Trystram came rydynge vpon hys waye with his spere in his handy/ kynge Marke came hurtynge vpon hym with his two knyghtes sodenly/ Andy alle thre smote hym with theyre speres/ andy kynge Marke hurte syre Trystram on the breste ryght sore/ Andy thenne syre Tristram feutrydy his spere/ andy smote his vnkel kynge Marke soo sore that he vasshydy hym to the erthe/ andy brysedy hym that he laye stylle in a swoune/ andy longe hit was or euer

he myght welde hym self/ And thenne he ranne to the one knyght/ and eft to the other/ and smote hem to the cold erthe/ that they laye stylle/ And ther with alle sir Tristram rode forthe sore wounded to the lady / and fonde her abydynge hym at a posterne

Capitulum viii

And there she welcomed hym fayre/ and eyther halsed other in armes / and soo she lete putte vp his hors in the beste wyse/ and thenne she vnarmed hym/ And soo they souped lyghtely and went to bedde with grete ioye and plesaunce/ and soo in his ragyng he took no kepe of his grene wounde that kynge Marke had gyuen hym/ And soo syr Tristram lefte both the ouer shete and the nether & pelowes/ and bede shete/ and within a whyle ther came one afore that warned her that her lord was nere hand within a lowe draught Soo she made sir Trystram to aryse/ and soo he armed hym / and tooke his hors and so departed/ By thenne was come segwarydes her lord/ and whan he fond her bedde troubled & browen and went nere and behelde it by candel lyghte / thenne he salde that there had layne a wounded knyght/ A fals traitresse thenne he saide / Why hast thou betrayed me/ and there with alle he swange oute a swerde and said/ but yf thou telle me who hath ben here/ here thou shalt dye/ A my lord mercy sayd the lady/ and helde vp her handes / sayeng/ slee me not/ and I shall telle you alle who hath ben here/ Telle anone said segwarydes to me alle the trouthe/ Anone for drede she saide here was sir Trystram with me/ and by the way as he came to me ward/ he was sore wounded/ A fals traitresse said segwarides where is he become/ sir she said he is armed and departed on hors but not yet hens half a myle/ ye saye wel said segwarydes thenne he armed hym lyghtly/ and gate his hors and rode after syr Tristram that rode streyght waye vnto Tyntagyl/ And within a whyle he ouertoke sire Tristram/ And thenne he badde hym torne fals traitour knyghte/ and syr Tristram anon turned hym ageynst hym/ And there with al segwarides smote syr Trystram with a spere that it alle to braste/ And

thenne he ſwange oute his ſwerdȝ/andȝ ſmote fiſt at ſyr Triſtrym/Syre knyght ſaidȝ ſyre Tryſtram I counceyle you that ye ſmyte no more hold be it for the wronges that I haue done you/I wille forbere you as longe as I maye/ ¶ Nay ſaydȝ Segwardes that ſhalle not be / for outher thou ſhalt dye or I/Thenne ſyre Triſtram drewe oute his ſwerdȝ andȝ hurtledȝ his hors vnto hym fyerſly / andȝ thorou the waiſte of the bodȝ he ſmote ſyre Segwardes that he felle to the erthe in a ſwoune/Andȝ ſoo ſire Triſtram departedȝ andȝ lefte hym there Andȝ ſoo he rode vnto Tyntagil andȝ toke his lodgynge ſecretely for he woldȝ not be knowen that he was hurte

¶ Alſo ſir Segwardes men rode after theyr maiſter/ whome they fondȝ lyenge in the feldȝ ſore woundedȝ/andȝ brouȝt hym home on his ſhelde/andȝ there he lay longe or that he were holle/but at the laſte he recouerdȝ ¶ Alſo kynge Marke woldȝ not be aknowen of that ſir Triſtram andȝ he fonde mette that nyght/Andȝ as for ſyre Tryſtram he knewe not that kynge Marke hadȝ mette with hym/Andȝ ſoo the kynges aſtaȝ ere came to ſir Triſtram to comforte hym as he laye ſeke in his bedde/But as longe as kynge Marke lyuedȝ/he louedȝ neuer ſire Tryſtram after that / though there was fayre ſpeche/ loue was there none/Andȝ thus it paſt many wekes andȝ dayes/ & alle was forgyuen and forgotȝ/For ſir Segwarydes durſte not haue ado with ſir Triſtram by cauſe of his noble proweſſe Andȝ alſo by cauſe he was neuewe vnto kynge Marke/therfore he lete it ouer ſlyp/for he that hath a pryuy hurte is loth to haue a ſhame outwardȝ

¶ Capitulum xv /

THenne hit befelle vpon a daye that the goodȝ knyghte Bleoberys de ganys broder to Blamore de ganys/& nyghe coſyn vnto the good knyght ſir launcelot du lake/This Bleoberys came vnto the courte of kynge Marke/& there he aſkedȝ of kynge Marke a lone to gyfte hym what yeft that he woldȝ aſke in his courte

¶ Whanne the kyng herdȝ hym aſke ſoo/he merueilled of hys

aſkynge/but by cauſe he was a knyghte of the rounde table/ &
of a grete renomme/kynge Marke graunted hym his boone aſ-
kynge/thenne ſaide ſire Bleoberys I wille haue the fayreſt
lady in your Courte that me lyſt to cheſe/I maye not ſay nay
ſayd kynge marke/Now cheſe at youre aduenture
And ſoo ſir Bleoberys dyd cheſe ſyr ſegwarydes wyf/and to-
ke her by the hand and ſoo wente his waye with her/ and ſoo
he toke his hors and gart ſette her behynde his ſquyer and
rode vpon his way/When ſir ſegwarydes herd telle that his la
dy was gone with a knyght of kynge Arthurs courte /
¶Thenne he armed hym and rode after that knyght for to re
ſcowe his lady/ſoo whan Bleoberys was gone with this la
dy/kyng Marke and all the courte was wroth that ſhe was a-
wey/thenne were there certayne ladyes that knewe that there
was grete loue bitwene ſir Triſtram and her/and alſo that la
dy loued ſir Triſtram aboue alle other knyghtes/Thenne there
was one lady that vpbraided ſir Triſtram in the hertyeſt wy
ſe/and callede hym cowarde knyghte / that he wold for ſhame
of his knyghthode ſee a lady ſoo ſhamefully be taken awey/
fro his vncles courte/ But ſhe ment that eyther of hem hadde
louede other with entiere hert/But ſire Triſtram anſwerde her
thus/Faire lady it is not my parte to haue adoo in ſuche ma
ters whyle her lorde and huſbande is preſent here / And yf hit
hadde ben that her lord hadde not ben here in this courte/thenne
for the worſhip of this courte pruauentur/ I wold haue ben her
champyon/And yf ſo be/ſir ſegwarides ſpede not wel/it may
happen that I wille ſpeke with that good knyght/or euer he
paſſe from this countrey / Thenne within a whyle came one of
ſir ſegwarydes ſquyers/and told in the court that ſir ſegwari-
des was beten ſore and wounded to the poynte of dethe / as he
wold haue reſcowed his lady/ſir Bleoberis ouerthrowe hym
and ſore hath wounded hym / Thenne was kynge marke hey-
thewf/and alle the courte/When ſire Triſtram herde of this/he
was aſhamed and ſore greued / And thenne was he ſoone ar-
med and on horſbak/& gouernaile his ſeruaunt bare his ſhelde
and ſpere/And ſoo as ſire Triſtram rode faſt/he mette with ſir
Andret his coſyn that by the commaundement of kynge Ma-
rke was ſente to kynge forth & euer it laye in his power/ñ/

knyghtes of Arthurs Courte that rode by the countrey to seke their aduentures/ Whan syr Trystram sawe sir Andret/he asked hym what tydynges/ Soo godys me helpe saidy syre Andret/ther was neuer worse with me/ for here by the commaundement of kynge Marke I was sente to fetche two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte / andy that one bete me/ andy woundedy me/ andy sette nought by my message/ Faire cosyn saidy sir tristram ryde on your way/ andy yf I may mete them/ it may happen I shal reuenge you/ So syr Andret rode in to Cornelwaile Andy syr Tristram rode after the two knyghtes the whiche one hyght Sagramor le desyrus / & the other hyght Dodynas le saueage/

¶ Capitulum xvj/

Thenne within a whyle syr Trystram saide hem afore hym two lykely knyghtes/ Sir saidy Gouernaile vnto his maister/ sir I wold counseile you nought to haue ado with hem/ for they ben two preuedy knyghtes of Arthurs Courte/ As for that saidy syr Trystram haue ye no doute/ but I wille haue ado with hem to encrease my worshipy/ for it is many daye sythen I dydy ony dedes of armes/ doo as ye lyste saidy Gouernaile/ andy there with alle anone syr Trystram asketedy them/ from whens they came/ andy whyder they wold/ and what they dydy in tho marches/ Syre Sagramore loketedy vpony syre Tristram/ andy hadde scorne of his wordes / & asketedy hym ageyne/ Fair knyghte be ye a knyght of Cornelwaile/ where by aske ye hit said sir Tristram/ For it is seldom sene said sir Sagramore that ye Cornysshe knyghtes ben valyaunte men of armes/ For within these two houres there mette vs one of you cornysshe knyghtes/ andy grete wordes he spake/ and anon with egre myght he was keydy to the erthe/ Andy as I trowe saidy sir Sagramore ye shal haue the same handsel that he hadde Faire lordes said sire Tristram it may soo happen that I maye better withstande than he dydy/ andy whether ye will or nyl / I wil haue ado with you/ by cause he was my cosyn that ye bete And therfore here do your best/ & wete ye wel but yf ye quyte you the better here vpon this groundy/ one knyght of cornelwaile shal bete you both / Whan sire Dodynas le saueage herdy hym saye soo he gatte a spere in his handy andy saidy / sire knyghte

thy ſelf/And thenne they departed and came to gyders as it had ben thonder/And ſyr Dodynas ſpere braſt in ſonder/but ſyr Tryſtram ſmote hym with a more myght / that he ſmote hym clene ouer the hors croupe that nyght he hadde broken his neck/Whanne ſyre Sagramour ſalde his felaude haue ſuche a falle/he merueylled what kynyt he myght be/And he dreſſeth his ſpere with alle his myght/and ſyr Tryſtram ageynſt hym and they came to gyders as the thonder/and ther ſir Triſtram ſmote ſyr Sagramore a ſtronge buffet that he bare his hors & hym to the erthe/and in the falkyng he brake his thygh/whan this was done/ſyr Tryſtram aſked hem/ Fayre kynghtes will ye ony more/Be there no bygger kynztes in the courte of kynge Arthur/it is to you ſhame to ſay of vs kynztes of Corne wayle diſhonoure/for it may happen a Cornyſſhe knyght may matche you/that is trouthe ſaid ſyr Sagramore/ that haue we wel preued / but I requyre the ſayd ſyre Sagramore telle vs youre ryght name by the feythe and trouthe that ye olde to the hyghe ordre of knyghthode/ ye charge me with a grete thynge ſaid ſyr Tryſtram/ and ſythen ye lyſt to wete hit/ye ſhal knowe and vnderſtande that my name is ſyr Tryſtram de lyonas kynge Melyodas ſone/and neueu de vnto kynge Marke Thenne were they two knyghtes fayne / that they had mette with Tryſtram/and ſoo they praid hym to abyde in their felaſhip/Nay ſaid ſire Triſtram/for I muſt haue ado with one of your felawes/his name is ſyr Bleoberys de ganys/god ſpede you wel ſaid ſyr Sagramore and Dodynas/Syre Tryſtram departed and rode on ward on his waye / And thenne was he ware before hym in a valeye where rode ſyr Bleoberys with ſir Segwarydes lady that rode behynde his ſquyer vpon a palfroy

Capitulum xbij

THene ſyr Tryſtram rode more than a pas vntyl that he had ouertake hym/Thenne ſpak ſyr Tryſtram abyde he ſaid knyght of Arthurs courte / bryngge ageyne that lady or delyuer her to me/ I wille doo neyther ſaid Bleoberys/for I drede no Cornyſſhe knyght ſoo ſore that me lyſte

to delyuer her/Why said syr Tristram may not a Cornysshe kny-
ght doo as wel as another knyght/ this same daye two kny-
ghtes of your Courte within this thre myle mette with me /
And or euer we departed/they fonde a Cornysshe knyght goo-
dy ynough for them bothe/What were their names said Ble-
beris/they told me said syr Trystram that the one of them hy-
ght syr Sagramore le desyrus/and the other hyghte Dody-
nas le saueage/A said syr Bleoberys haue ye met with them
Soo god me helpe they were two goody knyghtes and men of
grete worshipp/ And yf ye haue bete them bothe/ye muste nedes
be a goody knyght/but yf it soo be/ye haue bete them bothe/ yet
shalle ye not fere me/but ye shalle bete me/or euer ye haue thys
lady/Thenne defende you said syr Tristram/soo they departed
and dy came to gyder lyke thonder / and eyder gaue other doune
bores and alle to the erthe/Thenne they auoyded their horses/
and dy lasshed to gyder egerly with swerdes and myghtely/nolde
tracyng and dy trauersynge on the ryght hand and on the lyfte
hand more than two houres/And somtyme they rasshed to gy-
der with suche a myght that they laye bothe grouelynge on the
grounde/Thenne sir Bleoberis de ganys starte aback/and said
thus/Nolde gentyl goody knyght a whyle hold your handes/&
lete vs speke to gyders/ Saye what ye wille said Trystram/&
I wille answere you/ Sire saide Bleoberys I wolde wete of
whens ye be/and of whom ye be come/ and what is your na-
me/Soo god me helpe said syr Trystram I fere not to telle you
my name/Wete ye wel I am kynge Melyodas sone / and my
moder is kyng Markes sister/and my name is sir Tristram de
Lyonas and kynge Marke is myn vncle/ Truly said Bleo-
beris I am ryght gladde of you/ for ye are he that slewe mar
haus the knyght hand for hand in an Iland for the truage of
Cornewaile/ Also ye ouercame sir Galamydes the good kny-
ght at a turnement in an Iland/where ye bete sir Galdayne &
his nyne felawes/ Soo god me helpe said sir Trystram Wete
ye wel that I am the same knyght/ Nolde I haue tolde you my
name/telle me youres with good will/ Wete ye wel that my
name is sir Bleoberys de ganys / and my broder hyghte sire
Blamore de ganys/ that is called a good knyght and we be
syster childrey vnto my lord sir Launcelot du lake that we calle

one of the beſt knyghtes of the worldy/ That is trouthe ſaid ſir Triſtram/ſir Launcelot is called pierles of curtoſy and of knyghthode/and for his ſake ſaid ſir Tryſtram I will not with my goody wille fyghte no more with you for the grete loue I haue to ſir Launcelot du lake/ In goody feith ſaid Bleoberys/as for me/I wille be lothe to fyghte with you/But ſythen ye forbede me here to haue this lady/I ſhal profer you kyndenys curtoſy and gentilnes right here vpon this grounde/ This lady ſhalle be betwixe vs bothe/and to whome that ſhe wille go/lete hym haue her in pees/ I wille wel ſaid Triſtrā For as I deme ſhe wille leue you/and come to me/ye ſhalle preue hit anone ſaid Bleoberys

Capitulum xviij

SOo whan ſhe was sette betwixe them bothe/ſhe sayde theſe wordes vnto ſir Triſtram/wete ye wel ſyr Triſtram de lyones that but late thou was the man in the worlde that I mooſt louede and truſted/And I wende thou haddeſt louede me ageyne aboue alle ladyes/But whan thou ſalweſt this knyght lede me awey thou madeſt no chere to reſcow me me/but ſuffred my lady Segwardes ryde after me / but vn tyl that tyme I wende thou haddeſt louede me/And therfore nowe I wille lete the / and neuer loue the more/ & therwith arke ſhe went vnto ſir Bleoberys/Whan ſyr Triſtram ſawe her doo ſoo/he was wonderly wrothe with that lady & aſhamede to come to the courte/ ſir Triſtram ſaid ſir Bleoberys ye are in the defaute/for I here by theſe ladyes wordes/ſhe before this day truſted you aboue alle erthely knyghtes/and as ſhe ſaith ye haue deceyued her/therfore wete ye wel/ther may noo man holde that wille awaye/ and rather than ye ſholde be hertely diſpleaſyd with me/ I wolde ye had her/and ſhe wolde abyde with you/Nay ſaid the lady/ſo god me helpe I wil neuer goo with hym/ For he that I louede moſt/I wende he had loued me / And therfore ſire Tryſtram ſhe ſaide ryde as thou cam/for though thou haddeſt ouercome this knyzt as ye was lykely/with the neuer wolde I haue gone/And I ſhall pray this knyghte ſoo faire of his knyghthode that or euer he paſſe

this countrey/that he wolde lede me to the Abbeye/there my lo-
dy syr Segwarydes lyeth Soo god me helpe saidy Bleoberis
I leue yold wete goody knyght sire Trystram by cause kynge
Marke gaf me the choyse of a yefte in this courte/andy so this
lady lykedy me best / Not withstandynge she is weddedy andy
hath a lordy /andy I haue fulfylledy my queste/she shall be sent
vnto her husbandy ageyne / Andy in especyal moost for youre
sake sir Trystram/Andy yf she woldy goo with you / I woldy
ye hady her/I thanke you saidy syr Trystram/ but for her loue
I shal kepe what maner a lady I shalle loue or truste/
For hady her lordy syr Segwarydes ley alway from the courte
I sholdy haue ley the fyrst that sholdy haue folowedy yold/but
sythen ye haue refusedy me/as I am true knyght I shalle her
knolde passyngly wel that I shal loue or truste/ andy soo they
wolde theyr leue one fro thother andy departedy/Andy soo sir tris-
tram rode vnto Tyntagyl/and syr Bleoberys rode vnto the ab-
bay where syr segwarydes lay sore woundedy /andy there he di-
scuerdy his lady/andy departedy as a noble knyght / e whan
sir segwarydes salde his lady/he was gretely comfortedy/ andy
thenne she toldy hym that sir Trystram hady done grete batayll
with syr Bleoberys/andy causedy hym to kepnge her ageyne /
Thise wordes pleasydy sir segwarydes ryght wel that sir tris-
tram wold doo soo mocke/and soo that lady toldy alle the bata-
ill vnto kynge Marke betwixe syr Trystram andy sir Bleobe-
rys

Capitulum xix

Thenne whanne this was done/kynge Mark cast al-
weyes in his hert how he myght destroye syr Tristram
Andy thenne he ymagynedy in hym self to sende sir tris-
tram in to Irlandy for la beale Isoud/For sir Trystram hady
soo preysedy her beaute andy her goodnes that kynge Mark sa-
id he woldy wedde her/where vpon he praid syr Trystram to ta-
ke his wey in to Irlandy for hym on messaze/ Andy alle this
was done to the entente to slee syr Tristram/Not withstandy-
nge syr Trystram woldy not refuse the message for no daũger
nor peryl that myght falle for the pleasyr of his vncle / but

to goo he made hym redy in the moste goodlyeste wyse that myght be deuysed/ For sir Tristram wolde with hym the mooste goodlyeste knyghtes that he myght fynde in the courte / & they were arayed after the gyse that was thenne vsed in the goodlyeste maner/So sir Tristram departed and tolde the see with alle his felaushyp / And anone as he was in the brode see/ a tempeste tolde hym and his felaushyp and droue them lak in to the coste of Englond/ And there they arryued fast by Camelot/ and ful fayne they were to take the land/ ¶ And whan they were landed sir Tristram sette vp his paueloone vpon the land of Camelot/ and there he lete hange his shelde vpon the paueloone/ And that same day came two knyghtes of kynge Arthurs/ that one was sir Ector de marys and sir Morganor And they touched the shelde/ and badde hym come oute of the paueloone for to Juste and he wold Juste/ ye shalle be answerd said sir Tristram and ye wille tarye a lytel whyle/ So he made hym redy/ and fyrste he smote doune sir Ector de marys/ and after he smote doune sir Morganor alle with one spere/ and sore hurted them/ And whan they laye vpon the erthe/ they asked sir Tristram what he was/ and of what countrey he was knyght/ Faire lordes said sir Tristram were ye wel that I am of Cornewaile / Allas said sire Ector wold am I ashamed/ that euer ony Cornysshe knyghte sholde ouercome me / And thenne for despyte syre Ector put of his armour fro hym/ and went on foot and wold not ryde

¶ Capitulum xx

THenne it felle that sire Bleoberys and sire Blamore de ganys that were bretheren they hadde assomoned the kyng Anguysshe of Irland for to come to Arthurs Court vpon payne of forfeture of kyng Arthurs good grace And yf the kynge of Irland came not in at the day assigned and sette/ the kynge sholde lese his landes/ So by hit happend that at the day assigned kyng Arthur neither sire Launcelot myght not be there for to gyue the Jugement/ for kynge Arthur was with sir launcelot at the castel ioyous gard/ And so

kynge Arthur assigned kyng Carados and the kyng of scot
to be there that day as juges / So whan the kynges were
at Camelot / kynge Anguysshe of Irlande was come to kno-
we his accusars / Thenne was there Blamore de ganys and
appeled the kynge of Irlande of treason / that he hadde slayne
a cosyn of his in his courte in Irlande by treason / The kyng
was sore abasshed of his accusacion / for why / he was come att
the somons of kynge Arthur / And or that he came at Came-
lot / he wist not wherfore he was sente after / And whanne the
kyng herd sir Blamor saye his wille / he vnderstood wel there
was none other remedy but to anuere hym knyghtly / for the
custome was suche in tho dayes / that and ony man were appe
eled of ony treason or murther / he sholde fyghte body for body /
or els to synde another knyght for hym / And alle maner of
murtheres in tho dayes were called treason / So whan kyng
Anguysshe vnderstood his accusynge / he was passynge heuy /
for he knewe sir Blamor de ganys that he was a noble kny-
ght / and of noble knyghtes comen / Thenne the kynge of Ir-
lande was symply purueyed of his answere / therfore the Ju-
ges gaf hym respyte by the thyrdde daye to gyue his answere /
So the kynge departed vnto his lodgynge / the mean whyle
there came a lady by sir Trystrams pauelione makyng grete do
le / what eyleth you saidy sir Tristram that ye make suche dole /
A fayre knyght saidy the lady I am ashamed onles that som
goody knyght helpe me / for a grete lady of worshipp sente by
me a fayre childy and a ryche vnto sir Launcelot du lake / and
here by there mette with me a knyghte and threwe me doune
fro my palfray, and wolde haue take the childy from me / Wel my
lady said syr Tristram / and for my lordy syr Launcelots sake
I shalle gete you that childy ageyne / or els I shalle be tetey
for hit / Andy soo sire Tristram tooke his horse / and asked the
lady whiche wey the knyght rode / And thenne she tolde hym
And he rode after hym / and within a whyle he ouertoke that
knyght / And thenne syr Tristram badde hym come and gyue
ageyne the childy

Capitulum xxv

The knyght torned his hors/and he made hym redy to fyght/ And thenne sir Tryſtram ſmote hym with a ſwerd ſuche a buffet/that he tombled to the erthe/And thenne he yelded hym vnto sir Triſtram/thenne come thy waye ſayd sire Tryſtram and bringe the child to the lady ageyne / Soo he took his hors wekely and rode with sir Tryſtram/and thenne by the waye syr Tryſtram aſked hym his name/ Thenne he ſaid my name is Breunis ſaunce pyte / Soo whanne he hadde delyuerd that child to the lady/he ſaid/ſir as ſy this the child is wel remedyed/ Thenne ſir Tryſtram lete hym goo ageyne that ſore repentyd hym after/for he was a grete foo vn to many good knyghtes of kynge arthurs courte / ¶ Thenne whan ſir Triſtram was in his pauelione/Gouernaile his mayam/and told hym how that kynge anguyſſhe of Irland was come thyder/and he was putte in grete diſtreſſe/ and there gouernaile told ſir Tryſtram / how kynge anguyſſhe was ſomoned and appealed of murther/ Soo god me helpe ſaid ſir Triſtram theſe ben the beſt tydynges that euer cam to me this vij yere/for now ſhalle the kynge of Irland haue nede of my helpe for I dare ſaye there is no knyght in this countrey that is not of arthurs courte dare doo batailke with syre Blamore de ganys/and for to wynne the loue of the kyng of Irland I wil take the batail vpon me/and therfor gouernaile bringe me I charge the to the kyng/Thenne Gouernaile wente vnto kynge anguyſſhe of Irland and ſaid hed hym fayre/the kynge welcomed hym/and aſked hym what he wolde/Syr ſaide Gouernaile/here is a knyghte nere hande that deſyreth to ſpeke with you/he bade me ſaye he wolde doo you ſeruyſe/what knyght is he ſaide the kynge/ſyr he ſaid hit is ſir Triſtram du lyonas that for your good grace ye ſheued hym in your landes wyll redwarde you in theſe countreyes/Come on fekalue ſaid the kynge with me anone/and ſhelde me vnto ſir Tryſtram / ſoo the kyng took a lytel hackney and but fewe fekauſhip with him vntyl he came vnto ſir Tryſtrams pauelione/and whanne syre Tryſtram ſalde the kynge/he ranne vnto hym and wold haue holden his ſtyroppe/But the kynge lepte from his hors lyghtly/and eyther halſed other in armes/ my gracious Lord ſayde ſire Tryſtram gramercy of your grete goodneſſes ſhewed vn

to me in your marches and landes / And at that tyme I pro
myſed you to doo my ſeruyſe / and euer it laye in my power / &
gentyl kynyght ſaid the kynge vnto ſir Triſtram / nolde haue I
grete nede of you / neuer hadde I ſoo grete nede of no kynyghtes
helpe / Holde ſoo my good lord ſaid ſire Tryſtram / I ſhalle telle
you ſaid the kynge I am aſſomoned and appelled fro my co
untrey for the deth of a kynyght that was kyn vnto the good
kynyght ſir Launcelot / wherfor ſir Blamor de ganys broder to
ſir Bleoberys hath appelled me to fyghte with hym / outher to
fynde a kynyght in my ſtede / And wel I wote ſaide the kyng
theſe that are come of kynge Bans blode as ſir Launcelot &
thoſe other are paſſynge goode kynyghtes and hardy men for to
wynne in bataille as eny that I knowe nolde kynge / Syre
ſaid ſir Tryſtram / for the goode lordſhip ye ſhewed me in Ire
lande and for my lady youre doughters ſake / La Beale I
ſoud I wille take the bataille for you vpon this condycyon /
that ye ſhalle graūte me two thynges / that one is that ye ſhal
ſwere to me that ye are in the ryght that ye were neuer conſen
tynge to the kynges dethe / Syr thenne ſaid ſir Triſtram lohen
that I haue done this bataille yf god yeue me grace that I
ſpede that ye ſhalle gyue me a reward what thynge reſonable
that I wille aſke of you / Soo godt me helpe ſaide the kyng ye
ſhal haue what ſomeuer ye will aſke / Jt is wel ſaid / ſaid ſir
Tryſtram

Capitulum xxij

NOw make your anſwer that youre Champyon is redy
For I ſhalle dye in your quarel rather than to be re-
couraunt / I haue no doubte of you ſaid the kynge / that and ye
ſholde haue adoo with ſir Launcelot du lake / Syr ſaid ſir Triſ
tram as for ſire Launcelot he is allredy the nobleſt kynyghte of
the worlde / And wete ye wel that the kynyghtes of his blode
are noble men and dede ſhame / And as for Bleoberys broder
to ſyr Blamor I haue done bataille with hym / therfore vpon
my hede / it is no ſhame to calle hym a goode kynyght / Jt is noy
ſely ſaide the kynge / that Blamor is the hardyer kynyghte / ſire
as for that lete hym be / he ſhal neuer be refuſed / & as he were

the beſt knyght that nowe berith ſheld or ſpere/ Soo kyng Anguyſſhe departed vnto kynge Eanados / and the kynges that were that tyme as Juges / and tolde hym that he hadde founde his champyon redy / Thenne by the commaundementes of the kynges ſir Gliamoer de ganys and ſire Triſtram were ſente for to fyght the charge / And whan they were come beforne the Juges / there were many kynges and knyghtes beheld ſire Triſtram / and moche ſpeche they hadde of hym by cauſe he ſlewe ſir Marhaus the good knyght / and by cauſe he conquyſted ſir Launcelot the good knyght / Soo whan they hadde taken their charge / they withdrewe hem to make hym redy to doo batayle / Thenne ſaid ſir Gliobleris to his broder ſir Gliamoer / fayr broder remembre of what kyn we be come of / and what a man is ſir Launcelot du Lake / neyther fyrſter nor none but two yer children / and yet was neuer none of oure kyn chaceuer put ſhamed in bataylle / and rather ſuffer my broder thay he be ſhamed / Broder ſaid Gliamoer haue ye no doute of me / for I ſhal neuer ſhame none of my blood / how be it I am ſure that yonder knyght is called a paſſynge goody knyght as of his tyme one of the beſtes / yet ſhal I neuer yelde me nor ſay the laſhe word / that may he happen to ſmyte me downe with his grete myght of chyualry / but rather ſhalle he ſlee me than I ſhal yelde me as recreaunt / Godys ſpede you wel ſaid Gliobleris for ye ſhal fynde hym the myghtyeſt knyght that euer ye hadde a do with all / for I knowe hym for I haue had ado with hym Godys me ſpede ſaid Gliamoer de ganys / and therwith he tooke his horſe at the one ende of the lyſtes / and ſire Tryſtram at the other ende of the lyſtes / and ſoo they fruſtryd theyre ſperes / e came to gyders as it hadde ben thonder / and there ſir Triſtram thorou grete myght ſmote downe ſir Gliamoer and his horſe to the erthe / Thenne anone ſir Gliamoer auoyded his horſe and pulled out his ſwerd / and thalde his ſhelde afore hym / and badde ſir Tryſtram alyght / for though my horſe hath failed me I truſte to god the erthe wil not faile me / And thenne ſyr Tryſtram alyght and dreſſid hym vnto batayle / and there they beſſhen to gyder ſtrongly as wrayng and tuaynge / foynynge and baſſhynge many ſad ſtrokes that the kynges and knyghtes had grete wonder that they myghte ſtande / for euer they

fought lyke wood men so that there were neuer knyghtes se=
ne fyghte more fyersly than they dyd/ for sire Blamore was
so hasty he wold haue no rest that alle men wondred that they
had brethe to stande on their feet/and alle the place was blo=
dy that they fought in / And at the laste syre Tristram smote
sir Blamor suche a buffet vpon the helme that he there felle do=
wne vpon his syde/and sir Trystram stode and behelde hym /

Capitulum xxviii

Thenne whan sir Blamor myghte speke/ he saide thus
Syre Tristram de Lyones I requyre the as thou art
a noble knyghte and the beste knyghte that euer I fonde that
thou wilt slee me oute/for I wolde not lyue to be made lorde
of alle the erth/for I haue leuer dye with worshyp than lyue
with shame/and nedes sir Tristram thou must slee me/or els
thou shalt neuer wynne the felde / for I wille neuer saye the
lothe worde/And therfore yf thou dare slee me/slee me/ I re=
quyre the/whanne sir Tristram herde hym saye soo knyghtely/
he wyste not what to doo with hym/he remembrynge hym of to=
the partyes of what blode he was comen/ and for sir Launce=
lots sake he wolde be lothe to slee hym/ and in the other party
in no wyse he myghte not chese/but that he must make hym to
saye the lothe worde or els to slee hym/ Thenne syre Tristram
starte aback and went to the kynges that were Juges/ and ther
he kneled doun to fore hem and besoughte hem for their wor=
shippes and for kynge Arthurs and sir Launcelots sake that
they wold take this matter in theyr handes/ For my fayre lor=
des saide sir tristram hit were shame and pyte / that this noble
knyghte that yonder kyeth shold be slayne/for ye here wel/sha=
med wille he not be/ and I pray to god that he neuer be slayne
nor shamed for me/ And as for the kyng for whome I fyghte
fore I shalle requere hym as I am his true champyon and
true knyght in this felde that he wille haue mercy vpon this
knyghte/ So god me helpe saide kynge Anguysshe I wil for
your sake syre tristram be ruled as ye wylle haue me/ For I
knowe you for my true knyghte / And therfore I

wyll hertely pray the kynges that ben here as juges to take hit in their handes/ And the kynges that were juges called syr Bleoberys to them/and asked hym his aduyse ¶My lordes said Bleoberys / though my broder be dede and hath the werre thorou myghte of armes I dare saye though syre Tryſtram hath dede his body/ he hath not dede his herte / and I thanke god he is not shamed this daye / And rather than he sholde be shamed/I requyre you sayd Bleoberys lete sir Triſtram slee hym oute/It shalle not be soo said the kynges / for his parte aduersary bothe the kynge and the champyon haue pyte of syre Blamors knyghthode/My lordes said Bleoberys I wille ryght wel as ye wille/

¶Thenne the kynges called the kynge of Irlande and fond hym goodely and tretably/ And thenne by alle their aduyses syre Triſtram and syre Bleoberys toke vp sire Blamore/and the two bretheren were accorded with kynge Anguyſſhe/ and kyſſed and made frendys for euer/And thenne sire Blamor and sire Tryſtram kyſſed to gyders/and there they made their othes that they wolde neuer none of them two bretheren fyghte with syre Tryſtram/ and syre Tryſtram made the same oth And for that gentyl bataille alle the blode of syre Launcelot hued sire Tryſtram for euer/

¶Thenne kynge Anguyſſhe and syre Triſtram toke theire leue and sailed in to Irlande with grete nobleſſe and ioye /

¶Soo whanne they were in Irlande/ the kynge lete make it knowen thorou alle the lande how and in what maner syre Tryſtram had done for hym ¶Thenne the Quene and alle that were made the moost of hym that they myghte/But the joye that la beale Iſoude made of syr Triſtram there myghte no tonge telle / for of alle men erthely ſhe loued hym moost

¶Capitulum xxiiij

¶Thenne vpon a daye kynge Anguyſſhe asked syr Triſtram why he asked not his bone/ For what someuer he hade promysed hym/he sholde haue hit without fayle

Syre sayd sire Trystram nowe is hit tyme this is alle that I wylle desyre that ye wylle gyue me la beale Isoud youre doughter not for my self but for myn vncle kynge Marke that shalle haue her to wyf/for soo haue I promysed hym/ Alas sayd the kynge I had leuer than alle the land that I haue/ ye wolde wedde her youre self/ Syre and I dyd than I were shamed for euer in this worlde/and fals of my promyse/ Therfore sayd sire Trystram I praye you holde your promyse that ye promysed me/for this is my desyre that ye wylle gyue me la Beale Isoud to goo with me in to Cornewaile for to be wedded to kynge Marke myn vncle / ¶ As for that sayd kynge Anguysshe ye shalle haue her with you to doo with her what it please you/ that is for to saye yf that ye lyst to wedde her your self that is me leueste/And yf ye wille gyue her vnto kynge Marke youre vncle that is in youre choyse/

¶ Soo to make short conclusion la beale Isoud was made redy to goo with syre Trystram and dame Bragwayne went with her for her chyef gentylwoman with many other/ thenne the quene Isoudes moder gaf to her and dame Bragwayne her doughters gentilwoman and vnto Gouernaile a drynke and charged them that what day kynge Marke sholde wedde that same daye they sholde gyue hym that drynke / soo that kynge Marke shold drynke to la beale Isoud / and thenne sayd the Quene I vndertake eyther shalle loue other the dayes of their lyf/Soo this drynke was yeuen vnto dame Bragwayne and vnto Gouernaile / And thenne anone syre Trystram toke the see/and la Beale Isoud / and whan they were in theire galay hit happed soo that they were thursty/and they salve a lytel flacked of golde stande by them/and hit smed by the coloure and the taste that it was noble wyn /

Thenne sire Trystram toke the flacket in his hand/and sayd Madame Isoud here is the beste drynke that euer ye dranke that dame Bragwayne youre mayden and Gouernayle my seruaunt haue kepte for them self/Thenne they bought and made good chere and eyther dranke to other fayre/and they thought neuer drynke that euer they dranke to other was soo swete nor soo good/But by that theyr drynke was in their

bodyes/they louedy eyther other so wel that neuer theyr loue departedy for wele neyther for wo/Andy thus it happedy the loue fyrste betwixe sire Tristram andy la beale Isoudy/ the whiche loue neuer departed the dayes of their lyf/soo thenne they sayled tyl by fortune they came nygh a castel that hyght Pluere And there by arryued for to repose them wenyng to them to haue hadde good herbrouz/ but anon as sir Trystram was with in the castel/they were taken prysoners/for the customme of the castel was suche who that rode by that castel and brought ony lady he must nedes fyghte with the lord that hyghte Brunor Andy yf it were soo that Brunor wanne the feldy/thenne sholdy the knyght straunger and his lady be putte to dethe what that euer they were/andy yf hit were so that the straunge knyghte wanne the feldy of sir Brunor/thenne sholde he dye and his lady bothe/this custome was vsedy many wynters/for hit was called the castel pluere that is to saye the wepynge castel

Capitulum xxv

Thus as sire Trystram and la beale Isoud were in prysoy/hit happed a knyght and a lady came vnto them/ where they were to chere them/I haue merueille said Tristram vnto the knyzt andy the lady what is the cause the lord of this Castel holdeth vs in prysoy/hit was neuer the custome of no place of worshyp that euer I came in/ whan a knyghte and a lady askedy herbrugh/and they to rearyue hem/& after to destroye them that ben his gestes/Syr said the knygzt this is the old custome of this castel that whan a knyght cometh here / he must nedes fyghte with our lord/ and he that is weyker muste lese his hedr/And whan that is done yf his lady that he brynsgeth/be fouler than our lordes wyf/she must lese her heedr/And yf she be fayrer preued than is oure lady/thenne shal the lady of this castel lese her hedr/Soo god me helpe said sire Tristram this is a foluele custome and a shameful/But one auauntage haue I said sir Trystram I haue a lady is fayre ynouz fayrer salde I neuer in alle my lyfe dayes / Andy I doubte

not for lacke of beaute ſhe ſhalle not leſe her bredy / andy rather than I ſholdy leſe my hede I wille fyghte for hit on a fayre felde/ ¶ Wherfore Syre knyght I pray you telle your bredy that I wille be redy as to morne with my lady andy my ſelfe to doo batail yf hit be ſo I maye haue my hors andy myne armour/ Syre ſaidy that knyght I vndertake that youre dyre ſhalle be ſpedde ryght wel /

Andy thenne he ſaidy take youre reſt and loke that ye be by tymes andy make you redy andy your lady/for ye ſhalle wante no thynge that you behoueth/andy ther with he departed and on the morne by tymes that ſame knyghte came to ſire Tryſtram andy fetchedy hym oute andy his lady & brouzte hym hors andy armour that was his owne / andy badde hym make hym redy to the feldy/for alle the eſtates andy comyns of that bredy ſhip were there redy to beholdy that batailke andy Jugement /

¶ Thenne came ſyre Breunor the bredy of that Caſtel with his lady in his handy muffeldy/andy aſked ſyre Tryſtram where was his lady / for andy thy lady be fayrer than myn with thy ſwerdy ſmyte of my ladyes hede/and yf my lady be fayrer than myn/with my ſwerdy I muſte ſtryke of her bredy/ Andy yf I maye wynne the/ yet ſhalle thy lady be myne/andy thou ſhalt leſe thy hede/ ¶ Syre ſaid Tryſtram this is a foolde cuſtome andy horryble/and rather than my lady ſholde leſe her bredy/yet hady I leuer leſe my hede/

¶ Nay nay ſaidy ſire Breunor the ladyes ſhalle be fyrſt ſhey wedy to gyder/andy the one ſhalle haue her Jugement/ Nay I wille not ſoo ſaidy ſire Triſtram / For here is none that wille gyue ryghteuous Jugement/But I doubte not ſaidy ſir Triſtram my lady is fayrer than thyne/ Andy that wille I preue andy make goody with my handy/ Andy who ſomeuer he be that wille ſaye the contrary I wille prette hit on his hede

Andy there with ſire Triſtram ſhelvedy la beale Iſoudy / andy tornedy her thryes aboute with his naketdy ſwerdy in his hand Andy whanne ſyre Breunor ſalve that he dydy the ſame wyſe torne his lady/But whanne ſyre Breunor beheldy la beale Iſoudy/hym thoughte he ſalve neuer a fayrer lady/andy thenne he draddy his ladyes hede ſholdy be of/ and ſoo al the peple

that were there present gaf Jugement that la beale Jsoud was the fayrer lady and the better made/ holy nolo said sir Tristrā me semeth it were pyte that my lady sholde lose her hede / but by cause thou and she of long tyme haue vsed this wycked custome/ and by you bothe haue many goode knyghtes and ladyes ben destroyed / for that cause it were no losse to destroye you bothe/Soo gode me helpe saide sir Brunor for to saye the sothe/thy lady is fayrer than myn/and that me sore repenteth And soo I here the peple pryuely saye/for of alle wymmen I salde none soo fayre/and therfor and thou wilt slee my lady I doute not but I shal slee the and haue thy lady/ ¶ Thou shalt wynne her saide sir Trystram as dere as euer knyzt wan lady/And by cause of thyn oldne Jugement as thou woldest haue done to my lady yf that sir hade ben fouler/ and by cause of the euyl custome gyue me thy lady said Trystram/ & there with alle sir Tristram strode vnto hym and toke his lady from hym/and with an aulke stroke he smote of her hede clene/wel knyght said sir Brunor nolo hast thou done me a despyte/

¶ Capitulum xxbij

NOlo take thyn hors sythen I am lady les I wil wyn thy lady and I may/thenne they took their horses / & came to gyders as hit had ben the thonder/ and sire Trystram smote sir Brunor clene from his hors/ and lyztely he rose vp And as sir Trystram came ageyne by hym/ he threst his hors therou outer both the sholdres that his hors hurled here and there/and felle dede to the grounde/And euer sir Brunor ranne after to haue slayne sire Tristram/ but sire Tristram was lyght and nymek and wyded his hors lightely / And or euer sir Trystram myght dresse his shelde and his swerd / the other gaf hym thre or foure sadde strokes ¶ Thenne they rasshed to gyders like two bores tracyng and trauercyng myztely and wysely as two noble knyghtes/ For this sire Brunor was a proued knyght and hadde ben or than the dethe of many good knyghtes/that it was pyte that he had so long endured/Thus they fouzt hurlyng here & there nyz two houres &

eyder were wounded sore/ thenne at the laste sir Breunor rasshed vpon sir Trystram and toke hym in his armes/ for he trusted moche to his strengthe/ Thenne was sir Trystram called the strengeste and the hyeste knyght of the worlde/ For he was called byggar than sir launcelot/ but sir Launcelot was better brethed/ Soo anone sire Trystram thrust syr Breunor doune grouelynge / and thenne he vnlaced his helme/ and strake of his hede/ And thenne al they that longed to the castel cam to hym and dyd hym homage and feaute prayenge hym / that he wold abyde there stylle a litel whyle to fordo that foule custom Syr Trystram graunted ther to / the meane whyle one of the knyghtes of the castel rode vnto sire Galahad the haut prynce the whiche was sir Breunores sone/ whiche was a noble knyzt and told hym what mysauenture his fader hadde and his moder

¶ Capitulum xxviij

Thenne came sir Galahad and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes with hym/ and this syr Galahad profered to fyghte with sir Trystram hand for hand/ and soo they made them redy to go vnto bataile on horsback with grete courage/ Thenne sir Galahad and sir Trystram mette to gyders soo hard that eyder bare other doune hors and alle to the erthe/ And thēne they auoyded their horses as noble knyghtes and dressid theire sheldes and drelbe their swerdes with ire & rancour/ and they lasshed to gyder many sadde strokes/ and one whyle strykynge another whyle foynynge/ tracynge and trauersynge as noble knyghtes/ thus they fought long nere half a day and eyder were sore wounded/ At the laste sire Trystram wayed lyghte and bygge / and doubled his strokes and drofe syr Galahad abak on the one syde and on the other/ so that he was lyke to haue ben slayne/ With that came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes and all that felaushyp went fyersly vp on sir Tristram/ whan sir Trystram salwe them comyng vpon hym/ thenne he wist wel he myghte not endure/ ¶ Thēne as a wyse knyght of herte he said to sir Galahaud the haut prynce syre ye shelde to me no knyghthode for to suffre alle youre men to haue ado with me al at ones/ ¶ And as me semeth ye be a

noble knyght of your handes/hit is grete shame to you/ So god me helpe saidy sire Galahad there is none other waye but thou must yelde the to me/outher els to dye said sir Galahad to sir Trystram Jwille rather yelde me to you than dye / for that is more for the myght of your men than of your handes/ Andy ther with alle sir Trystram toke his oldne swerdy by the poynte/andy put the pomel in the handy of sir Galahady/there with alle came the kynge with the honderdy knyghtes / andy hardy beganne to assaylle sir Trystram/lete he said sir Galahad be ye not soo hardy to touche hym/for Jhaue gyuen this knyght his lyf / that is youre shame saidy the kynge with the C knyghtes/hath he not slayne your fader andy your moder/As for that saidy syre Galahady Jmay not wyte hym grekly for my fader hady hym in prysony/ andy enforcedy hym to doo batailll with hym/andy my fader had suche a customme that was a shrmeful custome that what knyght came there to aske herborouh his lady must nedes dye but yf she were fayrer than my moder/Andy yf my fader ouercame that knyght he must nedes dye/This was a shameful customme andy Vsage/ a knyghte for his herkewolde as kynge to haue suche herborage/ ¶ Andy for this customme Jwoldy neuer drawe aboute hym/ So god me helpe said the kynge this was a shameful customme / Truly saidy syre Galahady soo semedy me / andy me semedy it hady ben grete pyte that this knyght sholdy haue ben slayne/ for Jdare saye he is the nobleste man that lereth lyf/but yf it were sir Launcelot du lake/Nowe fayre knyght said sir Galahady Jrequyre the telle me thy name / andy of whens thou arte/andy whyder thou wolt/Syr he said my name is sir Trystram du lyones & from kynge Marke of Cornewaile Jwas sente on message vnto kynge Anguysshe of Irlandy for to fetche his doughter to be his wyf/& here she is redy to go with me in to Cornewaile/andy her name is la beale Jsoudy/andy/sir Trystram said sir Galahad the haut prynce / wel be ye fonde in these marches/& soo ye wille promyse me to goo vnto syr Launcelot du lake / andy accompanye with hym/ye shalle goo where ye wylle/and your fayre lady with you/ Andy Jshalle promyse you neuer in al my dayes shal suche custommes be vsed in this castel as haue ben vsedy/Syr saidy syre Trystram nowe Jlete you wete

ſoo god̄ me helpe I wende ye had̄ ben ſyr launcelot du lake / whan I ſalue you fyrſte / and̄ therfore I dredde you the more And̄ ſire I promyſe you ſaid ſir Triſtram as ſoone as I may I wille ſee ſir launcelot / and̄ enfelauſhippe me with hym / for of alle the knyghtes of the worldē I moſt deſyre his felau / ſhip

Capitulum xxviij

And̄ thēne ſir Triſtram took his leue whan he ſalue his tyme and̄ toke the ſee / And̄ the meane whyle word̄ came vnto ſir launcelot and̄ to ſir Tryſtram that ſire Carados the myghty kynge that was made lyke a gyaunt / that fought with ſir Galhayn and gaf hym ſuche ſtrokes that he ſwouned in his ſadel / and̄ after that he took hym by the col / ler / and̄ pulled̄ hym oute of his ſadel / and ſaſt bounde hym to the ſadel bowe / and̄ ſo rode his wey with hym toward his caſ / tell / And̄ as he rode by fortune ſir launcelot mette with ſire Carados and̄ anone he knelde ſire Galhayne / that lay bounde after hym / And ſaid ſir launcelot vnto ſire Galhayne holde ſtande it with you / Neuer ſo hard ſaid ſir galhayn onles that ye helpe me / for ſo god me helpe without ye reſcolue me I knowe no kny / ghte that may but outher you or ſyr Tryſtram / where for ſir launcelot was ſory of ſir Galhaynes wordes / And thenne ſir launcelot bad ſir Carados leye doune that knyghte / & fyghte with me / thou arte but a foole ſaide ſire Carados / for I wylle ſerue you in the ſame wyſe / as for that ſaid ſir launcelot ſpa / re me not / for I warne the I wille not ſpare the / And̄ then / ne he bond ſir Galhayne hand and foot / and ſo threwe hym to the grounde / And thenne he gate his ſpere of his ſquyer / and̄ departed from ſyr launcelot to fetche his cours / and ſoo eyther met with other / and brake their ſperes to their handes / & then / ne they pulled out ſwerdes / and hurtled to gyders dy hoꝛſhak / more than any houre / And at the laſte ſire launcelot ſmote ſir Carados ſuche a buffet vpon the helme that it perced his bra / yne pan / So thenne ſir launcelot toke ſir Carados by the col / ler and̄ pulled̄ hym vnder his hors feet / And thenne he alyghte and pulled of his helme / and ſtraite of his hede / And thenne

ſir launcelot vnbounde ſir Galvayne / ſoo this ſame tale was
tolde to ſir Galahad and to ſir Tryſtram / here maye ye here the
noblenes that folowyth ſir launcelot / Allas ſaid ſyr Tryſtram
and I had not this meſſage in hande with this fayre lady /
truly I wolde neuer ſtynte or I had fonde ſyr launcelot /
Thenne ſire Tryſtram and la beale Iſoud wente to the ſee &
came in to Cornelvaile / and there alle the lordes mette them /

Capitulum xiv

AND anone they were rychely wedded with grete noble / But euer as the frenſſhe book ſayth ſir Tryſtram and la beale Iſoud louede euer to gyders / Thenne was there grete Juſtes and grete torneyenge / and many lordes and ladyes were at that feeſt / and ſir Tryſtram was moſt preyſed of alle other / thus dured the feeſt longe / and after the feeſt was done / within a lytel whyle after by the aſſent of two ladyes that were with quene Iſoude / they ordeyned for hate and enuy for to deſtroye dame Bragwayne / that was mayden and lady vnto la beale Iſoud / and ſhe was ſente in to the foreſt for to fetche herbes / and there ſhe was mette & bounde feete and handes to a tree / and ſoo ſhe was bounden thre dayes / And by fortune ſir Palamydes fonde dame Bragwayne / and there he delyuerde her from the dethe / and brought her to a nonnery there beſyde for to be recouerde / whanne Iſoud the quene myſt her mayden / bete ye wel ſhe was ryght heuy as euer was ony quene / for of alle erthely wymmen ſhe loued her beſt / the cauſe was for ſhe came with her oute of her countreye / And ſoo vpon a day quene Iſoud walkede in to the foreſt to putte abeye her thoughtes / and ther ſhe wente her ſelf vnto a welle / and made grete mone / and ſodenly there came Palamydes to her / and bade herde alle her complaynte / and ſayde Madame Iſoude and ye wille graunte me my bone / I ſhalle bryngе to you dame Bragwayne ſauf and ſounde / And the quene was ſo glad of his profer / that ſodenly vnauyſedly ſhe graũted alle his aſkynge / wel madame ſaide Palamydes I truſte to your promyſe / And yf ye wille abyde here half an houre / I ſhal bryngе her to you / I ſhalle abyde you ſaide la beale Iſoud

And̄ sir Palamydes wode forth his way to that nonnery/ and ryghtly he came ageyne with dame Bragwayne / but by her good wille she wold not haue comen ageyne/ by cause for loue of the quene she stood in auenture of her lyf/ Notwithstandyng half ageynst her wille she went with sir Palamydes vnto the quene/ And̄ whan the quene salue her/ she was passyng glad Mold madame said̄ Palamydes remembre vpon your promyse/ for I haue fulfilled̄ my promyse/ Sir Palamydes said the quene I wote not what is your desyre/ But I wille that ye wete hold̄ it I promysed you largely I thought none euyl nor I warne you none ylle wille I doo/ Madame said sir Palamydes/ as at this tyme ye shalle not knolue my desyre / but bifore my lord̄ your husband there shalle ye knolue that I wil haue my desyre that ye haue promysed̄ me / And̄ therwith the quene departed̄ and̄ wode home to the kynge/ and̄ sir Palamydes wode after her/ And̄ whan syr Palamydes came before the kynge/ he said sir kyng I requyre you as ye be a ryghteuous kynge that ye wille Juge me the ryght/ Telle me your cause said̄ the kynge and̄ ye shalle haue ryght/

Capitulum xxx

Syre said̄ Palamydes I promysed̄ your Quene Isoud to brynge ageyne dame Bragwayne that she had̄ lost vpon this couenaunt that she sholdē graunte me a bone that I wold aske/ and̄ without grutchynge outher auysemēt she graunted̄ me/ what saye ye my lady said the kynge/ hit is as he saith soo god̄ me helpe said̄ the quene/ to saye the sothe/ I promysed̄ hym his askynge for loue and̄ ioye that I had̄ to see her/ Wel madame said̄ the kynge / and̄ yf ye were hasty to graunte hym what bone he wold̄ aske / I wylle wel that ye performe your promyse/ Thenne said̄ Palamydes I will that ye wete that I wille haue your quene to lede her and̄ gouerne her where as me lyst/ There with the kynge stood̄ styll/ and̄ he thought hym of sir Trystram/ and̄ demed̄ that he wold̄ reso-lue her / And̄ thenne hastely the kynge answerd̄ take her with the aduentures that shal falle of hit/ for as I suppose thou wylt

not enioye her noo wyle/As for that saidy chalampdes I dare
ryght wel abyde the aduenture/ andy soo to make short tale/sir
chalampdes toke her by the handy/andy saidy Madame grutche
not to goo with me/for I desyre no thynge but your olwy pro
myse/As for that saidy the quene I fere not greetly to go with
the/how be it thou hast me at auauntage vpon my promyse /
For I doute not I shalle be worshipfully rescolwedy fro the/
As for that saidy sir chalampdes be it as it be maye/So quene
Isoud was sette behynde chalampdes/and wody his way/anon
the kynge sente after syr Trystram/ but in no wyse he coude be
fou̅de/for he was in the foreste an huntyng/for that was alwe;
yes his custome/but yf he vsedy armes / to chase andy to hunte
in the forestes / Alas saidy the kynge nolw I am shamed for
euer that by myn olwne assente my lady andy my quene shalle
be deuouredy/Thenne came forth a knyght his name was lam
begus/andy he was a knyght of syr Trystram/ My lordy saydy
this knyght sythe ye haue truste in my lordy sire Tristram/wde
re ye wel for his sake I wille ryde after your quene andy re;
scolwe her/or els I shal be beten/Gramercy saide the kynge/e
I kyue sir Lambegus I shal deserue hit/And thenne sir Lam
begus armed hym /andy wode after as fast as he myghte/Andy
thenne within a wyle he ouertoke sir chalampdes/And then;
ne sir chalampdes lefte the quene/what arte thou saide chala;
mydes/arte thou Trystram / nay he saide I am his seruaunte/
and my name is sir Lambegus/ that me repenteth saide chala;
mydes/I hadde leuer thou haddest ben sire Trystram/I bileue
you wel said Lambegus/but wlyen thou metest with sir Trys;
tram thou shalt haue thy handes ful/And thenne they hurtled
to gyders and alle to braste their speres/and thenne they pul
led oute their swerdes / and helwed on helmes andy hauberkes/
At the laste sire chalampdes gaf sir Lambegus suche a wonnd
that he felle doun lyke a dede knyghte to the erthe/Thenne he lo
ked after la beale Isoud/andy thēne she was gone he nyst wlye
re/wete ye wel sir chalampdes was neuer soo sory/So the qu;
ene ranne in to the foreste/and there she fond a wel/and theryn
she hadde thoughte to haue drouned her self/ And as good for
tune wold ther came a knyght to her that hadde a Castel ther
by his name was sire Adherp/ And wlyen he fonde the quene

in that meschyef/he resolved her/and brought her to his cas-
tel/And whanne he wyst what she was he armed hym/and
took his hors and said/he wold be auenged vpon palamydes
and soo he rode on tyll he mette with hym/and there sir Pala-
mydes wounded hym sore / and by force he made hym to telle
hym the cause why he dyd battaille with hym/and how he
badde the quene vnto his castel/Now bringe me there said pa-
lamydes or thou shalt dye of my handes/Sir said sir Adherp
I am soo wounded I may not folowe/but ryde yon this way
and hit shalle bringe you in to my castel/and there within is
the quene/Thenne sire Palamydes rode styll tyll he came to the
Castel/And at a wyndowe La Beale Isoud salwe sir Pa-
lamydes/thenne she made the yates to be shette strongly/ And
whan he salwe he myght not come within the castel/he putte of
his bridel and his sadel/and putte his hors to pasture/and
sette hym self doune atte gate lyke a man that was oute of
his wytte that retchyd not of hym self /

Capitulum xxxj

Now torne we vnto sir Tristram that whanne he was
come home / and wyste la Beale Isoud was gone
with syr Palamydes wete ye wel he was wrothe oute of mes-
sure/Alas said sir Trystram I am this day shamed/ Thenne
he cryed to Gouernaile his man/haste the that I there armed
and on horsback / for wel I wote Lambegus hath no myght
nor strengthe to withstande sir Palamyde/ Alas that I haue
not ben in his stede/Soo anone as he was armed and horsed
sir Tristram and Gouernaile rode after in to the foreste / and
within a whyle he fond his knyght Lambegus al moost wou-
ded to the dethe/and syre Trystram bare hym to a foster/ and
charged hym to kepe hym wel/And thenne he rode forth and
there he fond syr Adherp sore wounded/and he told hym how
the quene wold haue drouned her self bad not he ben/ And
how for her sake & loue he had taken vpon hym to doo battaille
with sir Palamydes/where is my lady said sire Trystram /
Syr said the knyght she is sure ynough within my Castel/ &

ſhe can holde her within hit / Gramercy ſaide ſyre Tryſtram of thy grete goodenes / and ſoo he rode tyl he came nygh to that Caſtel / and thenne ſyr Tryſtram ſawe where ſyr Palamydes ſat at the gate ſleppynge / and his hors pastured faſt afore hym Nowe goo thou Gouernaile ſaide ſire Triſtram / and byd hym awake / and make hym redy / So Gouernayle rode vnto hym / and ſaide ſir Palamydes aryſe and take to thyn harneis but he was in ſuche a ſtudy he herd not what Gouernayle ſaid So Gouernaile came ageyne and tolde ſyre Tryſtram he ſlepte or elſe he was madde / Goo thou ageyne ſaid ſire Triſtram / and byde hym aryſe / and telle hym that I am here his mortal foo / So Gouernaile rode ageyne and putte vpon hym the but of his ſpere / and ſaide ſir Palamydes make the redy / for wete ye wel ſyr Triſtram houeth yonder and ſendeth the worde he is thy mortal foo / And there with all ſire Palamydes aroſe ſtyrly without wordes and gate his hors / and ſadeled hym / and brydeled hym / and lyghtely he lepte vpon / and gat his ſpere in his handy / and eyder feutryd their ſperes and hurtled faſte to gyders / and there Triſtram ſmote doune ſire Palamydes ouer his hors tayle / Thenne lightly ſire Palamydes putte his ſhelde afore hym and drewe his ſwerde / And there began ſtronge bataill on bothe partyes / for both they fought for the loue of one lady / and euer ſhe laye on the walles and beheelde them / how they fought oute of meſure / and eyther were woūded poſſyng ſore / but Palamydes was moche ſorer woūded / thus they fought traeynge and trauerſyng more than two houres that wel nygh for dole and ſorowe la beale Iſoud ſwouned / ¶ Alas ſhe ſaid that one I loued and yet doo / and the other I loue not / yet it were grete pyte that I ſhold ſee ſir Palamydes ſlayne / for wel I knowe by that tyme the ende be done ſir Palamydes is but a dede knyght / by cauſe he is not cryſtened I wold be lothe that he ſhold dye a ſaraſyn / And there with alle ſhe came doune and beſought ſire Tryſtram to fyghte no more / A madame ſaide he what meane you / Wille ye haue me ſhamed / wel ye knowe I wille be ruled by you / I wyſſe not your diſhonour ſaide la beale Iſoud but I wold that ye wold for my ſake ſpare this vnhappy ſaraſyn Palamydes / Madame ſaid ſyre Tryſtram I wille leue fyghtynge at this

tyme for your sake/ ¶ Thenne she said to sir Palamydes this
shalle be your charge that thou shalt goo oute of this coun
trey whyle I am therin/ I wille obeye your commaundement
said sire Palamydes/the whiche is sore ageynst my wylle
¶ Thenne take thy waye saidy la beale Isoud vnto the Courte
of kynge Arthur/andy there recommaūde me vnto quene Gue
neuer/andy telle her that I sendy her word/that ther be withyn
this landy but four bueres/that is sire Launcelot du lake andy
Quene Guenenuer and sire Trystram de lyonas andy quene Y-
soud

¶ Capitulum xxxij

And soo syre Palamydes departedy with grete heuynes
And sir Tristram wolt the quene and brouzte her ageyn
ne to kynge Marke/and thenne was there made grete
Joye of her home comynge/ whp was cherysshed but sir Tryst-
tram/ Thenne sir Trystram lete fetche syr Lambegus his knyzte
fro the fosters hous and hit was longe or he was hole/ but at
the last he was wel recouerd/ thus they lyued with Joye and
play a long whyle/ But euer sir Andred that was nygh cosyn
to syr Trystram lay in a watche to wayte betwix sir Trystram
and la beale Isoud for to take hem and sklanndre hem/ Soo
vpon a day syr Tristram talked with la beale Isoud in a wyn
dowe/and that aspyed sir Andredy andy told it to the kynge /
Thenne kynge Marke took a swerd in his handy and came to
sir Tristram and called hym fals traitour/and wold haue stry
ken hym/ But sir Trystram was nygh hym and ranne vnder
his swerdy andy toke hit oute of his hande / And thenne the
kynge cryedy where are my knyghtes and my men/ I charge
you slee this traitour / But at that tyme there was not one
wold meue for his wordes/ Whanne syre Trystram salwe that
there was not one wold be ageynst hym/ he shoke the swerd to
the kynge and made countenaunce as thoughe he wold haue sty-
ryken hym/ And thenne kynge Marke fledde/and sire tristram
folowed hym and smote vpon hym fyue or sixe strokes fla-
tlynge on the neek that he made hym to falle vpon the nose/ e
thenne sir Tristram yede his waye and armed hym and toke

his hors and his men/and soo he rode in to that forest / And there vpon a daye syr Trystram mette with two bretheren that were knyghtes with kynge Marke/ and there he strake of the hede of the one/& wounded the other to the dethe/and he maade hym to bere his broders hede in his helme vnto the kynge/and thyrtty moo there he wounded/ And whan that knyght came before the kynge to saye his message / he there dyed afore the kynge and the quene/Thenne kynge Marke called his counsaill vnto hym / and asked aduyse of his barons what was best to doo with sire Trystram/Syr saide the barons in especyal Syre Dynas the Seneschal/syr/ we wille yeue you counayll for to sende for sir Tristram/ for we wille that ye were / many men wille holde with syre Trystram/and he were hardy bestad And syr saide sire Dynas ye shalle vnderstande that sir Tristram is called pyerles and maketes of ony Crysten knyghte/ and of his myghte and hardynes we knowe none soo goode a knyght/ but yf hit be sire Launcelot du lake/ And yf he departe from your Courte and goo to kynge Arthurs courte/ there ye wel he wille gete hym suche frendes there that he wylle not sette by your makyng/ And therfore syre I counayle you to take hym to youre grace/ I wylle wel saide the kynge that he be sente for/that we maye be frendes / Thenne the Barons sente for syr Tristram vnder a sauf conduyte/ And soo whan syr Tristram came to the kynge/he was welcome/ and no vntersaill was made/and there was game and playe/and thenne the kynge and the quene went on hunlynge and sir Tristram

Capitulum xxxiii

The kynge and the quene made their pauelions & their tentes in that forest besyde a Ryuer/and ther was dayly hunlynge and justynge/for there were euer yet knyghtes redy to juste vnto alle them that came in at that tyme/ And there by fortune came sire Lamerak de galys and sir Dryaunt/and there syre Dryaunt justed ryght wel / but at the laste he lady a falle / Thenne sire Lamerak profered to juste/And whan he began he ferde so with the thyrtty knyghtes

that there was not one of hem but that he gaf hym a falle/and
somme of them were sore hurte/ I merueyle said kyng Marke
what knyght he is that doth suche dedes of armes/Sir said sire
Tristram/I knowe hym wel for a noble knyght/ as selde nold
ben kyuynge/and his name is sir Lamorak de Galys/it were
grete shame saide the kynge that he sholde goo thus alweye on-
les that somme of you mette with hym ketter / Syre saide sire
Tristram me semeth it were no worshyp for a noble man to ha-
ue adoo with hym/And for by cause at this tyme he hath done
ouer moche for ony meane knyghte kyuynge/therfore as me se
meth hit were grete shame and vylony to tempte hym ony mo
re at this tyme/in soo moche as he and his hors are wery lothe
For the dedes of armes that he hath done this daye and they be
wel consydered/it were ynough for sir Launcelot du lake /
¶ As for that saide kynge Marke I requyre you as ye loue
me and my lady the Quene La krake I sholde take youre ar-
mes and Juste with sire Lamorak de Galys/¶ Syre said sir
Tristram ye byde me doo a thynge that is ageynst knyghthode /
And wel I may deme that I shal gyue hym a falle/ For hit
is no maystry/for my hors and I ben fressh lothe/and so is
not his hors and he/and wete ye wel/ that he wil take hit for
grete vnkyndenes/ For euer one good is lothe to take another
at disauauntage / Wut by cause I wil not displease yold/as
ye requyre me/soo wille I do and obeye your commaundemēt
And soo sire Tristram armed hym and took his hors/& putt
hym forth/and there sire Lamorak mette hym myghtely/and
what with the myght of his oldne spere/and of sire Tristrams
spere syr Lamoraks hors felle to the erthe/ and he sytteynge in
the sadel/Thenne anone as lyghtly as he myghte he auoyded
the sadel and his hors/and put his shelde afore hym and dre-
we his swerd/And thenne he badde sir Tristram a lyghte thou
knyght and thou darst/ Nay said sire Tristram I wil no more
haue adoo with the / for I haue done to the ouer moche vnto
my dishonour and to thy worshyp/ ¶ As for that said sir
Lamorak I may the no thanke / syn thou hast forfaited me on
horsback I requyre the and I beseche the/ and thou be sir Tris
tram/fyghte with me on foote/ ¶ I wylle not soo

ſaidȝ ore Triſtram/Andȝ wete ye wel my name is ſire Triſtrā de lyones/andȝ wel I knowe ȝe be ſire Lamorak de Galys / Andȝ this that I haue done to you was ageynſt my wylle/ but I was requyredȝ therto/ but to ſaye that I wille doo atte youre requeſt/as at thys tyme I will haue no more ado with you/for me thameth of that I haue done/ ¶ As for the ſhame ſaidȝ ſire Lamorak on thy partye or on myne / leaue thou hit & thou wilt/ For though a marys ſone hath fayledȝ me/ nowe a Quenes ſone ſhalle not fayle the/ Andȝ therfore andȝ thou be ſuche a knyghte as men calle the/I requyre the/alyghte / andȝ fyghte with me / Syre Lamorak ſaidȝ ſire Triſtram I vnderſtande youre herte is grete/andȝ cauſe why ye haue / to ſaye the ſothe/for hit wolde greue me and ony knyght ſholde kepe hym freſſhe/andȝ thenne to ſtryke doune a verry knyghte / for that knyghte nor hors was neuer fourmedȝ that alldaȝ myght ſtā de or endure/ Andȝ therfore ſaidȝ ſire Triſtram I wille not haue adoo with you/for me forthynketh of that I haue done/ as for that ſaidȝ ſire Lamorak I ſhal quyte you andȝ euer I ſee my tyme/

¶ Capitulum xxxiiij

NOo he departedȝ from hym with ſire Dryaun /andȝ by the weye they mette with a knyȝt that was ſente from Morgayn le fay vnto kynge Arthur / andȝ this knyghte hadde a fayre horne harneſt with gold/and the horne had ſuche a vertus that ther myght no lady ne gentilwoman drynke of that horne/but yf ſhe were true to her huſbandȝ / Andȝ yf ſhe were fals ſhe ſholdȝ ſpylle alle the drynke / Andȝ yf ſhe were true to her lord ſhe myght drynke peaſyble/andȝ by cauſe of the que ne Gueneuer andȝ in the deſpyte of ſire Launcelot this horne was ſente vnto kynge Arthur/and by force ſire Lamorak ma de that knyghte to telle alle the cauſe why he bare that horne / ¶ Nowe ſhalte thou here this horn ſaydȝ Lamorak vnto kyng Marke or elſe chefe thou to dye for it/ For I telle the playnly in deſpyte andȝ repreef of ſire Triſtrams thou ſhalte here that horne vnto kynge Marke his vnkel/and ſay thou to hym that

I sent hit hym for to assay his lady/ ¶ And yf she be true to hym he shal preue her/ Soo the knyght went his way vnto kynge Marke and brought hym that ryche horne / and sayd that sir Lamorak sente hit hym / and there to he told hym the vertue of that horne ¶ Thenne the kynge maade Quene Isoud to drynke therof / and an hondred ladyes / and there were but four ladyes of alle tho that dranke clene/ ¶ Alas saide kynge Marke this is a grete despyte / and sware a grete othe / that she shold be brente and the other ladyes / ¶ Thenne the Barons gadred them to gyder and said playnly they wold not haue tho ladyes brente for an horne maade by sorcery that came from as fals a sorceresse and wytche as tho was lyuynge/ For that horne dyd neuer good but caused stryf and debate / and alwayes in her dayes she had ben an enemy to alle true louers/ Soo there were many knyghtes made their auowe/ and euer they met with Morgan le fay that they wold shewe her short curtoysye/ ¶ Also sir Tristram was passynge wrothe that sire Lamorak sente that horne vnto kynge Marke for wel he knewe that hit was done in the despyte of hym / And therfor he thoughte to quyte sire Lamorak/ ¶ Thenne syre Tristram vsed dayly and nyghtely to go to quene Isoud whanne he myght / and euer syre Andred his espyen watched hym nyght and daye for to take hym with la Beale Isoud/ And soo vpon a nyght syre Andred aspyed the houre and the tyme whan sir Trystram went to his lady/ ¶ Thenne syre Andred gate vnto hym twelue knyghtes/ and at mydnyghte he sette vpon sire Tristram secretely and sodenly/ and there sire Tristram was take naked a bedde with la beale Isoud / and thenne was he bownd hande and foot/ and soo was he kepte vntyl daye/ ¶ And thenne by the assent of kynge Marke and of syr Andred and of somme of the Barons syre Tristram was ledde vnto a chapel that stode vpon the see wokes there for to take his Jugement/ and soo he was ledde bounden with fourty knyghtes/ And whan sire Tristram sawe that there was none other boote/ but nedes that he must dye/ thenne said he fayr lordes remembre what I haue done for the Countreye of Cornewaile / and in what Jeopardy I haue ben in for the wele of you alle/ For whan I fought for the truage of cornewaile with

ſir Marhaus the goody knyght/I was promyſed for to be bet-
ter rewarded/whanne ye alle refuſed to take the batayle/ther
fore as ye be goody gentyl knyghtes/ ſee me not thus ſham-
fully to dye/ for it is ſhame to alle knyghthode thus to ſee me
dye/ For I dare saye ſaidy ſire Triſtram that I neuer met with
no knyght but I was as goody as he/or better/ Fy vpon the
ſaid ſir Andredy falſe traitour that thou arte with thyn auaū-
cynge/for alle thy booſt thou ſhalt dye this daye/ O Andredy
Andredy ſaid ſir Triſtram thou ſholdeſt be my kynneſman/and
nowe thou art to me ful vnfrendely/but andy there were no mo
but thou andy I/thou wholdeſt not putte me to deth/No ſaid ſir
Andredy/andy ther with he drewe his ſwerd/andy wholdy haue
ſlayne hym/Whanne ſir Triſtram ſawe hym make ſuch coun-
tenaunce/he lokedy vpon bothe his handes that were faſt boun-
dry vnto two knyghtes/ andy ſodenly he pulledy them bothe to
hym/andy vnbraſt his handes/and thenne he lepte vnto his co
ſyn ſyr Andredy andy wrothe his ſwerdy oute of his handes/
thenne he ſmote ſir Andredy that he fylle to the erthe/ andy ſoo
ſir Triſtram foughte tyl that he hadde kylledy ye knyghtes/ So
thenne ſir Triſtram gate the chappel andy kepte hit myghtely/
thenne the crye was grete/ andy the peple drewe faſte vnto ſire
Andredy moo than an honderdy/ whanne ſir Triſtram ſawe the
peple drawe vnto hym he remembrydy he was nakedy/& ſperd
faſt the chappel dore andy brake the barrys of a wyndowe/and
ſoo he lepte oute and fylle vpon the crackys in the ſee/ And ſo
at that tyme ſir Andredy nor none of his felawes myghte ge
te to hym at that tyme/

Capitulum xxxv

SOo whanne they were departedy/ Gouernaile andy ſire
Lambegus andy ſire Sentraille de luſhon that were ſir
Triſtrams men ſoughte their maiſter/whanne they herd
he was eſcapedy/thenne they were paſſynge gladde/and on the
welles they ſondy hym/andy with ruels they pulledy hym vp/
Andy thenne ſire Triſtram aſkedy hem where was la beale Iſo-
udy/for he wende ſhe hady ben hady alweye of Andredes peple/
Syr ſaidy Gouernaile ſhe is put in a lazar cote Allas

ſaid ſyr Tryſtram this is a ful vngoodely place for ſuche a fayre lady/ And yf I maye ſhe ſhalle not be longe there/ And ſoo he took his mey and wente there as was la Beale Iſoud/ and fette her awaye and brought her in to a foreſt to a fayre manoyre/ and ſire Triſtram there abode with her/ Soo the goody knyghte badde his mey goo from hym/ For att this tyme I maye not helpe you/ ſoo they departed alle ſauf Gouernaile / And ſoo vpon a daye ſir Triſtram yede in to the foreſt for to diſporte hym/ and thenne hit happend/ that there he felle on ſlepe / And there came a man that ſire Triſtram afore hand had ſlayne his broder/ And whan this man fonde found hym he ſhotte hym thorou the ſholder with an arowe, and ſir Triſtram lepte vp and kylled that man/ And in the meane tyme it was told kynge Marke/ how ſir Triſtram and la beale Iſoud were in that ſame manoir/ and as ſoone as euer he myght thyder he came with many knyghtes to ſlee ſir Triſtram And whanne he came there/ he fonde hym gone / and there he took la beale Iſoud home With hym/ and kepte her ſtrayte that by no meane neuer ſhe myght Wete nor ſende vnto Tryſtram nor he vnto her / And thenne whanne ſyre Triſtram came toward the old manoir/ he fonde the track of many horſes / and ther by he wiſte his lady was gone/ And thenne ſir Triſtram took grete ſorou/ and endured with grete payne long tyme / for the arowe that he was hurte with al was enuenymed/ Thenne by the meane of la Beale Iſoud ſhe tolde a lady that was cofyn vnto dame Bragwayne/ and ſhe came to ſir Triſtram and tolde hym that he myght not be hole by no meanes / For thy lady la beale Iſoud maye not helpe the/ therfor ſhe bydeth you haſte in to Bretayne to kynge Holdel / and there ye ſhal fynde his douzter Iſoud le blaunche maynys/ and ſhe ſhal helpe the/ Thenne ſir triſtram and gouernaile gat them ſhyppyng/ and ſoo ſailed in to Bretayne/ And whan kynge Holdel wiſt that it was ſir triſtram/ he was ful gladde of hym/ Syre he ſaid I am comen in to this countrey to haue help of your dought̃er/ For hit is tolde me/ that there is none other may hele me but ſhe/ and ſoo within a whyle ſhe heled hym /

¶ There was an Erle that hyght Gryp/ And this Erle made grete warre vpon the kynge/ and putte the kynge to the werse/ and byseged hym / And on a tyme syr Kehydyus that was sone to kynge Holbel/ as he yssued oute/ he was sore wounded nyghe to the dethe /

¶ Thenne Gouernaile went to the kynge and said / syr I counceyle you to desyr my lord syr Tristram as in your nede to helpe you/ I wille doo by your counceylle said the kynge / and soo he yede vnto syr Trystram and praid hym in his warre to helpe hym/ for my sone Kehydyus may not goo in to the felde ¶ Sire said sir Tristram I wille goo to the feld and doo what I maye/ Thenne sir Tristram yssued out of the tolvne with suche felauship as he myght make/ and dyd suche dedes that alle Bretayne spake of hym/ And thēne at the last by grete myghte and force he slewe the Erle Gryp with his olvne handes / and moo than an honderd knyghtes he slewe that daye / And thenne sire Tristram was receyued worshipfully with procession ¶ Thenne kynge Holbel enbraced hym in his armes/ and said sire Tristram alle my kyngdome I wille resygne to the / God defende said sir Tristram / For I am beholden vnto you for youre doughters sake to doo for you/ ¶ Thenne by the grete meanes of kynge Holbel & Kehydyus his sone by grete profers there gerde grete loue betwixe Isoud and sire Trystram / for that lady was bothe good and fayre/ and a woman of noble blood & fame ¶ And for by cause sir Tristram had suche chere and Rychesse and alle other plesaunce that he hadde/ all moost he hadde forsaken la beale Isoud/ And soo vpon a tyme sir Trystram agreed to wedde Isoud la blaunche maynys/ And at the laste they were wedded/ and solempnly held their maryage/ And soo whanne they were abedde bothe / sire Tristram remembryd hym of his old lady la beale Isoud/ And thenne he toke suche a thought sodenly that he was alle desmayed/ and other chere maade he none but with clyppynge and kyssynge as for other flesshly lustes sire Trystram neuer thoughte nor hadde ado with her/ suche mencyon maketh the frenssh booke

Also it maketh mencyon that the lady wende there had ben no pleasyr but kyssynge and clyppynge / ¶ And in the meane tyme there was a knyght in Bretayne his name was Suppynabyles/and he came ouer the see in to Englond / And thenne he came in to the court of kynge Arthur/and there he met with sir Launcelot du lake/and told hym of the mariage of syr Tristram / Thenne said sire Launcelot / Fy vpon hym vntrue knyghte to his lady that soo noble a knyghte as sir Trystram is shold he foūde to his fyrst lady fals/la reale Isoud/ quene of Cornewaile/But saye ye hym this/said sire Launcelot that of alle knyghtes in the worldy I louedy hym moost/and had moost ioye of hym/and alle was for his noble dedes/and lete hym wete the loue betwene hym and me is done for euer / And that I gyue hym warnyng from this daye forth as his mortal enemy

¶ Capitulum xxxvij

Thenne departedy syr Suppynabyles vnto Bretayne a geyne/and there he fondy sir Tristram/and toldy hym/ that he hady ben in kynge Arthurs courte/Thenne said sir Tristram herdy ye ony thynge of me / Soo godi me helpe said syre Suppynabyles/there I herdy sire Launcelot spekē of you gre te shame/and that ye be a fals knyght to your lady/and he bad me doo you to wete that he wille be your mortal enemy in eue ry place where he may mete you/That me repenteth saidy Tris / tram/for of alle knyghtes I louedy to be in his felauship/Soo syre Tristram made grete mone and was ashamed that noble knyghtes shold defame hym for the sake of his lady/And in this meane whyle la reale Isoud maade a letter vnto Quene Gueneuer complaynyng her of the vntrouthe of sir Tristram and how he hadde wedded the kynges doughter of Bretayne / Quene Gueneuer sente her another letter / and badde her be of goody chere/for she shold haue Joye after sorou/for sire tristram was so noble a knyzt called/ that by crafte of sorcery ladyes wolde make suche noble men to wedde them / but in the ende Quene Gueneuer said hit shal be thus/that he shalle hate her/ and loue you better than euer he dyd to fore ¶ So leue

the fire Tryſtram in Wirelayne and ſpeke the of ſire Lamerak de galys/that as he ſayled his ſhyp felle on a tok and peryſ; hed alle/ſaue ſire Lamerak and his ſquyer/and there he ſwam mygherely/and fyſſhers of the yle of ſeruage toke hym vp and his ſquyer was drowned/and the ſhip men had grete labour to ſaue ſire Lamorakis lyf/for alle the comfort that they coude doo/and the lord of that yle hyght ſyre Nabon le noyre a gre; te myghty gyaunt/And this ſir Nabon hatrd alle the knyghtes of kynge Arthurs/ and in no wyſe he wold doo hem fa; uoure / And theſe fyſſhers told ſir Lamorak alle the gyſe of ſyre Nabon/how there came neuer knyght of kynge Arthurs but he deſtroyed hym/ And atte laſt batailke that he dyd was ſlayne ſyr Nanolone le petyte/the which he put to a ſhameful dethe in deſpyte of kynge Arthur / for he was drawen lymme meale /That forthynketh me ſaid ſir Lamerak for that knyght tes dethe/for he was my coſyn / And yf I were at myn eaſe as wel as euer I was I wold truenge his dethe /Pees ſa; yd the fyſſhers and make here no wordes/for or euer ye depar te from hens ſyre Nabon muſt knowe that ye haue ben here/ or els we ſhold dye for your ſake/So that I be hole ſaid Lamo; rak of my diſeaſe/that I haue taken in the ſee/ I wille that ye telle hym that I am a knyght of kynge Arthurs/for I was ne uer aferd to reneye my lord /

Capitulum xxxviij

Nold tourne me vnto ſire Tryſtram that vpon a daye he took a lytel Barget and his wyf Iſoud la blaūche maynys with ſire Kay kedyus her brodr to playe hem in the coſ ſtes/ And whan they were from the land/ there was a wyn; de droſe hem in to the coſte of walys vpon this yle of ſeruage/ where as was ſyre Lamorak and there the Barget all to roſe and there dame Iſoud was hurte/and as wel as they myght they gate in to the foreſt/ and there by a welke he ſalde Segwa rydes and a damoyſel/ And thenne eyther ſale wed other/ ſyre ſayde Segwarydes I knowe you for ſire Triſtram de Lyones the man in the world that I haue mooſt cauſe to hate by cauſe

ye departed the loue bitwene me and my wyf/but as for that
sayd Segwarydes I wil neuer hate a noble knyzt for a lyzt
lady/And therfore I pray you be my frende and I wille be
youre vnto my power/for wete ye wel/ye are hardy bestad in
this valey/and we shalle haue ynough to doo eyther of vs to
socoure other/And thenne sir Segwarydes brought sir Tryf-
tram to a lady there by that was borne in Cornewaile / and
she told hym alle the peryls of that valey/and how ther cam
neuer knyght there but he were taken prysoner or slayne/ wete
you wel fair lady said sir Trystram that I shelde sire Marhaus
and delyuerd Cornewaile from the truage of Irlandy/And
I am he that delyuerd the kynge of Irlande from sire Bla-
mor de ganys/and I am he that bete sire Palamydes/and wete
ye wel I am sire Trystram de lyones that by the grace of
god shalle delyuer this woful yle of seruage/So sir Triſtram
was wel eased/thenne one told hym there was a knyghte of
kyng Arthur þ had wracked on the rockes/what is his name
said sir Triſtram/we wote not said the fyſſhers but he kepeth it
no counsil but that he is a knyghte of kynge Arthurs/and
by the myghty lord of this yle he setteth nought by/ I praye
you said sir Triſtram and ye maye bringe hym hyder that I
maye see hym/And yf he be ony of the knyghtes of Arthurs
I shalle knowe hym / Thenne the lady prayed the fyſſhers to
bringe hym to her place/Soo on the morowe they brought hym
thyder in a fyſſhers rayment / And as soone as sire Triſtram
salue hym he smyled vpon hym and knewe hym wel / but he
knewe not sir Triſtram/Fair sir saide sire Triſtram me semeth
by your chere ye haue ben diseased but late/and also me thyn-
keth I shold knowe you here to fore/I wille wel said sir La-
morak that ye haue sene me and mette with me/ Fair sir saide
sir triſtram telle me your name/vpon a couenaunt I wil telle
you said sir Lamorak/that is/ that ye wil telle me whether ye
be lord of this Ilandy or noo that is called Nabon le noyre /
For sothe said sir triſtram I am not he nor I hold not of hym
I am his foo as wel as ye be/and soo shal I be foũde or I de-
parte oute of this yle/Wel said sir Lamorak syn ye haue saide
soo largely vnto me/ My name is sire Lamorak de galis sone
vnto kynge Pellinore/forsothe I trowe wel said sir triſtram /
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for and ye said other/I knowe the contrary/What are ye sai-
dy syr Lamorak that knoweth me/I am sir Trystram de ly-
onesse/A syr remembre ye not of the falle ye dyd yelle me o-
nes/and after ye refused me to fyghte on foot/that was not
for fere I had of you saidy sire Tristram/but me shamed att
that tyme to haue more a doo with you/for me semed ye hadde
ynough/but sire Lamorack for my kyndenes many ladyes ye
putte to a reproef/whan ye sente the horne from Morgan le fay
to kynge Marke where as ye dyd this in despyte of me/Well
saidy he/and it were to doo ageyne/soo wolde I doo/for I had
leuer stryf and debate felle in kyng Markes courte rather than
Arthurs courte/for the honour of bothe courtes be not y lyke
As to that saidy sir Tristram I knowe wel/But that that
was done it was for despyte of me/but alle youre malyce I
thanke god hurte not gretely/Therfor said sir Tristram ye shal
leue alle your malyce/and soo wille I and lete vs assay how
we may wynne worshipp bitwene you and me vpon this gy-
aunt sir Nabon le noyre/that is lordy of this Iland to destroye
hym/Sir saidy sir Lamorak nolde I vnderstande your knyghte-
hode/it maye not be fals that alle men saye/for of your bounte
nobles and worshipp of alle knyghtes ye are pyerles/And for
your curtesy and gentilnes I shelde you vngentilnesse/&
that nolde me repentith

Capitulum xxxix

IN the meane tyme there cam worde that sir Nabon had
made a crye that alle the peple of that yle sholdy be at
his castel the fyfthe day after/And the same daye the sone
of Nabon sholdy be made knyghte/and alle the knyghtes of
that Valey and there about sholdy be there to juste/and all tho
of the Royamme of Logrys sholde be there to juste with them
of Northwalys/and thyder came fyue honderdy knyghtes/and
they of the countrey brought thyder syr Lamorak and sir Tris-
tram and syr Kehydyus and sire Segwarides/for they durst
none other wyse doo/and thenne sir Nabon lent sire Lamorak
horse and armour at sire Lamoraks desyre/and sire Lamorak
justedy and dyd suche dedes of armes that Nabon and all the

ꝑple ſaidꝫ there was neuer knyght that euer they ſawe do ſuche
dedes of armes/for as the Frenſſhe booke ſaith he foriuſted alle
that were there for the mooſt party of fyue hondredꝫ knyghtes
that none abode hym in his ſadel Thenne ſir Nabon proferedꝫ to
playe with hym his playe/for I ſawe neuer no knyghte doo
ſoo mocke vpon a daye/ I wille wel ſaid ſire Lamorak playe
as I may but I am wery andꝫ ſore bruſedꝫ/andꝫ there eyther
gate a ſpere/but Nabon woldꝫ not encountre with ſire Lamo-
rak/but ſmote his hors in the forhede andꝫ ſoo ſlewe hym/andꝫ
thenne ſire Lamorak yede on foote and torned his ſhelde andꝫ
drewe his ſwerd/and there beganne ſtronge batayll on foote/
¶But ſir Lamorak was ſo ſore bruſedꝫ and ſhorte brethed that
he tracyd and trauercydꝫ ſomwhat aback/ Fair felawe ſaid ſyre
Nabon hold thy hand and I ſhalle ſhewe the more curteyſye /
than euer I ſhewed knyght by cauſe I haue ſene this daye thy
noble knyghthode/Andꝫ therfore ſtand thou by and I wil wete
whether ony of thy felawes wille haue adoo with me/ Thenne
whan ſir Triſtram herdꝫ that/he ſtepte forth and ſaid Nabon le-
nde me hors and ſure armour and I wille haue adoo with the
wel felawe ſaid ſir Nabon goo thou to yonder pauelione andꝫ
arme the of the beſt thou fyndeſt there/ and I ſhalle playe a
merueilkous playe with the/ Thenne ſaid ſire Triſtram loke ye
playe wel or els peraduenture I ſhalle lerne you a newe play
that is wel ſaid felawe ſaid ſir Nabon/ So whan ſir Triſtram
was armed as hym lyked beſt and wel ſhelded and ſwerded/
he dreſſid to hym on foote/ For wel he knewe ſyr Nabon wold
not abyde a ſtroke with a ſpere/therfore he wold ſlee alle knyg-
ghtes horſes/Nold fair felawe ſaid ſir Nabon lete vs playe /
Soo thenne they foughte longe on foote tracynge and trauer
cynge ſmytynge and foynynge longe without ony reſt/ Atte
laſt ſir Nabon praid hym to telle hym his name/ Syre Nabon
I telle the my name is ſir Triſtram de lyones a knyght of Cor-
newail Vnder kynge Marke/thou art welcome ſaid ſir nabon /
for of alle knyghtes I haue mooſt deſyred to fyghte with the
or with ſir Launcelot/Soo thenne they went egerly to gyders
and ſire triſtram ſlewe ſire nabon / and ſoo forth with he lepte
to his ſone/and ſtroke of his hede / and thenne al the countrey
ſayde/they wold holde of ſire Triſtram/ nay ſaide ſire Triſtram

I wille not soo/here is a worshipfull knyght sir Lamorak de galys that for me he shalle be lord of this countrye/for he hath done here grete dedes of armes/ nay saidy sir Lamorak I will not be lordy of this countrey/for I haue not deseruedy it as wel as ye/therfore gyue ye hit where ye wille for I will none haue/ Wel saide sire Tristram syn ye nor I wille not haue hit / lete vs yeue hit to hym that hath not so wel deseruedy hit/Doo as ye lyst saidy Segwarydes/for the yefte is yours for I will none haue andy I hady deseruedy hit/Soo was it yeuen to segwarydes wherof he thankedy hemy/andy soo was he lordy/& worshipfully he dydy gouerne hit / Andy thenne sir Segwarydes dekyuedy alle prysoners andy sette goody gouernaunce in that Valey/andy soo he tornedy in to Cornewaile// andy toldy kynge Marke andy la beale Isoudy how sir Tristram hady auaunsedy hym to the yle of seruage / andy there he proclamedy in al Cornewaile of alle the aduentures of these two knyghtes/ so was hit openly knowdey/But ful wo was la beale Isoud whenny she herdy telle that sire Tristram was wedded to Isoudy la blaunche maynys/

¶ Capitulum xl

SOo torne we vnto sir Lamorak that wode forward Arthurs courte/ andy sire Tristrams wyf andy Kehydyus wold a vessel andy sailedy in to Bretayne vnto kynge Howel where he was welcome/ Andy whan he herdy of these aduentures they merueilledy of his noble dedes/ Now torne we vnto sir Lamorak that whan he was departedy from sire Tristram/ he rode oute of the foreste tyll he came to an hermytage/whan the hermyte salue hym/he askedy hym from whens he came/sir said sir Lamorak I come fro this Valey/sir saidy the hermyte therof I merucille/ For this yy wynter I salue neuer no knyght passe this countrey/but he was other slayne or vylaynously woundedy or passe as a poure prysoner/ Tho ylle customs saidy sir lamorak are fordone/for sir Tristram slewe your lord syr Nabon andy his sone/thenne was the hermyte gladde and alle his brethern/for he saidy ther was neuer suche a tyraunt among cristen men/Andy therfor said the hermyte this Valey and fruytis

wde wille holde of sire Tristram/ Soo on the morolde sir Lamo
rak departed/ And as he wde he salde four knyghtes fyghte a
geynst one/ and that one knyght defended hym wel but atte
laste the four knyghtes had hym doune/ And thenne sir Lamo
rak wente betwixe them/ and asked them why they wold slee
that one knyght/ and said hit was shame four ageynst one /
Thou shalt wel wete said the four knyghtes that he is fals/
that is youre take saide sir Lamorak/ And whanne I here hym
also speke/ I wille say as ye saye/ ¶ Thenne said Lamorak/ a
knyght can ye not excuse you/ but that ye are a fals knyghte/
Syr said he yet can I excuse me both with my word & with my
handes/ that I wille make good vpon one of the best of them
my body to his body/ ¶ Thenne spake they al attones/ we wil
not jeopardy our bodyes as for the/ But wete thou wel they
saide and kynge Arthur were here hym self it shold not lye in
his power to sauue his lyf/ That is to moche said/ said sire La-
morak/ but many speke behynde a man more than they wylle
saye to his face/ And by cause of your wordes ye shalle vnder-
stande that I am one of the symplest of kynge Arthurs co-
urte/ in the worshipp of my lord nolde doo your beste/ and in despy
te of you I shalle resolve hym/ And thenne they lasshed alle
at onee to sir Lamorak/ but anone at two strokes syre Lamo-
rak had slayne two of them/ and thenne the other two fledde
¶ Soo thenne sire Lamorak torned ageyne to that knyghte/ &
asked hym his name/ syre he sayde my name is sire Frolle of
the oute Iles/ thenne he rode with sire Lamorak and bare hym
company/ And as they rode by the waye / they salue a semely
knyght rydynge ageynst them/ and all in whyte/ A said Frol
yonder knyght Iusted late with me and smote me doune/ ther
fore I wil Iuste with hym/ ye shal not doo soo said sire Lamo
rak by my counceil/ and ye wille telle me your quarel whether
ye Iusted at his requeste/ or he at yours/ Nay said sir Frol / I
Iusted with hym at my requeste/ Syr said Lamorak/ thene wil
I counceile you dele no more with hym/ for me semeth by his co-
untenaunce he shold be a noble knyght/ and no Iaper / for me
thynketh/ he shold be of the table round/ therfor I wil not fyg
te said sir Frol/ and thenne he cryed and said/ sir knyzt make

the redy to Juste/That nedeth not sayd the whyte knyght/For I haue no luste to Juste with the/ but yet they feutryd theyr speres/and the whyte knyght ouerthrelue sire Frol/and then he rode his waye a softe paas/Thenne sir Lamorak rode after hym/and praid hym to telle hym his name/for me semeth ye shold be of the felauship of the round table/Upon a couenaunt sayd he I wille telle you my name / soo that ye wylle not discouer my name/and also that ye wille telle me youre/Thenne sayd he my name is sir Lamorak de galys / And my name is sir Launcelot du lake /thenne they putte vp their suerdes/and kyssed kyndely to gyders/and eyder made grete Joye of other/Syr sayd sir Lamorak and hit please you I wyll do you seruyse / God defende sayd Launcelot that ony of soo noble a blood as ye be sholde doo me seruyse/Thenne he saide more I am in a queste that I must dod my self alone/ /Wold god spede you said sir Lamorak/and so they departed/ Thenne sir Lamorak came to sir Frol and horsed hym ageyne/what knyght is that sayd sir Frol/sir he sayd it is not for you to knowe nor it is no poynte of my charge/ye are the more vnaurtreis saide sire Frol/and therfore I wille departe fro yow/ye may doo as ye lyst said sir Lamorak/and yet by my company ye haue saued the fayrest floure of your garland/soo they departed

Capitulum xlij

Thenne within two or thre dayes syr Lamorak fond a knyghte at a welle slepynge/and his lady sate with hym and waked/Ryght so came sir Galhayne and toke the knyghtes lady/and sette her vp behynde his squyer/Soo syre Lamorak rode after syre Galhayne / and sayd sire Gawayne/torne ageyne/And thenne said sir Galhayne what wylle ye do with me/for I am neuelye vnto kyng Arthur/syre said he for that cause I wil spare you / els that lady shold abyde with me/or els ye sholde Juste with me/ Thenne sire Galhayne tornede hym and ranne to hym that ought the lady with his spere/but the knyght with pure myght smote doune syre Galhayne/and took his lady with hym/Alle this sir Lamorak sawe and said to hym self/but I reuenge my felawe/ he will say of

me dishonour in kynge Arthures courte/ Thenne sir Lamorak wexed angry and profered that knyght to Juste/ Syr said he I am redy/and there they came to gyders with alle their myghte/and there sir Lamorak smote the knyght thorou both sydes/ that he fylle to the erthe dede/ thenne that lady rode to that knyghtes broder that hyght Belliaūce le orgulus/that duelled fast ther by/and thenne she told hym how his broder was slayne/ Alas said he I wille be wreken/and soo he horsed hym/ & armed hym/and within a whyle he ouertoke syre Lamorak/ and bade hym torne and kepe that lady/for thou and I muste playe a newe playe/for thou hast slayne my broder syr Frol that was a better knyghte than euer were thou/ Ye myghte wel be said sir Lamorak/but this day in the felde I was foūd the better/Soo they rode to gyder/and vnhorsed other/& toke their sheldes/and drewe their swerdes/and foughte myghtely as noble knyghtes preued by the space of two houres/ Soo thē ne sir Bellyaunce prayed hym to telle hym his name/ Syr said he my name is sire Lamorak de galys/ A said syr Bellyaunce/thou arte the man in the worlde that I moste hate/ for I slewe my sones for thy sake/ where I saued thy lyf/ and now thou hast slayne my broder syr Frol/Alas how shold I be acorded with the/therfore defende the/for thou shalt dye ther is none other remedy/ ¶ Alas said sir Lamorak ful wel me ought to knowe you/for ye are the man that moost haue done for me/ And there with alle sire Lamorak kneled doune/ and besought hym of grace/ Aryse said sir Bellyaunce/ or els there as thou kneleste I shalle slee the/That shal not nede saide sire Lamorak/for I wyl yelde me vnto you/not for fere of yold/ nor for your strengthe/but your goodnes maketh me ful loth to haue adoo with you/wherfore I requyre you for goddes sake/and for the honour of knyghthode forgyue me al that I haue offended vnto you/Alas said Bellyaunce leue thy kneelynge or els I shal slee the without mercy/ Thenne they rode ageyne vnto batail/and either wounded other that al the ground was blody there as they foughte/ And at the laste Bellyaunce withdrewe hym aback and sette hym doune softely vpon a lytil hylle/for he was so faynte for bledyng that he myght not stande/Thenne sir lamorak threwe his shelde vpon his

talk/and aſked hym what chere/wel ſaid ſyr Bellianore/A ſyr yet ſhalle I ſhelde you fauour in your male eaſe/A knyght ſyr Bellianore ſaid ſyr Lamorak thou arte a fool/for and I had had the at ſuche auauntage as thou haſt done me I ſholde ſlee the/but thy gentylnes is ſo goode and ſo large/that I muſt nedes forgyue the myn euylle wille/And then ſyne ſire Lamorak kneled adoune/and vnlaced fyrſt his vmbrere/and thenne his olone/and thenne eyther kyſſed other with weppynge terys/Thenne ſire Lamorak ledde ſir Bellianore to an Abbay faſt by/and there ſire Lamorak wold not departe from Bellyaunce tyl he was hole/And thenne they ſware to gyders that none of hem ſholde neuer fyghte ageynſt other/So ſyre Lamorak departed and wente to the courte of kynge Arthur/

¶ Here leue we of ſire Lamorak and of ſir Triſtram

¶ And here begynneth the hiſtorye of La cote male tayle

¶ Capitulum primum

AT the Courte of kynge Arthur there cam a yonge man and hyghly made/and he was ryche ly beſene/and he deſyred to be made knyghte of the kyng but his ouer garmēt ſat ouerthwartly/hold he hit/hit was ryche clothe of golde/

¶ What is your name ſaid kynge Arthur/Syre ſaide he/my name is Breunor le noyre/and within ſhorte ſpace ye ſhalle knowe that I am of goode kyn/It maye wel be ſaid ſir Kay the Seneſchal/but in mockage ye ſhalle be called La cote male tayle/that is as mocke to ſaye the euyl ſhapen cote/Hit is a grete thynge that thou aſkeſt ſaid the kyng/And for what cauſe wereſt thou that ryche cote/telle me/for I can wel thynke for ſomme cauſe hit is/Syre he anſwerd I had a fader a noble knyght/And as he rode on huntynge vpon a daye hit happed hym to leye hym doune to ſlepe/And there came a knyght that had ley longe his enemy/And whan he ſawe he was faſt on ſlepe/he alle to hewe hym/And this ſame cote had my fader

on the same tyme/and that maketh this cote to sytte soo euyll vpon me/for the strokes ben on hit as I fond hit / and neuer shalle be amendyd for me/Thus to haue my faders dethe in re membraunce I were this cote tyl I be reuengyd/and by cause ye are callyd the mooste nobleste kynge of the worlde I come to you that ye shold make me knyght/Sir said sir Lamorak and sir Galerys/hit were wel done to make hym knyght/for hym lesemeth wel of persone/and of countenaunce/that he shalle pre ue a good man and a good knyght/and a myghty/for sire and ye be remembryd euen suche one was sire launcelot du lake / whanne he came fyrste in to this Courte / and full selde of hs knelde from whens he came/and now is he preuedy the man of mooste worshyp in the worlde/and alle your courte and alle yo; ur Round table is by sire launcelot worshipped and amendedy more than by ony knyghte nold lyuynge/that is trouthe saide the kynge/ and to morou alle your requeste I shalle make hym knyght ¶ So on the morou there was an herte sounden/and thyder rode kynge Arthur with a company of his knyghtes to slee the herte/ And this ponge man that sire kay named la cote male tayle was there lefte behynd with Quene Gueneuer/and by sodeyne aduenture ther was an horryble ly on kepte in a stronge Toure of stone and it happend that he at that tyme brake loos / and came hurlynge afore the Quene & her knyghtes ¶ And whanne the Quene salwe the lyon/she cryed and fledde/and praide her knyghtes to rescolde her/ And there was none of hem alle but twelue that abode / and alle the other fledde/ ¶ Thenne saide La cote male tayle Now I see wel that alle coward knyghtes ben not dede/and there with alle he drelde his swerd / and dressid hym afore the lyon/ And that lyon gaped wyde and came vpon hym raumpy pynge to haue slayne hym / And he thenne smote hym in the myddes of the hede suche a myghty stroke/that it clafe his hede in sonder/and dassed to the erthe/ ¶ Thenne was hit tolde the Quene how the ponge man that sire kay named by scorne La cote male tayle hadde slayne the lyon/ With that the kyng came home ¶ And whanne the Quene tolde hym of that aduenture/he was wel pleasedy/and said/vpon payne of myn hede he shalle preue a noble man and a feythful knyghte

and true of his promyse/thenne the kynge forth with al made hym knyght / Nold sire saidy this yonge knyght I requyre you andy alle the knyghtes of youre courte / that ye calle me by none other name but la cote male tayle / in soo moche that syr kay hath soo namedy me / soo wille I be calledy/I assente me wel therto saidy the kynge

¶ Capitulum secundum

¶Thenne that same daye there came a damoysel in to the courte/and she brought with her a grete blacke shelde / with a whyte handy in the myddes holdynge a swordy Other pyctour was there none in that shelde/ whan kyng Arthur salue her/he askedy her from whens she came/andy what she wolde/Syr she said I haue rydden longe andy many a day with this sheldy many wayes/and for this cause I am come to your courte/There was a goody knyght that ought this sheldy/& this knyght hady vndertake a grete dede of armes to enchieue hit/andy soo it myssortunedy hym/another stronge knyght met with hym by sodayne aduenture/and there they fought longe/& eyther woundedy other passynge sore/andy they were soo wery/ that they lefte that batayle euen handy/ Soo this knyghte that ought this shelde saue none other way but he must dye/& therfore he commaundedy me to bere this shelde to the Courte of kynge Arthur/he requyrynge andy prayenge somme goody knyght to take this shelde/and that he wolde fulfylle the queste that he was in/Nold what saye ye to this queste saidy kynge Arthur/ Is there ony of you here that wille take vpon hym to welde this shelde/ ¶Thenne was there not one that wolde speke one word/thenne sir kay took the shelde in his handes/Sire knyght saidy the damoysel what is your name/Wete ye wel said he my name is sir kay the seneschal that wyde where is knowen/ Syre said that damoysel laye doune that shelde/for wete ye wel it falleth not for you/for he must be a better knyght than ye/ that shalle welde this shelde / damoysel saydy syr kay wete ye wel I toke this sheld in my handes by youre leue/ for to beholde it

not to that entent/ but goo where someuer thou wilt/ for I will not go with you/ Thenne the damoysel stode stylle a grete whyle/ and eyther many of tho knyghtes/ Thenne spak the knyght la cote male tayle/ fayre damoysel I wille take the shelde and that aduenture vpon me/ soo I wyst I sholde knowe/ whether ward my iourney myght be/ for by cause I was thys daye made knyght I wolde take this aduenture vpon me/ What is your name fayre yonge man said the damoysel/ My name is said he la cote male tayle/ wel mayst thou be called so said the damoysel/ the knyght with the cuyte shapen cote/ but & thou be soo hardy to take vpon the to bere that shelde and to folowe me/ wete thou wel/ thy sleyn shalle be as wel beten as thy cote/ As for that said la cote male tayle whan I am soo beten I wille aske you no salue to hele me with alle/ And forth with all ther came in to the Court two squyers & brought hym grete horses and his armour and his speres/ and anone he was armed and toke his leue/ ¶ I wold not by my will said the kynge that ye took vpon you that hardy aduenture/ sir said he/ this aduenture is myn/ and the fyrst that euer I took vpon me/ and that wille I folowe what someuer come of me ¶ Thenne that damoysel departed/ and la cote male tayle fast folowed after/ And within a whyle he ouertook the damoysell and anone she myssaid hym in the foulleste maner

¶ Capitulum Tercium/

Thenne sire kay ordeyned sir dagonet/ kynge Arthurs foole to folowe after la cote male taile/ and there sir kay ordeyned that sir Dagonet was horsed and armed and bad hym folowe la cote male taile/ and profer hym to juste and soo he dyd/ and whan he salue la cote male tayle he cryed and badde hym make hym redy to juste/ Soo sir la cote male tayle smote sir Dagonet ouer his hors croupe/ Thenne the damoysel mocked la cote male tayle/ and said fy for shame/ nold art thou shamed in Arthurs courte/ whan they sende a foole to haue ado with the/ and specially at thy fyrst justes/ thus she rode longe and chyde/ ¶ And within a whyle there

came sir Bleoberys the good knyght/ and there he justed with
la cote male tayle/ and there syre Bleoberys smote hym so sore
that hors and alle felle to the erth/ Thenne la cote male tayle
arose vp lyghtely and dressid his shyld/ and drewe his swerd
and wold haue done batayle to the vttraunce/ for he was wor-
thy/ Not so said Bleoberys de ganys/ as at this tyme I
wille not fyghte vpon foote/ Thenne the damoysel Maledysante
rebuked hym in the foulest maner/ and badde hym come ayene
toward hym/ A damoysel he saide I pray you of mercy to myssay
me no more/ my grefe is enough though ye vpbraide me no more/
I calle my self neuer the wers knyght/ whan a mayde sone fay-
leth me/ and also I counte me neuer the wers knyght for a
falle of sir Bleoberys/ Soo thus he rode with her two dayes
and by fortune there came sir Palamydes and encountred with
hym/ and he in the same wyse serued hym as dyd Bleoberys
to fore hand/ What dost thou here in my felauship saide the
damoysel maledysaunt/ thou canst not fyght no knyghte/ nor
withstande hym one buffet/ but of hit were sir dagonet/ A fair
damoysel I am not the wers to take a falle of sir Palamydes/
ne so/ and yet grete dishonour haue I none/ for neyther Bleo-
berys nor yet sir la myadre wold not fyghte with me on foote/
A so for that saide the damoysel were thou wel they haue de-
syre and sorrie to fyghte on their hoctes to fyghte with suche a
styffe knyght as thou arte/ Soo in the meane whyle there cam
sir Mordred/ sir Galdayns brother/ and soo he felle in the felau-
ship with the damoysel maledysaunt/ And thenne they came a
foot the castel Orgulous/ and there was such a custome that
there myght no knyght wende by that castel/ but outher he must
iuste or be prysoner/ or ellis to lese his hors and his har-
nes/ and there came oute two knyghtes ageynst them/ and sir
Mordred iusted with the formest/ and that knyght of the cas-
tel smote sir Mordred doune of his hors/ and thenne la cote
male tayle iusted with that other/ and either of hem smote o-
ther doune hors and alle to the erthe/ And thenne they auoy-
ded their horses/ thenne either of hem took others horses/
And thenne la cote male tayle rode vnto that knyght that
smote doune sire Mordred and iusted with hym/ And there
syre La cote male tayle hurte & woundid hym passynge sore

and̄ putte hym from his hors as he had ben dede/So he torned vnto hym that mette hym afore/and he took the flyght toward the castel/and̄ sire la cote male tayle rode after hym in to the Castel Orgulous/and there la cote male tayle slewe hym

Capitulum iiij

And̄ anone there came an honderd knyghtes about hym and̄ assayled hym/and whan he salve his hors shold he slayne/he alyghte and̄ voyded his hors/& putte the brydel vnder his feete/and so put hym out of the gate/And whan he had soo done/he hurled in amonge hem/and dressid his tuk vnto a ladyes chamber walke/thynkynge hym self that he had leuer dye there with worshipp/than to abyde the vbukes of the damoisel Maledysaunt/And in the meane tyme as he stood & fouzt that lady whos was the chamber wente oute shyly at her posterne/and without the gates she fond la cote male tayles hors and lyghtly she gate hym by the brydel/ and keyed hym to the posterne/And thenne she wente vnto her chambre shyly ageyn for to behold howthat one knyghte fought ageynst an honderd knyghtes/And whan she had behold hym longe/ she wente to a wyndowe behynde his tuk/and said thou knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel/but for alle that at the last thou must nedes dye/But and thou canst thorou thy myzty prowdesse wynne vnto ponder posterne / for there haue I fastned thy hors to abyde the / but wete thou wel thou must thynke on thy worshipp/& thynke not to dye/for thou maiste not wynne vnto that posterne without thou doo nobly and myghtly / Whan la cote male tayle herd her saye so!/ he gryped his swerd in his handes and putt his shold fayre afore hym/& thorou the thyckest prees he thrusted thorou them/ And whan he came to the posterne/he fond there redy four knyghtes/and at two the fyrst strokes he slewe two of the knyghtes/& the other fledde/ & soo he wanne his hors and rode from them/and alle as it was it was reherced in kynge Arthurs courte / how he slewe twelue knyghtes within the castel Orgulous/and so he rode on his waye/ And in the meane whyle the damoysel said to sir Mordred I wene my foolysshe knyzt be outher slayn or take prysoner/thenne were they ware where he came rydyng/ And̄ whan he was come

to them/ he wold ake how he hadde spedde/ and escaped in despy
te of them ake/ and somme of the best of hem wille telle no ta
les/ Thou lyest falsly saide the damoysel/ that dare I make go
od/ but as a foole and a dastard to ake knyghthode/ they ha
ue lete the passe/ that may ye preue saide La cote male tayle /
With that she sente a currour of hers that rode alweye with her
for to knowe the trouthe of this dede / and soo he rode thyder
lyghtly/ and asked how and in what maner that la cote ma
le tayle was escaped oute of the castel/ ¶ Thenne ake the
knyghtes cursyd hym and saide that he was a fende and noo
man / For he hath slayne here twelue of oure best knyghtes/ &
we wende vnto this daye that hit had ben to mocke for sir Lan
celot du lake or for sire Tristram de lyonees/ And in despyte of
vs ake he is departed from vs and maulgre oure hedes /
¶ Whi this answer the currour departed and came to Make
dysaunt his lady/ and told her ake how syr la cote male ta
yle had spedde at the castel Orgulous/ Thenne she swore dou
her hede/ and sayde lytel/ By my hede said sir Mordred to the
damoysel ye are gretely to blame so to rebuke hym/ for I warr
ne you playnly he is a good knyghte/ and I doubte not/ but
he shalle preue a noble knyghte/ but as yet he may not yet sytt
sure on horsback/ for he that shalle be a good horsman/ hit must
come of vsage and exercyse/ But whan he cometh to the stro
kes of his swerde/ he is thenne noble and myghty/ and that sa
we sire Gleoberys and sir Galamydes / for were ye wel they
are wyly men of armes/ and anon they knowe whan they se
a yonge knyghte by his rydyng/ how they ar sure to yeue hym
a falle from his hors or a grete buffet/ But for the moost par
ty they wille not lyghte on foote with yonge knyghtes/ For
they are wyght and strongly armed/ For in lyke wyse sir La
uncelot du lake whan he was fyrste made knyghte/ he was of
ten putte to the werse vpon horsback/ but euer vpon foote he re
couerd his renomme/ and slewe and defoyled many knygh
tes of the round table/ And therfor the rebukes that sir Laun
celot dyd vnto many knyghtes causeth them that be men of pro
wesse to kewarr/ for often I haue sene the old preued knygh
tes rebuked and slayne by them that were but yonge begyn
ners/ Thus they rode sure talkynge by the way to gyders/

¶ Here leue we of a whyle of this tale and ſpeke we of ſir Launcelot du lake/

¶ Capitulum Quintum

That whan he was come to the courte of kynge Arthur thenne herde he telle of the yonge knyghte la cote male tayle how he ſlewe the lyon/ & how he wonne vpon hym the aduenture of the blacke ſhelde / the whiche was nameth atte that tyme the hardyeſt aduenture of the worlde/Soo god me ſaue ſaide ſir Launcelot vnto many of his felawes/it was ſhame to alle the noble knyghtes to ſuffre ſuche a yonge knyghte to take ſuche aduenture vpon hym for his deſtructyon / for I wille that ye wete ſaide ſire launcelot/that that damoyſel maledyſaunt hath born that ſhelde many a day for to ſeche the moſt prouedh knyghtes/and that was he that Breunys ſaunce pyte wolde that ſhelde from her/and after Triſtram de lyones reſcowed that ſhelde from hym/ and gaf it to the damoyſell ageyne A lytil afore that tyme that ſir Triſtram fought with my neuelde ſire Blamore de Ganys for a quarel that was betwixe the kynge of Irland and hym / Thenne many knyghtes were ſory that ſir La cote male tayle was gone forth to that aduenture/Truly ſaid ſir launcelot I caſt me to ryde after hym/and within ſeuen dayes ſir launcelot ouertook la cote male tayle / And thenne he ſalewed hym/and the damoyſel maledyſaunt/ And whan ſir Mordred ſalde ſir launcelot/thenne he lefte their felauſhip/and ſoo ſir launcelot rode with hem al a day/and euer that damoyſel rebuked la cote male taile / and thenne ſire launcelot anſwerd for hym/thenne ſhe lefte of/ and rebuked ſir launcelot/Soo this meane tyme ſyre Triſtram ſente by a damoyſel a letter vnto ſire launcelot excuſynge hym of the wedynge of Iſoud le blaunche maynys/ and ſaid in the letter as he was a true knyzt/he hadde neuer adoo fleſſhly with Iſoude la blaunche maynys/and paſſynge curteiſly & gentyly ſir triſtram wrote vnto ſire launcelot / euer byſechynge hym to be his good frende/& vnto la beale Iſoud of Cornelwaile/and that ſire

Launcelot wold excuse hym yf that euer he sawe her/ ¶ And
within shorte tyme by the grace of god sayd sir Tristram that
he wold speke with la Beale Isoude and with hym ryght
hastely / Thenne sire Launcelot departed from the damoysel/ &
from syr la cote male taile for to ouersee that letter / and
wryte another letter vnto syre Tristram de lyones / and in the
meane whyle la cote male tayle rode with the damoysel vntyl
they came to a castel that longyd to pendragon / and there were
syxe knyghtes stode afore hym/and one of hem profered to juste
with la cote male tayle/ And there la cote male tayle smote
hym ouer his hors croupe/ ¶ And thenne the fyue knyghtes
sette vpon hym all at ones with their speres/ & there they smo-
te la cote male tayle doune hors and man/ And thenne they a
lyght sodenly/and sette their handes vpon hym all atones/
and toke hym prysoner/and so ledde hym vnto the castel / &
kepte hym as prysoner/ And on the morne sir Launcelot arose
and delyuerd the damoysel with letters vnto sir Tristram / &
thenne he tooke his way after la cote male tayle/ & by the way
vpon a brydge there was a knyght profered sir Launcelot to
juste/and sire Launcelot smote hym doune / and thenne they
foughte vpon foote a noble batayl to gyders and a myghty/ &
at the laste sire Launcelot smote hym doune grouelynge vpon
his handes and his knees/ And thenne that knyght yelded
hym/and sire launcelot wenyed hym fayre/ Syr said the kn-
yght I requyre the telle me your name/for mocke my herte
ueth vnto you/ Nay sayd sire Launcelot as at this tyme I wil
not telle you my name/onles thenne that ye telle me your na-
me/Certaynly sayd the knyght my name is sir Nerouens that
was made knyght of my lord sir Launcelot du lake/ A Nero-
uens de lyle sayd sire Launcelot I am ryght gladde that ye ar
prouedy a goody knyght/for nold thete ye wel my name is sir
Launcelot du lake/ Alias sayd sir Nerouens de lyle what ha
ue I done/and there with al flatlyng he felle to his feet/and
wold haue kyst them/but sir Launcelot wold not lete hym/ &
thenne eyther made grete ioye of other/And thenne sire Nero-
uens told sir Launcelot that he sholde not goo by the castel of
pendragon/for there is a lord a myghty knyght / and many
knyghtes with hym/and this nyght I herd say that they wolde

a knyght prysoner yesterday that wode with a damoysel / & they saye he is a knyght of the wundy table

¶ Capitulum vj

A Saidy sir Launcelot that knyght is my felawe / & hym shalle I rescolve or els I shalle lese my lyf therfore And dy there with alle he wode fast tyl he came before the castel of Pendragon / and anone there with alle there cam vj knyghtes / and alle made hem redy to sette vpon sire Launcelot at ones / thenne sire Laūcelot feutryd his spere / and smote the formest that he brake his halk in sonder / and thre of them hytte and thre fayled / And thenne sire launcelot past thorou them / and lyghtly he torned in ageyne / and smote another knyght / thorugh the brest and thorou oute the halk more than ayr elle / & ther with alle his spere brak / Soo thenne alle the remenaunt of the four knyghtes dzelde their swerdes and lasshed at syre Launcelot / And at euery stroke sire launcelot bestowed so his strokes that at four strokes sondry they auoyded their sadels passynge sore wounded / and forthe with alle he wode hurlynge in to that castel / And anon the lord of the castel that was that tyme cleped sir Bryan de les ples the which was a noble mā and a grete enemy vnto kyng arthur / within a whyle he was armed and vpon horsback / And thenne they feutryd their speres and dy hitted to gyders soo strongly that bothe theire horses rasshed to the erthe / And thenne they auoyded their sadels / & dressid their shildes and drewe their swerdes and flange to gyders as wood men / and there were many strokes yeuen in a whyle / at the last sir launcelot gaf to sir Bryan suche a buffet that he kneled vpon his knees / and thenne sir launcelot rasshed vpon hym / and with grete force he pulled of his helme / and whanne sire Bryan salde that he shold be slayne he yelded hym and put hym in his mercy and in his grace / Thenne sire launcelot made hym to delyuer alle his prysoners that he hyd within his castel / and therin sir laūcelot fonde of arthurs knyghtes thyrtty / and / yl / ladyes / and soo he delyuerd hem / and thenne he wode his waye / and anon as la cote male tayle was delyuerd he gat his hors and his harneis / and dy damoysel

maledysaunt/the meane whyle syr Nerouens that sir Launcelot had fought with alle afore at the brydge/he sente a damoysel after sir Launcelot to wete how he spedde at the Castell of Pendragon/And thenne they within the castel merueylled what knyght he was whan sir Bryan and his knyghtes delyuerd alle tho prysoners/ haue ye no merueille saide the damoysel/for the beste knyght in this worlde was here/ and dyde this iourney/ and wete ye wel sir he saide it was sire launcelott Thenne was sir Bryan ful glade and soo was his lady/ & alle his knyghtes/that suche a man sholde wynne them/ And whan the damoysel and la cote male tayle vnderstoode that it was syr Launcelot du lake that had ryden with them in felauship/ ¶ And that she remembryde her how she had rebuked hym and called hym coward/thenne was she passynge hevy

¶ Capitulum septimum

SOo thenne they took their horses and rode forth a pas after sire Launcelot/ And within two myle they ouertook hym/and saluede hym/and thanked hym/ and the damoysel cryed sir Launcelot mercy of her euyll dede/ and sayenge/for nowe I knowe the floure of alle knyghthode is departed euen bitwene sire Tristram and you/For god knoweth saide the damoysel that I haue sought you my lord sir Launcelot and sir Tristram longe/and nowe I thanke gode I haue mette with you/and ones at Camelot I mette with sir Tristram/and ther he reseolued this blak shelde with the whyte hand holdynge a naked swerde/that sir Bruyns saunce pyte had taken from me/Nowe fayre damoysel said sir Launcelot who tolde you my name/ Syre saide she/there came a damoysell from a knyghte that ye fought with all at the brydge/ and she told me your name was sir Launcelot du lake/ blame haue she thenne said sire Launcelot/but her lorde sire Nerouens hath tolde her/But damoysel saide sire Launcelot vpon this couenaunt I wille ryde with you/so that ye wille not rebuke this knyght sir La cote male tayle nomore/ for he is a good knyght and I doubte not he shalle preue a noble knyght/and for his

ſake and pyte that he ſholde not be deſtroyed/I forbyd hym to ſocoure hym in this grete nede/A/Jheſu thanke you ſaid the damoyſel/for now I wil ſay vnto you and to hym both/I re buked hym neuer for no hate that I hated hym/but for grete loue that I had to hym/For euer I ſupooſed that he had ben to yonge and to tendyr to take vpon hym theſe aduentures/ And therfore by my wille I wold haue dryuen hym alwey for Jalouſy that I had of his lyf/for it maye be no yong knyghtes dede that ſhal encheue this aduenture to the ende/Per dieu ſaid ſire Launcelot hit is wel ſaid/and where ye are cal led the damoyſel Maledyſaunt I wille calle you the damoy ſel Bien penſaunt/and ſoo they rode forthe a grete whyle vn to they came to the Bordoure of the countrey of Surluſe/ and there they fond a fayr vyllage with a ſtronge brydge lyke a fortreſſe/And whanne ſir launcelot and they were at the brid ge/there ſtarte forth afore them of gentilmen and yomen ma ny that ſaide/Faire lordes ye maye not paſſe this brydge and this fortreſſe by cauſe of that blacke ſhelde that I ſee one of you bere/And therfore there ſhalle not paſſe but one of you at ones/therfore chefe you whiche of you ſhalle entre withynne this brydge fyrſte/Thenne ſir Launcelot profered hym ſelf fyrſt to entre within this brydge/Syr ſaid La cote male tayle I bi ſeche you lete me entre within this fortreſſe/and yf I may ſpe de wel/I wille ſende for you/and yf it happend that I be ſlayn there it goth/And yf ſoo be that I am a pryſoner taken/then ne maye ye reſcolve me/I am lothe ſaid ſir launcelot to lete you paſſe this paſſage/Syre ſaid la cote male tayle I praye you lete me putte my body in this aduenture/Now goo youre waye ſaid ſire Launcelot/and Jheſu be your ſpede/So he entred and anone there mette with hym two bretheren/the one hyȝte ſyr Playne de forte and the other hyght ſir Playne de amours And anone they mette with ſir la cote male tayle/ and fyrſte la cote male tayle ſmote doune Playne de forte/ and after he ſmote doune playne de amours/and thenne they dreſſid them to their ſheldes and ſwerdes/ and bidde la cote male tayle a lyghte/and ſoo he dyd/and there was daſſhyng and foynyng with ſwerdes/ and ſoo they began to aſſaile ful hard la cote male tayle/and many grete wounded they gaf hym vpon his

hede and vpon his breſt and vpon his ſholders / And as he myght euer amonge he gaf ſadde ſtrokes ageyne/
And thenne the two bretheren twarde and towarde for to be of bothe handes of ſire la cote male tayle/but he by fyne force & knyghtly prouesſe gate hem afore hym/ And thenne whan he felte hym ſelf ſoo wounded / thenne he doubled his ſtrokes/ & gaf them ſoo many wounds that he feld them to the erthe/ & wold haue ſlayne them hade they not yelded them/ And tyght ſoo ſire la cote male tayle toke the beſt hors that there was of them thre / and ſoo rode forth his waye to the other forteſſe & brydge and there he mette with the thyrde broder whoos name was ſire Ector de Maris/a ful noble knyght/and there they juſted to gyder/and eyther ſmote other doune hors and man to the erthe/ And thenne they auoyded their horſes/ and dreſſed their ſheldes/and drewe their ſwerdes/and gaf many ſad ſtrokes/and one whyle the one knyght was afore on the brydge/ and an other whyle the other / And thus they foughte two houres and more/ and neuer reſted/ And euer ſire Launcelot and the damoyſel beheld them/ ¶ Alas ſaid the damoyſel my knyght fyghteth paſſynge ſore and ouer longe/ ¶ Holde may ye ſee ſaid ſir Launcelot that he is a noble knyght for to con-ſydre his fyrſte batayle/and his grieuous wounds/ And euer forth with all ſo wounded as he is/it is merueile that he may endure this longe batayl with that goode knyght/

¶ Capitulum Octauum

This meane whyle ſyre la cote male tayle ſanke ryght doun vpon the erthe/what forwounded and what for-bled he myght not ſtande / Thenne the other knyght badde pyte of hym/and ſayd fayr yonge knyght deſmaye you not/for hade ye ben preſſhe whan ye mette with me/as I was/ I wote wel that I ſholde not haue endured ſo longe as ye haue done/and therfore/for youre noble dedes of armes/ I ſhall ſhewe to you kyndenes and gentylneſſe in alle that I may/ And forth with al this noble knyght ſir Ector toke hym vp in his armes/and ledde hym in to his toure / And thenne

he commaundeth hym the lyon/and made to fleeth hym and to
stoppe his bledynge wounes/ ¶ Syr sayd la cote male tayle/
withdrawe you from me/and hyde you in yonder haydge ageyn
ynst/for there wolde mete with you another maner knyght than
euer was I/why sayd Plenorius/is there another maner knyg
ght kynde of your felaushipe/ye sayd la cote male tayle/there
is a moche better knyght than I am/what is his name sayd
Plenorius/ye shalle not knowe for me/sayd la cote male tayle
Wel sayd the knyght/he shalle be encountred with alle/what
someuer he be/Thenne sir Plenorius herd a knyght calle/that
sayd/syr Plenorius where art thou/outher thou muste delyuer
me the pryssonet that thou hast led vnto thy towne/or elles come
and doo battaile with me/Thenne Plenorius gat his horse/and
came with a spere in his hand/walloppynge towardes syr launce
lot/and thenne they beganne to feutre their speres/and came
to gyders as thonder/and smote eyther other so myghtely that
their horses felle doune vnder them/And thenne they auoyded
their horses/and pulled out their swerdes/and lyke two bulles
they lasshed to gyders with grete strokes and foynes/but euer
syr launcelot recouerd grounde vpon hym/and sir Plenorius
traced to haue gone aboute hym/But sire launcelot wolde not
suffer that/but bete hym bycher and bycker/tyll he came myghter
his owne gate/ And thenne sayd sire launcelot I knowe thee
wel for a goode knyght/but yelde thou wel/thy lyf and delyue
rie is in my hande/and therfore yelde the to me/and thy pryssoner
The other answerd no worde/but smote myghtely vpon sir lau
celots helme that the fyr sprange out of his eyen/ thenne syr
launcelot doubled his strokes soo thyck/and smote at hym so
myghtely that he made hym knele vpon his knees/ And there
with sir launcelot kepte vpon hym/and pulled hym grouelyng
downe/Thenne sir Plenorius yelded hym/and his towne/and
alle his pryssoners at his wille/ thenne sir launcelot receyued
hym and took his trouthe/and thene he rode to the other bryd
ge/and there sir launcelot iusted with other thre of his brethe
ren/the one hyght Kilkoumes/and the other hyght Pellogris
and the thyrde sir Pellandris/and fyrst vpon horsback sir lau
ncelot smote hem doune/and afterwarde he lete them on foote/
and made them to yelde them vnto hym/and thenne he rewarned

Vnto sir Clenorius/ and there he fonde in his prysone kyng Carados of scotlande and many other knyghtes / and alle they were delyuerde/ And thenne sire la cote male tayle came to sire launcelot/ and theune sir launcelot wolde haue yeuen hym alle these fortresses and these bydges/ Nay said la cote male tayle I wille not haue sire Clenorius kyuelode/ with that he wylle graunte you my lord sire launcelot to come vnto kynge Arthurs courte and to be his knyght and alle his bretheren I will pray you my lorde to lete hym haue his kyuelode/ I wille wel said sire launcelot/ with this that he wille come to the Courte of kynge Arthur and become his man/ and his bretheren fyue/ And as for you sir Clenorius I wille vndertake said sir Launcelot at the next feest soo there be a place voyded that ye shalle be knyght of the rounde table/ Syr said Clenorius atte next feest of Pentecost I wille be at Arthurs courte/ and at that tyme I wille be guyded and ruled as kynge Arthur & ye wille haue me / Thenne sir Launcelot and sire la cote male tayle reposed hem there vnto the tyme that sire la cote male tayle was hole of his woundes/ and there they hadde mery chere and goode rest and many good gamys/ and there were many fayre ladyes/

Capitulum Nonum /

And in the meane whyle came sir kay the seneschal and sire Brandyles / and anone they felaushyppede with them/ And thenne within ten dayes thēne departede the knyghtes of Arthurs Courte from these fortresses/ And as sir Launcelot came by the castel of Pendragon/ there he putte sir Bryan de les yles from his landes/ for cause he wold neuer be with holde with kynge Arthur/ and alle that castel of Pendragon/ and alle the landes therof he gaf to sire la cote male tayle/ & thēne sir launcelot sente for Newenus that he made ones knyghte/ and he made hym to haue alle the rule of that castel/ & of that countrey vnder la cote male tayle/ and soo they wode to Arthurs courte al holy to gyders/ And at Pentecost next folowynge there was sire Clenorius and sir la cote male tayle called otherwyse by ryght syr Breunor le noyre bothe maade

kynghtes of the table round / and grete londes kynge Arthur gaf them / and there Breune le noyre wedded that damoysell Maledysaunt / And after she was called Beau Viuante / but euer after for the more party he was called la cote male tayle and he preued a passynge noble kynght and myghty / & many worshipful dedes he dyd after in his lyf / and sire Plenorius prouedy a noble kynght and ful of prowdesse / and alle the dayes of their lyf for the moost party they abayted vpon sir Lancelot / and sire Plenorius bretheren were euer kynghtes of kynge Arthur / and also as the frenssh book maketh mencyon / syr la cote male tayle auengyd his faders dethe /

Capitulum x

NOw leue we here sire la cote male tayle / and torne we vnto sir Tristram de lyones that was in Bretayne / whanne la beale Isoud vnderstode that he was wedded / she sent to hym by her mayden Bragwayne as pytous letters as couth be thought and made / and her conclusion was / that / and hit pleasyd syr Tristram / that he wold come to her courte / and bryngе with hym Isoud la blaunche maynys / and they shold be kepte as wel as she her self / Thenne sir Tristram called vnto hym sir kehydius / and asked hym whether he wold go with hym in to Cornewaile secretely / He answerd hym that he was redy at al tymes / And thenne he lete ordeyne pryuely / a lytel vessel / and therin they wente syr Tristram / kehydius / Dame Bragwayne and Gouernaile sir Tristrams squyer / So whyle they were in the see / a contrarious wynde bleuw hem on the costes of Northwalys nygh the castel perylous / Thenne sayd sir Tristram here shalle ye abyde me these ten dayes / and Gouernaile my squyer with you / And yf so be I come not ageyne / by that daye / take the next way in to Cornewaile / for in thys foreste are many straunge aduentures / as I haue herd saye / & somme of hem I caste me to preue or I departe / And whanne I maye / I shalle hyhe me after you / Thenne sir Tristram and kehydius took their horses and departed from their felaushyp / And soo they rode within that foreste a myle and more / And

at the last sir Tristram salve afore hym a lykely knyght armed sytt̄ynge by a welle/and a stronge mygh̄ty hors passyng nygh̄ hym tyed to an Ok̄e and a man houynge and rydynge by hym ledynge an hors lade with speres/And this knygh̄t that satt̄ at̄t welle/semed by his countrenaunce to be passyng hauy/Thenne sire Tristram wod̄ nere hym/and said fayr knyght why sytt̄e ye soo droupyng/ye seme to be a knygh̄t erraunt by your armes and harneis/and therfor dresse you to juste with one of vs or with bothe/There with all that knygh̄t made noo wordes/but took his shelde and bokeled hit about his neck/ and lyghtly he took his hors and lepte vpon hym/And thenne he took a gret̄e spere of his squyer/and departed his waye a furlonge/Sire kehydius asked̄ leue of sir Tristram to juste fyrst/doo your best said sire Tristram/soo they mett̄e to gyders and there sir kehydius had̄ a falle/and was sore wounded̄/ on hyghe aboue the pappys/¶Thenne sir Tristram said/knyght that is wel justed/Nold make you redy vnto me/I am redy said̄ the knygh̄t/And thenne that knygh̄t took a gretter spere in his hand̄/and encountred̄ with sir Tristram/and there by gret̄e force that knygh̄t smote doune sir Tristram from his hors and had̄ a gret̄e falle/ Thenne sir Tristram was sore ashamed̄/and lyghtly he auoyded̄ his hors/and put his shelde afore his sholder and drelde his swerd̄/And thenne sire Tryst̄ram requyred̄ that knygh̄t of his knyghthode to alyghte vpon foote and fyghte with hym/I wille wel said̄ the knygh̄t and soo he alyghte vpon foote/and auoyded his hors/and cast his shelde vpon his sholder/and drelde his swerd̄/ and there they fought a longe batayle to gyder ful nygh̄te two houres/ ¶Thenne sir Tristram said̄ fayr knygh̄t holde thyn hand̄/ & telle me of whens thou art̄e/and what is thy name/¶As for that said the knygh̄t/I wille be auysed̄/ but and thou wolt telle me thy name/peraduenture I wille telle the myn/

¶Capitulum vj

NOw fayr knygh̄t he said/my name is sire Tristram de lyones/Syre saide the other knygh̄t/and my name is sir lamorak de galys/A sir lamorak said sir Tristram/wel

he we mette/and bethynke the nold of the despyte thou dydest me of the sendyng of the horne vnto kynge Markes courte to the entente to haue slayne or dishonoured my lady the Quene ka Beale Isoud/and therfore wete thou wel said sir Tristram the one of vs shalle dye or we departe/Sire said sir Lamorak remembre that we were to gyders in the yle of seruage/and at that tyme ye promysed me grete frendshyp/thenne sire Tristram wyldy make no lenger delayes but lasshed at sir Lamorak/ & thus they foughte longe/tyl eyder were wery of other/Thenne sir Tristram seid to sir Lamorak in alle my lyf mette I neuer with suche a knyght that was soo bygge and well brethed as ye be/therfore said syre Tristram hit were pyte/ that ony of vs both shold here be meschyeued Syr said sire Lamorak for youre renomme and name I wille that ye haue the worshyp of this bataylle/and therfor I wille yelde me vnto you/And ther with he took the poynte of his swerd to yelde hym/Nay said sir tristram ye shalle not doo soo/for wel I knowe your prowes and more of your gentylnesse than for my feve or drede ye haue of me/And there with alle sir Tristram profered hym his swerde and said sire Lamorak as an ouercomen knyght I yelde me vnto you/as to a mā of the moste noble prowesse/ that euer I mette with alle/Nay said sir Lamorak I wille doo you gentylnesse/I requyre yow lete vs be sworne to gyders that neuer none of vs shalle after this day haue adoo with other/and there with alle syre Tristram and sire Lamorak swore that neuer none of hem shold fyghte ageynst other nor for wele/ nor for woo

Capitulum vij

And this meane whyle there came sir Palomydes the good knyght folowynge the questynge beest that hadde in shap a hede lyke a serpents hede/ and a body lyke a lyard/lutwckis lyke a lyon/ and foted lyke an herte/and in his body there was suche a noyse as hit had ben the noyse of thyrtty coupel of houndes questyng/and suche a noyse that beest made where someuer he wente/& this beest euermore syr palo mydes folowed/for hit was called his queste/& ryght so as he folowed this beest/it came by syr Tristram/and soone after cam

chalamydes/and to breue this matere/he smote doune sir tris-
tram and sir Lamorak bothe with one spere/ and soo he depar-
ted after the beste Glatysaunt / that was calledy the questynge
beest/wherfore these two knyghtes were passynge wrothe/ that
sir Chalomydes wold not fyghte on foote with hem /
¶ Here men may vnderstande/that hey of worship that he was
neuer fourmed that alle tymes myght stande / but somtyme he
was putte to the werse by male fortune / And at somme tyme
the wers knyghte putte the better knyghte to a rebuke / Then-
ne sire Tristram and sir Lamorak gate sire Kehydius vpon a
sheldy kelbiye them bothe, and ledde hym to a fosteres lodge/ &
there they gaf hym in charge to kepe hym well/and with hym
they abode thre dayes/Thenne the two knyghtes toke their hor-
ses/and at the crosse they departed/And thenne said sir Tris
tram to sire Lamorak I requyre you yf ye happe to mete with
sir Chalamydes/say hym that he shal fynde me atte same welle
there I mette hym/and there I sire Tristram shalle preue whe-
ther he be better knyght than I/and soo eyther departed from
other a sondry way/ and sire tristram rode nyghte there as was
sire Kehydius/and sire Lamorak rode vntyl he came to a chap
pel/and there he putte his hors vnto pasture / and anone there
came sir Melyagaunce that was kynge Bagdemagus sone/&
he there putte his hors to pasture/and was not ware of sir La-
morak/and thenne this knyght sire Melliagaunce maade his
mone of the loue that he hadde to quene Guenenier / and there
he made a wofull complaynte /All this herdy sire Lamorak/ and
on the morne sir Lamorak took his hors and rode vnto the fo-
reste/and there he mette with two knyghtes houynge vnder the
woody shalue/Faire knyghtes said sire Lamorak what doo ye
houynge here and watchynge/And yf ye be knyghtes arraunt
that wille Juste/soo I am redy/Nay sir knyght they saidy/not
soo/we abyde not here for to Juste with you/ but we lye here in
a wayte of a knyghte that shelde our broder /
¶ What knyght was that saidy sir Lamorak that ye wold fay-
ne mete with all/Syre they saidy/hit is sire launcelot that sle-
we our broder/And yf euer we maye mete with hym/he shal
not escape but we shalle slee hym / ¶ Ye take vpon you a

gyue charge saide sire Lamorak / for sire launcelot is a noble proued knyght/ As for that we doute not/for there nys none of vs but we are goody ynough for hym I will not byleue that saidy sir Lamorak/ For I herdy neuer yet of no knyght the da yes of my lyf but sir launcelot was to bygge for hym

Capitulum viij/

Ryght soo as they stode talkynge thus/syre Lamorak was ware how syr launcelot came rydynge streyght towardy them/thenne sire Lamorak sake Wedy hym/and he hym ageyne/ Andy thenne sire lamorak asked sir launcelot/yf there were ony thynge that he myght doo for hym in these marches/ Nay said sire launcelot not at this tyme/I thanke you/thenne eyther departedy from other/andy sir Lamorak rode ageyn ther as he lefte the two knyghtes/ andy thenne he fondy them hydde in the keuedy woode/Fy on you said sir Lamorak false colvar des/pyte andy shame it is/that ony of you sholdy take the hyer ordre of knyghthode/Soo sir Lamorak departedy fro them/ and within a whyle he mette with sire Melyagaunce/ Andy thenne syre Lamorak asked hym / why he huedy Quene Gueneuer as he dyde/for I was not fer from you whanne ye made yo; ur complaynte by the chapel/Dyde ye soo said sir Melyagau; ce/thenne wille I abyde by hit/I loue quene gueneuer what wille ye with hit/I wille preue andy make goody / that she is the fayreste kady andy mooste of beaute in the worldy/ As to that saidy sire Lamorak I say nay therto/for quene Morgause of Orkeney moder to sire Galhayne and his moder is the fay; reste quene andy lady that bereth the lyf / That is not so saidy syre Melyagaunce / andy that wille I preue with my handes vpon thy body/Wille ye soo saidy sire Lamorak/and in a better quarel kepe I not to fyghte/Thenne they departedy eyther from other in grete wrathe/ Andy thenne they came rydyng to gyder as hit had ben thonder/and eyther smote other so sore that the; ir horses felle bakwardy to the erthe/ And thenne they auoyded their horses andy dressid their sheldes/and drewe their swerdes Andy thenne they hurtledy to gyders as wylde bores/and thus

they fought a grete whyle / For Melyagaunce was a goodly man and of grete myght/but sire Lamorak was hard bygge for hym/and put hym alweyes a bak/but eyther had wounded other sore/ ¶ And as they stode thus fyghtynge/by fortune came sire Launcelot and sire Bleoberys rydynge/ And thenne sire launcelot rode betwixe them/and asked them/For what cause they fought so to gyders/and ye are bothe knyghtes of kynge Arthur/

¶ Capitulum viii

SYr sayd Melyagaunce I shalle telle you for what cause we two this batayle / I prayse my lady Quene Gueneuer / and sayd she was the fayreste lady of the world/and sire Lamorak sayd nay therto/For he sayd quene Morgause of Orkeney was fayrer than she and more of stature/A syr Lamorak why sayst thou soo/hit is not thy parte to dysprayse thy peyneresse that thou arte vnder their obeyssaunce dyn We alle/and there with he alyghte on foote / and sayd for this quarell make the redy / For I wille preue vpon the/ that Quene Gueneuer is the fayreste lady and moost of vertue in the world ¶ Syr sayd sire Lamorak I am loth to haue adoo with you in this quarell/ For euery man thynketh his owne lady fayreste / and though I prayse the lady/ that I loue moost/ye sholde not be wrothe/ For though my lady quene Gueneuer be fayreste in your eye/wete ye wel Quene Morgause of Orkeney is fayreste in myn eye / and soo euery knyght thynketh his owne lady fayreste/ and wete ye wel syr ye are the man in the world excepte sire Tristram / that I am moost lotheste to haue adoo with alle/ But and ye wille nedes fyghte with me I shal endure you as longe as I may / ¶ Thenne spake sire Bleoberys/and sayd/ my lord sire Launcelot/I wyste you neuer soo mysauysed as ye are nowe / For syre Lamorak saith you but reason and knyghtely/ ¶ For I warne you I haue a lady / and me thynketh that she is the fayreste lady of the world/there is a grete reason that ye sholde be wrothe with me for suche langage/And wel ye wete/ that syr Lamorak is as noble a knyght as I knowe / and he

hath ought̃e you and̄ ys euer good wille/ and̄ therfore I pr̄ aye you ẽ good̄ frendes/ ¶Thenne sire Launcelot sayd̄ vnto sir kamerak/ I pray you forgeue me myn euyll wylle/ And̄ yf I was mysauysed̄ I wille amende hit/ Syre sayde sir Lamorak the amendys is soone made betwix you and me And̄ soo sir Launcelot and̄ sire Bleoberys departed̄/ and̄ syr Melyagaunce and̄ sir Lamorak took their horses/ and̄ eyther departed̄ from other/ And within a whyle came kynge Arthur and̄ mette with sir Lamorak and̄ Justed̄ with hym/ and̄ there he smote doune sire Lamorack/ and̄ wounded̄ hym sore with a spere/ and̄ soo he rode from hym/ wherfore sir Lamorak was wrothe that he wold̄ not fyghte with hym on foote/ how ẽ it that sire Lamorak knelde not kynge Arthur

¶Capitulum xv

NOw leue we of this tale/ and̄ spekē we of sire Tristram/ that as he rode he mette with sir kay the seneschal and̄ there sire kay/ asked̄ sir Tristram of what cōtrey he was/ he answerd that he was of the countrey of Cornewaile Dit maye well he said sir kay/ for yet herd I neuer that euer good̄ knyghte came oute of Cornewaile/ that is euyl spoken said sir Tristram/ but and̄ it please you to telle me your name I requyre you/ Syre wete ye wel said sire kay that my name is sire kay the seneschal/ Is that your name said sir Tristram/ nowe wete ye well that ye are named̄ the shamefulleste knyghte of youre longe that nowe is lyuynge/ holde ẽ it ye are called a good̄ kuyght/ but ye are called vnfortunate/ and̄ passyng ouer thwarte of your longe/ And thus they rode to gyders tyll they came to a brydge/ And̄ there was a knyghte wold̄ not lete them passe/ tyll one of hem Justed̄ with hym/ and̄ so that knyght Justed with sir kay/ and̄ there that knyght gaf sir kay a falle/ his name was sire Tor syre Lamoraks half broder/ and̄ thenne they two rode to theyre lodgynge/ And̄ there they fonde sire Bandyles/ and̄ sir Tor came thyder anone after/

¶And̄ as they satte atte souper these foure knyghtes/ the of

them ſpak alle ſhame by Cornyſſhe knyghtes/ ¶Syr Triſtram herd alle that they ſaide/ and he ſayd but lyttell / but he thought the more/but at that tyme he diſcouerd not his name/Vpon the morne ſir Triſtram took his hors/ and abode them vpon their way / And there ſyre Brandyles proferd to juſte with ſir Triſtram/and ſir Triſtram ſmote hym doune hors and alle to the erthe / Thenne ſire Tor le fyſe de Bayſhoure encountred with ſyre Triſtram / and there ſire Triſtram ſmote hym doune/and thenne he rode his waye/and ſir kay folowed hym /but he wold not of his felauſhip / Thenne ſire Brandyles came to ſir kay/ and ſaid I wold wete fayne what is that knyghtes name/Come on with me ſaid ſir kay/and we ſhall praye hym to telle vs his name/Soo they rode to gyders/tylle they came nygh hym/and thenne they were ware where he ſat by a welle/and had putte of his helme to drynke at the welle And whanne he ſalde them come/he laced on his helme lyghtly/and took his hors/and proferd hem to juſte/ Nay ſaid ſyre Brandyles we juſted late ynough with you/we come not in that entent/But for this we come to requyre you of knyghthode to telle vs your name/My fayre knyghtes ſythen that is your deſyre / and to pleaſe you ye ſhal wete that my name is ſir Triſtram de lyones neuelde vnto kynge Marc of Corne wayle/In good tyme ſaide ſire Brandyles / and wel be ye fonden/and wete ye wel that we be ryght gladde that we haue fonde you/and we be of a felauſhip that wold be ryght glad of your company / For ye are the knyghte in the world that the noble felauſhip of the roundy table mooſte deſyreth to haue the company of/God thanke them ſaid ſir Triſtram of theyre grete goodenes/ but as yet I feele wel that I am vnabyl to be of their felauſhip / For I was neuer yet of ſuche dedes of worthynes to be in the company of ſuche a felauſhip / A ſayde ſire kay and ye be ſyre Triſtram de lyones ye are the man called nolde mooſt of proweſſe except ſir launcelot du lake/ For he dreth not the lyf cryſten ne hethen that can fynde ſuche another knyght to ſpeke of his proweſſe and of his handes and his trouthe with alle / For yet coude there neuer creature ſaye of hym diſhonour and make hit good / ¶Thus they talked a grete whyle/and thenne they departed eyther from

other suche weyes as hym semed best/

Capitulum xvij/

NOw shall ye here what was the cause that kynge Arthur cam in to the forest perilous/that was in North walys by the meanes of a lady / her name was Annolwe/and this lady came to kynge Arthur at Cardyf / and she by fayre promyse and fayre behestes maade kynge Arthur to ryde with her in to that forest perilous/and she was a grete sorceresse/and many dayes she hadde loued kynge arthur/and by cause she wold haue hym to lye by her / she came in to that Countrey/Soo whanne the kynge was gone With her/ many of his knyghtes folowed after kynge arthur/whan they myst hym/as sir launcelot Braundyles and many other/and when she had brought hym to her boure/she desyred hym to lye by her and thenne the kynge remembryd hym of his lady/and wold not lye by her for no crafte that she coude doo / Thenne euery daye she wolde make hym ryde in to that forest with his owne knyghtes to the entent to haue had kynge arthur slayne/For when this lady annoure salde that she myght not haue hym at her wille/thenne she laboured by fals meanes to haue destroyed kynge arthur and slayne / Thenne the lady of the lake that was alwey frendely to kynge arthur / she Understoode by her subtyl crafte that kynge arthur was lyke to be destroyed And therfore this lady of the lake that hyght Nyneue cam in to that forest to seke after sire Launcelot du lake/or sire Tristram for to helpe kynge arthur/for as that same day this lady of the lake knelde wel that kynge arthur shold be slayne/onles that he hadde helpe of one of these two knyghtes/ and thus she rode by and donne tyl she mette with sire Tristram/and anone as she salde hym/she knelde hym/O my lord sir Tristram she said well be ye mette/ and blessid be the tyme that I haue mette with you/for this same day/and within these two houres shalle be done the foulest dede that euer was done in this land O fair damoysel said sir Tristram maye I amende hit / Come on with me she said and that in alle the haste ye maye/ for ye shal see the most worshipfullest knyght of the world hard bestad

¶ Thenne ſaid ſire Triſtram I am redy to helpe ſuche a noble man/he is neither better ne wers ſaid the lady of the lake but the noble kynge Arthur hym ſelf/God defende ſaid ſir Tryſtram that euer he ſholde be in ſuche diſtreſſe/ Thenne they rode to gyders a gurte pas Vntyl they came to a lytel turret a caſtel/e Vnderneth that caſtel they ſalve a knyght ſtandynge vpon foote fyghtynge with two knyghtes/ And ſoo ſir Triſtram bi held hem/and at the laſte the two knyghtes ſmote doune the one knyght/ and that one of hem Vnlaced his helme to haue ſlayne hym/ And the lady Annoure gat kyng Arthurs ſwerd in her hand to haue ſtryken of his hede/ And there with alle came ſire Triſtram with alle his myghte/ cryenge/ Traytreſſe/ Traitreſſe leue that/ And anone there ſire Triſtram ſmote the one of the knyghtes thorou the body that he felle dede/and thenne he paſſed to the other/and ſmote his hed in ſonder/ and in the meane whyle the lady of the lake eryed to kyng Arthur lete not that falſe lady eſcape/ Thenne kynge Arthur ouerto ke her/and with the ſame ſwerd he ſmote of her hed/and the lady of the lake wolde vp her hed and henge hit vp by the her re of her ſadel bowe/ And thenne ſir Triſtram horſed kyng Arthur/and rode forth with hym/but he charged the lady of the lake not to diſcouer his name as at that tyme/ whan the kynge was horſed/he thanked hertely ſire Triſtram/and deſyred to wete his name/but he wold not telle hym/ but that he was a poure knyght auenturous/and ſoo he kiſſed kynge Arthur fe lauſhip tyl he met with ſomme of his knyghtes/ And within a whyle he mette with ſir Ector de marys / and he knewe not kynge Arthur nor ſir Triſtram/and he deſyred to Juſte with one of hem/ Thenne ſire Triſtram rode Vnto ſir Ector/and ſmo te hym from his hors/ And whanne he hadde done ſoo/ he cam agayne to the kynge/and ſaid my lord yonder is one of your knyghtes/he may lere you felauſhip/and another day that de ſire that I haue done for you I truſte to god ye ſhalle Vnder ſtande that I wold do you ſeruyſe/ Alias ſaid kyng Arthur lete me wete what ye are/ Not at this tyme ſaid ſir Triſtram/ Soo he departed and lefte kynge Arthur and ſir Ector to gy ders

And thenne at a day sette sire Tristrem and sire Lamorak mette at the Welle/ and thenne they took Kehydius at the fosters hous / and soo they rode with hym to the ship/ where they lefte dame Brangwayne and Gouernayle and soo they sayled in to Cornewaile all holy to gyders/ and by assent and enformacyon of dame Brangwayn whan they were landed they rode vnto sire Dynas the seneschal / a trusty seruande of sir Tristrams / and so dame Brangwayne and syre Dynas rode to the courte of kynge Marke/ and told the quene la Beale Isoud that sir tristram was nygh her in that countrey/ thenne for very pure Joye la beale Isoud swouned/ & whan she myght speke/ she said gentyl knyzt Seneschalk telle that I myght speke with hym/ outher my herte wille braste/

¶ Thenne sir Dynas and dame Brangwayne brought syre tristram and Kehydius pryuely vnto the courte vnto a chamber where as la beale Isoud hadde assygned hit / and to telle the ioyes that were betwixe la beale Isoud and sire tristram / there is no tonge can telle it/ nor herte thynke hit/ nor pen write hit/ And as the Frenssh book maketh mencyon at the fyrst tyme that euer sir Kehydius salue la beale Isoud / he was so enamoured vpon her/ that for very pure loue he myghte neuer withdraw hit/ And at the last as ye shalle here or the book be ended/ sire Kehydius dyed for the loue of la beale Isoud/ and thenne pryuely he wrote vnto her lettres and balladee of the moost goodlyest that were vsed in tho dayes/ ¶ And whanne la beale Isoud vnderstood his lettres she hadde pyte of his complaynt/ and vnaryssed she wrote another letter to comforte hym with alle / And sire tristram was alle this whyle in a turret at the commaundement of la beale Isoud/ and whan she myght/ she came vnto sire tristram/ So on a day kynge Marke playedat the chesse vnder a chamber wyndowe/ and at that tyme sire tristram and sire Kehydius were within the chamber ouer kynge Marke/ and as it myshapped sir tristram fonde the letter that Kehydius sent vnto la beale Isoud/ also he had founde the letter that she wrote vnto Kehydius/ & at that same tyme la beale Isoud was in the same chamber/ Thenne sir tristram

came vnto la Beale Isoude and saide/Madame here is a letter that was sente vnto you/and here is the letter that ye sent vnto hym that sente you that letter/Allas madame the goode loue that I haue loued you/and many landes and ryches haue I forsaken for your loue/and nold ye are a traytresse to me the whiche dothe me grete payne/but as for the sir kehydius I brought the oute of Bretayne in to this Countrey/and thy fader kynge Hoidel I wanne his landes/hold le it I wed red thy syster Isoude le blaunche maynys for the goodenes she dyde vnto me/And yet as I am true knyghte she is a clene mayden for me/but wete thou wel syr Kehydius for this falsshede and treason thou hast done me/I wille reuenge hit vpon the/And there with alle sir Tristram drelde oute his swerde/ and saide sire Kehydius kepe the/and thenne la Beale Isoude swouned to the erthe/And whanne sir kehydius salde sir tristram come vpon hym/he salde none other bote/but lepte oute at a lay wyndolde euen ouer the hede where sat kynge Marke playenge at the chesses/And whanne the kynge salde one come hurlynge ouer his hede/he sayde/Felalde what arte thou/and what is thecause thou lepest oute at that wyndolde/ ¶My lorde the kynge saide Kehydius/hit fortuned me that I was a slepe in the wyndolde aboue your hede/and as I slepte I slommerede/and soo I felle doune/And thus sir kehydius excused hym

¶Capitulum viii

THenne sir Tristram dredde sore lest he were discouerde vnto the kynge that he was there/wherfore he drelde hym to the strengthe of the toure/and armed hym in suche armour as he had for to fyghte with hem that wolde withstande hym/And soo whanne sire Tristram salde/there was no resystence agaynst hym/he sente Gouernaile for his hors and his spere/and knyghtely he rode forth oute of the castel openly that was called the castel of Tyntagil/And euen atte gate he mette with Gyngalyn syr Galhayns sone/And anone sir Gyngalyn putte his spere in his reyste/and ranne vpon sire Trystram and brake his spere/and sire Tristram at that

tyme hadȝ but a ſwerdȝ/ and gaf hym ſuche a buffet vpon the helme that he fylle doune from his ſadel / andȝ his ſwerdȝ ſode adoune/ andȝ carf a ſonder his horſ neck/ Andȝ ſo ſire triſtram rode his waye in to the foreſt/ andȝ alle this doynge ſalde kyng Marke/ Andȝ thenne he ſente a ſquyer vnto the hurte knyghte andȝ commaundedȝ hym to come to hym/ andȝ ſoo he dydȝ/ Andȝ whanne kynge Marke wyſt that it was ſir Gyngalyn/ he welcomedȝ hym/ andȝ gaf hym an horſ/ andȝ aſkedȝ hym what knyghte hit was that hadȝ encoũtredȝ with hym/ Syr ſaid ſir Gyngalyn/ I wote not what knyȝt he was/ but wel I wote that he ſyghethȝ andȝ maketh grete dole / Thenne ſir Triſtram within a whyle mette with a knyght of his owne that hyghte ſir Fergus/ Andȝ whan he had mette with hym he made grete ſorowe in ſo moche that he felle doune of his horſ in a ſwoune / andȝ in ſuche ſorowe he was in thre dayes and thre nyghtes/ Thenne at the laſte ſir Triſtram ſent vnto the courte by ſir Fergus for to ſpeke what tydynges/ Andȝ ſo as he rode by the way he met with a damoyſel that came from ſir Galampydes to knowe and ſeke hold ſir Triſtram dydȝ/ Thenne ſir Fergus toldȝ her/ how he was al moſt out of his myndȝ/ ¶ Alas ſaid the damoyſel where ſhalle I fynde hym/ In ſuche a place ſaid ſire Fergus. ¶ Thenne ſir Fergus fond Quene Iſoud ſeke in her bedde / makynge the grytteſt dole that euer ony erthely woman made And whan the damoyſel fonde ſire Triſtram/ ſhe made grete dole by cauſe ſhe myȝt not amende hym/ for the more ſhe made of hym/ the more was his payne/ Andȝ at the laſt ſir Triſtram toke his horſ andȝ rode alleye from her/ And thenne was it thre dayes or that ſhe coude fynde hym / And thenne ſhe broughte hym mete and drynke/ but he woldȝ none/ and thenne another tyme ſir Triſtram eſcaped awey from the damoyſel/ and it happedȝ hym to ryde by the ſame caſtel where ſire Galampydes andȝ ſir Triſtram dydȝ bataylle whan la beale Iſoud departedȝ them/ Andȝ there by fortune the damoyſel mette with ſire Triſtram ageyne makynge the grytteſt dole that euer erthely creature made/ and ſhe yede to the lady of that caſtel / and tolde her of the myſauenture of ſire Triſtram/ alias ſaid the lady of that caſtel where is my lord ſir triſtram/ Ryght here by your caſtel ſaid the damoyſel/ In good tyme ſaide the lady/ is he ſoo nyghe me / he

ſhalle haue mete and̄ drynke of the beſt/and an harp I haue of his /where vpon he taught me/ For of goodely harpynge he bereth the prys in the worlde/ So this lady and damoiſel brought hym mete and̄ drynke / but he ete lytel therof / Thenne vpon a nyght he putte his hors from hym/ And̄ thenne he vnlaced̄ his armour/and̄ thenne ſir Triſtram woldē go in to the wilderneſſe and̄ braſt doune the trees and̄ bolues/and̄ other; whyle whan he fondē the harp that the lady ſente hym/ thenne woldē he harpe and̄ playe therupon/ and̄ there to gyders/and̄ ſomtyme whan ſire Triſtram was in the woode that the lady wyſt not where he was/thenne woldē ſhe ſytte her doune and̄ playe vpon that harp/Thenne woldē ſire Triſtram come to that harp/and̄ herken ther to/and ſomtyme he wold harpe hym ſelf Thus there endured̄ a quarter of a yere/thēne at the laſt he ranne his way/and̄ ſhe wiſte not where he was become/ And̄ thenne was he naked̄ and̄ wayed̄ lene/and̄ poure of fleſſhe/ and̄ ſoo he felle in the felauſhip of herd mey and̄ ſheepherdes/ and̄ dayly they woldē gyue hym ſomme of their mete/& drynke/ And̄ whan he dydē ony ſhrewd dede/they woldē bete hym with wodde/and̄ ſoo they clypped̄ hym with ſheres and̄ made hym lyke a foole

¶ Capitulum xix

AND̄ vpon a day Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole came in to Cornewaile with two ſquyers with hym/ and as they rode thorugh that foreſt /they came by a fayre welle/where ſir Triſtram was wonte to be/and̄ the wether was hote/ and̄ they alyghte to drynke of that welle/and̄ in the meane whyle their horſes brake bous/¶ Ryght ſoo ſire Triſtram came vnto them / and̄ fyrſt he ſouſyd̄ ſire Dagonet in that welle/ & after his ſquyers/and̄ there at bugh the ſheepherdes/ and̄ forth with al he ranne after their horſes and̄ brought hem ageyne/ one by one/and̄ ryght ſoo wete as they were/ he made hem lepe vp/and̄ rydē their wayes/¶ Thus ſire Triſtram endured̄ there an halfe yere naked̄/and̄ woldē neuer come in towyn/ ne vyllage/The meane whyle the damoyſel that ſyre Galahydes ſente to ſeke ſir Triſtram ſhe yede vnto ſir Galahydes/and̄ told

hym alle the meſchyef that ſir Triſtram endured / Allas ſayd ſir Palomydes hit is grete pyte that euer ſoo noble a knyght ſholde be ſoo meſcheued for the loue of a lady / But neuertheles I wille goo and ſeke hym / and comforte hym and I may ¶ Thenne a lytel before that tyme la Beale Iſoud had commaunded ſir Kehydius oute of the Countrey of Cornewaile / Soo ſir Kehydius departed with a dolorous herte / and by aduenture he mette with ſir Palamydes / and they enſelaushyped to gyder / and eyther complayned to other of theire hote loue that they loued la beale Iſoud / Now lete vs ſaid ſir Palomydes ſeke ſire triſtram that loued her as wel as we / and lete vs preue whether we maye recouer hym / Soo they rode in to that foreſt / and thre dayes and thre nyghtes they wold neuer take their lodgynge but euer ſought ſir triſtram / And vpon a tyme by aduenture they mette with kynge Mark that was ryden from hys men al alone / whanne they ſalue hym / ſyre palomydes knelue hym / but ſir Kehydius knelue hym not / A falſe kynge ſaid ſir Palomydes / it is pyte thou haſt thy lyf / For thou arte a deſtroyer of alle worſhipful knyghtes / and by thy meſchyef and thy vengeaunce thou haſt deſtroyed that mooſte noble knyght ſire triſtram de lyones / And therfor defende the ſaid ſir Palomydes / for thou ſhalt dye this day / that were ſhame ſaid kynge Mark / for ye two are armed and I am vnarmed / As for that ſaid ſir Palomydes I ſhalle fynde a remedy therfore / here is a knyght with me / and thou ſhalt haue his harneis / Nay ſaid kyng Mark I wille not haue adoo with yold for cauſe haue ye none to me / For alle the myſeaſe that ſir triſtram hath / was for a letter that he fond / for as to me I dyd to hym no diſpleaſyre / and god knoweth I am ful ſory for his diſeaſe and malady / Soo when the kyng had thus ſaued hym / they were frendes / and kyng Mark wold haue had them vnto tyntagil / but ſyr Palomydes wolde not but torned vnto the Realme of Logrys / and ſir Kehydius ſaide that he wolde goo in to Bretayn / ¶ Now torne we vnto ſir Daconet ayene that whanne he and his ſquyers were vpon horſback / he demyd that the ſheepherdes had ſente that foole to araye hem ſo / by cauſe that they laughed at hem / and ſoo they rode vnto the kepers of hreſtes and alle to bete them / Syr triſtram ſalue them bete

that were wonte to geue hym mete and drynke / thenne he ran thyder / and gat sir Dagonet by the hede / and gaf hym suche a falle to the erthe / that he brysed hym sore so that he lay stylle / And thenne he braste his swerde oute of his hande / And therwith he ranne to one of his squyers / and smote of his hede / the other fledde / And soo sir Tristram took his waye with that swerde in his hande rennynge as he hadde ben wylde woode / ¶ Thenne sir Dagonet wente to kyng Marke and told hym how he hadde spedde in that foreste / And therfore sayde sir Dagonet / Beware kynge Marke that thou come not aboute that welle / in the forest / For there is a foole nakedde / and that foole and a foole mette to gyders / and he hadde almoste slayn me / ¶ And sayde kynge Marke / that is sir Mattes le breune / that felle oute of his wytte by cause he lost his lady / For whan sir Gaherys smote doune sir Mattes and wanne his lady of hym / Neuer syns was he in his mynde / and that was pyte / for he was a goode knyght /

¶ Capitulum xx

¶ Thenne sir Andredy that was cosyn bade sir Tristram / made a lady that was his paramour to say and to noryse hit that she was with sire Tristram or euer he dyede / And this tale she broughte vnto kynge markes eares that she buryede hym by a welle / and that or he dyede / he besoughte kynge Marke to make his cosyn sir Andredy kynge of the counte of Lyonas / of the whiche sir Trystram was borne of / Alle this dyde sir Andredy by cause he wolde haue hadde sire tristrams landes / ¶ And whanne kynge Marke herde telle / that sir tristram was dede / he wepte / and made grete dole / But whanne quene Isoude herde of these tydynges / she made suche sorowe / that she was nyghe oute of her mynde / And soo vpon a daye she thought to slee her self / and neuer to lyue after sir tristrams deth And soo vpon a day la beale Isoude gat a swerde pryuely / and bare hit in to her gardyn / and there she pyghte the swerde thorugh a plumme tree vp to the hyltes / soo that hit stak faste and hit stode brest hyghe / And as she wold haue wonne vpon the swerde and to haue slayne her self / ¶ Alle this aspyede kyng

marke/ holde ſhe kneled doune and ſaide/ ſweete lord Jheſu haue mercy vpon me/ for I maye not lyue after the dethe of ſyr Triſtram de lyones/ for he was my fyrſt loue/ and he ſhalle be the laſt/ and with theſe wordes came kyng marke and took her in his armes/ and thenne he took vp the ſwerde/ and bare her alway with hym tyl a Toure/ and there he made her to be kept and watched her ſurely/ and after that ſhe lay longe ſeke nyȝ at the poynte of dethe / This meane whyle ranne ſir Triſtram naked in the foreſt with the ſwerd in his hand/ and ſoo he cam to an hermytage/ and there he leid hym doun and ſlepte/ and in the meane whyle the hermyte ſtale awaye his ſwerde/ and leid mete doune by hym/ Thus was he kepte there a fyfty dayes And at the laſt he departed and came to the herd men agayne/ And there was a gyaunt in that countre that hyght Talleas And for fere of ſir Triſtram more than ſeuen yere he durſt neuer mocke goo at large / but for the mooſt party he kepte hym in a ſure caſtel of his owne/ and ſoo this Taulleas herd telle / that ſir Triſtram was dede by the noyſe of the courte of kynge marke/ Thenne this Taulleas wente dayly at large/ And ſoo he happed vpon a daye he came to the herd men wandryng and langerynge/ And there he ſette hym doun to reſte among them The meane whyle ther cam a knyght of Cornewaile that ledde a lady with hym/ and his name was ſir Dynaunt/ & whanne the gyaunt ſalde hym / he wente from the herd men and hydde hym vnder a tree/ and ſoo the knyght came to that welle / and there he alyghte to repoſe hym/ And as ſoone as he was from his hors /this gyaunt Taulleas came betwixe this knyght and his hors /and tooke the hors and lepte vpon hym/ So forth with he rode vnto ſir Dynaunt/ and took hym by the coler/ & pulled hym afore hym vpon his hors/ and there wolde haue ſtrykē of his hede/ Thenne the herde men ſaid vnto ſire Triſtram / helpe yonder knyght/ helpe ye hym ſeid ſir triſtram/ we dare not ſaide the herd men/ Thenne ſir triſtram was ware of the ſwerd of the knyght there as hit lay/ and ſoo thyder he ranne/ and took vp the ſwerd and ſtroke of ſir Taulleas hede and ſo he rode his way to the herd men

Thenne the knyght took vp the gyaunts hede/and bare hit with hym vnto kynge Marke/ and tolde hym/ what aduenture ketyde hym in the foreste / and how a naked man reſcolvede hym/from the grymly gyaunt Taulcas where hadde ye this aduenture ſaide kynge Marke/ forſothe ſaide ſyr Dynaunt at the fayre fontayne in your foreſte / where many aduenturous knyghtes mete/ and there is the madde man whek ſaide kynge Marke I wille ſee that wilde man/ So within a day or two kynge Marke commaunded his knyghtes/ & his hunters that they ſhold be redy on the morne for to hunte/ and ſoo vpon the morne he wente vnto that foreſt/ And whanne the kynge came to that welle/ he fonde there kepynge by that welle a fayr naked man/ and a ſwerde by hym/ Thenne kyng Marke bleive and ſtraked / and there with his knyghtes came to hym/ and thenne the kynge commaunded his knyghtes to take that naked man with fayrnes / and bryngе hym to my caſtel/ Soo they did ſaufly & fayre and caſt mantels vpon ſir Triſtram and ſoo ledde hym vnto Tyntagyll/ and there they vnthed hym and waſſhed hym and gaf hym hote ſuppynges tyl they hadde brought hym wel to his remembraunce/ but alle this whyle there was no creature that knewe ſir Triſtram nor what man he was/ Soo hit felle vpon a daye that the quene la beale Iſoude herde of ſuche a man/ that cunne naked in the foreſte / and how the kynge hadde brought hym home to the Courte/ Thenne la beale Iſoud called vnto her dame Brangwayne and ſaid come on with me / For we wille goo ſee this man / that my lord brought from the foreſt the laſt daye/ So they paſſed forthe/ and ſpedely where was the ſelfe man/ And thenne a ſquyer tolde the quene that he was in the gardyn / taknyge his reſt/ and repoſe hym ageynſt the ſonne/ Soo whan the quene lokede vpon ſir Triſtram ſhe was not remembryde of hym / but euer ſhe beide vnto dame Brangwayne/ me ſemyth I ſhold haue ſene hym here to fore in many places/ but as ſoone as ſir Triſtram ſalve her/ he knewe her wel ynough/ And thenne he wepte albey his vyſage/ and wepte/ Thenne the quene hadde alwayes a lytel bracket with her that ſir Triſtram gaf her the fyrſt tyme that euer ſhe came in to Cornewaile/ & neuer wold that bracket departe from her / but yf ſyre Triſtram was nyghe

there as was la Beale Isoude / and this bracket was sente from the kynges doughter of Fraunce vnto syre Tristram for grete loue/and anone as this lytel bracket felte a saueour of syr Tristram she lepte vpon hym and lycked his learys and his erys/and the ene he whyned and quested and she smelled at his fete and at his handes/and on all partyes of his body that she myghte come to/A my lady sayd dame Brangwayn vnto la beale Isoude/Alas alas saide she I see it is myn owen lorde syr Tristram/And therupon Isoude felle doune in a swoune and soo laye a grete whyle/And whan she myght spe ke she saide/my lorde sir Tristram blessid be gode ye haue your lyf/and nowe I am sure ye shalle be discouerd by this lytel bracket/for she wille neuer leue you/And also I am sure as soone as my lorde kynge Marke doo knowe you/he will banysshe you oute of the countrey of Cornewaile/or els he will destroye you/For godde sake myn owne lorde/graunte kynge Marke his wille/and thenne drawe you vnto the Contre of kyng arthur/for there are ye byloued/and euer whan I maye I shalle sende vnto you/And whan ye lyst ye may come to me/and at alle tymes erly and late I wille be at your commaundement/ to lyue as poure a lyf as euer dyd quene or lady/O madame said sir Tristram goo from me/for mykel anger and daunger haue I escaped for your loue

Capitulum xxij

Thenne the quene departed / but the bracket wold not from hym/and there with alle came kynge Marke and the bracket sat vpon hym/and kayed at them all/ There with al syr Andred spak and said syr this is sir Tristram I see by the bracket/ Nay said the kyng I can not suppose that / Thenne the kyng asked hym vpon his feith What he was/and what was was his name / So god me helpe said he / my name is sir Tristram de lyones/nowe do by me what ye lyst/A saide kyng Marke me repenteth of your recouer/& thenne he lete calle his barons to Juge sir Tristram to the dethe/thene many of his barons wold not assente therto / and in especyal syr Dynas the seneschal/& sir Fergus/And so by thaduyse of them al sir Tristram was banysshed out of the cõtrey for .vij. yere/& therupon he took his oth vpon a book before the kyng & his barons /

And̄ ſoo he was made to departe oute of the Countrey of Cor̄ nelvaile/and̄ there were many barons brought hym vnto hys ſhyp/of the whiche ſomme were his frendes/& ſomme his foes/ And̄ in the meane whyle there came a knyght of kynge Ar̄ thurs/his name was Dynadan/and̄ his compyng was for to ſeke afar̄ ſir Triſtram/thenne they ſhelded hym where he was armed̄ at alle poyntes goynge to the ſhyp/Nold fayre knyght ſaid̄ ſir Dynadan or ye paſſe this courte that ye will Juſte with me/I requyre the/with a good̄ wille ſaid ſir Triſtram/& thē ſe fordes wille gyue me leue / Thenne the Barons graunted̄ therto/and̄ ſoo they came to gyders / and̄ there ſire Triſtram gaf ſire Dynadan a falle/And thenne he praid̄ ſir Triſtram to gyue hym leue to goo in his felauſhip/ye ſhalle be ryght wel̄ come ſaid̄ thenne ſire Triſtram/and̄ ſoo they took theyr horſes and̄ rode to their ſhyppes to gyders/and̄ whanne ſire Triſtram was in the ſee/he ſaid̄/ Grete wel kyng Marke and̄ alle myn enemyes/and̄ ſaye hem I wille come ageyne whan I maye/ And̄ wel am I rewarded̄ for the fyghtynge with ſire Mar̄ haus/and̄ delyuerd̄ all this countrey from ſeruage/and̄ wel am I rewarded̄ for the fetchyng and̄ coſtes of Quene Iſoud oute of Irland̄/and̄ the daunger that I was in fyrſt & laſt and̄ by the way comynge home what daunger I had̄ to bryn ge ageyne Quene Iſoud from the caſtel Pluere/and̄ wel I am rewarded̄ whanne I fought with ſir Bleoberys for ſyre Segwarydes wyf/and̄ wel am I rewarded̄ whan I fouȝt with ſyre Blamore de ganys for kynge Anguyſſhe/fader vn to la Beale Iſoud̄/and̄ Wel am I rewarded̄ whan I ſmō te doune the good̄ knyght ſyre Lamorak de galys at kynḡ Markes requeſt/ And̄ wel am I rewarded̄ whan I fought with the kynge with the honderd̄ knyghtes/ and the kynge of Northgalys/and̄ bothe theſe wold̄ haue put his land in ſerua ge/and̄ by me they were put to a rebuke/ and̄ wel I am rē warded̄ for the ſleynge of Taulcas the myghty gyaunte and many other dedes haue I done for hym/and̄ nold haue I my warꝑſon/And̄ telle kynge Marke that many noble knyghtes of the table wold̄ haue ſpared̄ the barons of this countrey for my ſake/Alſo am I not wel rewarded̄ whan I fought with the good̄ knyght ſir Palomydes and̄ reſcoued̄ quene Iſoud

from hym/ And at that tyme kynge Marke said afore all his barons I shold haue ben better reuarded/ and forth with alle he took the see/

¶ Capitulum xviij

And at the next landynge faste by the see / there mette with sir Tristram & with sir Dynadan sir Ector de maris and sir Bors de ganys/ and there sir Ector Justed with syr Dynadan/ and he smote hym and his hors doun And thenne sir Tristram wold haue Justed with syre Bors and sir Bors said that he wolde not Juste with no Cornysshe knyghtes/ for they are not called men of worshipp/ and all this was done vpon a brydge/ and with this came sire Bleoberys and syr Dryaunt / and sir Bleoberys proferred to Juste with syr Tristram/ and there sir Tristram smote doune syr Bleoberys/ Thenne said sire Bors de ganys/ I wist neuer Cornysshe knyghte of soo grete valure nor soo valyaunt as that knyght that bereth the trappoures enbroudred with crounes/ And thenne sir Tristram and syr Dynadan departed fro them in to a forest/ and there mette them a damoysel that came for the loue of sire launcelot to seke after somme noble knyghtes of kyng Arthurs courte for to rescolue sir launcelot/ and soo sir launcelot was ordyned/ for by the treason of quene Morgan le fay to haue slayne sir launcelot/ and for that cause she ordyned thyrtty knyghtes to lye in a wayte for sir launcelot/ and this damoysel knewe this treason/ And for this cause the damoysel came for to seke noble knyghtes to helpe syr Launcelot/ For that nyght or the day after syr launcelot sholde come where these xxx knyghtes were/ And soo this damoysel mette with syre Bors and sire Ector and with sir Dryaunt / and there she told hem alle four of the treason of Morgan le fay/ and thenne they promysed her that they wolde be nyghe where sire launcelot sholde mete with the xxx knyghtes/ & yf soo be they set vpon hym/ we wil do rescolues as we can/ so the damoysel departed/ and by aduenture the damoisel met with sir tristram & with sir Dynadan/ & there the damoysel told hem al the treason that was ordyned for sir launcelot/ Fair damoysel said sir tristram bryng me to that same place where they sholde mete with sir launcelot Thenne said sir Dynadan what will ye do/ hit is not for vs to fyghte with thyrtty knyghtes / and wete you wel I wylle

not therof/as to matche one knyght two or thre is ynough and they be men/But for to matche yͤ knyghtes that wille I neuer vndertake/fy for shame sayd sire Tristram / doo but youre parte/Nay sayd sir Dynadan I will not therof/but yf ye will lene me your shelde/for ye bere a shelde of Cornelvaile/ and for the colbardyse that is namedy to the knyghtes of Cornelvaile by your shrldes ye be euer forborne/Nay sayd syr Tristram I will not departe from my shelde for her sake that gaf it me/But one thyng sayd sir Tristram I promyse the syr Dynadan / but yf thou wilt promyse me to abyde with me/here I shalle slee the For I desyre no more of the/ but answer one knyght/And yf thy herte wille not serue the/stande by and loke vpon me and them/Syre sayd syr Dynadan I promyse you to loke vpon & to doo what I may to saue my self/but I wolde I had not mette with you/ Soo thenne anone these thyrtty knyghtes cam fast by these four knyghtes/and they were ware of them/and eyther of other / And soo these thyrtty knyghtes lete for thys cause that they wolde not wrathe them yf cas be that they had adoo with syr launcelot/and the four knyghtes lete them passe to this entent that they wolde see and beholde what they wolde doo with syr launcelot/ and soo the thyrtty knyghtes paste on/and came by sir Tristram and by sir Dynadan/and then ne sir Tristram cryed on hyghe / boo here is a knyght agaynste you for the loue of sire launcelot/and there he shelde two with one sperde and ten with his swerde/ And thenne came in syre Dynadan and he dyde passynge wel / and soo of the thyrtty knyghtes there wente but ten alwey/and they fledde/ All this batailke salve sir Bors de ganys and his thre felalwes / and thenne they salve wel hit was the same knyghte that Justed with hem at the brydge/thenne they took their horses and rode vnto syr Tristram and praysed hym and thanked hym of his goode dedes/and they alle desyred syre Tristram to goo with hem to their lodgynge/ and he sayd nay/he wolde not go to no lodgynge/Thenne they alle four knyghtes praid hym to telle hem his name/ Faire lordes sayd syr Tristram/as at this tyme I wille not telle you my name/¶ Capitulum xxiiij/

THene sir Tristram & sir Dynadan rode forth theire weye tyl they came to the shepherdes & to the herde men/& the

re they aſſkedȝ hem yf they knelde or y lodgynge or herberwugh there nygh handȝ/ ¶ Forſothe ſyrs ſaydȝ the herdȝ men/here by is goodȝ lodgynge in a caſtel/But there is ſuche a cuſtomme that there ſhalle no knyghte be herbewoldȝ but yf he juſte with two knyghtes / andȝ yf he be but one knyghte / he muſt juſte with two / Andȝ as ye be therin ſoone ſhalle ye be matchedȝ/ There is ſhrewde herbewolde ſaidȝ ſyre Dynadan/lodge where ye will/for I wille not lodge there/ Fy for ſhame saydȝ ſir Triſtram are ye not a knyghte of the table roundȝ/wherfore ye may not with your worſhip refuſe your lodgynge/Not ſoo ſaidȝ the herd men/for andȝ ye be beten/ andȝ haue the wers ye ſhalle not be lodged there/andȝ yf ye bete them ye ſhalle be well herbewoldȝ/ A ſaidȝ ſyr Dynadan they are two ſure knyghtes/ Thenne ſire Dynadan woldȝ not lodge there in no maner/but as ſire Triſtram requyredȝ hym of his knyghthode/ andȝ ſo they rode thyder/andȝ to make ſhorte tale ſyr Triſtram andȝ ſir Dynadan ſmote hem doune bothe/andȝ ſoo they entredȝ in to the caſtel and hadȝ good cheer/as they coude thynke or deuyſe / Andȝ whanne they were vnarmedȝ and thought to be merȝ andȝ in goodȝ reſt/there came in at the yates ſyre Palomydes andȝ ſyre Galerys requyrynge to haue the cuſtomme of the caſtel/ what may is this ſaid ſire Dynadan/I wold haue my reſt/that may not be ſaid ſir Triſtram / Now̄ muſt we nedes defende the cuſtomme of this caſtel/in ſoo moche as we haue the better of the lordes of this caſtel / and therfore ſaide ſire Triſtram / nedes muſte ye make you redy/In the deuyls name ſaid ſir Dynadan came I in to your company/ andȝ ſo they made them redy Andȝ ſir Galerys encountredȝ with ſire Triſtram/and ſyr Galerys hitȝ a falle/and ſir Palamydes encountred with ſir Dynadan/andȝ ſir Dynadan hitȝ a falle/ thenne was hit fall forȝ falle/Soo thenne muſte they fyghte on foote / that wold not ſyr Dynadan / for he was ſo ſore bruſedȝ of the falle that ſyre Palomydes gaf hym/Thenne ſir Triſtram vnlacedȝ ſyre Dynadans helme/and praid hym to helpe hym/I wille not ſaide ſyr Dynadan for I am ſore wounded of the thyrtty knyghtes that we hadde but late agoo to doo with alle ¶ But ye ſaire ſaid ſire Dynadan vnto ſyr Triſtram as a madde man and as a man yͭ is oute of his mynde yͭ wold caſt hym ſelf alwey

y in

and I may curse the tyme that euer I salde you/ For in al the worldy are not two suche knyghtes that ley so wode as is sire launcelot and ye syr Tristram/ for ones I felle in the felaushyp of syr launcelot as I haue done nold with you and he set me a werke that a quarter of a yere I kepte my bedde/ Jhesu defende me said syr Dynadan from suche two knyghtes/ and specially from your felaushyp/ Thenne said syre Tristram I will fyghte with hem both/ Thenne syr Tristram badde hem come forth both/ for I wille fyghte with you/ thenne syr Palomydes and syr Galerys dressid them/ and smote at hem bothe/ thenne Dynadan smote at syr Galerys a stroke or two / and turnedy from hym/ nay said sir Palomydes/ it is to moche shame for vs two knyghtes to fyghte with one/ And thenne he dyd byd syr Galerys stande a syde with that knyght that hath no lyste to fyghte/ Thenne they wode to gyders and fought longe/ and atte laste syr Tristram doubled his strokes/ and drofe syre Palomydes a bak/ more than thre strydes/ And thenne by one assente syre Galerys and syr Dynadan wente betwixe them/ and departed them in sonder / And thenne by assent of syr Tristram they wold haue lodged to gyders / But syre Dynadan wold not lodge in that castel/ And thenne he cursed the tyme that euer he came in their feaushyp / and so he wolt his hors / and his harneis/ and departedy/ thenne sir Tristram prayde the lordes of that castel to lene hym a man to brynge hym to a lodgynge/ and so they dyd/ and ouertoke sir Dynadan/ and rode to their lodgynge two myle thens with a goody man in a pryory/ and there they were wel at ease/ And that same nyght sir Bors and sire Blioberys and sir Ector and syre Dryaunt/ abode stylle in the same place there as sire Tristram fouzt with the thyrty knyghtes/ and there they mette with syr Launcelot the same nyght/ and hady made promyse to lodge with syr Colgreuaunce the same nyght/

Capitulum xyb

But anone as the noble knyghte syre launcelot herdy of the shelde of Cornelbayle thenne lyste he wel that hyt

was sire Tristram that fought with his enemyes/ And thenne syr Launcelot prayed syr Tristram/and called hym the man of moost worshyp in the worldy/ ¶ Soo there was a knyght in that pryory that hyght Pellinore/ and he desyred to wete the name of sire Tristram/but in no wyse he coude not/and so syr Tristram departed and lefte sir Dynadan in the pryory/for he was soo wery and soo sore bryseth that he myght not ryde / Thenne this knyght syr Pellinore saidy to sire Dynadan/sy; they that ye wille not telle me that knyghtes name I wille ry de after hym/and make hym to telle me his name/or he shall dye therfore/Beldame sir knyght said sir Dynadan/for and ye folowe hym/ye shalle repente hit/ Soo that knyghte sire Pelli; nore rode after sire Tristram and requyred hym of Justes /the; ne si. Tristram smote hym doune and wounded hym thoruz the sholder/and soo he past on his way/ And on the next day folowyng syr Tristram mette with pursyuantes/ and they told hym that there was made a grete crye of turnement bitwene kynge Carados of scotlandy and the kynge of Northwalys/ e eyther sholdy juste ageyne other at the castel of mayens/ andy these pursyuantes sought alle the cuntrey after the good knyz; tes /andy in especyal kynge Carados lete make sekynge for sir Launcelot du lake/andy the kyng of Northgalys lete seke af; ter sir Tristram de lyonas/ ¶ And at that tyme syr Tristram thought to be at that Justes / and soo by aduenture they mette with sire Kay the seneschal andy syr Sagramor le desyrus/and syr Kay requyredy sir Tristram to Juste/andy sire Tristram in a maner refusedy hym/by cause he wold not be hurte nor brysed ageynste the grete Justes that shold be bifore the castel of may dens/andy therfore he thought to repose hym andy to reste hym/ Andy allway sir Kay cryedy sir knyzt of Cornewaile Juste with me/or elis yelde the to me as recreaunte/whan sir Tristram herd hym saye soo /he tornedy to hym / andy thenne sire Kay refusedy hym andy tornedy his bak/Thenne syr Tristram saidy as I fyn de the/I shalle take the/ Thenne sire Kay tornedy with euyll wylle/andy syre Tristram smote syr Kay doune/andy soo he ro; de forthe/ ¶ Thenne syre Sagramor le desyrus rode after syre Tristram / andy maade hym to Juste with hym/andy there syre Tristram smote doune syre Sagramor le desyrus from his hors

and̄ wode his way/and̄ the same day he mette with a damoysel that told̄ hym that he sholde wynne grete worship of a knyzt aduenturous that dyde moche harme in alle that countrey/

¶ Whanne sir Tristram herde her say soo/he was gladde to goo with her to wynne worshipp/ So sire Tristram wode with that damoysel a vj myle/and̄ thenne mette hym syre Galhayne/and̄ there with alle syre Galhayne knewe the damoysel / that she was a damoysel of Quene Morgan le fay/Thenne sir Galhayne vnderstode that she ladde that knyght to somme meschyef/ Faire knyght said̄ sire Galhayne whyder ryde you nold̄ with that damoysel / Syr said̄ sire Tristram I wote not whyder I shalle ryde/but as the damoysel wylle lede me/Syr saide syre Galhayne ye shalle not ryde with her/for she and̄ her lady did neuer good̄ but ylle / And̄ thenne sir Galhayne pulled̄ oute his swerd̄/and̄ said̄/damoysel/but yf thou telle me anon̄/for what what cause thou ledest this knyzt with the thou shalt dye for hit ryght anone/I knowe alle your ladyes treason̄/& yours/Mercy syre Galhayne she said̄ / and̄ yf ye wille saue my lyf/I wille telle you/Saye on̄ said̄ sir Galhayne/and̄ thou shalte haue thy lyf / Syre she said̄ Quene Morgan̄ le fay my lady hath ordeyned̄ a yyy ladyes to seke & aspye after sir launcelot or sir tristram/& by ꝑ trainys of these ladyes who ꝑ may fyrst mete ony of these two knyghtes they sholdē torne hem vnto Morgan̄ le fays castel/sayenge that they sholdē doo dedes of worshipp/& yf ony of tho two knyztes cam there/ there be yyy knyghtes kepenge and̄ watchynge in a toure to wayte vpon̄ sir launcelot or vpon̄ syre tristram/Fy for shame said̄ sire Galhayne that euer suche fals treason̄ sholdē be wrought or vsed̄ in a quene and̄ a kynges syster/and̄ a kynge and̄ queues doughter

¶ Capitulum yyvj

Syr said̄ sire Galhayne wille ye stande with me / and̄ we wille see the malyz of these thyrtty knyghtes/ syr said̄ sir tristram goo ye to hem/and̄ hit please you/and ye shal see I wille not fayle you/for hit is not long a go syn I and̄ a felawe mette with thyrtty knyztes of that quenes felauship

And god spede vs so that we may wynne worshyp/So then sir Galvayne and sire tristram rode towardes the castel where Morgan le fay was/and euer sir Galvayne demed wel that he was sire tristram de lyones by cause he herd that two knyghtes had slayne and ben thyrtty knyghtes/And whanne they came afore the castel sir Galvayn spak on hyghe/and said Quene Morgan le fay sende oute youre knyghtes/ that ye haue leyd in a watche for sir launcelot & for sir tristram / Now said sir Galvayne I knowe your fals treason/ and thorou all places where that I ryde men shall knowe of your fals treason/and now lete see sir Galvayn/whether ye dare come out of your castel ye thyrtty knyghtes/thenne the quene spak and al the thyrtty knyghtes attones/and said/sir Galvayne ful wel wetest thou what thou dost and saist / For by god we knowe the passynge wel/But alle that thou spekest/and dost/thold saist hit vpon pryde of that good knyghte that is there with the/For there be somme of vs that knowen full wel the hardes of that knyght ouer alle wel/And wete thou wel sir gawayne / hit is more for his sake than for thyn that we wylle not come oute of this castel / For wete ye wel sir Galvayne the knyght that berith the armes of Cornewaile / we knowe hym/and what he is/thenne sir Galvayne and sir tristram departed and rode on their wayes a day or two to gyders / and there by aduenture they met with syr Kay and syr Sagramor le desyrus/And thenne they were glad of syr galvayne/and he of them/but they wiste not what he was with the shelde of Cornewaile/but by dempnge/And thus they rode to gyders a daye or two/And thenne they were ware of syr Breuse sanz pyte chacynge a lady for to haue slayne her/for he had slayn her paramour afore/ Hold you all stylle said syr Galvayne & shelde none of you forthe/and ye shalle see me rewarde yonder fals knyght/for and he aspye you he is so wel horsed that he wille escape alwey/And thenne syr Galvayne rode betwix syr Breuse and the lady/and said fals knyghte leue her/and haue adoo with me/whan syr Breuse salve no moo but syre gawayne he feutryd his speer/and syr Galvayne ageynst hym/and there syr Breuse ouerthrewe syr Galvayne/and thenne he rode ouer hym/& ouerthwart hym twenty tymes to haue destroyed

hym/ and whan sire Tristram salwe hym doo soo bylaynous a
dede/he hurtledy oute ageynste hym/Andy whan syr Bruse sa;
lwe hym with the shelde of Carnewaile / he knelwe hym wel;
that it was syre Tristram/andy thenne he fledde/andy sir Tris;
tram folowedy after hym/and syr Bruse saunce pyte was so
horsedy that he wente his waye quyte/and sir Tristram folowed
hym longe/for he woldy fayne haue ben auengydy vpon hym /
Andy soo whanne he haddy longe chacedy hym / he salwe a fayre
welle/andy thyder he wode to repose hym/andy tryedy his hors til
a tree/

Capitulum xlvij

Andy thenne he pulledy of his helme andy wasshedy his
vysage/andy his handes/andy soo he felle on slepe /
In the meane whyle came a damoysel that had so;
ughte sir tristram many wayes andy dayes within this landy /
Andy whanne she came to the welle she loked vpon hym/& hady
forgeteny hym as in remembraunce of sire Tristram/ but by hys
hors she knelwe hym/that hyghte passe Perilwel/ that had ben
sire Tristrams hors many yeres/For whanne he was mad in
the forest/syr Fergus kepte hym/Soo this lady dame Bran;
gwayne abode stylle tyl he was awake/Soo whanne she salwe
hym wake/she salewedy hym/andy he her ageyn/for eyther kn;
elwe other of oldy acqueyntaunce/thenne she toldy hym how she
hady sought hym longe andy brode/andy there she toldy hym how
she hadde letters from quene la krale Isoudy/ Thenne anony sire
Tristram redde them/and wete ye well/he was gladde/for ther;
eyn was many a pyteous complaynte/Thenne sir Tristram sa
idy/lady Brangwayne ye shalle ryde with me tyl that turne
ment be done at the castel of maydens / Andy thenne shalle ye
here letters andy tydynges with you/And thenne sire tristram
took his hors andy sought lodgynge / andy there he mette with
a goody auncyent knyght andy praydy hym to lodge with hym
Ryzt so came Gonernaile Bruz vnto sir Tristram / that was glady
of that lady/Soo this oldy knyghtes name was sir Phelotdy;
nus/andy he toldy of the grete turnement that sholdy be att the
Castel of maydens/And there sir launcelot andy xxvij knyztes

of his bloody kyn ordeyned shrdes of Cornewaile/ and ryght soo there came one vnto syr Pellounes/ and tolde hym that sir Persydes de bloyse was come home / thenne that kynght lyft vp his handes and thanked god of his comynge home / and there sir Pellounes told syr Tristram that in two yeres he had not sene his sone syr Persydes/ Syr saide sir Tristram I trowe your sone wel ynough for a good knyght/ soo on a tyme syr Tristram and syr Persydes came to their lodgynge both at ones/ and soo they vnarmed hem/ and putte vpon hem their clothynge/ And thenne these two knyghtes eche welcomed o=ther/ And whanne syr Persydes vnderstode that sir Tristram was of Cornewaile/ he saide he was ones in Cornewaile/ and there I justed afore kynge Marke/ And soo it happed me at that tyme/ to ouerthrowe ten knyghtes / and thenne came to me syr Tristram de lyones and ouerthrewe me/ and took my lady awey from me/ and that shalle I neuer forgete / but I shalle remembre me and euer I see my tyme/ A saide sir tryst=tram now I vnderstande that ye hate syr Tristram/ what dyde ye/ wene ye that sir Tristram is not able to withstande your ma=ystre/ yes saide sir Persydes I knowe wel that sir Tristram is a noble knyght and a moche better knyght than I/ yet shalle I not owe hym my good wille/ ¶ Ryght as they stode thus talkynge at a bay wyndowe of that castel / they salwe many knyghtes rydynge to and fro towardy the turnement / And thenne was sire Tristram ware of a lykely knyght rydyng vp on a grete blacke hors/ and a blacke couerd shelde/ what knyght is that saide sire Tristram with the blacke hors & the blak shelde he semeth a good knyght/ I knowe hym wel saide sir Persydes he is one of the best knyghtes of the world / thenne is it syre Launcelot saide sir Tristram/ nay saide syre Persydes/ hit is syr Galompydes/ that is yet vncrystened /

¶ Capitulum xxviii

Thenne they salwe moche people of the country salue sire Galompydes/ And within a whyle after/ there cam a squyer of the castel / that tolde syre Pellounes that was lord of that castel/ that a knyght with a blak shelde had

ſmyten doune thyrtty knyghtes/ Faye broder ſaidꝫ ſir Triſtram vnto ſyr Perſydes/lete vs caſte vpon vs clokes/ andꝫ lete vs goo ſee the play/Not ſoo ſaidꝫ ſir Perſydes/ we wille not goo lyke knaues thyder / but we wille ryde lyke men andꝫ goodꝫ knyghtes to withſtande oure enemyes/ Soo they armedꝫ them andꝫ took their horſes andꝫ grete ſperes/andꝫ thyderꝫ they went there as many knyghtes aſſayedꝫ hem ſelf before the turnement Andꝫ anone ſir Palomydes ſalde ſir Perſydes/andꝫ thenne he ſente a ſquyer vnto hym andꝫ ſaidꝫ/goo thou to the ponder knyght with the grene ſheldꝫ andꝫ therin a lyon of goolde/and ſay hym I requyre hym to juſte with me/ andꝫ telle hym that my name is ſire Palomydes/whanne ſir Perſydes vnderſtoodꝫ that requeſt of ſyr Palomydes/he made hym redy / andꝫ there anone they mette to gyders/but ſyr Perſydes hadꝫ a falle Thenne ſyr Triſtram dreſſidꝫ hym to be auengydꝫ vpon ſir Palomydes/andꝫ that ſalde ſyr Palomydes that was redy/andꝫ ſoo was not ſire Triſtram andꝫ took hym at auauntage / andꝫ ſmote hym ouer his hors tayle whanne he had no ſpere in his ryghte/Thenne ſtarte vp ſyr Triſtram andꝫ took his hors lyghtly/andꝫ was wrothe oute of meſure / andꝫ ſore aſhamedꝫ of that falle / Thenne ſire Triſtram ſentꝫ vnto ſyr Palomydes by Gouernaile and prayedꝫ hym to juſte with hym at his requeſt Nay ſaidꝫ ſire Palomydes as att this tyme I wille not juſte with that knyght / for I knowe hym better than he weneth/ Andꝫ yf he be wrothe/he may ryghte it to morne att the caſtel of maydens/where he maye ſee me andꝫ many other knyghtes with that came ſyr Dynadan/andꝫ whanne he ſalde ſire Triſtrã wrothe/he lyſt not to japꝫ/to ſaydꝫ ſir Dynadan/ther may a mã preue/Be a man neuer ſoo goodꝫ yet maye he haue a falle / & he was neuer ſoo wyſe but he myght be ouerſene/and he rydeth wel that neuer fylle/Soo ſyr Triſtram was paſſynge wrothe andꝫ ſaydꝫ to ſyre Perſydes andꝫ to ſyre Dynadan I wille re uenge me/Ryghte ſoo as they ſtood talkyng there/there came by ſir Triſtram a lykely knyght rydyng paſſynge ſoberly and treuply with a blak ſhelde/what knyght is that ſaid ſir Triſtram vnto ſyr Perſydes/ I knowe hym wel ſaidꝫ ſir Perſydes/for his name is ſire Bryaunt of Northwalys/ſoo he paſte on amonge other knyghtes of Northwalys / Andꝫ there came

in ſyre launcelot du lake with a ſheldy of the armes of Cor=
nelbaile/and he sente a squyer vnto ſyr Bryaunt/and requy=
rede hym to juſte with hym/wel ſaid ſyr Bryannt/ſythen I
am requyred to juſte/I wille doo what I may / and there
ſyre launcelot ſmote downe ſyr Bryaunt from his hors a gre=
te falle/And thenne ſyr Triſtram merueiled what knyght he
was that bare the ſheldy of Cornelbaile/what ſo euer he be ſa=
idy ſyr Dynadan I warante you he is of Kynge Bannys
bloody/the whiche ben knyghtes of the mooſt noble prolweſſe /
in the worldy for to accompte ſoo many for ſoo many / Thenne
there came tlwo knyztes of Northgales/that one hyghte Helue
de la montayne/and the other ſyr Madok de la montayne / &
they chalengyd ſire launcelot foote hote / Syr Launcelot not
refuſyng hem but made hym redy/with one ſpere he ſmote hem
doune bothe ouer their hors croupes/and ſoo ſir launcelot rode
his wlay/By the goody lordy ſaidy ſire Triſtram he is a goody
knyght that bereth the ſhelde of Cornelbaile/ and me ſemeth he
rydeth in the beſt maner that euer I ſalwe knyghte ryde/Then=
ne the kynge of Northgalys rode vnto ſyre Palompdes / and
praidy hym hertely for his ſake to juſte with that knyght that
hath done vs of Northgalys deſpyte / Syr ſaid ſir Palompdes
I am ful lothe to haue adoo with that knyght / and cauſe why
is/for as to morne the grete turnement ſhalle be/And therfor
I wille kepe my ſelf freſſhe by my wille/Nay ſaidy the kyngy
of Northgalys I pray you requyre hym of juſtes/ſyre ſaidy
ſyr palompdes I wille juſte at your requeſt/and requyre that
knyght to juſte with me/andy ofty I haue ſene a many haue
a falle at his owne requeſt

Capitulum xix

Thenne ſir palompdes sente vnto ſir launcelot a ſquyer
andy requyredy hym of juſtes/Fair felawe ſaidy ſir la=
uncelot/telle me thy lordes name/Syre ſaid the ſquyer my lor
des name is ſyr Palompdes the goody knyght/In goody hou=
re ſaidy ſir launcelot /for there is no knyght that I ſalwe thys
ſeuen yeres that I hady leuer adoo with all thany with hym /

And̄ so eyther knyghtes made hem redy with two grete speres
Nay saide syr Dynadan ye shalle see that sir Palomydes will
quyte hym ryght wel/hit may be soo saide sir Tristram/ but I
vnderstande that knyght with the shelde of Cornewayle shal gy
ue hym a falle/I bileue hit not saide sir Dynadan/ Ryght so
they spoord their horses/and feutryd̄ their speres / and̄ eyther
hytte other/and̄ syr palomydes brake a spere vpon sire launce
lot/and̄ he sat and meued not/but sir Launcelot smote hym so
lyghtly that he made his hors to auoyde the sadel/and̄ the stro
ke brake his shelde and̄ the hauberke/and had he not falle/he
had̄ be slayne/holde nolde said sir Tristram/ I wiste wel by the
maner of their rydyng bothe that sire Palomydes sholde haue
a falle/Ryght so sir Launcelot rode his way and̄ rode to a well
to drynke and̄ to repose hym/and they of Northgalys aspyed̄
hym whyther he rode/ and̄ thenne there folowed̄ hym twelue
knyghtes for to haue meschyued̄ hym/ for this cause that vp
on the morne at the turnement of the castel of maydens that he
sholde not wynne the victory/ Soo they came vpon sir launce
lot sodenly and̄ vnnethe he myght putte vpon hym his helme /
and take his hors but they were in handes with hym/& then
ne sir Launcelot gat his spere and̄ rode thorou them/and there
he slewe a knyght and brake his spere in his body/ Thenne he
drewe his swerd and smote vpon the ryght hand and vpon the
lyfte hand̄ soo that within a fewe strokes he had̄ slayne o
ther thre knyghtes/and̄ the remenaunt that abode he wounded
hem sore alle that dyd̄ abyde/ Thus syr Launcelot escaped from
his enemyes of Northwalys/and thenne sir Launcelot rode his
way tyl a frende & lodged hym tyl on the morne/for he wold
not the fyrste daye haue ado in the turnement by cause of his
grete labour/And on the fyrst day he was with kyng Arthur
there as he was set on hyghe vpon a schaffold to discerne who
was best worthy of his dedes/So sir Launcelot was with kyng
Arthur/and̄ Justed̄ not the fyrst daye /

¶ Capitulum xxx

NOw torne we vnto sir Tristram de lyones that comma
unded Gouernaile his seruaunt to ordeyne hym a blak
shelde with none other remembraunce therin/

And ſoo ſyr Perſydes and ſyr Triſtram departed from their hoſte ſyr Pellounes / and they rode erly tolward the turnement/and thenne they dyelde hem to kynge Carados ſyde of Scotlandy / and anone knyghtes beganne the felde what of kynge Northgalys party/and what of kynge Carados party/ & there began grete party/Thenne there was hurlyng and raſſhynge/Ryght ſoo came in ſyr Perſydes and ſire Triſtram/and ſoo they dyde fare that they put the kyng of Northgalys aback Thenne came in ſyre Bleoberys de ganys and ſyr Galerys with them of Northgalys/and thenne was ſir Perſydes ſmyten doune/and alle mooſt ſlayne / For moo than yl horſmen were ouer hym/ For ſyr Bleoberys dyd grete dedes of armes and ſyre Galerys fayledy hym not/whanne ſire Triſtram byheldy them/and ſalde hem doo ſuche dedes of armes/he meruey ledy what they were/ Alſo ſir Triſtram thought ſhame that ſir Perſydes was ſoo done to / and thenne he gat a grete ſpere in his handy/and thenne he rode to ſire Galerys and ſmote hym doune from his hors/ And thenne was ſire Bleoberys wroth and gate a ſpere and rode ageynſt ſir Triſtram in grete yre/ & there ſyre Triſtram mette with hym/ and ſmote ſir Bleoberys from his hors/Soo thenne the kynge with the honderd knyghtes was wrothe/and he horſedy ſire Bleoberys and ſir galerys ageyne/and there beganne a grete medle/and euer ſir triſtram helpy them paſſynge ſhorte/ and euer ſir Bleoberys was paſſynge hefy vpon ſyre Triſtram/and there came ſir Dynadan a geynſt ſyre Triſtram/and ſire Triſtram gaf hym ſuche a buffet that he ſwounedy in his ſadel/ Thenne anone ſir Dynadan cam to ſire Triſtram / and ſaidy ſyr I knolde the better than tholde weneſt / But here I promyſe the my trouthe I wille neuer comme ayenſt the more/for I promyſe the that ſwordy of thyn ſhal neuer come on myn helme/with that came ſir Bleoberys/and ſyr Triſtram gaf hym ſuche a buffet that doune he leyd his hede/and thenne he raught hym ſo fore by the helme/that he pulledy hym vnder his hors feet/ And thenne kyng Arthur bleldy to lodgynge/Thenne ſyre Triſtram departedy to his pauelione/ and ſire Dynadan rode with hym/and ſire Perſydes & kyng Arthur thenne and the kynges vpon bothe partyes meruelled what knyght that was with the blak ſhelde/ Many ſaid their

aduyse/and̄ some knelde hym for syr Tristram/and̄ helde their pees and̄ wolde nought say/Soo that fyrste day kyng Arthur and̄ alle the kynges and̄ lordes that were Juges gaf sir Tristram the prys/how be hit they knelde hym not but named̄ hym the knyght with the black shelde

¶ Capitulum xxxj

Thenne vpon the morne sire Palomydes retorned̄ from the kynge of Northgalys/and̄ rode to kyng Arthurs syde where was kynge Carados and̄ the kynge of Irland̄/& syr launcelots kynne and̄ sir Galvayns kynne/So sire Palomydes sente the damoysel vnto sire Tristram that he sente to felle hym whanne he was oute of his mynde in the forest/and̄ thys damoysel asked̄ sire Tristram / what he was/ and̄ what was his name/As for that said̄ sir Tristram telle sir Palomydes ye shalle not wete as at this tyme vnto the tyme I haue broken two speres vpon hym/But lete hym wete thus moche said sir Tristram,/ that I am the same knyghte that he smote doune in ouer euenyng at the turnement & telle hym playnly/on what party that syr Palomydes be/I wille be of the contrary parte Syre said̄ the damoysel ye shalle vnderstande that sir Palomydes wille be on kyng Arthurs syde/where the moost noble knyghtes of the worlde ben̄/In the name of god̄ said̄ sir Tristram/thenne wille I be with the kynge of Northgalys by cause syr Palomydes wille be on kynge Arthurs syde / and̄ els I wolde not but for his sake/¶ Soo whanne kynge Arthur was come they kelde vnto the felde / and̄ thenne there began a grete party/and̄ soo kynge Carados Justed̄ with the kynge of the honderd̄ knyghtes / and̄ [illegible] kynge Carados hadde a falle/thenne was there hurlynge and̄ rasshynge/and̄ ryght so cam in knyghtes of kynge Arthure/and̄ they bare on bak the kynge of Northgalys knyghtes/ Thenne sir Tristram came in and̄ beganne so roughly and̄ soo bygly that there was none myght withstande hym/and̄ thus sire Tristram dured̄ longe/ ¶ And̄ at the laste syr Trystram felle amonge the felaushyp of kynge Ban/and̄ there felle vpon hym syr Bors de ganys/ and̄ syr Ector de marys/and̄ sire Blamor de ganys/& many

other knyghtes/ And thenne sir Tristram smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand that alle lordes and ladyes spake of his noble dedes / But at the laste syre Tristram sholde haue ende the werse/had not the kynge with the hondred knyghtes ben / And thenne he came with his felaushyp and rescolued sir Tristram/and brought hym alwey from the knyghtes that bare the shyldes of Cornewaile / and thenne sir Tristram salde another felaushyp by them self / and there were a yl knyghtes to gyder/and sir Kay the Seneschal was there gouernour/Thenne sire Tristram rode in amongeste them / and there he smote doune syr Kay from his hors/and there he fared among the knyghtes lyke a grey hound among conyes/Thenne sire launcelot fond a knyght that was sore wounded vpon the hede/Sir said sir launcelot who wounded you so sore/ Sire he said a knyght that berith a blacke shelde/ and I maye curse the tyme that euer I mette with hym for he is a deuyl and no man Soo sire launcelot departed fro hym/& thought to mete with sir Tristram/and soo he rode with his swerd drawen in his hand to seke sir Tristram/and thenne he aspyed hym how he hurled here and there/and at euery stroke syr Tristram wel nygh smote doune a knyght/O mercy Jhesu said the kynge syth the tyme I bare armes salde I neuer no knyght do so merueillous dedes of armes/And yf I shold sette vpon this knyght said sir Launcelot to hym self I dyd shame to my self/& there with al sir launcelot put vp his swerd/And thēne the kyng with the C knyghtes/and an hondred more of Northwalys set vpon the twenty of sir launcelots kyn/and they xx knyghtes held them euer to gyder/as wylde swyne and none wold faile other/& so whan sir Tristram beheld the noblesse of these xx knyghtes / he merueiled of their good dedes/ for he sawe by their fare and by their rule that they had leuer dye than auoyde the felde / Now Jhesu saide syre Tristram wel maye he be Valyaunte and ful of prowesse that hath suche a sorte of noble knyghtes vnto his kynne/ and ful lyke is he to be a noble man that is their leder and gouernour/ he mente hit by sir Launcelot du Lake/ Soo whanne syre Tristram had be holden them long/he thought shame to see/ñ/ C knyghtes batteryng

vpon twenty knyghtes/ ¶ Thenne sire Tristram wode vnto the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ and said syre leue youre fyghtynge with tho twenty knyghtes/for ye wynne no worshyp of them/ye be soo many/and they soo fewe/ And wete ye well they wille not oute of the felde I see by their chere and countenaunce/and worshyp gete ye none and ye slee them/ therfore leue your fyghtynge with them/ for I to entreate my worshyp/I wyll ryde to the twenty knyghtes and helpe them with al my myghte and power/ ¶ Nay said the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ye shalle not do so/ Nowe I see youre courage and curtosy/ I wille withdrawe my knyghtes for your pleasyr/ for euermore a goode knyght wylle fauoure another/and lyke wille drawe to lyke/

¶ Capitulum xxxij

Thenne the kyng with the honderd knyghtes withdrewe his knyghtes/ And al this whyle and long tofore syr launcelot had watched vpon syr Tristram with a very purpos to haue felaushipped With hym/ And thenne sodenly syr Tristram/syr Dynadan/and Gouernaile his man wode their waye in to the forest that no man perceyued where they went/ Soo thenne kynge Arthur bleue vnto lodgynge/ and gaf the kynge of Northgalys the pryce by cause syr Tristram was vpon his syde/ Thenne syr launcelot rode here and there so woode as lyon that fautred his fylle by cause he had lost syr Tristram/ and soo he retorned vnto kynge Arthur/ and thenne in alle the felde was a noyse that with the wynde hit myght be herd two myle thens/ how the lordes and ladyes cryed the knyght with the blak shelde hath wonne the felde

¶ Alas said kynge Arthur where is that knyght become/ hit is shame to alle tho in the felde so to lete hym escape alwey from you/ but with gentylnes and curtosy ye myght haue brought hym vnto me to the castel of maydens

¶ Thenne the noble kynge Arthur went vnto his knyghtes and comforted them in the best wyse that he coude/ and sayd/ my fayre felawes be not dysmayed/ how be hit ye haue lost

the felde this daye and many were hurte and sore wounded / and many were hole/ ¶ My felawes saide kynge Arthur bidde that ye be of good chere / for to morne I wille be in the felde with you and reuenge you of youre enemyes

¶ Soo that nyght kynge Arthur and his knyghtes reposed them self/ ¶ The damoysel that came from la Beale Isoude vnto syr Tristram alle the whyle the turnement was adoynge she was with Quene Gueneuer/and euer the Quene asked her for what cause she came in to that Countrey

¶ Madame she answerde I come for none other cause but from my lady la Beale Isoud to wete of your welfare/ For in no wyse she wolde not telle the Quene that she came for syr Tristrams sake/ Soo this lady dame Brangwayne took her leue of Quene Gueneuer/and she rode after syr Tristram / And as she rode thurgh the foreste she herde a grete crye / thenne she commaunded her squyer to goo in to that foreste to wete what was that noyse/and soo he came to a welle and there he fonde a knyght lounden tyl a tree crying as he had ben wode and his hors and his harneis standynge by hym/And whan he aspyed the squyer/ther with he abraide/and brake hym self loos and took his swerde in his hande/and ranne to haue slayne that squyer/Thenne he took his hors and fledde alle that euer he myght vnto dame Brangwayne/ and told her of his aduenture/Thenne she rode vnto syr Tristrams pauelione / and told sire Tristram what aduenture she had fonde in the foreste / Alas said syr Tristram vpon my hede there is somme good knyght at meschyef/Thenne sire Tristram tooke his hors and his swerde/and rode thyder/there he herd bold the knyght complaynede vnto hym self and sayde/ O woful knyght syre pardonyde what mysauenture befalleth me/that thus am defoiled with falshede and treason thorou syre Bors and syre Ector / Alas he sayde why lyue I soo longe/ And thenne he gat his swerd in his handes/ and maade many straunge sygnes and tokens/and soo thorou his ragynge he threwe his swerde in to that fontayne ¶ Thenne sir Palomydes wayted and wrange his handes/ And at the laste for pure sorowe he ranne in to that Fontayne ouer his hede / and sought after

his swerde/ Thenne sir Tristram sadde that and ranne vpon syr Palomydes/ and helde hym in his armes fast/ What arte thou sayd Palomydes that holdeth me soo/ I am a man of this so-reste that wolde the none harme/ Allas sayd sire Palomydes I maye neuer wynne worshipp where syr Tristram is/ For euer where he is/ and I be there thenne gete I no worshipp/ And yf he be alyue/ for the moost party I haue the gree/ onles that sir Launcelot be there or syr Lamorak/ Thenne sire Palomydes sayd ones in Irlande syr Tristram putte me to the worse/ and another tyme in Cornewaile and in other places in this lande What wolde ye do said syr Tristram & ye hadde sir Tristram/ I wolde fyghte with hym saide sir Palomydes and ease my herte vpon hym/ and yet to saye the sothe syr Tristram is the gentelyst knyght in this worlde lyuynge/ What wil ye doo sayd sir Tristram wille ye goo with me to youre lodgynge/ Nay sayde he I wille goo to the kynge with the honderde knyghtes/ for he rescoweed me from sire Bors de ganys/ and sir Ector/ & els hadde I ben slayne traitourly/ Syre Tristram sayd hym suche kynde wordes that syr Palomydes wente with hym to his lodgynge/ Thenne Gouernaile wente to fore/ and charged dame Orangwayn to goo oute of the way to her lodgynge/ and byd ye syre Persydes that he make hym no quarels/ And so they rode to gyders tyl they came to sire Tristrams pauelone/ and there syre Palomydes sadde alle the chere that myght be hadde alle that nyghte/ But in no wyse sire Palomydes myzt not knowe what was syr Tristram/ and soo after souper they yede to reste And syr Tristram for grete trauaile slepte tylle it was daye/ And syr Palomydes myghte not slepe for anguyssh/ and in the daunynge of the daye he tooke his hors prycely/ and rode his waye vnto syr Galerys and vnto syr Sagramour le desyrus/ where they were in their pauelions/ for they thre were fe-lawes at the begynnynge of the turnement/ And thenne vpon the morne the kynge bleue vnto the turnement vpon the thyrde daye/

¶ Capitulum xxxiii/

SOo the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes they two encountred with kyng Carados and with the kynge of Irlande / and there the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Carados/ and the kynge of Northgalys smote doune the kynge of Irlande/ With that came in syr Palomydes/ and whan he cam he made grete werke / for by his endenterd shelde he was welle knowen/ Soo came in kynge Arthur/ and dyd grete deedes of armes to gyders/ and putte the kynge of Northgalys and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes to the werse/ With this came in syr Tristram with his blacke shelde/ And anone he justed with syre palomydes/ and there by fyne force syr Tristram smote syre palomydes ouer his hors croupe/ Thenne kynge Arthur cryed Knyght with the blacke shelde make the redy to me/ and in the same wyse sir Tristram smote kynge Arthur/ And thenne by force of kyng Arthurs knyghtes the kynge and sir palomydes were horsed ageyne/ Thenne kyng Arthur with a grete egre herte he gate a spere in his hand/ and therupon the one syde he smote syr Tristram ouer his hors/ Thenne foote hote syr Palomydes cam vpon sir Tristram as he was vpon foot to haue ouer ryden hym/ Thenne sir Tristram was ware of hym / & there he stouped a syde/ and with grete yre he gate hym by the arme/ and pulled hym doune from his hors/ Thenne syre palomydes lyghtly arose/ and thenne they dasshed to gyder myghtely with their swerdes/ and many kynges / Quenes and lordes stode and beheld them/ And at the laste syre Tristram smote syre palomydes vpon the helme thre myghty strokes/ and at euery stroke that he gaf hym he said haue this for syre Tristrams sake/ With that syre Palomydes felle to the erthe grouelynge/ Thenne came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / & brought syre Tristram an hors/ and soo was he horsed ageyn/ By thenne was syr Palomydes horsed / and with grete yre he justed vpon syr Tristram with his spere as hit was in the reyste and gaf hym a grete dasshe with his swerde/

¶ Thenne sir Tristram auoyded his spere/ and gate hym by the neck with his bothe handes/ and pulled hym clene oute of his sadel/ and soo he bare hym afore hym the lengthe of ten speres / & thenne in the presence of hem al he lete hym falle at his

aduenture/Thenne ſire Triſtram was ware of kynge Arthur/ with a naked ſwerde in his hande/and with his ſpere ſir Triſtram ranne vpon kynge Arthur/ and thenne kynge Arthur boldely abode hym and with his ſwerde he ſmote alwo his ſpere/and there with alle ſyre Triſtram ſtonyed/ and ſoo kynge Arthur gaf hym thre or foure grete ſtrokes or he myght gete out his ſwerde/and at the laſt ſir Triſtram dreue his ſwerde and aſſaylede other paſſynge harde/with that the grete prees departede/thenne ſir Triſtram rode here and there and dyde his gre te payne that yf of the goode knyghtes of the blood of kynge Ban that was of ſire launcelots kyn/that daye ſyre Triſtram ſmote doune/that alle the eſtates merueilled of his grete dedes and alle cryed vpon the knyght with the black ſhelde

Capitulum xxviii

Thenne this crye was ſoo large/that ſir launcelot herd it/And thenne he gate a grete ſpere in his hande/and came towardes the crye/Thenne ſir launcelot cryed/ the knyght with the blak ſhelde make the redy to juſte with me/ whanne ſire Triſtram herde hym ſay ſo he gate his ſpere in his hande/and eyther abeyſſed doun their hedes/and came to gyder as thonder/and ſire Triſtrams ſpere braſte in pyeces/and ſyr launcelot by male fortune ſtroke ſir Triſtram on the ſyde a depe wounde nyghe to the dethe/But yet ſyr Triſtram auoyded not his ſadel/and ſoo the ſpere braſt/there with alle ſir triſtram that was wounded gate oute his ſwerde/and he raſſhed to ſir launcelot/and gaf hym thre grete ſtrokes vpon the helme that the fyre ſprange there oute/and ſir launcelot abeyſſed his hede lowely toward his ſadel bowe/And there with alle ſir triſtram departed from the felde/ for he felte hym ſoo wounded that he wende he ſholde haue dyed/ and ſir Dynadan aſſayed hym and followed hym in to the foreſt/Thenne ſir launcelot abode & dyde many merueyllous dedes/ Soo whan ſire Triſtram was departed by the foreſte ſyde/he alyghte & vnlaced his harneis and ſaw his wounde/thenne wende ſir Dynadan that he ſholde

haue dyd/ Nay nay saide sire Tristram/ Dynadan/ neuer drede the/ for I am hetle hole/ & of this wounde I shal soone be hole by the mercy of god/ ¶ By that sir Dynadan was ware where came palomydes rydynge strygthe vpon them / And thenne syre Tristram was ware that syre palomydes came to haue destroyed hym / and so syre Dynadan gaf hym warnyng and saide sire Tristram my lord ye are soo sore wounded that ye may not haue adoo with hym / therfore I wille ryde ageynst hym and doo to hym what I maye/ And yf I be slayne ye maye praye for my soule and in the meane whyle ye maye withdrawe you and goo in to the castel/ or in the foreste that he shalle not mete with you/ ¶ Syre Tristram smyled and said I thanke you syre Dynadan of your good wylle/ but ye shalle wete that I am able to handle hym/ And thenne anone hastely he armed hym and took his hors/ and a grete spere in his hand and said to syre Dynadan Adieu / & rode tobard syre palamydes a softe paas

¶ Thenne whanne sire palomydes sawe that/ he made countenaunce to amende his hors / but he dyd hit for this cause/ For he abode sire Galerys that came after hym/ ¶ And whanne he was come he rode tobard syre Tristram / ¶ Thenne syre Tristram sente vnto syr palomydes and requyred hym to juste with hym/ And yf he smote doune sir palomydes/ he wold doo no more to hym/ And yf it so happend that sire palomydes smote doune syr Tristram he badde hym do his vttermaunce/ So they were accorded/ thenne they mette to gyders/ and syre Tristram smote doune sir palomydes / that he had a grieuous falle / soo that he laye stylle as he hadde ben dede/ And thenne sire Trystram ranne vpon syr Galerys/ and he wold not haue jusied But whether he wolde or not syre Tristram smote hym ouer his hors croupe that he laye stylle as though he had ben dede / And thenne syr Tristram rode his waye and lefte syre Perspydes squyer within the pauelions / and syre Tristram and syre Dynadan rode to an old knyghtes place to lodge them/ And that olde knyght had fyue sones at the turnement/ for whome he prayed god hertely for their comyng home/ ¶ And so as the frenssh book saith they cam home al/ & wel keten / And whan syr Tristram departed in to the foreste syr Launcelot held alwey

the stroke lyke hardy as a man angedy that wolde no hede to hym selfe/ andy wete ye wel there was many a noble knyghte ageynste hym/ And whanne kyng Arthur salve sir Launcelot doo soo meruayllous dedes of armes/ he thenne armedy hym/ & wolde his hors andy his armour/ andy rode in to the felde to helpe syr launcelot/ andy so many knyghtes came in with kyng Arthur/ and to make short tale in conclusion the kyng of Northgalys/ andy the kynge of the hondredy knyghtes were putte to the wers/ andy by cause syre launcelot abode andy was the laste in the feldy/ the prys was yuen hym/ But sir Launcelot wolde neyther for kyngy/ Quene ne knyghte haue the prys/ but where the crye was cryedy thorugh the felde/ syr launcelot sir launcelot hath wonne the felde this day / syre Launcelot lete make an other crye contrary syr Tristram hath wonne the feldy / for he beganne fyrst andy laste he hath enduredy/ andy soo hath he done the fyrst day/ the secondy andy the thyrdy day/

¶ Capitulum xxxv

Thenne alle the estates andy degrees hylde andy holde sayedy of syr launcelot grete worshyp/ for the honour that he dydy vnto syr Tristram/ andy for that honour doyng to sir Tristram he was at that tyme more preysedy andy renouwmedy than andy he hady ouer thre thousand v C knyghtes/ andy all the peple holy for this gentylnes/ fyrst the estates bothe hylde andy holde / andy after the comynalte cryedy at ones syre Launcelot hath wonne the felde who soo euer saye nay / Thenne was syre Launcelot wroth andy ashamedy/ andy soo there with alle he wode to kynge Arthur / Allas saidy the kynge we are alle dyswmayedy that syr Tristram is thus departedy fromy vs / By godys saidy kynge Arthur he is one of the noblest knyghtes that euer I salve holdy spere or swerdy in handy/ andy the moost auntyest knyght in his fyghtyng/ for full hardy I salve hym sayd kyng Arthur whanne he smote syr Palomydes vpon the helme thryes/ that he astuffiedy his helme with his strokes/ andy also he saidy/ there is a stroke for syr Tristram/ andy thus thryes he saydy/ Thenne kynge Arthur/ syr launcelot/ andy sire Dodynas le sauuage wolde their horses to fetche sir Tristram/ andy by the menes

of syr Perseydes/he hadde told kyng Arthur where syr Tristram was in his pauelione/ but whanne they came there/syr Tristram and sir Dynadan were gone/ thenne kynge Arthur and syr launcelot there kept / and retorned ageyne to the castel of mayden malkyng grete dele for the hurte of syr Trystram/& his sodeyne departynge/Soo god me helpe saidy kyng Arthur I am more kuy that I can not mete with hym/thenne for al the hurtes that alle my knyghtes haue had at the turnement Nyght soo came sir Galerys and told kynge Arthur how syr Tristram had smyten doune syr Palomydes/and it was atte syr Palomydes owne request/ Alas said kynge Arthur that was grete dishonoure to syre Palomydes in as mocke as syre Tristram was sore wounded / and nowe may we alle kynges and knyghtes and men of worship saye that syr Tristram may be alled a noble knyght and one of the best knyghtes that euer I salde the dayes of my lyf/ For I wille that ye al kynges and knyghtes knowe said kynge Arthur that I neuer salde knyght doo so merueylously as he hath done these thre dayes/ for he was the first that began and that lengest held on sauf this last day/ And though he was hurte it was a manly aduenture of two noble knyghtes/and when two noble men encountre nedes must the one haue the werse lyke as god will suffre at that tyme/ ¶ As for me said sir launcelot for alle the landes that euer my fader left me I wold not haue hurte sir Tristram and I had knowen hym at that tyme/that I hurt hym was for I salde not his shelde/ For and I had sene his blacke shelde / I wolde not haue medled with hym for many causes/for late he dyde as mocke for me as euer dyde knyght and that is wel knowen that he had adoo with thyrtty knyghtes/and no helpe saue syr Dynadan / And one thynge shalle I promyse said syr launcelot/syr Palomydes shalle repente it as in his vnkyndely dekynge for to folowe that noble knyght that I by myshap hurted thus / Syr launcelot sayde alle the worship that myght be said by sir Tristram/ Thenne kyng Arthur made a grete feest to alle that wold come / And thus we lete passe kynge Arthur/and a lytyl we wille torne vnto sir Palomydes that after he had a falle of sire Tristram / he was nygh hand arayed out of his wyt for despyte of sir Tristram

And̄ soo he solowed hym by aduenture/ And̄ as he came by a ryuer in his wodnes/he wold haue made his hors to haue lepte ouer/and̄ the hors sayled footynge/and̄ felle in the Ryuer/wherfore syr palomydes was adrad lest he shold haue ben drouned̄/ and̄ thenne he anoyed̄ his hors/ and̄ swamme to the land̄/and̄ lete his hors goo doune by aduenture/

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And̄ whanne he came to the land̄ he took of his harneis/ and̄ satte rorynge and̄ cryenge as a man oute of his mynde/Rygh̄t so came a damoysel euen by syr Palomydes that was sente fro syr Galvayne and̄ his broder vnto sir mordred̄ that lay sek in the same place with that old̄ knyght where syr Tristram was/For as the Frenssh̄e book saith syr Persydes hurte soo syr Mordred̄ a fewe dayes afore/ and̄ had̄ not ben for the loue of sir Galvayne and̄ his broder/syr Persydes had̄ slayne sir Mordred̄/and̄ soo this damoysel came by sir palomydes/and̄ she and̄ he had langage to gyder/the whiche pleasyd̄ neyther of them/and̄ soo the damoysel wode her wayes tyl she came to the old̄ knyghtes place/ & there she told̄ that old̄ knyght hold she mete with the wooderst knyght by aduenture that euer she mette with all/What lure he in his sheld̄ said sir Tristram/ hit was endented̄ with white and̄ blak̄ saide the damoysel/A saidē sir Tristram that was sir palomydes/the good̄ knyght/For wel I knowe hym saidē sir Tristram for one of the best knyghtes kyenge in this realme/ Thenne that old̄ knyght took a lytel hackney and̄ rode for syr palomydes/and brought̄ hym vnto his owne manoyr/and̄ ful wel knewe sire Tristram syr Palomydes/but he said̄ but lytel/for at that tyme syr Tristram was walkyng vpon his feet/ and̄ wel amended̄ of his hurtes/ and̄ alweyes whan sire Palomydes salde syr Tristram/he wold̄ behold̄ hym ful merueilously/ And̄ euer hym semed̄ that he hadde sene hym/ Thenne wold̄ he saye vnto syre Dynadan and̄ euer I may mete with syre Tristram he shal not escape myn handes/ I merueile said sir Dynadan þ

ye hoyste behynde syr Tristram/for it is but late that he was in youre handes / and ye in his handes/ why wolde ye not holde hym whanne ye hadde hym/for I salde my self thryes or foure es that ye gat but lytel worshyp of sir Tristram/ thenne was syr Palomydes ashamed/ Soo leue we them a lytyl whyle in the olde assek/with the old knyght sir Dinas/ ¶ Now shalle we speke of kynge Arthur/that saide to sir Launcelot had not ye ben/we hadde not loste syr Tristram/for he was here dayly vn to the tyme ye mette with hym / and in an euyll tyme sayde Arthur ye encountred with hym/My lorde Arthur said Launcelot ye putte vpon me that I sholde ben cause of his departyng vpon/godo knoweth hit was ageynste my wille / But whan men ben hote in dedes of armes ofte they hurte their frendes as wel as their foes/ And my lorde said sir launcelot ye shal vnderstande that sir Tristram is a man that I am loth to offende for he hath done for me more than euer I dyd for hym as yet/ But thenne sir Launcelot made kynge forth a booke and thene sir launcelot saide/here we are ten kynghtes that wil sweren vpon a booke neuer to reste one nyght where we rest another this twelue moneth vn tyl that we fynde syr Tristram/ And as for me saide syr Launcelot I promyse you vpon this booke that and I may mete with hym/outher with fayrenes or fouk nesse I shalle bringe hym to this courte / or els I shalle dye therfore/ And the names of these ten knyghtes that hadde vn dertake this queste were these folowynge/ Fyrst was sir Launcelot/syr Ector de Marys/syr Bors de ganys and Blyoberis and syr Blamor de ganys/and Lucan the botteler/ syr Owayne/syr Galyhud/Lyonel and Galyodyn/Soo these x noble knyghtes departed from the courte of kynge Arthur/and soo they rode vpon their queste to gyders vntyl they came to a cross where departed four wayes/ and there departed the felaushyp in four to seke syr Tristram / And as syr launcelot rode by aduenture he mette with dame Brangwayn that was sent in to that countrey to seke sir Tristram/ and she fledy as faste as her palfrey myght goo / Soo sire Launcelot mette with her and asked her why she fledde/ ¶ A fayre knyghte saide dame Brangwayne I flee for drede of my lyf/for here foloweth me syr Breuse sauce pyte to slee me / Holde you nyghe me sayde

ſir launcelot/ Thenne whanne ſire launcelot ſalue ſir Breuſe ſaunce pyte/ſyr launcelot cryed vnto hym/and ſaid/falce kny-ght deſtroyer of ladyes and damoyſels / now thy laſt dayes be come/ Whanne ſire Breuſe ſaunce pyte ſalue ſire launcelots ſhelde he knewe hit wel/for at that tyme he bare not the armes of Tornewaile/but he bare his olde ſhelde / And thenne ſyr Breuſe fled/and ſyr Triſtram folowed after hym/ But ſir Breuſe was ſoo wel horſed that whan hym lyſt to flee he myght wel flee/and alſo abyde whan hym lyſt/

And thenne ſire launcelot retorned vnto dame Brangwayne and ſhe thanked hym of his grete labour/

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NOw wille we ſpeke of/ ſir Lucan the butlere that by fortune he came rydyng to the ſame place there as was ſyr Triſtram/and in he came in none other entente / but to aſke herberowe / thenne the porter aſked what was his name/Telle your lord that my name is ſyr Lucan the butlere a knyght of the round table/ Soo the porter went vnto ſyr Darras lord of the place/and told hym who was there to aſke herborouz/Nay nay ſeid ſyr Daname that was neuelye to ſyr Darras/ſaye hym that he ſhalle not be lodged here / But lete hym wete that I ſyr Daname wyll mete with hym anon and bydde hym make hym redy/So ſire Daname came forth on horſback/and there they mette to gyders with ſperes/and ſir Lucan ſmote doune ſyr Daname ouer his hors croupe/and thē ne he fledde in to that place/and ſir Lucan rode after hym/ & aſked after hym many tymes/Thenne ſyr dynadan ſaid to ſire Triſtram hit is ſhame to ſee the lordes coſyn of this place deſoiled/Abyde ſaid ſir Triſtram and I ſhalle redreſſe it/and in the meane whyle ſyr Dynadan was on horſback and he juſtid with Lucan þ butlere/& ther ſir lucan ſmote dynadā thurz the thyck of the thyghe/and ſoo he rode his way/and ſire triſtram was wrothe that ſir Dynadan was hurte/ & folowed after and thought to auenge hym /and with a whyle he ouertook ſir lucan /and badde hym torne/and ſoo they mette to gyders ſoo that ſire Triſtram hurt ſir Lucan paſſynge ſore / and

gaf hym a falle/With that came sire Owayne a genkyl knyzt And whanne he salve sire Lucan soo hurte/he calledz syre tris; tram to Juste with hym/Faire knyght saidz sire Tristram telle me your name I requyre you/Syre knyghte wete ye wel my name is syre Owayne le fyse de roy Oreyne/A saide sire Tris tram by my wille I woldz not haue ado with you at no ty; me/ye shalle not soo saidz sir Owayne but ye shalle haue ado with me/ And thenne sire Tristram salve none other boote but rode ageynst hym andz onerthrelve syr Owayn and hurte hym in the syde/andz soo he departedz vnto his lodgynge ageyne/
And whanne sire Dynadan vnderstood that syr Tristram had hurte sir Lucan / he woldz haue ryden after syr Lucan for to haue slayne hym/but sir Tristram woldz not suffre hym/
¶Thenne syr Owayne lete ordeyne an hors lytter/ andz brou; ght sir Lucan to the abbey of Sanys/andz the castel there by bygth the castel of Sanys/ of the whiche syr Bleoberys was lordz/And at that Castel sire launcelot promysedz alle his fe; lawes to mete in the queste of syr Tristram/ Soo whan sir tris tram was come to his lodgyng/ther came a damoisel ꝑ told sir Darras that thre of his sones were slayne at that turnement andz two greuously wouūedz that they were neuer lyke to hel pe them self/And alle this was done by a noble knyghte that bare the black shelde/ andz that was he that bare the pryce /
¶Thenne came there one andz toldz syr Darras that the same knyght was within hym that bare the black sheldz/Thenne sir Darras yede vnto sir Tristrams chamber/and there he fond his sheldz and shewedz it to the damoysel/A syr saidz the damoysel that same is he/that slewe your thre sonez / Thenne without ony taryenge sir Darras putte syr Tristram andz syre Pala; mydes andz syr Dynadan within a strong prysonz/and there sir Tristram was lyke to haue dyedz of grete seketnesse / and euez ry day syr Palomydes woldz trayne sir Tristram of old hate letwixe them/And euer sir Tristram spak fayre andz saidz ly; tel/But whan sir Palomydes salve the fallynge of seketnesse of sir Tristram thenne was he fayn for hym / andz comfortedz hym in alle the best wyse he coude/ And as the Frenssh booke saith there came fourty knyghtes to sire Darras / that were of his owne kyn/andz they woldz haue slayne sire Tristram and

his two felawes / but sire Dayras wold not suffre that but kepte them in pryson/and mete and drynke they had/So sire Tristram endured there grete payne/for sekenesse had vndertake hym/and that is the grettest payne a prysoner maye haue For alle the whyle a prysoner may haue his helthe of body/he maye endure vnder the merry of god and in hope of good deliuerance/But whanne sekenes toucheth a prysoners bo / thenne may a prysoner say al welthe is hym kraft/ and thenne he hath cause to waile and to wepe/Ryght so dyd syre Tristram whanne sekenes had vndertake hym/ for thenne he wolde fayne that he had almost slayne hym self

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Now wille we speke and leue sir Tristram/syre Palamydes/& syr Dynadan in pryson/and speke we of other knyghtes that soughte after syre Tristram many dyuerse partyes of this land/and some yede in to Cornewaile/and by aduenture syr Galeryse neuewe vnto kyng Arthur came vnto Kynge Marke/and there he was wel receyued/and sate atte kynge Merkes owne table & ete of his owne messe/ Thenne kynge Marke asked sir Galeryse what tydynges there were in the royalme of Logrys/Syre said syr Galeryse the kyng regneth as a noble knyght/and now but late there was a grete Justes and turnement as euer I salde ony in the realme of Logrys/and the moost noble knyghtes were at that justes / But there was one knyght that dyd merueylously thre dayes/and he bare a blacke shelde/and of alle knyghtes that euer I salde he preued the best knyght/thenne said Kyng marke that was syre launcelot or syre palomydes the paynym/ Not soo said syr Galerys/for bothe syre launcelot and sire Palomydes were on the contrary party ageynst the Knyght with the blak shelde/thenne was it sir Tristram said the kyng/ye said sir Galeryse And there with alle the Kyng smote doun his hede/& in his herte he feryd sore that syre Tristram sholde gete hym suche worshyp in the Royame of Logrys/where thorou that he hym self sholde not be able to withstande hym/ Thus syre Galeryse

hadȳ grete chere with kynge Marke/ andȳ with quene la Bele Isoud the whiche was gladde of syr Galeryse wordes/ For wel she wist by his dedes andȳ maners/ that it was syr Tristram/ Andȳ thenne the kynge made a feest Royal / andȳ to that feest came sir Olbayne le fyse de roy Oreyne/ andȳ somme callid hym Olbayne le blaunche maynys/ And this syr Olbayn chalengedȳ alle the knyghtes of Canelwaile/ Thenne was the kyng wodde wroth that he hadȳ no knyghtes to ansuer hym / Thenne sir Andredȳ neuewe vnto kynge Marke lepte vp and saidȳ I wille encountre with syr Olbayne/ Thenne he yede and armed hym andȳ horsedȳ hym in the beste maner/ Andȳ there syre Olbayne mette with syre Andredȳ andȳ smote hym doune that he swounedȳ on the erthe/ Thenne was kynge Marke sory andȳ wrothe oute of mesure that he hadȳ no knyghte to reuenge his neuelde sir Andredȳ/ Soo the kynge calledȳ vnto hym syr Dynas the seneschal / andȳ praidȳ hym for his sake to take vpon hym to juste with sir Olbayne/ Syr said syr Dynas I am ful blithe to haue adoo with ony knyght of the round table/ yet saidȳ the kyng for my loue take vpon the to juste/ Soo syr Dynas made hym redy/ and anone they encountred to gyders with grete speres / but sire Dynas was ouerthrowdeȳ hors andȳ man a grete falle/ who was wrothe but kynge Marke/ Allas he saidȳ haue I no knyght that wille encountre with ponder knyghte Syr said sir Galeryse for your sake I wille juste/ So sir Galerys made hym redy/ and whanne he was armed he rode in to the felde/ Andȳ whanne sir Olbayne salde syr Galeryses sheld he rode to hym andȳ said/ sir ye doo not youre parte/ For sire the fyrst tyme ye were made Knyght of the round table ye sware that ye sholdȳ not haue a do with your felauship wetyngly And pardȳ sir Galeryse ye knelde me wel ynouȝ by my shelde & so do I knelde you by your sheldȳ/ andȳ thouȝ ye wold breke your othe/ I wold not breke myn / for there is not one here nor ye that shalle thynke I am aferd of yolde/ but I durste ryght wel haue adoo with you/ andȳ yet we be sister sones/ Thenne was sir Galeryse asshamedȳ / andȳ soo there with alle euery knyght wente their way/ and sir Olbayne rode in to the countrey/ Thenne kyng marke armedȳ hym and tooke his hors andȳ his spere with a squyer with hym/ And thenne he rode afore sir

Olbayne/and sodenly at a gap he ranne vpon hym as he that was not ware of hym/and there he smote hym al most thurgh the body/and there lefte hym/So within a whyle there cam sir Kay/and fonde sir Olbayne / and asked hym how he was hurte/I wote not said sir Olbayne why nor wherfore/ but by treason I am sure I gat this hurte/for here came a knyghte so sodenly vpon me or that I was ware/and sodenly hurte me / ¶Thenne there was come syre Andred to seke kynge Marke ¶Thou traytour knyght said sir Kay / and I wiste it were thou that thus traitourly haste hurte this noble knyghte/thou sholdeste neuer passe my handes/ Syre saide sir Andred I dyd neuer hurte hym/and that I wylle reporte me to hym self / Fy on you fals knyghtes said syr Kay/ for ye of Cornewaile ar nought worthe/ Soo syr Kay made cary syr Olbayne to the abbay of the blacke Crosse/and there he was helyd/ And thenne syr Galeryes took his leue of kynge Marke/But or he departed he sayd / syre kynge ye dyd a foule shame vnto you & your Courte whan ye banny shed sir Tristram out of this cōtrey/for ye neded not to haue doubted no knyght and he had ben here/and soo he departed

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Thenne there came syre Kay the Seneschal vnto kynge Marke/and there he hadde good cheve shelwyng outewarde / Nold fayre lordes said he wille ye preue ony aduenture in the forest of Morris in the whiche I knowe wel is as hardy an aduenture as I knowe ony/Syr said sir Kay/ I wille preue hit/And sir Galeryse said he wold he auysed For kynge Marke was euer ful of treason/and there with al syr Galeryse departed and rode his waye / And by the same waye that syre Kay sholde ryde / he leyd hym doune to reste chargynge his squyer to wayte vpon sir Kay / and warne me whanne he cometh/Soo within a whyle sir Kay came rydynge that way/and thenne sir Galeryse tooke his hors and met hym and sayd sire Kay ye are not wyse to ryde at the requeste of kynge Marke for he deleth alle with treason/ Thenne said sire Kay I requyre you lete vs preue this aduenture/I shal not fayle

you saidy sir Galerys/andy soo they wode that tyme tyl a lake/ that was that tyme calledy the perylous lake/Andy there they abode vnder the shalve of the wood/ ¶ The meane whyle kyng Marke within the castel of Tyntagyl auoydedy alle his barōs & alle other sauf suche as were pryny with hym/were auoydedy oute of his chamber/ Andy thenne he lete calle his neuelve sir Andredy/andy badde arme hym andy horse hym lyghtely/ & by that tyme it was mydnyght/ And soo kynge Marke was armedy in blak hors andy alle/ andy soo all a pryuy posterne they twoo yssuedy oute with their varlets with them/andy wode tylle they came to that lake/Thenne sir Kay aspyedy them fyrst and gat his spere/andy profferedy to juste/ Andy kynge Mark wode ageynst hym/andy smote eche other ful hardy/ for the mone shone as the bryght day/Andy there at that justes sir Kayes hors fylle doune/for his hors was not so bygge as the kynges hors and sir Kayes hors brysedy hym ful sore/ Thenne sire Galerys was wrothe that sir Kay had a falle/Thenne he crydy knyght sytte thou fast in thy sadel/for I wille reuenge my felawe/
Thenne kynge Marke was aferd of syr Galerys/andy so with euyl wylle kynge Marke rode ageynst hym/andy sir Galerys gaf hym suche a stroke that he felle doun/ So thenne forth with all syr Galeryse canne vnto syr Andredy andy smote hym from his hors quyte that his hekne smote in the erthe/andy nyghe had broken his neck/ Andy there with al syr Galerys alyghte and gate vp sir Kay/Andy thenne they yode bothe on foote to them/ andy badde them yelde them / andy telle theire names other they shold dye/Thenne with grete payne sire Andredy spak fyrst & saidy hit is kynge Marke of Cornewaile / therfore be ye ware what ye do/and I am sir Andredy his cosyn/ Fy on you bothe said sir Galeryse for a fals traitour/and fals treasony hast thou wrouzt/and he both vnder the fayned chere that ye made vs / it were pyte said sir Galerys that thou sholdest lyue ony lenger/ Saue my lyf said kynge Marke and I wil make amendys & consyder that I am a kynge anoyntedy/it were the more shame saidy sir Galerys to saue thy lyf/thou arte a kynge enoyntyd with creme / and therfore thou sholdest holde with alle men of worshyp/And therfor thou arte worthy to dye /
With that he lasshed at kyng Mark without sayeng ony more &

couerdy hym with his sheldy and defendedy hym as he myghte/ and thenne sir Kay lasshedy at sir Andredy/ and there with all kynge Marke yeldedy hym vnto syr Galerys/ And thenne he kneled adoune/ and made his othe vpon the crosse of the swerd that neuer whyle he kyued he wolde be ageynst arraunt knyghtes/ And also he shuld be goode Frende vnto sir Tristram/ yf euer he came in to Cornelwaile/ Thenne sir Andred was on the erthe/ and sir Kay wolde haue slayne hym/ lete he said sir Galerys/ slee hym not I pray you/ It were pyte said syr Kay that he sholde lyue ony lenger/ for this is nygh cosyn vnto syr Tristram/ and euer he hath ben a traytour vnto hym/ & by hym he was exyled oute of Cornelwaile/ and therfor I will slee hym sayde sir Kay/ ye shalle not said sir Galerys sythen I haue gyuen the kynge his lyf/ I pray you yeue hym his lyf/ And there with alle sir Kay lete hym goo/ And soo sir Kay and syr Galerys rode their way vnto Dynas the Seneschal for by cause they herde say that he louedy wel sir Tristram/ Soo they reposedy them there/ and soone after they rode vnto the royamme of Logrys/ And soo within a lytel whyle they mette with sire Launcelot that alderyes had dame Bragwayn with hym/ to that entente/ he wende to haue mette the sooner with sir Tristram/ and syr launcelot asked what tydynges in Cornewaile/ and whether they herd of sir Tristram or not/ Syr Kay and sir Galerys answerdy and saidy that they herdy not of hym Thenne they toldy sir launcelot wordy by wordy of their aduenture/ Thenne syr launcelot smyled and said/ hard hit is to take oute of the flesshe that is bredy in the bone/ and soo maade hem merry to gyders

Capitulum xl

NOw leue we of this tale/ and speke we of syr dynas that hady within the castel a peramour/ and she louedy another knyghte better than hym/ And so whanne syr Dynas wente oute on huntynge/ she slypped doune by a tuell/ And took with her two brachets/ and soo she yede to the knyghte that she louedy/ and he her ageyne/ And whanne sir

Dynas come home/and myst his paramour and his brachets thenne was he the more wrother for his brachets than for the lady/Soo thenne he rode after the knyght that had his paramour and badde hym torne and juste/So syr Dynas smote hym doune that with the falle he brake his legge and his arme/ And thenne his lady and paramour cryed sire Dynas mercy/and said she wold haue hym better than euer she dyd/ Nay said sir Dynas I shalle neuer truste them that ones betrayed me/and therfor as ye haue begonne so ende/ for I wyll neuer medle with you/And so sir Dynas departed and toke his brachets with hym/and soo rode to his castel/Nold wil we torne vnto sir launcelot that was rygght hevy that he coude neuer here no tydynges of sir Tristram/for al this whyle he was in pryson with sir Darras/Palomydes/& Dynadan/ Thenne dame Brangwayne wold her leue to goo in to Cornewaile and syr launcelot/syr kay/& syr Saferys rode to seke sir Tristram in the countrey of Surleuse/ Nold speketh this tale of sir tristram and of his two felawes/for euery daye syre Palomydes brauled and sayd langage ageynst syr Tristram/ I merueyle said sir Dynadan of the syr Palomydes/and thou haddest syre Tristram here/thou woldest do hym no harme//For and a wolf and a shepe were to gyders in a pryson / the wolf wold suffre the sheep to be in pees/ and wete thou wel said sire Dynadan this same is sire Tristram at a word/and nold maist thou doo thy best with hym/& lete see nold yf ye can stryfe it with your handes/thenne was sire Palomydes abasshed and said lytyl/ syr Palomydes thenne said syr Tristram / I haue herd moche of your maugre ageynst me/but I wille not medle with you as at this tyme by my wille/by cause I drede the lordy of this place that hath vs in gouernaunce/for and I dredde hym not more than I doo the/ soone hit sholde be stryfe/soo they parted them self/Rygght soo came in a damoysel and said knyghtes be of good chere for ye are sure of your lyues/and that I herd say my lord syre Darras/Thenne were they gladde alle thre / For dayly they wende they sholde haue dyed/ ¶ Thenne soone after this syr Tristram fylle seke that he wende to haue dyed/ thenne syr Dynadan wepte/ and soo dyd sire Palomydes vnder them bothe making grete sorou/ ¶ Soo a damoysel

tame in to them and fonde them mannynge / Thenne she went vnto sire Darras / and tolde hym how that mygthty knyghte that bare the blacke shelde was lykely to dye / That shalle not be sayd sir Darras / for god defende whanne knyghtes come to me for socour that I sholde suffre hem to dye within my pryson/Therfor sayd sir Darras to the damoyselle/fetche that knyzt and his felalwes afore me/ And thenne anone sir Darras sawe sir Tristram brought afore hym / he sayd sire knyghte me repenteth of thy sekenesse/for thou arte called a full noble knyghte/and soo hit semeth by the/And wete ye wel it shalle neuer be sayd that syr Darras shalle destroye suche a noble knyght as thou arte in pryson/how be hit/that thou haste slayn/iij of my sones/where by I was gretely agreued/But nowe shalt thou goo and thy felalwes/ and youre harneis & horses haue hem fayre and clene kepte/ and ye shalle goo where hit lyketh you vpon this couenaunt / that thou knyght wilt promyse me to be good frende to my sones tho that ben now on lyue/ and also that thou telle me thy name/Syr sayd he as for me my name is sir Tristram de Lyones/and in Cornewaile was I born and neuewe I am vnto kynge Marke/ And as for the deth of your sones I myght not doo with alle/ For and they hadde ben the nexte kyn þ I haue/I myzt haue done none other wyse/ And yf I hadde slayne hem by treason or trechery I hadde ben worthy to haue dyed/ Alle this I consyder said syr Darras/ that alle that ye dyde was by force of knyghthode / and that was the cause I wolde not putte you to deth/ But sythe ye be syr Tristram the good knyght I pray you hertely to be my good frend and to my sones/Syr said sire Tristram I promyse yowe by the feithe of my body euer whyle I lyue I wille do yowe seruyse/ for ye haue done to vs but as a naturel knyghte ought to doo/Thenne sir Tristram reposed hym there tyl that he was amended of his sekenesse / And whanne he was bygge and stronge/they took their leue/and euery knyght took their horses and soo departed and rode to gyders tyl they came to a crosse way/Nowe felalwes sayd syr Tristram here wylle we departe in sondry wayes/and by cause sire Dynadan hadde the fyrst aduenture of hym I wille begynne

SOo as ſir Dynadan wode by a welke / he fonde a lady makyng grete dole/what eyleth you ſaid ſir Dynadan Syre knyght ſaide the lady I am the wofulleſt lady of the worlde/for within theſe fyue dayes/there came a knyght called ſir Breuſe ſaunce pyte/and he ſlewe myn oldne broder/ And euer ſyns he hath kepte me at his oldne will/and of all men in the worlde I hate hym mooſt/And therfor I requyre you of knyghthode to auenge me/for he wille not tary but he here anone/Lete hym come ſaid ſire Dynadan/ And by cauſe of honour of alle wymmen I wylle doo my parte/ With this cam ſyr Breuſe/And whan he ſawe a knyght with his lady / he was wood wrothe / And thenne he ſaid ſir knyght kepe the fram me/ſoo they hurled to gyder as thonder/ and eyther ſmote other paſſynge ſore/ But ſyre Dynadan putte hym thurgh the ſholder a greuous wounde/ and or euer ſir Dynadan myght wynne hym ſyr Breuſe was gone and fledde/ Thenne the lady prayde hym to bringe her to a caſtel there beſyde but ſoure myle thens/ and ſoo ſir Dynadan brought her there / & ſhe was welcome/for the lordy of that caſtel was her vnkel / and ſoo ſyre Dynadan rode his way vpon his aduenture/Nold torne we this tale vnto ſyre Triſtram that by aduenture he cam to a caſtel to alyghte lodgynge/wherin was quene Morgan le fay/ & ſoo whan ſire Triſtram was lete in to that caſtel / he hady goode chere alle that nyght/And vpon the morne whan he wolde hane departed/the Quene ſaid/ wete ye wel ye ſhalle not departe lyghtely/for ye are here as a pryſoner/ Jheſu defende ſaid ſyr Triſtram/for I was but late a pryſoner/ Fayr knyght ſayde the quene ye ſhalle abyde with me tyl that I wete what ye are and from whens ye come/And euer the Quene wold ſet ſyr Triſtram on her oldne ſyde/and her paramour on the other ſyde/ And euer Quene Morgan wold beholde ſyr Triſtram / & ther at the knyght was jalous/ and was in wille ſodenly to haue wonne vpon ſyr Triſtram with a ſwerde/but he lefte it for ſhame/thēne the quene ſaid to ſir Triſtram telle me thy name &

I ſhalle ſuffre you to departe whan ye wille/vpon that couenaunt I telle you my name is ſyr Triſtram de lyones/ A ſayd Morgan le fay/and I badde wyſt that thou ſholdeſt not haue departed ſoo ſoone as thou ſhalt/ But ſythen I haue maade a promyſe/ I wille holde hyt/with that thou wilt promyſe me to bere vpon the a ſhelde that I ſhalle delyuer the / vnto the caſtel of the hardy rocke where kynge Arthur hath cryed a grete turnement/and there I pray you that ye wille be/and to doo for me as moche dedes of armes as ye maye doo/ For all the Caſtel of maydens ſyr Triſtram ye dyde merueilous dedes of armes as euer I herd knyght doo/Madame ſaide ſyr Triſtram lete me ſee the ſhelde that I ſhalle bere/Thenne the ſhelde was brought forth/and the felde was guldyſſh with a kynge and a quene therin paynted/and a knyght ſtandynge aboue them vpon the kynges hede/and the other vpon the quenes /
Madame ſaid ſir Triſtram this is a fayre ſhelde and a myghty But what ſygnefyeth this kynge and this quene / and that knyght ſtandynge vp bothe their hedes/I ſhalle telle you ſaide Morgan le fay hit ſygnefyeth kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer and a knyght that holdeth them both in bondage and in ſeruage/who is that knyght ſaide ſyr Triſtram / that ſhalle ye not wete as at this tyme/ ſaid the quene/but as the Frenſſhe booke ſaith Quene Morgan loued ſir launcelot beſt / and euer ſhe deſyred hym/and he wold neuer loue her/nor doo no thyng at her requeſt/and therfore ſhe held many knyghtes to gyder/ for to haue taken hym by ſtrengthe / And by cauſe ſhe demed that ſyr Launcelot loued Quene Gueneuer paramour / and ſhe hym ageyne/therfore Quene Morgan le fay ordeyned that ſhelde to put ſir launcelot to a rebuke to that entent that kyng Arthur myghte vnderſtande the loue betwene them/Thenne ſir Triſtram took that ſhelde and promyſed her to bere hit atte turnement at the caſtel of the hard rocke/But ſir Triſtram knewe not that that ſhelde was ordeyned ageynſt ſyr launcelot / but afterward he knewe hit

Capitulum xlij

So thenne sire Tristram took his leue of the Quene / and toke the shelde with hym/ Thenne came the knyght that helde Quene Morgan le fay / his name was sire Hymeson/and he made hym redy to folowe syre Tristram/fayr frende said Morgan ryde not after that knyght / for ye shalle not wynne no worship of hym/ Fy on hym cowardy said sire Hemyson/for I wyste neuer good knyghte come oute of Cornewaile/but yf hit were syr Tristram de Lyones / what is that he he said she/ Nay nay said he/he is with la beale Isoude and this is but a daffysshe knyght/ Alas my fair frende ye shalle synde hym the best knyght that euer ye mette with alle/ For I knowe hym better than ye doo/for your sake said sir Hemyson I shalle slee hym/ A fayr frende said the Quene me repenteth that ye wylle folowe that knyght / for I fere me sore of youre ageyne comynge/with this /this knyghte rode his waye wode wrothe/and he rode after syr Tristram as faste as he hadde ben ehaced with knyghtes / Whanne sir Tristram herde a knyghte come after hym soo faste/he returned about/and sawe a knyght comynge ageynst hym/ And whanne he came nyghe to sir Tristram/he cryed on hyghe syr knyght kepe the from me/ Thenne they rashed to gyders as hit hadde ben thonder/and sir Hemyson bysed his spere vpon syr Tristram/ but his harneis was soo good that he myght not hurte hym / And syre Trystram smote hym harder and bare hym thorou the body / and sylle ouer his hors croupe/Thenne sire Tristram torned to haue done more with his swerde/but he sawe soo moche blood go from hym that hym semed he was lykely to deye/ And so he departed from hym/and came to a fayre manoyre to an old knyght and there syre Tristram lodged

¶ Now leue to speke of sir Tristram / and speke we of the knyght that was wounded to the dethe/thenne his varlet alyght and took of his helme/and thēne he asked his lord whether there were ony lyf in hym/there is in me lyf saide the knyghte but hit is but lytyl / and therfore kepe thou vp behynde me / whan thou hast holpen me vp / and holde me faste that I falle not/and bringe me to Quene Morgan le fay/for dere drauȝters of dethe drawen to my herte that I may not lyue / for I wold fayne speke with her or I dyed/ For els my soule wylle

he in grete peryll and I dye/for with grete payne his barket brought hym to the castel/and there syr Hemyson fylle doun dede/whanne Morgan le fay salde hym dede/she made grete sorow oute of reason/And thenne she lete despoylle hym vnto his shyrte/and soo she lete hym putte in to a tombe/ And aboute the tombe she lete wryte/Here lyeth syr Hemyson slayne by the handes of sire Tristram de lyones/ ¶ Anon torne we vnto syr Tristram that asked the knyght his hoost yf he salde late ony knyghtes aduenturous/Sir he said the last nyght here lodged with me Ector de marys and a damoysel with hym/ and that damoysel told me that he was one of the best knyghtes of the worlde/that is not soo said sir Tristram/for I knolde four better knyghtes of his owne blood/and the fyrst is syr launcelot du lake/calle hym the best knyght/and sir Bors de ganys Syr Bleoberys/syr Blamor de ganys and syr Galeris/nay said his hoost/sir Galvayne is a better knyght than he/that is not soo said syr Tristram/for I haue mette with hem bothe/ & I felte syr Galerys for the better knyght and sir Lamorak I calle hym as goody as ony of them/except sir launcelot/ Why name ye not sir Tristram said his hoost/ for I accompte hym as goody as ony of them/I knolde not sire Tristram said tristram/thus they talkede and bourdede as longe as them lyste/ and thenne went to reste/And on the morne sir Tristram departed and took his leue of his hoost/ and rode towarde the rocke deure/and none aduenture had sire Tristram but that/ & soo he rested not tyl he came to the castel where he salde syue Centys

¶ Capitulum xliij

THenne the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of Irland helde ageynst kynge Arthurs knyghtes/ and there began a grete medle/So came in syr Tristram and dyd merueillous dedes of armes/for there he smote doune many knyghtes/And euer he was afore kynge Arthur with that shelde/ And whanne kynge Arthur salde that shelde/ he merueylled greetely in what entente hit was made/ but Quene Gueneuer demed as it was wherfor she was wroth/Thēne was ther a da-

moyſel of Quene Morgan in a chamber by kynge Arthur/ And whan ſhe herd kynge Arthur ſpeke of that ſhelde/ then ſhe ſpak openly vnto kynge Arthur/ ſyre kynge wete ye well this ſheld was ordeyned for you to warne you of your ſhame and diſhonour/ and that longeth to you and your Quene/ And thenne anone that damoyſel pyked her awey prycely / that no man wyſt where ſhe was become / Thenne was kynge Arthur ſadde and wrothe and aſked from whens came that damoyſel/ there was not one that knelde her/ nor wyſte where ſhe was become/ Thenne Quene Gueneuer called to her ſir Ector de marys/ and there ſhe made her complaynte to hym/ and ſaid I wote well this ſheld was made by Morgan le fay / in deſpyte of me and of ſir Launcelot / wherfore I drede me ſore leſt I ſholde be deſtroyed / And euer the kynge bifelde ſyre Triſtram that dyde ſoo merueilkous dedes of armes that he wold drede ſore what knyght he myght be/ and wel he wyſt hit was not ſyr launcelot / And hit was told hym that ſyr Triſtram was in petyte Bretayne with Iſoud la blaunche maynys / for he dwyd and he had ben in the realme of Logrys/ ſyr launcelot or ſomme of his felawes that were in the queſt of ſyr Triſtram that they ſhold haue fond hym or that tyme/ So kyng Arthur had merueylle what knyght he myght be / And euer ſyr Arthurs eye was on that ſhelde/ Alle that aſpyed the Quene/ and that made her ſore afered/ Thenne euer ſyr Triſtram ſmote doune knyghtes wonderly to beholde what vpon the ryght hande and vpon the lyfte hand that vnnethe no knyght myght withſtande hym/ And the kyng of Scottes and the kyng of Irlande beganne to withdrawe hem/ Whanne Arthur aſpyed that/ he thought that that knyght with the ſtraunge ſheld ſhold not eſcape hym/ Thenne he called vnto hym ſyre Owayn la blaunche maynys/ and bad hym arme hym and make hym redy/ Soo anone kynge Arthur and ſir Owayne dreſſid them bifore ſir Triſtram and requyred hym to telle hem where he had that ſhelde/ Syr he ſaid I had it of Quene Morgan le fay ſiſter vnto kynge Arthur

¶ Soo here endeth this hiſtory of this book/ for it is the firſte book of ſire Triſtram de lyones/ and the ſecond book of ſir triſtram folowyeth

¶ Here begynneth the seconde book of sire Tristram/How syre Tristram smote doune kyng Arthur & sir Olwayne/by cause he wolde not telle hem wherfor that shelde was made/But to say the sothe sire Tristram coude not telle the cause/ for he knewe it not

¶ The tenth book

¶ Capitulum primum

And yf so be ye can descrywe what ye here/ ye ar worthy to bere the armes/As for that saide syr Tristram I wille answere you/this shelde was yeuen me/ not desyred/ of quene Morgan le fay And as for me I can not descrywe these armes for it is no poynt of my charge/and yet I truste to gode to bere hem with worshipp/Truly sayde kynge Arthur ye oughte not to bere none armes/but yf ye wiste what ye bare/But I pray you telle me youre name/to what entente saide syre Tristram/ for I wolde wete saide Arthur/Syre ye shalle not wete as at this tyme/thenne shalle ye and I doo batayille to gyders sayde kyng Arthur / why saide syre Tristram wylle ye doo batayille with me but yf I telle you my name/and that lytyl nedeth you and ye were a man of worshyp / for ye haue sene me thys day haue had grete trauayle/And therfore ye are a vylayneus knyght to aske batayille of me consyderynge my grete trauayle/holde ye hit I wyl not fayle you/ and haue ye no doubte that I feare not you / thoughe ye thynke ye haue me atte a grete auauntage / yet shalle I ryght wel endure you / And there with all kynge Arthur dressid his shelde and his spere and syr Tristram ageynst hym / and they came soo egerly to gyders/And there kynge Arthur brake his spere all to pyeces vpon syr Tristrames shelde/But sir Tristram hitte Arthur ageyne that hors and man felle to the erthe/ And there was kynge Arthur wounded on the lyfte syde a grete wounde and a perylous/Thenne whanne sir Olwayne salve his lorde Arthur lye on the grounde sore wounded he was passynge sory/ And thenne he dressid his shelde and his spere/and cryed a

wolde vnto syr Tristram and said knyght defende the/ So they
came to gyder as thonder/ and syr Olbayne bryseth his spere/
alle to ypeces vpon syre Tristrams shelde / and syre Tristram
smote hym harder and sorer with suche a myght that he bare hym
clene oute of his sadel to the erthe/ with that syr Tristram wo-
ned about and said Fair knyghtes / I had no nede to Juste
with you/for I haue had ynough to doo this daye/ Thenne a-
rose Arthur/and went to syr Olbayn and said to sire Tris-
tram we haue as we haue deserued/ For thurgh our orgulyte
we demaunded batailke of you/ and yet we knewe not youre
name / Neuertheles by seynt crosse said syre Olbayne he is a
stronge knyght at myn aduyse as ony is nold lyuyng /
Thenne sir Tristram departed/ and in euery place he asked &
demaunded after sir Launcelot/but in no place he coude not he-
re of hym wether he were dede or on lyue/wherfor sir tristram
made grete dole and sorowe/Soo syr Tristram wode by a forest
and thene was he ware of a fayre towre by a mareyse on that
one syde/and on that other syde a fayr medowe / And there
he sawe ten knyghtes fyghtynge to gyder/ And euer the new
he came / he sawe nold ther was but one knyght dyd batailke
ageynst nyne knyghtes/and that one dyd soo merueylously
that syr Tristram had grete wonder that euer one knyght my-
ght doo soo grete dedes of armes/ and thenne within a lytell
whyle he had slayne half their horses / and vnhorsed them /
and their horses ranne in the feldes and foreste / Thenne syr
Tristram had soo grete pyte of that one knyght that endured
soo grete payne/and euer he thought hit sholde be syr palomy-
des by his shelde/and soo he rode vnto the knyghtes and cry-
ed vnto them/and bad them seace of their batailke/for they did
them self grete shame soo many knyghtes to fyghte with one /
Thenne answerd the maister of the knyghtes / his name was
called Bruse sauce pyte that was after that tyme the mooste
mesthyeuous knyght lyuynge/and said thus/syr knyght what
haue ye ado with vs to medle/ And therfor and ye be wyse/
departe on your way as ye cam/for this knyghte shalle not es-
cape vs/that were pyte said syr Tristram that soo good a kn-
yght as he is sholde be slayne soo cowardly/ And therfore I
warne you I will socoure hym with all my puyssaunce

So ſyr Triſtram alyghte of his hors by cauſe they were on foote that they ſholde not ſlee his hors/ And then dreſſid his ſhelde with his ſwerd in his hande/ and he ſmote on the ryght hande and on the lyfte hande paſſyng ſore that wel nygh at euery ſtroke he ſtrake doun a knyght/ And when they aſpyede his ſtrokes/ they fled all with greuſe ſaue fyue vnto the toure/ & ſir Triſtram folowed faſt after with his ſwerd in his hande/ but they eſcaped in to the toure/ and ſhytte fire Triſtram without the gate/ ¶ And whanne ſir Triſtram ſalwe this/ he returned ayen vnto ſyr Palomydes/ and fond hym ſyttyng vnder a tree ſore wounded/ A faire knyght ſaide ſyr Triſtram wel be ye fonde/ Gramercy ſaid ſir palomydes of your grete goodenes/ for ye haue reſcowed me of my lyf and ſaued me from my dethe/ what is your name ſaide ſir Triſtram/ he ſaide my name is ſyr Palomydes/ O Jheſu ſaide ſyr Triſtram thou haſt a fayre grace of me this daye/ that I ſholde reſcowe the/ and thou arte the man in the worlde that I mooſte hate/ but now make the redy/ for I will doo batailke with the/ what is your name ſayde palomydes/ my name is ſir Triſtram your mortal enemy/ hit may be ſoo ſaide ſir palomydes/ But ye haue done ouer moche for me this day that I ſholde fyghte with you/ for in as moche as ye haue ſaued my lyf/ hit wille be no worſhip for you to haue adoo with me/ for ye are freſſh and I am wounded ſore/ And therfor and ye wille nedes haue ado with me/ Aſſigne me a day and thenne I ſhal mete with you without fayle/ ye ſaye wel ſaid ſir Triſtram/ Hold I aſſigne you to mete me in the medowe by the ryuer of Camelot/ where merlyon ſette the pewn/ ſoo they were agreed/ Thenne ſir Triſtram aſked ſyr Palomydes why the ten knyghtes dyde batailk with hym/ for this cauſe ſaid ſir palomydes/ as I rode by myn aduentures in a foreſt here beſyde/ I aſpyed where laye a dede knyght/ and a lady weppynge beſyde hym/ And whanne I ſalwe her makynge ſuche dole/ I aſked her who ſlewe her lorde ¶ Syre ſhe ſaid the falſeſt knyght of the worlde nowe lyuyng and he is the mooſt vylayne that euer man herd ſpeke of/

and his name is sir Breuse sauns pyte/thenne for pyte I ma
de the damoysel to lepe on her palfroy/ and I promysed her to
be her warraunt/and to helpe her to entyere her lord/ And soo
sodenly as I came rydynge by this toure/ there came oute syr
Breuse sauns pyte / and sodenly he strake me from my hors/
And thenne or I myghte recouer my hors/this sir Breuse sle
we the damoysel/and soo I took my hors ageyne/and I was
sore ashamed/and so beganne the medle betwixe vs/and this
is the cause wherfore we dyd this bataille/Well said sir tris
tram nold I vnderstande the maner of your bataylle/ but in
ony wyse haue remembraunce of your promyse that ye haue ma
de with me to doo bataille with me this day fourtenyght/I shal
not fayle you said sir Palomydes/ wel said sir Tristram as at
this tyme I wille not fayle you tyl that ye be oute of the dañ
ger of your enemyes/So they mounted vpon theyr horses/ &
rode to gyders vnto that foreste / and there they fond a fayre
welle/ with clere water burbelynge/ fayr sir said sir Tristram
to drynke of that water haue I courage / and thenne they a-
lyght of their horses/And thenne were they ware by them whe
re stood a grete hors tyed to a tree/and euer he neyghed
And thenne were they ware of a fayr knyght armed vnder a
tree lackyng no pyece of harneis saue his helme lay vnder his
hede/By the good lord said sir Tristram yonder lyeth a wel
fayrynge knyght/what is best to doo/ Awake hym said sir pa-
lomydes/so sir Tristram awaked hym with the but of his spe-
re/And soo the knyght arose vp hastely and putte his helme
vpon his hede/and gat a grete spere in his hand/and without
ony mo wordes he hurled vnto sir Tristram / and smote hym
clene from his sadel to the erthe / and hurte hym on the lyfte
syde that sir Tristram lay in grete perylle/Thenne he walkopped
ferther/and fette his cours/and came hurlynge vpon sir pale
mydes/and thew he strake hym a parte thorou the body that he
fylle from his hors to the erthe/ ¶ And thenne this straunge
knyght lefte them there/and took his way thurgh the foreste/
With this sir Palomydes and sire Tristram were on foote and
gat their horses ageyn/and eyther asked couenable of other/
what was best to done/By my hede said sir Tristram I wyll
holde this strong knyght that thus hath shamed vs/ ¶ Well

sayd sir Palomydes/ & I wylle repose me here by with a fende of myn / Beware sayd sire Tristram vnto Palomydes that ye fayle not that day that ye haue set with me to do batayll/for as I deme ye wille not holde your day / for I am more bygger than ye/ As for that sayd sir Palomydes / be hit as hit be maye for I feare you not/ For and I be not sette no prysoner I wil not fayle you/But I haue cause to haue more doubte of you that ye wille not mete with me/ for ye ryde after yonder strong knyght/ And yf ye mete with hym/hit is ay hardy aduenture and euer ye escape his handes/Ryght soo sir Tristram and sir Palomydes departed/and eyther took their wayes dyuerse

Capitulum iij

And so syre Tristram rode longe after this stronge knyght / And at the laste he salde where lay a lady ouer thwarte a dede knyght/ Faire lady said sir Tristram who hath slayne your lorde/ Syr sir sayd here came a knyght ryding as my lorde and I rested vs here / and asked hym of whens he was/ and my lorde sayd of Arthurs courte/ therfore sayd the stronge knyght I wille iuste with the / for I hate alle these that bey of Arthurs Courte/ And my lorde that lyeth here dede amounted vpon his hors / and the stronge knyght and my lorde encountred to gyder/ and there he smote my lorde thorugh oute with his spere / and thus he hath broughte me in grete woo and dammage / That me repenteth sayd sire Tristram of your grete anger/ and hit please you/telle me your husbandes name/syr sayd she his name was Galardoun that wolde haue preued a goode knyght / Soo departed sir Tristram from that dolorous lady and rode mocke euylle lodgyng/ Thenne on the thyrde day syr Tristram mette with syr Galhayne and with sir Bleoberys in a forest at a lodge and eyther were so re wounded/ Thenne syre Tristram asked syr Galhayne and syr Bleoberys yf they met with suche a knyghte with suche a cognoyssaunce with a reuerd shelde/ Faire syr sayd these knyghtes suche a knyght met with vs to oure grete dommage/ & fyrst he smote doune my felalhe syre Bleoberys & sore wounded

hym/by cause he badde me I sholdy not haue ado with hym
For why he was ouer stronge for me/ That strong knyght to-
ke his wordes at scorne andy said he said it for mockery/ Andy
thenne they rode to gyders/ andy soo he hurte my felawe / Andy
Whan he had done so/ I myght not for shame/but I must Juste
with hym/ Andy at the fyrst course he smote me doune/ andy my
hors to the erthe/ Andy there he had al moost slayne me / andy
from vs he took his hors/and departedy/and in an euyll tyme
we mette with hym / Faire knyghtes saidy sir Tristram soo he
mette with me/andy with another knyght that hyght Gahomy
ras/andy he smote vs bothe doune with one spere/ and hurt vs
ryght sore/ By my feythe said sir Galhayne by my counceil ye
shalle lete hym passe/and seke hym no ferther/for at the neyte
feest of the round table vpon payne of my hede ye shalle fynde
hym there/ By my feythe said sir Tristram I shall neuer reste
tyl that I fynde hym/ And thenne sir Galhayne asked hym
his name/thenne he saidy my name is sir Tristram/and so ey-
ther told other their names/and thenne departed syr Tristram/
andy rode his way/ And by fortune in a medolwe sire Tristram
mette with sir Kay the seneschal andy sir Dynadan / What ty-
dynges with you said sir Tristram with you knyghtes / Not
good said these knyghtes / why soo said sir Tristram I praye
you telle me /for I ryde to seke a knyght/ what cognoyssaunce
he weth he said sir Kay / He weth said sir Tristram a couerd
shelde close with a clothe / By my hede said sir Kay that is the
same knyght that mette with vs/for this nyght we were lod-
ged within a wydowes hous/and there was that knyght lod-
gedy/And whanne he wyst we were of Arthurs court/he spak
grete vylonye by the kynge/and specially by the Quene Gue-
neuer/ ¶ Andy thenne on the morne was waged bataille
with hym for that cause/And at the fyrst recoūtre said sir Kay
he smote me doune from my hors/and hurte me passynge sore /
And whanne my felawe syr Dynadan salde me smyten doune
and hurte/he wold not reuenge me/but fledde from me/ Andy
thus is he departed/ And thenne sir Tristram asked them theyr
names/and soo eyther told other their names / Andy soo syr
Tristram departed from syr Kay/andy from sir Dynadan / andy
so he past thurgh a grete forest in to a playne tyl he was waw

of a pryoʒ/ and̄ there he reposed̄ hym with a good̄ man̄ fyue dayes

¶ Capitulum quartum

And̄ thenne he sente his man̄ that hyght Gouernaile/ & commaunded̄ hym to goo to a Cyte there by to fetche hym nedbe harneis/ for hit was long tyme afore that/ that syre Tristram had̄ ben refressed̄/ his harneis was brysed̄ & broken And̄ whanne Gouernaile his seruaunt was come with his apparail/ he tolde his leue at the wydowe/ and̄ mounted̄ vpon̄ his hors/ and̄ rode his way erly on̄ the morne/ And̄ by fodeyn aduenture syr Tristram mette with sir Sagramore le desyrus/ & with sir Dodynas le saueage/ And̄ these two knyghtes mette with syre Tristram and̄ questyoned̄ with hym/ and̄ asked hym yf he wold̄ juste with hem/ Faire knyghtes said̄ sir Tristram with a good̄ wylle I wold̄ juste with you/ But I haue promysed̄ at a day sette nere hand̄ to do bataylle with a stronḡ knyght/ And̄ therfore I am̄ lothe to haue adoo with you/ for and̄ hit myssortuned̄ me here to be hurte I shold̄ not be able to doo my bataylle/ whiche I promysed̄/ As for that said̄ Sagramor maulgre your hede ye shalle juste with vs/ or ye passe from vs/ wel̄ said̄ syr Tristram/ yf ye enforce me therto I muste doo what I may/ And̄ thenne they dressid̄ their sheldes/ and̄ came rennynge to gyder with grete yre/ But thurgh̄ syr Tristrams grete force he stroke syr Sagramor from his hors/ Thenne he hurled his hors ferther/ and̄ said̄ to sir Dodynas/ knyzte make the redy/ and̄ soo thoron̄ syne force syre Tristram stroke Dodynas from his hors/ And whanne he salwe hem lye on̄ the erthe/ he tok his brydel/ and̄ rode forth on̄ his way and̄ his man̄ Gouernaile with hym/ Anone as sir Tristram was paste syr Sagramore and̄ sir Dodynas gate ageyne their horses/ & mounted̄ vp lyghtely and̄ folowed̄ after sir Tristram/ And̄ whan̄ syre Tristram salwe them̄ come soo fast after hym/ he returned̄ with his hors to them/ and̄ asked̄ them what they wold̄ Hit is not longe ago sythen I smote you to the erthe at your owne request/ and̄ desyre/ I wold̄ haue ryden̄ by you/ but ye wold̄ not suffre me/ and̄ now me semeth ye wold doo more bataylle with me/ That is trouthe said̄ sire Sagramore and̄ syre

Dodynas/for we wille be wengyd of the dyſhyr ye haue do ne to vs/Faire knyghtes ſaid ſir Triſtram that ſhall lytyl ne de you/for all that I dyd to you/ye cauſed hit/wherfore I re quyre you of your knyghthode leue me as at this tyme / for I am ſure and I doo batailke with you I ſhalke not eſcape with out grete hurtes/and as I ſuppoſe ye ſhalke not eſcape alke lykes/And this is the cauſe why I am ſoo loth to haue ado with you / For I muſt fyghte within theſe thyr dayes with a good knyght and as valyaunt as ony is now lyuynge/and yf I be hurte I ſhalke not be able to doo batailke with hym/ What knyght is that ſaid ſir Sagramor that ye ſhalke fyghte with alke/Syre ſaid he it is a good knyght alked ſir Pala mydes/By my hede ſaid ſir Sagramor and ſire Dodynas ye haue cauſe to drede hym/for ye ſhalk fynde hym a paſſyng go od knyght/and a valyaunt/And by cauſe ye ſhalke haue ado with hym/We wille forbere you as at this tyme / and els ye ſholde not eſcape vs lyghtely/But fayr knyght ſaid ſir Sa gramour telle vs your name/Syr ſaid he my name is ſir Triſ tram de lyones/A ſaid Sagramor and ſir Dodynas well be ye fonde/for mocke worſhip haue we herd of you/And thenne ey ther took leue of other/and departed on their way/

¶ Capitulum v

THenne departed ſire Triſtram and rode ſtrayghte vnto Camelot to the peron that Merlyn had made to fore where ſire Lancelot that was the kynges ſone of Irland was ſlayne by the handes of Balyn/and in that ſame place was the fayr lady Columbe ſlayn that was loue vnto ſir Lancelot for after he was dede ſhe took his ſwerd and threſt hit thorou her body/And by the craffte of Merlyn he made to entierre this kn yght Lancelot and his lady Columbe vnder one ſtone/And at that tyme Merlyon profeceyed / that in that ſame place ſholde fyghte two the beſt knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs da yes/and the beſt louers/ ¶Soo whanne ſyre Triſtram came to the tombe where lancelot and his lady were buryed/ he

loked about hym after sir Palomydes/Thenne was he ware of a semely knyght came ryding ageynst hym all in whyte/with a couerd shelde / Whanne he came nyghe sir Tristram he said on hyghe ye be welcome syr knyght/ and wel and truly haue ye holde your promyse/And thenne they drassid their shelds and spers/ and came to gyders with alle theire myghtes of their horses/and they met so fyersly that bothe their horses and knyghtes fylle to the erthe/ And as fast as they myght auoyded theyre horses/and pulle their shelds afore them/ and they semite to gyders with bryght swerdes as men that were of myght/and eyther wolded other wonderly sore that the blood ranne out vpon the grasse/And thus they fought the space of four houres/that neuer one wold speke to other one word/ & of their harneis they had leften of many peces/O lord Jhesu said Gouernaile I merueyle gretly of the strokes my maister hath yeuen to your mayster/By my hede said sir Lamorak seruaunt your maister hath not yeuen so many but your maister hath receyued as many or more/O Jhesu saide Gouernaile it is to moche for sir palomydes to suffre or sir Launcelot/And yet pyte it were that eyther of these good knyghtes shold destroye others blood/Soo they stode and wepte bothe/and made grete dole / when they salde the brygh swerdes ouer couerd with blood of their bodyes/ Thenne at the last spake syr launcelot and said knyght thou fyghtest wonderly wel/as euer I salde knyght/therfor and hit please you telle me your name / Syr saide syr Tristram that is me lothe to telle ony man my name/Truly said sir launcelot and I were requyred I was neuer loth to telle my name/Hit is wel said said sir Tristram thenne I requyre you to telle me your name/sayr knyghte he said my name is sir launcelot du lake/ Allas said sire Tristram what haue I done/for ye are the man in the world that I loue best/ Faire knyght said sir Launcelot telle me your name Truly said he my name is sir Tristram de lyones/O Jhesu said sir launcelot what aduenture is befalle me / And there with syr launcelot kneled doune and yelded hym vp his swerd And there with alle sir Tristram kneled adoune / and yelded hym vp his swerd/And soo eyther gaf other the degree/ And thenne they bothe forth with all went to the stone/and set them

doune vpon hit / and̄ tokke of their helmes to kele them / and̄ eyther kyst other an hondred̄ tymes / And̄ thenne anone after they took of their helmes and̄ rode to Camelot / and̄ there they mette with sir Galvayne and̄ with sir Gaheryes that had̄ made promyse to Arthur neuer to come ageyne to the court tyl they had̄ brought syr Tristram with them

Capitulum septimum

REturne ageyne said sir launcelot for your queste is done / for I haue mette with sir Tristram / loo here is his owne persone / Thenne was syr Galvayne glade / and̄ said to sire Tristram ye are welcome / for now haue ye easyd̄ me grete dy of my labour / For what cause said sir Galvayne came ye in to this contre / Fair sir said̄ sir Tristram I came in to thys countrey / by cause of syr Palomydes / for he and̄ I had̄ assygned̄ at this day to haue done batayle to gyders at the Perown And̄ I merueyle I here not of hym / And thus by aduenture my lord̄ syre Launcelot and̄ I mette to gyders / With this came kynge Arthur / And̄ whan he wyst that there was sir Tristram / thenne he ranne vnto hym and̄ toke hym by the hand̄ / And̄ saide sire Tristram ye are as welcome as ony kynyght / that euer came to this Courte / And̄ whanne the kynge had̄ herd̄ how sire Launcelot and he had̄ foughten / and̄ eyther had̄ wounded̄ other wonderly sore / thenne the kynge made grete dole / Thenne sir Tristram told̄ the kynge how he came thyder for to haue had̄ adoo with sire Palomydes / And̄ thenne he told̄ the kynge how he had̄ reskowed̄ hym from the nyne kynyghtes and̄ Breuse sauce pyte / And̄ how he fond̄ a kynyght lyeng by a welle sand̄ that kynyght smote doune sir Palomydes and me / but his shelde was couerd̄ with a clothe / Soo sir Palomydes lefte me / and̄ I folowed after that kynyght / and̄ in many places I fonde where he had̄ slayne kynyghtes / and̄ forthy many / By my hede said sir Galvayne that same kynyght smote me doun and sire Gleoberys and̄ hurte hs sore both / he with the coured̄ shelde / And̄ sayd̄ sir Kay that kynyght smote me adoune & hurte me passynge sore / & sayne wolde I haue knowen hym but I myght not / Jhesu mercy said̄ Arthur What

knyghte was that with the couerd shelde / I knowe not saide sir Tristram / and so said they all / nowe said kyng Arthur thenne wote I for it is sir launcelot / thenne they all lokked vpon sir launcelot & said ye haue begyled vs with your couerd shelde / But is not the fyrst tyme saide Arthur he hath done soo / My lord sayde sir Launcelot truly wete ye well I was the same knyght that bare the couerd shelde / And by cause I wold not be knowen that I was of youre Court I sayde no worshyp of your selfe That is trouthe sayde sir Gawayne / sir kay / and sir Ewayne thenne kynge Arthur toke sir Tristram by the hande / & went to the table rounde / Thenne came Quene Gueneuer and many ladyes with her / and alle the ladyes sayden at one voys / welcome sir Tristram / welcome saide the damoyselle / welcome sayd knyghtes / welcome said Arthur for one of the best knyghtes / and the gentylest of the worlde / and the man of moost worshyp / for of alle maner of huntynge thou berest the prys / and of alle mesures of blowynge thou arte the begynnynge / and of alle the termes of huntyng and haukyng ye are the begynner / of all Instrumentes of musyke ye are the best / therfor gentyl knyght saide Arthur ye are welcome to this courte / And also I pray you said Arthur graunte me a bone / it shall be at youre commaundement saide Tristram / well saide Arthur I wille dwelle of you that ye wille abyde in my courte / Syr saide syre Tristram therto is me lothe / for I haue ado in many countreyes / Not soo saide Arthur / ye haue promysed me / ye maye not say nay / Syr saide sir Tristram I wille as ye wille / Thenne wente Arthur vnto the seges about the rounde table / and lokked in euery syege / the which were voyde that lacked knyghtes / And thenne the kynge salde in the siege of Marhaus letters that saiden / this is the syege of the noble knyght sir Tristram / And thenne Arthur made sir Tristram knyght of the table round with grete nobley and grete feest as myghte be thought / for sir marhaus was slayne afore by the handes of sire Tristram in an ylande / and that was well knowen at that tyme in the courte of Arthur / for this marhaus was a worthy knyght / And for euylle dedes that he dyd vnto the countrey of Cornelbaile / sire Tristram and he foughte / And they foughte soo longe tweynge and twaverynge lyke they fylle bledynge

to the erthe/for they were so sore wounded that they myght not stande for bledynge/and sir Tristram by fortune recouerd and syr Marhaus dyed thurgh the stroke on the hede/Soo leue we of sir Tristram and speke we of kyng Marke/

¶ Capitulum vij

¶ Thenne kynge Marke had grete despyte of the renoume of sir Tristram/ and Thanne he chaced hym oute of Cornewaike/yet was he neuelye vnto kynge Marke/ but he had grete suspecyon vnto sire Tristram by cause of his Quene la Beale Isoud/ for hym semed that there was to mocke bytwene them bothe/ Soo whan sir Tristram departed oute of Cornewaile in to Englond/ kynge marke herd of the grete prowesse that sir Tristram dyd there/the whiche greued hym so/Soo he sente on his party men to aspye what dedes he dyd/ And the Quene sente prycely on her party spyes to knowe what dedes he had done/for grete loue was bitwene them tweyn Soo whan the messagers were come home/they told the trouth as they had herd that he passed alle other knyghtes/ but yf it were sir launcelot / Thenne kynge Marke was ryght heuy of these tydynges/and as glad was la Beale Isoud/ Thenne in grete despyte he took with hym two good knyghtes/and two squyers/and desguysed hym self/and took his way in to Englond/ to the entente for to slee sir Tristram/and one of these ij knyghtes hyght Bersules/and the other knyght was called Amant/Soo as they rode kynge marke asked a knyght that he met where he sholde fynde kynge Arthur/he said at Camelot/Also he asked that knyghte after sire Tristram whether he herd of hym in the courte of kynge Arthur/wete you wel said that knyght ye shalle fynde sir Tristram ther for a man of as grete worshyp as is nowe lyuyng for thurgh his prowesse he wan the turnement of the castel of maydens / that standeth by the hardy wode/ And sythen he hath wonne with his owne handes thyrtty knyghtes that were men of grete honour/

¶ And the laste batayl that euer he dyde/he foughte with syre

launcelot/ and that was a meruelous batayll/ And not by force syr launcelot brought sir Tristram to the Court/ and of hym kynge Arthur made passynge grete ioye/ and soo made hym knyght of the table round/ and his seate was where the good knyghtes sir Marhaus seate was/ Thenne was kyng Marke passynge sory whanne he herd of the honour of sir Tristram/ and soo they departed/ Thenne said kyng Marke vnto his two knyghtes/ Now wille I telle you my counceylle ye are the men that I truste moost to on lyue/ and I wille that ye wete my comynge hyder is to this entente/ for to destroye sir Tristram by wyles or by treason/ and hit shalle be hardy yf euer he escape our handes/ Alas said sir Bersules what mene you/ for ye be sette in suche a waye/ ye are disposed shamefully For sir Tristram is the knyght of moost worshipp that we knowe lyuynge/ And therfor I warne you playnly I wylle neuer consente to doo hym to the de the/ and therfor I wylle yelde my seruyse/ and forsake you whan kynge Marke herd hym say so/ Sodenly he drewe his swerde and said A traitour/ & smote syr Bersules on the hede that the swerde wente to his teeth/ Whanne Amant the knyghte salde hym doo that vylaynous dede/ and his squyers/ they said hit was foul done / and meseyeuously/ wherfore we wille doo the no more seruyse / and wete ye wel/ we wil appeche the of treason afore Arthur/ Thenne was kynge Marke wonderly wrothe/ and wolde haue slayne Amant/ but he and the two squyers held them to gyders/ and sette nought by his malyce / whanne kynge marke salde he myght not be reuenged on them/ he said thus vnto the knyght Amant/ wete thou wel/ and thou appeche me of treason/ I shalle therof defende me afore kynge Arthur/ but I requyre the that thou telle not my name that I am kyng marke what someuer come of me/ As for that said sir Amant I wil not discouer your name/ and soo they departed / and Amant and his felawes took the body of Bersules and buryed hit

THenne kynge Marke rode tyl he came to a fontayne / and there he rested hym/and stode in a doubte whether he wolde ryde to Arthurs courte or none/or retorne ageyne to his countrey/ And as he thus rested hym by that fontayne/ther came by hym a knyght wel armed on horsback/and he alyghte and tyed his hors vnto a tree/and sette hym doune by the brynke of the fontayne/and there he made grete lāgour and dole/and made the dolefullest complaynte of loue / that euer man herd/and al this whyle was he not ware of kynge Marke/And this was a grete parte of his complaynte / he cryed and wepte sayenge O fayre Quene of Orkeney kynge Lots wyf and moder of sir Galhayne and to sire Gaheris and moder to many other/for thy loue I am in grete paynes / Thenne kynge Marke arose and went nere hym/and sayd / Fayr knyght ye haue made a pytous complaynte/Truly sayd the knyght/ hit is an honderd parte more reufull yr than my herte can vtter/I requyre you said kyng Marke telle me your name/Sir said he as for my name I wil not hyde it from no knyght that berith a shelde/ and my name is sire Lamorak de galys/But whan sire Lamorak herd kynge Marke speke thenne wist he wel by his speche that he was a Cornyssh knyght/Syr said sir Lamorak/ I vnderstande by your tonge ye be of Cornewaile wherin there duelleth the shamefullest kynge that is now lyuynge/for he is a grete enemy to alle good knyghtes/and that preueth wel / for he hath chaced oute of that Countrey syr Tristram that is the worshipfullest knyght that wold is lyuynge/and alle knyghtes spekey of hym worship / And for Jalousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his countrey/Hit is pyte said sir Lamorak that euer ony such fals knyght cowardy as kynge Marke is shold be matched with suche a fayre lady and good as la Beale Isoud is / for alle the worldy of hym speketh shame/ and of her worshyp that ony Quene maye haue ¶ I haue not ado in this matere said kynge marke / neyther nought wille I spekе therof Wel said said syre Lamorak syr can ye

telle me ony tydynges / I am telle you sayd syr Lamorak / that there shalle be a grete turnement in hast by syde Camelot at the mylde of Jagent/and the kynge with the C knyghtes & the kyng of Irlande as I suppose make that turnement

¶ Thenne there came a knyght that was callid syre Dynadan/and salewed them bothe/ And whan he wyst that kynge Marke was a knyght of Cornewaile/he reprued hym for the loue of kynge Marke a thousand folde more/ than dyd sir lamorak/thenne he profered to Juste with kynge Mark / and he was full lothe therto But sir Dynadan edgyd hym soo/ that he Justed with sir lamorak/& sir lamorak smote kyng marke so sore that he bare hym on his spere ende ouer his hors tayle / And thenne kynge Marke arose ageyne / and sokolded after sir lamorak/but sir Dynadan wold not Juste with sire Lamorak/But he told kynge Marke that sire Lamorak was syr kay the seneschalk/that is not soo sayd kynge Mark / for he is more byggar than sir kay/and soo he sokolded and ouerth rew hym/and badde hym abyde/what wille ye doo sayd sir Lamorak/Syr he sayd/I will fyghte with a swerde/ for ye haue shamed me with a spere/ And there with they dassshed to gyders with swerdes/and sir Lamorak suffred hym/and forbare hym And kynge Marke was passyng hasty/and smote thycke stro kes/Syr Lamorak salde he wold not spynte and wayted som what wrothe/and doubled his strokes/ for he was one of the nobleste knyghtes of the warld/and he bete hym soo on the hel me that his shylde henge nyr by the sadel bolde Whan sir lamorak salde hym fare soo/he sayd/syr knyght what chere me semeth ye haue nyghe your fylle of fyghtynge/hit were pyte to doo yold ony more harme/for ye are but a meane knyght/therfore I gyr ne you leue to goo where ye lyst/Gramercy sayd kyng Mark For ye & I be not matches/Thenne sir dynadan mocked kyng Marke and sayd ye are not able to matche a goode knyght/as for that sayd kyng Mark at the first tyme that I Justed with this knyght ye refused hym/ Thynke ye that it is a shame to me said syr Dynadan/Nay syr it is euer worship to a knyght to refuse that thyng that he may not attayne/therfor your wor ship hade ley more to haue refused hym as I dyd/for I warne you playnly he is able to bete suche fyue as ye / and

I le/ for ye knyghtes of Cornewaile are no men of worshipp/ as other knyghtes are/ And by cause ye are no men of worshipp/ ye hate alle men of worshipp/ for neuer was bredde in your countrey suche a knyght as is sir Tristram /

Capitulum ix

Thenne they rode forth alle to gyders kynge Mark/ sir Lamorak & sir Dynadan tyl that they came to a bryd ge/ And at the ende therof stode a fayr Toure / Thenne salde they a knyght on horsback wel armed/ braundysshyng a spere cryenge and proferynge hym self to Juste/ Nold said sir Dy nadan vnto kyng Mark/ yonder ar two bretheren that one hyght Aleyn/ and the other hyghte Tryan/ that will Juste with ony that passeth this passage/ Nold profer your self said Dyna dan to kynge Mark/ for euer ye le leide to the erthe / Thenne kynge Marke was asshamed/ and there with he feutryd hys spere/ and hurtled to sir Tryan/ and eyther brake their speres/ alle to pyeces/ and passid thurgh anone/ Thenne syr Trian sent kynge Mark another spere to Juste more/ But in no wyse he wold not Juste no more/ Thenne they came to the castel al thre knyghtes/ and prayd the lord of the castel of Iarburgh/ ye are tyght welcome said the knyghtes of the castel/ for the loue of the lord of this castel/ the whiche hyght sir Tor le fyse aries / & thenne they came in to a fayr courte wel trayned / and they had passynge good cheer tyl the lieutenaunt of this castel that hyght Berluse/ aspyed kyng Marke of Cornewaile/ Then ne said Berluse/ syr knyght I knowe you better than ye wene / for ye are kynge Marke that slewe my fader afore myne owne eyen / and me hadde ye slayne hadde I not escaped in to a wood/ but wete ye wel for the loue of my lord of this cas tel I will neyther hurte you ne harme you nor none of your felauship/ But wete ye wel whan ye are past this lodgynge / I shalle hurte you and I may/ for ye slewe my fader traiw urly/ But fyrst for the loue of my lord sir Tor/ and for the lo ue of sir Lamorak the honourable knyght that here is lodged ye shal haue none ylle lodgynge/ For hit is ryght that euer ye shold be in the company of good knyghtes/ for ye ar the most

vylaynous knyght or kynge that is nowe knowen on lyue /
for ye are a destroyer of goode knyghtes and alle that ye doo
is but treason/

¶ Capitulum x

Thenne was kynge Marke sore ashamed/ and sayde
but lytyl ageyne/But whanne sir Lamorak and sir
Dynadan wyst that he was kynge Marke / they were sory of
his felaushyp/Soo after souper they went to lodgynge/ Soo
on the morne they arose erly/and kynge Marke/and sir Dyna
dan rode to gyders/and thre myle fro their lodgynge there met
with hym thre knyghtes/and sir Berluse was one / and that
other his two cosyns/ Syr Berluse salde kynge Marke/and
thenne he cryede on hyghe traytour kepe the from me/ for wete
thou wel that I am Berluse/Syr knyght said sir Dynadan/
I counceylle you to leue of at this tyme/ for he is rydynge to
kynge Arthur/ And by cause I haue promysed to conduyte
hym to my lorde kynge Arthur/nedes must I take a part with
hym /hold he hit I loue not his condycyon/and sayne I wold
be from hym/Wel dynadan said sir Berluse me thynketh that
ye wille take party with hym/but wold doo your beste/ And the
ne he hurtlede to kynge Marke and smote hym sore vpon the
shelde/that he bare hym clene out of his sadel to the erthe /
That salde sir Dynadan/and he feutrede his spere/and wanne
to one of Berluses felaudes/and smote hym doune of his sa;
del/Thenne Dynadan torneda his hors/ and smote the thyrde
knyght in the same wyse to the erthe / for sire Dynadan was a
goode knyght on horsbak/and there byganne a grete batail for
Berlnse and his felaudes helde them to gyders strongly on fote
And soo thurgh the grete force of sir Dynadan/ kyng Marke
hade Berluse to the erthe /and his two felaudes fledde / and
hade not ben syre Dynadan kynge Mark Wolde haue slayne
hym/ And soo syre Dynadan reskowed hym of his lyf/for ky;
nge Marke was but a murtherer/And thenne they took their
horses/ and departede/and lefte sir Berluse there sore wouñded
Thenne kynge Mark and sir Dynadan rode forth a four leges
englysshe tyl that they came to a brydge where houede a kny;
ght on horsbak armede and redy to juste/ ¶ Soo sayde

ſyr Dynadan vnto kynge Marke / yonder houeth a knyght that wille juſte/for there ſhalle none paſſe this brydge/ but he muſt juſte with that knyght/ Hit is wel ſaid kynge marke for this juſtes falleth with the/Syr Dynadan knelde the knyght wel/that he was a noble knyght/and fayne he wold haue juſted/but he had had leuer kyng Mark had juſted with hym/but by no meane kynge Marke wold not juſte/ Thenne ſyr Dynadan myght not refuſe hym in no maner/ And then ne eyther dreſſid their ſperes and their ſheldes/ and ſmote to gyders ſoo that thorou fyne force ſyr Dynadan was ſmyten to the erthe/and lyghtly he arose vp/and gat his hors/and requyred that knyght to doo batailke with ſwerdes/ And he an ſwerd and ſaid Fair knyght as at this tyme I may not haue adoo with you nomore/for the cuſtomme of this paſſage is ſuche/Thenne was ſir Dynadan paſſynge wrothe/ that he myght not be reuenged of that knyght/and ſoo he departed/ and in no wyſe wold that knyght telle his name/But euer ſir Dynadan thought he ſhold knowe hym by his ſhelde that it ſhold be ſir Tor

Capitulum xj

SOo as they rode by the way / kynge Mark thenne began to mocke ſir Dynadan and ſaid I wend yold knyghtes of the table round myght not in no wyſe fynde their matches/ye say wel ſaid ſir Dynadan/as for you on my lyfe I calle you none of the beſt knyghtes/But ſythe ye haue ſuch a deſpyte at me/I requyre you to juſte with me / to preue my ſtrengthe/Not ſoo ſaid kynge Mark/for I wille not haue adoo with you in no maner/But I requyre you of one thyng that whanne ye come to Arthurs court diſcouer not my name/ for I am there ſoo hated/It is ſhame to you ſaid ſir Dynadan / that ye gouerne you ſoo ſhamefully/for I ſee by you ye ar ful of cowardyſe and ye are a murtherer/ and that is the greteſt ſhame that a knyght may haue/ for neuer a knyght kynge a murtherer hath worſhip/nor neuer ſhalle haue / for I ſawe but late thurz my force ye wold haue ſlayn ſir Berluſe a bet ter knyghte than ye / or euer ye ſhal be / & more of prowzſſe

2/3

¶Thus they wode forth talkynge tyll they came to a fayre place where stoode a knyght and prayd them to take their lodgynge with hym/Soo at the request of that knyght/they reposed them there and made them wel at ease/and had grete cheer/ For al straunt knyghtes were welcome to hym/and specially alle tho of Arthurs courte/ Thenne sire Dynadan demaunded his hoost what was the knyghtes name that kepte the brydge For what cause alyte you it said his hoost/ for hit is not long ago said syr Dynadan sythen he gaf me a falle/A fayr knyght said his hoost/therof haue ye no meruaylle for he is a passynge good knyght/and his name is sir Tor the sone of ares le Vayshere/ A said sir Dynadan was that sir Tor/for truly soo euer me thought/Right as they stode thus talkyng togyders/they salwe come rydynge to them ouer a playne vij knyghtes of the courte of kynge Arthur wel armed at al poyntes/ And there by theire sheldes sire Dynadan knewe them wel/The fyrst was the good knyght sir Owayne the sone of kynge Uryens/the second was the noble knyght sir Brandyles/the thyrd was Ozana le cure hardy / the fourthe was Owayne les auenturous/The fyfthe was syr Agrauayne/ The vj sir Mordred broder to sir Galwayne/ Whanne sir Dynadan had sene these vij knyghtes/he thought in hym self he wold bynge kynge Marke by some wyle to Juste with one of them And anone they toke their horses & ranne after these knyghtes wel a thre myle englysshe/ Thenne was kynge Marke ware / where they sat al syde aboute a welle / and ete and dranke suche metes as they had/and their horses walkyng and somme treed/and their sheldes henge in dyuerse places aboute them Loo said sir Dynadan yonder ar knyghtes straunt that wyl Juste with vs/God forbede said kynge Marke/for they be syx and we but two / Ac for that said sire Dynadan lete vs not spare/for I wille assaye the formest/ and there with he made hym redy /whanne kynge Marke salwe hym doo soo as fast as sir Dynadan rode towardy them kynge marke rode forwardy them with alle his mayneal meyny/ Soo whan sire Dynadan salwe kynge Marke was gone / he sette the spere oute of the reest /and threwe his sheldy vpon his back/ and came rydynge to the felauship of the table roundy/ And anone sire Owayne

knelde sir Dynadan/and welcomed hym/and soo dyd all his felaushyp/

Capitulum xij/

And thenne they asked hym of his aduentures/ & whether he had sene syr Tristram or sir launcelot/ So god me helpe sayd sir Dynadan I salde none of them sythen I departed from Camelot/ what knyght is that sayd sir Gwandales that soo sodenly departed from you/ and wold ouer ponder felde/Syr sayd he/hit was a knyght of Camelwaile/and the moost horryble coward that euer bestrode hors/what is his name sayd alle these knyghtes/I wote not said sir Dynadan/ Soo whan they had reposed them/and spoken to gyders/they tooke their horses/and rode to a castel where dwelled an old knyght that made alle knyghtes ercaunt good chere/ Thenne in the meane whyle that they were talkynge came in to the castel syr Gryflet le fyse de dieu/and there was he welcome/and they alle asked hym whether he had sene sire Launcelot or syre Tristram/Syrs he answerd I salde hym not sythen he departed from Camelot/Soo as sir Dynadan walked and beheld the castel/there by in a chamber he aspyed kynge Marke/and thenne he rebuked hym/and asked hym why he departed soo/ Syr said he for I durst not abyde by cause they were so many But how escaped ye said kyng Mark/syr said sir Dynadan they were better frendes than I wend they had ben/ who is Capytayn of that felaushyp said the kynge/ thenne for to fere hym sir Dynadan sayd that it was sir Launcelot/ O Jhesu said the kyng myghte I knowe sir Launcelot by his shelde/ye said Dynadan/for he berith a shelde of syluer and blacke bendys/ Alle this he said to fere the kyng/ for sire launcelot was not in his felaushyp/Nold I pray you said kyng Marke that ye wolde ryde in my felaushyp/that is me lothe to doo said syre Dynadan by cause ye forsoke my felaushyp/Ryght soo sir Dynadan went from kyng Marke & went to his olde felaushyp and soo they mounted vpon their horses/& rode on their way es/and talked of the Cornysshe knyghte/for Dynadan told them that he was in the castel where they were lodged/ hit is

wel said said sir Gryflet/for here haue I brought sir Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole that is the best felawe and the meryest/ in the worlde/ ¶ Wille ye doo wel said sir Dynadan I haue told the Cornyssh knyght that here is sir Launcelot/and the Cornyssh knyght asked me what sheelde he bare/Truly I told hym that he bare the same sheelde that sir Mordred bereth/wyl ye doo wel said sir Mordred I am hurte and maye not wel bere my sheelde nor harneis/And therfore put my sheelde and my harneis vpon sir Dagonet/and lete hym sette vpon the Cornyssh knyght/that shalle be done said sir Dagonet by my fey the/Thenne anone was Dagonet armed hym in Mordreds harneis and his sheelde / & he was sette on a grete hors & a spere in his hand/Nold said Dagonet sheelde me the knyght / & I trowe I shalle here hym doune / Soo alle these knyghtes rode to a wood syde/and abode tyl kynge Marke came by the way/Thenne they putte forth sir Dagonet/and he came on al the wyde his hors myght renne streyght vpon kynge Marke And whanne he came nyghe kynge Marke / he cryed as he were wood/and said kepe the knyghte of Cornewaile/ for I wille slee the/Anone as kynge Marke beheld his sheelde/ he said to hym self/ponder is sir launcelot Alas nold am I destroyed/and there with alle he made his hors to renne as fast as it myghte thorugh thycke and thynne / And euer sire Dagonet folowed after kynge Marke cryenge and marynge hym as a wood man thurgh a grete forest/whanne sir Olwayne and sire Gawaynes sawe dagonet soo chace kynge Marke / they laughed alle as they were wood/And thenne they toke theire horses/and rode after to see holde sir Dagonet spedde/for they wold not for no goode that sire Dagonet were shente / for kyng Arthur hoped hym passynge wel/and made hym knyght his owne handes / And att euery turnement he beganne to make kynge Arthur to laughe/Thenne the knyghtes rode here and there cryenge and chacyng after kynge Marke that alle the forest range of the noyse /

¶ Capitulum xiij

SOo kyng Marke rode by fortune by a welle in the way where stood a knyght erraunte on horsbak armed att al poyntes with a grete spere in his hand

And whanne he salde Kynge Marke comynge fleynge/ he sa-
yde Knyght retorne ageyne for shame and stande with me / &
I shalle be thy warraunt/ A fayr Knyght sayde Kyng Marke
lete me passe/ for yonder cometh after me the beste knyght of the
worlde with the blak bended shelde/ Fy for shame said the kn-
yght he is none of the worthy Knyghtes/ and yf he were syr
launcelot or sir Tristram I sholde not doubte to mete the bet-
ter of them bothe/ Whanne Kynge Marke herde hym saye that
worde/ he torned his hors and rode by hym/ And thenne that
stronge Knyght gaue a speare to Dagonet/ and smote hym so so-
re that he bare hym ouer his hors taple/ and nygh he had bro-
ken his neck/ And anone after hym came sir Brandyles/ and
whanne he salde Dagonet haue that falle / he was passynge
wrothe/ and cryed Lepe the Knyght/ and soo they hurtled to
gyders wonder sore/ But the Knyght smote sir Brandyles so
sore that he wente to the erthe hors and man / Syre Owayne
came after and salde alle this/ Jhesu said he/ yonder is a stro-
nge Knyght/ And thenne they feutryd their speres/ and this
Knyght came soo egerly that he smote doune sir Owayne /
Thenne came Ozana with the hardy hert/ and he was smyten
doune/ Now said sire Gryflet by my counsayl lete vs sende to
yonder straunt Knyght / and wete whether he be of Arthurs
Courte/ for as I deme it is sir Lamorak de galys/ Soo they
sente vnto hym/ and prayd the straunge Knyghte to telle his
name/ and whether he were of Arthurs courte or not/ As for
my name they shalle not wete/ but telle hem I am a Knyght ar-
raunt as they ar/ and lete them wete that I am no Knyghte
of Kynge Arthurs Courte / and soo the squyer rode ageyne
vnto them and told them his answer of hym/ By my hede said
sir Agrauayne he is one of the strongest Knyghtes that euer
I salde/ for he hath ouerthrowen thre noble Knyghtes/ and ne
wot who must encounter with hym for shame/ So syr Agraua-
yne feutryd his spere/ and that other was redy/ & smote hym
doune ouer his hors to the erthe/ And in the same wyse he smo
te sir Owayne les auoutres and also sir Gryflet/ thenne had
he serued hem alle/ but sir Dynadan/ for he was behynde/ and
sir Mordred was vnarmed/ and Dagonet had his harneis /
¶ Soo whan this was done this stronge Knyght rode on his

his way a ſofte pace/ and kynge Marke rode after hym/ pray
ynge hym myldely/ but he wolde anſwer no wordes/ but ſyghed
wonderly ſore/ hangynge doune his hede/ takyng no hede to his
wordes/ Thus they rode wel a thre myle Engliſſhe/ and then
ne this knyght called to hym a Varlette / and badde hym ryde
vntyl yonder fayr manoyr/ and recommaunde me to the lady
of that caſtel and place / and praye her to ſende me refreſſh
ynge of goode metes/ and drynkes/ And yf ſhe aſke the what
I am/ Telle her that I am the knyght that folowyth the Gla
tyſaunt breſt/ that is in Engliſſhe to ſaye the queſtynge beeſte
for that beeſt where ſomeuer he yede/ he queſtede in the kely with
ſuche a noyſe/ as it hadde ben a thyrty couple of hounds
¶ Thenne the Varlet wente his way and came to the manoyr
and ſalewed the lady/ and told her from whens he came/ And
whan ſhe vnderſtode that he came from the knyghte that fol
wed the queſtynge beeſte / O ſwete lorde Jheſu ſhe ſayde whan
ſhalle I ſee that noble knyghte my dere ſone Gahalmydes /
Alas wille he not abyde with me/ and there with ſhe ſwou
ned and wepte/ and made paſſynge grete dole / And thenne al
ſo ſoone as ſhe myghte ſhe gaf the Varlet alle that he axyd /
And the Varlet retorned vnto ſir Gahalmydes/ for he was a Var
let of kynge Marke/ And as ſoone as he came/ he told the kn
yghtes name was ſir Gahalmydes/ I am wel pleaſyd ſaid ky
nge Marke but holde the ſtyll and ſeye no thynge/ ¶ Thenne
they alyghte and ſette them doune and repoſed them a whyl
le/ Anone with alle kynge Marke felle on ſlepe/ whanne ſyr
Gahalmydes ſalve hym ſounde a ſlepe/ he took his hors and ro
de his way and ſaid to them/ I wille not be in the compayne
of a ſleppynge knyghte/ And ſo he rode forthe a grete pace

¶ Capitulum viii

NOw torne we vnto ſire Dynadan that ſonde theſe seuen
knyghtes paſſynge bruy / And whanne he wyſte hold
that they ſped/ as bruy was he/ My lord Gawayne ſaid Dy
nadan/ I dare ley my hede it is ſir Lamorak de galys/ I pro
myſe you alle / I ſhalle fynde hym/ and he may be founde in

this countrey/ and so sore Dynadan rode after this knyght/ And so dyd kyng Marke that sought hym thurgh the forest Soo as kyng Marke rode after sir Palomydes/ he herd a noyse of a man/ that made grete dole/ Thenne kyng Marke rode as nygh that noyse as he myght and as he durst/ Thenne was he ware of a knyght that was descended of his hors/ and hadde put of his helme/ and there he made a pytous complaynte/ and a dolorous of loue

¶ Nold leue me that/ and talke we of sire Dynadan that rode to seke syr Palomydes/ And as he came within a forest/ he mette with a knyght a chacer of a dere/ Syr said sire Dynadan mette ye with a knyght with a shelde of syluer/ and lyons heedes/ ye fayr knyght sayd the other/ with suche a knyght mette I with but a whyle agone/ and stroyte yonder waye he yede/ Gramercy said sir Dynadan/ for myght I fynde the trak of his hors I shold not fayle to fynde that knyght/ Right so as sir Dynadan rode in the euen lade/ he herd a doleful noyse as it were of a man/ ¶ Thenne sir Dynadan rode tolward that noyse/ And whanne he came nygh that noyse/ he alyghte of his hors/ and wente nere hym on foote/ Thenne was he ware of a knyght that stood vnder a tree and his hors tyed by hym/ and the helme of his hede/ and euer that knyght made a doleful complaynte as euer made knyght/ And alweyes he made his complaynte of la Beale Isoud the Quene of Cornewaile/ and said A fayr lady why loue I the/ for thou art fayrest of alle other/ and yet shewest thou neuer loue to me/ nor kyndnesse/ Alas yet must I loue the/ And I may not blame the fayre lady/ for myn eyen ben cause of this sorowe/ And yet to loue the I am but a foole/ for the best knyght of the world hateth the/ and ye hym ageyne/ that is sir Tristram de Lyones And the falsest kynge and knyght is youre husband/ and the moost cowardy and ful of treason is youre lord kyng marke ¶ Alas that euer so fayre a lady and pyerles of alle other shold be matched with the moost vylaynous knyght of the world/ Alle this langage herd kynge Marke/ what sir Palomydes said by hym/ wherfore he was adradde/ whanne he salue sire Dynadan lost and he aspyed hym/ that he wold telle syre Palomydes that he was kynge Marke/ and there

for he withdrewe hym and toke his hors and rode to his men where he commaunded hem to abyde/And soo he rode as fast as he myght vnto Camelot/& the same day he fonde there Amant the knyght redy that afore Arthur had appeled hym of treason/and soo lyghtely the kynge commaunded hem to do hym stalke/And by mysauenture kynge Marke smote Amant thorugh the body/And yet was Amant in the ryghtuous quarel And ryght soo he took his hors and departed from the court for drede of sir Dynadan that he wolde telle syr Tristram and sir Palomydes what he was/¶ Thenne were ther maydens/ that la Beale Isoude hadde sente to sire Tristram that knewe sir Amant wel

¶ Capitulum xv

THenne by the lyence of kynge Arthur/ they went to hym and spak with hym/ for whyle the tronchon of the spere stake in his body he spak/A fayr damoysels said Amant/recommaunde me vnto la Beale Isoude/ and telle her that I am slayn for the loue of her and of sir Tristram/ And there he told the damoysels how cowardly kyng Marke had slayne hym and sire Bersyles his felawe/ ¶ And for that rode I appeled hym of treason/and here am I slayne in a ryghtuous quarel/and alle was by cause of sir Bersyles & I wolde not consente by treason to slee the noble knyght sir tristram/Thenne the two maydens retrayed alowde that alle the courte myght here it/and said O swete lorde Ihesu that knowest alle hydde thynges/ why suffrest thou soo false a traytour to vaynquysshe and slee a trewe knyght that fought in a ryghtuous quarel/ Thenne anone hit was sprongen to the kyng and the quene and to alle the lordes that it was kynge Marke that had slayne syr Amant/and sire Bersiles afore hand/ where for they dyd their batailles/Thenne was kyng Arthur wroth oute of mesure/and so were alle the other knyghtes

But whanne sire Tristram knewe alle the mattre/ he made grete dole and sorowe oute of mesure/and wepte for sorou for the losse of the noble knyghtes syr Bersyles & of sir Amant

¶ Whanne ſir Launcelot aſpyed ſir Triſtram wepe/he went haſtely to kynge Arthur and ſaid ſyre I pray you gyue me leue to retorne ageyne to yonder falſe kynge and knyght / I pray yold ſaid kynge Arthur/fetche hym ageyne/but I wold not that ye ſlewe hym for my worſhip / Thenne ſir launcelot armed hym in alle haſte/and mounted vpon a grete hors/ & toke a ſpere in his hand and rode after kynge Marke/ And fro thens a thre myle engliſſhe/ſir launcelot ouertook hym/ and badde hym torne recreaunt kyng and knyght) For why / der thou wilt or not thalt ſhalt go with me to kyng Arthurs Courte/kynge Marke returned and loked vpon ſir Launce/ lot/and ſaid Faire ſyr what is your name/wete thou wel ſa id he my name is ſire Launcelot/and therfor defende the/ And whanne kynge Marke wiſte that it was ſire Launcelot/and came ſoo faſt vpon hym with a ſpere/he cryed thenne on lowde I yelde me to the ſir launcelot/honourable knyghte/ But ſire Launcelot wold not here hym/but came faſt vpon hym/kyng Marke ſalde that / and maade no defence but tombled adoune out of his ſadel to the erthe as a ſak / and there he lay ſtylle/ and cryed ſire launcelot mercy/Arryſe recreaunt knyghte and kynge/I wylle not fyghte ſaid kynge Marke/ But whe / ther that ye wille I wil goo with yold /

Allas Allas ſaid ſire Launcelot that I maye not gyue the one buffet for the loue of ſire Triſtram and of la Beale Iſoud And for the two knyghtes that thou haſt ſlayne traiſourly / And ſoo he mounted vpon hie hors and brouzt hym to kyng Arthur/and there kynge Marke alyghte in that ſame place and threwe his helme from hym vpon the erthe/and his ſwerd and fylle flat to the erthe of kynge Arthurs feet and putte hym in his grace and mercy / ¶ Soo god me help ſaid Arthur ye are welcome in a maner/and in a maner ye ar not welcome / In this maner ye are welcome that ye come hyder maulgre thy hede as I ſuppoſe/ ¶ That is trouthe ſaid kynge Marke/and els I had not ben here/For my lord ſir launce/ lot brought me hyder thurgh his fyne force / and to hym am I yolden to as recreaunt/ ¶ Wel ſaid Arthur ye vnderſtande ye oughte to doo me ſeruyſe / homage and feaute/And neuer

wolde ye doo me none/but euer ye haue ben ageynst me/and a destroyer of my knyghtes/nold/holde wille ye acquyte you/Sir saide kynge Marke/Ryght as your lordshipe will requyre me vnto my power/I wille make a large amendys/ For he was a fayre spoker and fals there vnder/Thenne for grete pleasyr of syr Tristram to make them tweyne accorded/the kyng with held kynge Marke/as at that tyme/ and made a trwes fro day bitwene them/

¶ Capitulum xbij

NOw torne we ageyne vnto sir Palomydes how sir Dynadan comforted hym in alle that he myghte from his grete sorow/what knyghte are ye said sir Palomydes/ syre I am a knyght erraunt as ye be that hath sought you longe by your sheld/Here is my sheld said sir Palomydes/wete ye wel and ye wille oughte/there with I wille defende hit/ Nay said sir Dynadan I wille not haue ado with yow/ but in goode maner/ And yf ye wil ye shal fynde me sone redy/Syr said sir Dynadan whyder ward ryde you this way/By my fey sayde sir Palomydes I woote not but as fortune ledeth me/Herde ye or salwe ye ought of sir Tristram/So god me helpe of sir Tristram I bothe herde and salwe / and not/ for thenne we louede not inwardly wel to gyders/yet at my meschyef sir Tristram rescowed me from my dethe/and yet or he and I departed by bothe our assentes we assigned a day that we sholde haue met at the stony grane/that merlyon sette beside Camelot/ & there to haue done batailke to gyders/ howbe hit I was letted sayde sir Palomydes that I myght not holde my daye / the whiche greueth me sore/ but I haue a large excuse/ For I was prysoner with a lorde and many other moo / and that shalle syr Tristram ryght wel vnderstande/ yf I brake hit not of fere of colwardyse/ And thenne sir Palomydes told sir Dynadan the same day that they sholde haue mette / Soo gode me helpe sayde syre Dynadan that same day mette sire Launcelot and sir Tristram at the same grawe of stone/ ¶ And there was the mooste myghtyeste batailke that euer was sene in this lande bitwyxe

two knyghtes/for they fought more than two houres/ And there they bothe bledde soo mocke blood/that alle men meruey led that euer they myght endure hit/

¶ And so at the laste by bothe their assentes they were made frendes and sworne bretheren for euer/ and no man can Juge the better knyght/And nowe is sir Tristram made a Knyghte of the rounde table/and he sytteth in the sege of the noble kn ; yght sire Marhaus/ ¶ By my trouthe saidy sir Palomydes syre Tristram is ferre bygger than sir Launcelot/ and the hardyer Knyghte/ ¶ Haue ye assayed them bothe saide syre Dynadan/ ¶ I haue sene syre Tristram fyght ; te saidy syre Palomydes /but neuer sire Launcelot/to my vnderstynge/But at the fontayne where sire Launcelot lay on slepe there with one spere he smote doune sire Tristram/and me said Palomydes/but at that tyme they knewe not eyther other

Faire Knyghte said sir Dynadan as for sir launcelot and sir Tristram lette them be/for the werst of them wille not be lyght; ly malcheby of no knyghtes that I knowe lyuynge/

Now saidy sir Palomydes gody defende but and I hady a quar rel to the better of them bothe/ I wolde with as goody a wylle fyghte with hym as with yolde

¶ Syre I requyre you telle me your name and in good feith I shalle holde you company/yf that we come to Camelot/and there shalle ye haue grete worshipp nowe at this grete turnement for there shalle be the Quene Gueneuer/ and la Beale Isoud of Cornewaile / there yolde wyll syre Knyght for the loue of la Beale Isoudy I wille be there and elis not/ but I wille not ha ue adoo in Kynge Arthurs courte/Sir saidy Dynadan I shal tyde with yolde and doo you scrupse/so ye wille telle me youre name/Syre ye shalle vnderstande my name is syre palomydes brother to Safere the goody and noble Knyghte / And Syre Segwarydes and I be Sarasyns borne of fader and mo ; der/ ¶ Syre saidy sire Dynadan I thanke you mocke/for the tellyng of your name/For I am gladde of that I knowe your name/& I promyse you by the feyth of my body ye shalle not be hurte by me by my will/but rather be auaun ; tedy/And therto wille I helpe yolde with all my polder I pro ; myse you/doubte ye not / And certaynly on my lyf ye shalle

kynge gaue hem leue to ryde in the Counte of kynge Arthur/ And
in ryght ordenaunce/ Soo thenne they dressid on their helmes/ &
puton their sheldes/ & mounted vpon their horses/ and toke
the hyest way toward Camelot/ And thenne there they sawe
a castel/ that was fayre and ryche/ and also passyng strong
as ony was with in this reame

Capitulum xbij

Syr Malomydes said Dynadan here is a Castell that I
knowe wel / and therin dwelleth Quene Morgan le
fay kynge Arthurs syster/ And kynge Arthur gaf her this
Castel/ the which he hath repented hym sythen a thousand ty
mes/ for sythen kynge Arthur and she haue ben at debate and
stryfe/ but this castel coude he neuer gete nor kynne of her by
no maner of engyne/ And euer as she myght she made warre
on kynge Arthur/ And alle daungerous knyghtes she with
holdeth with her for to destroye alle these knyghtes that kynge
Arthur loueth/ And there shalle noo knyght passe this way
but he muste juste With one knyght or with two or with thre
And yf hit happe that kyng Arthurs knyght be beten/ he shal
lese his hors and his harneis/ and alle that he hath/ and hardy
yf that he escape/ but that he shalle be prysonner/

Soo godys me helpe saidy Malomydes this is a shameful cus
tomme and a vylayneus vsaunce for a Quene to vse / And
namely to make suche warre vpon her owne lordy / that is cal
led the floure of chyualry that is Crysten or hethen / and with
alle my hert I woldy destroye that shameful customme / And
I wille that alle the lordy were ful shalle haue no seruyse of
me/ And yf she sende oute ony knyghtes/ as I suppose she wil
for to juste they shalle haue bothe their handes ful/

And I shalle not fayle you saidy sir Dynadan vnto my pu
yssaunce vpon my lyf/ Soo as they stode on horsbak afore the
Castel/ there came a knyght With a redy sheldy and iij squye
es afore hym/ And he came streyght vnto syre Malomydes the
goody knyght/ and saidy to hym/ Fayre and gentyl knyght

erraunt I requyre the for the loue thou oughest vnto knyghthode that ye wille not haue adoo here with these men of thys Caſ-
tell/for this was sire Lamorack that thus saide/ For I came hyder to seke this dede/ and hit is my requeſt/And therfor I
beſeche you knyght lete me dele/ and yf I be beten/ reuenge me/In the name of god said Palompdes/lete see holde ye wil
spede/and we shalle beholde you/¶ Thenne anone came forth a knyght of the Caſtel and proferde to juste with the knyght
with the rede sheld/Anone they encountrede to gyders/ and he with the rede shelde smote hym soo hard that he bare hym ouer
to the erthe/There with anone came another knyght of the caſ
tel/and he was smyten so sore that he auoyded his sadel/ And
forth with alle came the thyrd knyghte/ and the knyght with
the rede shelde smote hym to the erthe/ Thenne came sir Palo-
mydes and besought hym that he myght helpe hym to juste
Faire knyght said he vnto hym suffre me as at this tyme to fi
ne my wylle/ For and they were twenty knyghtes I shalle
wel doubte them/And euer there were vpon the walles of the
castel many lordes and ladyes that cryed and said wel haue
ye justed knyght with the rede shelde/¶ But as soone as the
knyght had smyten hem doune/his squyer toke their horses/&
auoyded their sadels and brydels of the horses/ and tourned
them in to the foreſt/and made the knyghtes to be kepte to the
ende of the justes/Right soo came oute of the castel the fourth
knyght/and fersshly proferd to juste with the knyghte with
the red shelde/ and he was redy/and he smote hym soo hardy/
that horse and man felle to the erthe/& the knyghtes brak brak
with the falle and his neck also/ O Jhesu said syr Palompdes
that ponder is a passyng goody knyght/ and the beſt Justar that
euer I sawe/By my hede said sir Dynadan he is as good as
euer was sir Launcelot or sir Triſtram what knyght someuer
he be/

¶ Capitulum xviij

Thenne forthe with alle came a knyght oute of the caſ
tel with a shelde bended with blak and with Whyte/
¶ And anone the knyghte with the rede shelde and

And he encountred soo hardy/ that he smote the knyght of the Castel thorgh the tenned shelde and thurgh the body/and bare hym ouer the hors tail / Faire knyghte saidy syr Palomydes ye haue ouer mocke on handy/therfor I praye you lete me juste/for ye hady nede to be reposed/ Why sir saidy the knyght/seme ye that I am weyke and feble/and sir me thynketh ye profer me wrong and to me shame whan I doo wel ynough/I telle yolu nolu as I tolde you erst/for and they were twenty knyghtes I shal lete them/ And yf I be beten or slayne thenne may ye wreke me/ And yf ye thynke that I be wery/and ye haue an appetyte to juste with me/I shalle synde you justynge ynough / Syr saidy Palomydes I said it not by cause I woldy juste with you/but me semeth that ye haue ouer mocke on handy/& therfor and ye were gentyl saidy the knyght with the reedy shelde ye sholdy not profer me shame/therfor I requyre you to juste with me/and ye shalle synde that I am not wery/Syth ye requyre me said sir palomydes/take kepe to your self/ ¶ Thenne they two knyghtes came to gyders as fast as their horses myght renne/and the knyght smote sir Palomydes so sore on the shelde that the spere went in to his syde a grete wounde and a perilous / And there with alle sir Palomydes anoydy his sadel/ And that knyght tornedy vnto sir Dynadan/ And whan he salue hym compynge/he cryedy a loude and saidy/ syr I wyll not haue ado with you/but for that he lete it not/but cam streyght vpon hym/Soo sire Dynadan for shame put forthe thy spere and alle to sheuerdy hit vpon the knyght/But he smote syr Dynadan ageyne soo hardy that he smote hym clene from his sadel/but their horses he woldy not suffre his squyers to medle with/and by cause they were knyghtes erraunt/Thenne he dressidy hym ageyne to the castel and justedy with seuen knyghtes moo/and there was none of hem myght withstande hym/ but bare hym to the erthe / And of these twelue knyghtes he slewe in playne justes four/ And the eyght knyghtes he made them to swere on the crosse of a swerdy/that they sholdy neuer vse the cuylle custommes of the castel/ And whan he hady made them to swere that othe/he lete them passe / And euer stode the lordes and the ladyes on the Castel walles cryeng and sayenge / knyghte with the reedy shelde ye haue merueyllously

wol done as euer we salwe knyght dod / Andy therwith came a knyght vnto of the Castel armedy and saidy / knyght with the reedy sheld ouer mocke dammage hast thou done to vs this day/therfor retorne whyther thou wilt/for here ar no mo wille haue ado with the / for we repente sore that euer thou camst here/for by the is fordone the oldy customme of this castel/ And with that wordy he tournedy agayne in to the Castel / and shytte the yates/ Thenne the knyght with the redē sheldy turnedy andy calledy his squyers/andy so past forth on his wayes andy rode a grete pace/ And whanne he was past fyre Palomydes wente to sir Dynadan andy saidy I hady neuer suche a shame of one knyght that euer I met/ Andy therfore I caste me to ryde after hym/andy to be reuengedy with my swerdy/ for on horsback I trowe I shalle gete no worshyp of hym/ Syre Palomydes said Dynadan ye shalle not medle with hym by my counceil for ye shal gete no worshyp of hym/ andy for this cause/ ye haue sene hym this day haue had ouer mocke to done & ouer mocke trauailedy/ By almyghty Jhesu said Palomydes I shall neuer be at ease tyl that I haue had ado with hym/ Syr said Dynadan I shalle gyue you my beholdynge/ wel said Palomydes/thenne shall ye see how we shalle redresse our myghtes And they toyll their horses of their barlets/ andy rode after the knyght with the reedy sheld/ & founde in a Valey besyde a fontayne they there daye where he was alyghte to repose hym/and hady wine of his seime/ for to drynke at the welle

Capitulum xix

Thenne Palomydes rode faste tyl he came nyghe hym / Andy thene he said knyght remembre ye of the shame ye dydy to me eyght now at the Castel / therfore dresse the/ for I wille haue ado with the/ Fair knyght said he to Palomydes of me ye haue no worshyp/ for ye haue sene this daye that I haue ben trauailedy sore/ As for that saidy Palomydes I wille not kepe/ for wete ye wel I will be reuengedy/ wel said the knyght I may happen be endure you/ And therwith alle he mounted vpon his horse and took a grete spere in his handy redy for

to juste/ nay sayd palomydes I wille not juste/ for I am sure at justynge I gete no prys/ Fair knyght sayd that knyght It wold besemme a knyght to juste and to fyghte on horsback ye shalle see what I wille doo sayd palomydes/ and therwith he alyghte doune vpon foote/ and dressid his shelde afore hym and pulled oute his swerde/ Thenne the knyght with the reed shelde dessanded doune from his hors/ and dressid his shild afore hym/ and soo he dreve oute his swerde/ And thenne they came to gyders a softe pas/ and wonderly they lassshed to gyders passyng thycke the mountenaunce of an houre/ or euer they brethed/ Thenne they traced and trauersyd and wayed wonderly wrothe/ and eyther knyght other dethe/ they delve so fast with their swerdes that they cutte in doune half theire swerdes/ and mayles that the bare flesshe in some place stode aboue theyr harneis/ ¶ And whan sir palomydes behelde his felawes swerde ouer hyled with his blode/ hit greued hym sore/ some whyle they fayned/ some whyle they strake as wylde men/ ¶ But at the last sir palomydes wayed faynte by cause of his first wounde that he had atte castel with a spere/ for that wounde greued hym wonderly sore/ Faire knyght sayd palomydes me seemeth we haue assayed eyther other passyng sore/ and yf hit may please the/ I requyre the of thy knyghthode telle me thy name/ Sir said the knyght to palomydes/ that is me loth to doo/ for thou hast done me wronge/ and no knyghthode to preser me batayle/ consyderynge my grete trauayle/ ¶ But and thou wolt telle me thy name/ I wille telle the myn/ Syr said he wete thou wel my name is palomydes/ A syr ye shalle vnderstande my name is sir Lamorak de galys/ sone and heyre vnto the good knyght and kynge/ kynge pellenore/ and syr Tor the good knyght is my halfe broder/ whanne sire palomydes herd hym saye soo he kneled doune and asked mercy for oughtrageously haue I done to you this daye/ consyderyng the grete dedes of armes I haue sene you done/ shamefully and vnknyghtely I haue requyred you to doo batayle/ A syre palomydes said sir Lamorak/ ouer moche haue ye done and sayd to me/ And ther with he enbraced hym with his both handes/ and sayd palomydes the worthy knyght in alle this lande is noo better than ye nor more of prowesse/ and me repented sore that

the ſholde fyghte to gyders/So it doth nat my ſaide ſir chalomy
des/and yet am I ſoure waundryd than ye knowe/ But as for
that I ſhalle ſoone therof be hole/But certaynly I wold not
for the fayreſt caſtel in this lande/but yf thou and I had met
for I ſtalke lyue you the dayes of my lyfe afore all other kn;
yghtes exepte my broder ſir Safere/I ſaye the ſame ſaide ſyre
Lamorak exepte my broder ſir Toꝛ/Thenne came ſire Dyna;
dan/and he made grete ioye of ſir Lamorak/ Thenne theire
ſquyers dreſſid̄ bothe their ſhildes and their harneis/and̄ ſtop
pyd̄ their wounds/And̄ there by at a pryory they reſted them
alle nyghte/

Capitulum xx

Nold̄ tome we ageyne/whan ſire Gaynys and ſir Bran
dyles with his felawes came to the Courte of kynge
Arthur/they told̄ the kynge/ſyr Launcelot and̄ ſir Triſtram/
hold̄ ſire Dagonet the foole chacyd̄ kynge Marke thurgh the
foreſt/and hold̄ the ſtronge knyghte ſmote them doune al ſeuen
with one ſpere/There was grete laughynge and̄ Japynge atte
kynge Marke and̄ at ſire Dagonet/But all theſe knyghtes
coude not telle what knyzt it was that reſcolved kyng Marke
Thenne they aſkedꝫ kynge Marke yf that he knewe hym / and̄
he anſwerd̄ and̄ ſaid̄/ he namedꝫ hym ſelf the knyghte that fo;
lowed̄ the queſtynge beeſt/ and̄ on that name he ſente one of
my Yarlets to a place where was his modꝛ/and̄ whan ſhe herd
from whens he cam/ ſhe made paſſyng grete dole and̄ diſcouerd
to my Yarlet his name and̄ ſaid̄/O my dere ſone ſire chalomy;
des why wolde thou not ſee me/and̄ therfoꝛ ſyr ſaid̄ kyng Ma;
rke it is to vnderſtande his name is ſir chalomydes a noble kn;
yghte / Thenne were alle theſe ſeuen knyghtes gladde that they
knewe his name/ Nold̄ tome we ageyne/ foꝛ on the morne
they toke their horſes bothe ſir Lamorak/chalomydes Dynadā
with their ſquyers and̄ Yarlets tyl they ſawe a fayre caſtel /
that ſtoode on a montayne wel cloſed̄/and̄ thyder they rode
and there they fond a knyghte that hyght Galahalt that was
lord̄ of that caſtel / and̄ there they had̄ grete chere and̄ were
wel eaſed̄/Tho Dynadan ſaid̄ ſire Lamorak what wil ye do o

ſir ſaidꝫ Dynadan/ I wylle to morowe to the courte of kynge Arthur/ ¶ By my hede ſaidꝫ ſir Chalomydes I wille not ryde theſe thre dayes/ for I am ſore hurte/ andꝫ moche haue I bled Andꝫ therfor I wille repoſe me here/ Truly ſaid ſir Lamorak/ andꝫ I wille abyde here with you/ Andꝫ whan ye ryde/ thenne wille I ryde/ onles that ye tary ouer longe/ Thenne wyll I take myn horſe/ therfor I pray you ſyr Dynadan abyde andꝫ ryde with vs/ Feythfully ſaid Dynadan I wylle not abyde for I haue ſuche a talent to ſee ſir Triſtram that I may not abyde longe from hym/ A Dynadan ſaid ſyre Chalomydes nowe do I vnderſtande/ that ye loue my mortal enemy/ andꝫ therfore holde ſholde I truſt yow/ wel ſaidꝫ Dynadan I loue my lordꝫ ſyre Triſtram aboue all other/ andꝫ hym wille I ſerue andꝫ do honour/ So ſhalle I ſaidꝫ ſyre Lamorak in al that may lye in my power/ Soo on the morne ſir Dynadan rode vnto the court of kynge Arthur/ Andꝫ by the way as he rode he ſawe where ſtode an erraunt knyght/ andꝫ made hym redy for to Juſte/ Not ſoo ſaidꝫ Dynadan for I haue no wylle to Juſte/ with me ſhalle ye Juſte ſaidꝫ the knyght or that ye paſſe this waye/ Wether aſke ye Juſtes by loue or by hate/ The knyght anſwerd wete ye wel/ I aſke hit for loue & not for hate/ hit may wel be ſoo ſaid ſyre Dynadan/ but ye profer me hardꝫ loue/ whan ye wylle Juſte with me with a ſharp ſpere/ ¶ But ſayre knyght ſaidꝫ ſyre Dynadan ſythe ye wylle Juſte with me/ mete with me in the Courte of kynge Arthur/ andꝫ there ſhalle I Juſte with you/ Wel ſaidꝫ the knyght ſythe ye wille not Juſte with me I pray yow telle me your name/ ¶ Syr knyght ſaidꝫ he my name is ſyre Dynadan/ A ſaidꝫ the knyght/ ful wel knowe I you for a goodꝫ knyght and a gentyl/ and wete yow wel I loue you hertely/ ¶ Thenne ſhalle there be no Juſtes ſaidꝫ Dynadan betwixe vs/ Soo they departedꝫ/ Andꝫ the ſame day he came to Camelot where lay kynge Arthur/ Andꝫ there he ſaluedꝫ the kynge andꝫ the quene/ ſyre Launcelot andꝫ ſyre Triſtram/ andꝫ alle the Courte was gladde of ſir Dynadan/ for he was gentyl wyſe andꝫ curteys/ andꝫ a goodꝫ knyght/ And in eſpecyal the valyaunt knyght ſir Triſtram louedꝫ ſyre Dynadan paſſyng wel aboue alle other knyghtes ſauf ſir Launcelot ¶ Thenne the kynge aſkedꝫ

ſyr Dynadan what aduentures he had ſene/ Sire ſaid Dyna-
dan I haue ſene many aduentures/and of ſomme kyng mark
knoweth/but not alle/Thenne the kynge herkened ſyr Dyna
nadan how he told that ſir Palomydes and he were afore the
caſtel of Morgan le fay/and how ſyr Lamorak wolde the Juſ-
tes afore them/and how he forſuſted twelue knyghtes/ and
of them four he ſlewe/And how after he ſmote doune ſir Pal-
mydes and me bothe/I may not byleue that ſayd the kynge
For ſir Palomydes is a paſſyng good knyghte / that is very
trouthe ſaid ſir Dynadan/but yet I ſalve hym better preued
hand for hand/ And thenne he told the kyng alle that batail
And how ſir Palomydes was more weyker and more hurte/
and more loſt of his blood/ And without doubte ſayd ſir dy
nadan had the batailke lenger laſted/palomydes had be ſlayn
O Jheſu ſaid kynge Arthur this is to me a grete merueylle
Syr ſaid Triſtram merueylle ye no thynge therof/ for at myn
aduys / there is not a Valyaunter knyghte in the World lyu-
ynge/for I knowe his myght/ And nold I wilke ſaye yold
I was neuer ſoo wery of knyghte but yf it were ſir Launcelot
And there is no knyghte in the world eyxepte ſyr Launcelot
I wold dyd ſoo wel as ſir Lamorak / Soo god me helpe ſa-
id the kyng I wold that knyght ſyre Lamorak came to thys
Courte/ſyr ſaid Dynadan he wilke be here in ſhorte ſpace/ and
ſyr Palomydes bothe/ but I fere that Palomydes may not yet
trauayle

Capitulum xxj/

Thenne within thre dayes after the kynge lete make a
Juſtyng at a pryory/ And there made hem redy many
knyghtes of the rounde table/ For ſyr Gawayne and
his bretherē made them redy to Juſte/But Triſtram/ Launce-
lot nor Dynadan wold not Juſte / but ſuffred ſir Gawayne for
the loue of kyng Arthur with his bretheren to wynne the gre
yf they myght /. Thenne on the morne they appatayled them to
Juſte ſyr Gawayne and his four bretheren/ and dyd there gre
te dedes of armes/and ſir Ector de marys dyd merueylouſly
wel/But ſire Gawayne paſſed alle that felauſhip/ wherfore

kynge Arthur and alle the knyghtes gafe sire Galhayne the honour at the begynnynge/ ¶ Ryght soo kynge Arthur was ware of a knyght and two squyers / the whiche came oute of a forest syde with a sheld couerd with leder / And thenne he came slyly and hurtlyd here and there/ And anone with one spere he had smyten doune two knyghtes of the round table Thenne with his hurtlyng he lost the keuerynge of his sheld thenne was the kynge and alle other ware that he bare a red shelde / O Jhesu saide kynge Arthur see where rydeth a stoute kenyght he with the redy shelde/ And there was noyse & cryenge Gelware the knyght with the redy shelde/ Soo within a lytel whyle he had ouerthrowen thre brethern of sire Galhaynes/ Soo god me help said kynge Arthur me semeth yonder is the best juster that euer I salde / with that he salde hym encountre with sire Galhayne/ and he smote hym doune with soo grete force that he made his hors to auoyde his sadel/ ¶ Holde nold said the kyng sir Galhayne hath a falke/ wel were me / and I knelde what knyght he were with the red shelde/ I knowe hym wel said Dynadan/ but as at this tyme ye shalle not knowe his name/ By my lede saidy syr Tristram he justed better than sir Palomydes/ And yf ye lyst to knowe his name/ wete ye wel his name is sir Lamorak de galys/ As they stode thus talkynge/ sire Galhayne and he encountred to gyders ageyne/ And there he smote sir Galhayne from his hors / and stroyed hym sore/ And in the syghte of kynge Arthur he smote doune twenty knyghtes beside sire Galhayne and his brethern/ And soo clerely was the pryse yeuen hym as a knyght pyerles/ Thenne slyly and merueylously syr Lamorak with drewe hym from alle the felauship in to the forest syde/ Al this aspyed kynge Arthur/ for his eye went neuer from hym/

¶ Thenne the kynge syr Launcelot syr Tristram and syr dynadan took theire hackneis/ and rode streyght after the goody knyght syr Lamorak de galys/ And there fond hym / And thus saidy the kyng/ A fayr knyght wel be ye fonde/ whanne he salde the kynge/ he put of his helme and saleded hym/ and whanne he salde sir Tristram/ he alyghte doun of his hors and ranne to hym to take hym by the thyes/ but sir Tristram wold

not ſuffre hym/but he alyghte or that he came/and eyder toke other in armes/and made grete iope of other/ The kynge was glad/and alſo was alle the felauſhip of the round table/ eyepte ſire Galhayne and his bretheren/ And whanne they wyſt that he was ſyre Lamorak/they had grete deſpyte at hym and were wonderly wrothe with hym/that he had putte hym to diſhonour that day/ Thenne Galhayn callede pryuely in counſille alle his bretheren/and to them ſaid thus/ Faire brethern hyr may ye ſee whome that we hate/kynge Arthur loueth And whome that we loue he hateth/ ¶ And wete ye wel my faire bretheren/that this ſir Lamorak wille neuer loue vs/ by muſe we ſlelve his fader kynge Pellenore/for we demed that he ſlelve our fader kynge of Orkeney/And for the deſpyte of Pellenore ſyr Lamorak dyd vs a ſhame to oure moder/ therfore I wille be truenged/Syr ſaid ſir Galhayns bretheren/ lete ſee how ye wylle or maye be truenged/and ye ſhalle fynde vs redy/Wel ſaid Galhayne holde you ſtylle and we ſhalle aſpye oure tyme/

¶ Capitulum xxij

NOw paſſe we oure matere/ and leue we ſire Galhayn and ſpeke of kynge Arthur that on a day ſaid vnto kynge Marke/Syr I pray yold gyue me a yefte that I ſhalle axe yold/Syr ſaid kyng Mark I will gyue you what ſomeuer ye deſyre and hit be in my power/Syre gramercy ſaid Arthur/This I wille aſke yold that ye wille be good lord vnto ſir Triſtram/for he is a man of grete honour/and that ye wille take hym with yold in to Cornewaile/ & lete hym ſee his frendes/and there cherylſſhe hym for my ſake/ Syre ſaid kynge Marke I promyſe yold by the feythe of my body and by the feythe that I owe to god and to yold I ſhalle worſhipe hym for your ſake in alle that I can or may/ Syr ſaid Arthur/and I wylle forgyue yold alle the euylle wylle that euer I ought yo vo/ and ſo be that ye ſwere that vpon a booke afore me/with a goode wille ſaid kynge Marke/ and ſoo he there ſware vpon a booke afore hym and alle his knyghte/ & ther with kynge Mark and ſire Triſtram toke eyther other by

the handes hardy knyt to gyders/But for alle this kynge marke thought falsly/as it preuedy after/for he put sir Tristram in prysony/andy colwardly woldy haue slayne hym/ Thenne soone after kynge Marke took his leue to ryde in to Cornelya gal/andy sir Tristram made hym redy to ryde with hym / wherof the moost party of the woundy table were wrothe andy euyl in especial sir Launcelot andy sire Lamorak andy sir Dynadan were wrothe oute of mesure/ For wel they wyst kyng Marke woldy slee or destroye sir Tristram/ Allas saidy Dynadan that my lordy syr Tristram shalle departe/ and sir Tristram toke suche sorowe that he was amasydy lyke a foole / ¶ Allas said sir Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur what haue ye done/for ye shall lese the moost may of worship that euer cam in to your court It was his owne desyre saidy Arthur/and therfore I myghte not doo with alle/for I haue done alle that I cay andy made them at accordy/Accordy saidy sir launcelot fy vpon that accord For ye shalle here that he shalle slee sir Tristram / or put hym in a prysony/for he is the moost colward andy the vylaynst kyng andy knyght that is nowe lyuyng/ Andy there with sire Launcelot departedy/andy cam to kynge Marke/and said to hym thus Syr kyng were thou wel the good knyght sir Tristram shalle goo with the/Beware I rede the of treasony/for andy thou meschyeue that knyght by ony maner of falshede or treson by the feythe I owe to gody andy to the ordre of knyghthode I shall slee the myn owne handes/ Syr launcelot saidy the kyng ouermoche haue ye saidy to me/and I haue sworne and said ouerlargely afore kynge Arthur in hrynge of alle his knyghtes / that I shal not slee nor betraye hym/It were to me ouermoche shame to breke my promyse/ ye saye wel said sir Launcelot but ye are called so fals andy ful of treasony that no may may bylene yow ¶ For soth it is knowen wel Wherfor ye came in to this countrey/and for none other cause but for slee sir tristram/Soo with grete dole kynge Marke andy sir Tristram wente to gyders/for hit was by sir Tristrames wil andy his meanes to goo with kyng Marke andy all was for the entente to see la Beale Isoud/for without the syghte of her syr Tristrā myghte not endure

Old tolde me ageyne vnto sire Lamorak / and spekē of his bretheren / syr Tor whiche was kynge Pelles nors fyrst sone and bygoten of Arpes wyf the coulerd for he was a bastard and sire Agrauale was his fyrste sone begoten in wedlok / syre Lamorak / Dornar / Percyuale / these were his sones to in wedlok / ¶ Soo whanne kynge Marke and sire Tristram were departed from the Courte / there was made grete dole and sowlye for the departynge of sir Tristram Thenne the kynge and his knyghtes made no maner of Joye eyghte dayes after / And atte eyghte dayes ende ther cam to the courte a knyght with a yonge squyer with hym / And whanne this knyght was vnarmed / he went to the kynge and requyred hym to make the yonge squyer a knyght / Of what lygnage is he come said kynge Arthur / Syre sayd the knyght he is the sone of kyng Pellenore that dyd you somtyme good seruyse / And he is broder vnto syr Lamorak de galys the good knyght / wel sayd the kynge for what cause de syre ye that of me that I shold make hym knyght / wete you wel my lord the kynge that this yonge squyer is broder to me as wel as to sir Lamorak / and my name is Agrauale Syre Agrauale sayd Arthur for the loue of sire Lamorak and for his fadres loue he shalle be made knyght to morowe / ¶ Nay tolde me said Arthur what is his name / Syre sayd the knyght his name is Percyuale de Galys / Soo on the morne the kynge made hym knyght in Camelott / But the kynge and alle the knyghtes thought hit wold be longe or that he preued a good knyght ¶ Thenne at the dyner whanne the kynge was set at the table / and euery knyght after he was of prowesse / the kyng commaunded hym to be set amonge meane knyghtes / and soo was sire Percyuale sette as the kynge commaunded / Thenne was there a mayden in the Quenes court that was come of hyghe blood / & she was domme & neuer spak word / Ryght so she cam strayght in to the halle / & went vnto sir Percyuale & tolde hym by ꝑ hād & said a

wolde that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit/ Aryse syr Percyuale the noble knyght and godes knyght and go with me/ and soo he dyde/ And there she broughte hym to the ryght syde of the sege perillous/ And said Fair knyght take here thy sege/ for that sege appertayneth to the and to none other/ Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste/ And as she was confessid and houseld thenne she dyed/ Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete ioye of syr Percyuale

Capitulum xviii

Nold borne we vnto sir Lamorak that mocke was there prepsed/ Thenne by the meane of sir Galwayn and his bretheren/ they sente for her moder there besydes fast by a Castel besyde Camelot/ and alle was to that entente to slee sir Lamorak/ The Quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle but sir Lamorak wyst of their kynge/ and was ful fayne/ & for to make an ende of this matere he sente vnto her/ and ther kelbipe them was a nyght assygned that sir Lamorak shold come to her/ Therof was ware syre Gaherys/ and there he rode afore the same nyght and waited vpon sire Lamorak/ and thenne he salde where he came all armed/ and where sire Lamorak alyghte/ he tyed his hors to a preuy posterne/ and so he went in to a pauur and vnarmed hym/ And thenne he wente vnto the Quenes bedde/ and she made of hym passynge grete Ioye and he of her ageyne/ for eyther loued other passynge sore/

Soo whan the knyght syr Gaherys/ salde his tyme/ he cam to their beddes syde alle armed with his sworde naked/ and so dreply gat his moder by the here and straake of her hede/ whanne sir Lamorak salde the blood daffhe vpon hym all hote/ the whiche he loued passynge wel/ wete yold wel he was sore abusshed and desmayed of that dolorous knyght/ And there with al sir Lamorak lepte out of the bedde in his sherte as a knyght desmayed sayenge thus A syre Gaherys knyght of the table rounde foule and euylle haue ye done and to yold grete shame Allas why haue ye slayn your moder that kan you with more ryght ye shold haue slayne me/ The offence hast thou done

ſayd Gaherys not withſtandynge A man is borne to offre his ſeruyſe / but yet ſholdeſt thold kelvare lvith lvhome thold me ; dleſt/for thold haſt putte me andy my bretheren to a ſhame/and thy fader ſlelve our fadet/andy thold to lye by our moder is to mocke ſhame for vs to ſuffre/Andy as for thy fader kyng Ychelenore my broder ſir Galvayne andy J ſlelve hym/ye dyd hym the more lvronge ſaidy ſire Lamorak / For my fader ſlelve not your fadet/it lvas Balyn le ſaueage / andy as yet my faders dethe is not reuengedy/leue tho lvordes ſaidy ſir Gaherys / For andy thou ſpeke felonſly J lvil ſlee the / But by cauſe thold arte nakedy J am aſhamedy to ſlee the/but lvete thou lvel / in lvhat place J may gete the/J ſhalle ſlee the/and nold my moder is quyte of the/andy lvithdralve the/and take thyn armour that thold lvere gone/Syre Lamorak ſalve there lvas none other lote but faſt armedy hym and took his hors andy rode his lvay makynge grete ſorolve/ / But for the ſhame andy dolour he lvoldy not ryde to kynge Arthurs Courte/but rode another lvaye/But lvhan hit lvas knolven that Gaherys had ſlayne his moder/the kynge lvas paſſynge lvrothe andy commaunded hym to goo oute of his courte/ lvete ye lvel ſire Galvayn lvas lvrothe that Gaherys hady ſlayne his moder/andy lete ſire Lamorak eſcape/ Andy for this matere lvas the kynge paſſynge lvrothe andy ſoo lvas ſir Lamorak andy many other knyghtes Syr ſaidy ſir Launcelot here is a grete meſchyef befallen by ſr lony / and by fore caſt treaſon that your ſyſter is thus ſhamefully ſlayne/ Andy J dare saye that it lvas lvrouzte by treſon Andy J dare saye ye ſhalle leſe that goody knyghte ſir Lamorak the lvhiche is grete pyte/ J lvote lvel andy am ſure and ſir Triſtram lvyſte hit/he lvoldy neuer more, come lvithin youre courte/the lvhiche ſholdy greue yold mocke more andy alle youre knyghtes / Body defende ſaid the noble kynge Arthur that J ſhold leſe ſire Lamorak or ſir Triſtram / for thenne tlveyne of my chyef knyghtes of the table roundy lvere gone/ Syre ſaide ſyre Launcelot J am ſure ye ſhalle leſe ſir Lamorak for ſir Galvayne and his bretheren lville ſle hym/by one meane or other/for they amonge them haue concludedy andy ſlvorne to ſlee hym andy euer they may ſee their tyme/ That ſhalle J lette ſayd Arthur

wode that the kyng and all the knyghtes myght here hit/ Aryse syr Percyuale the noble knyght and godes knyght and go with me/ and soo he dyd/ And there she brought hym to the ryght syde of the sege perilous/ And said Fair knyght take here thy sege/ for that sege appertayneth to the and to none other/ Ryght soo she departed and asked a preste/ And as she was confessid and houseld thenne she dyed/ Thenne the kynge and alle the courte made grete ioye of syr Percyuale

¶ Capitulum xviii

NOw turne we vnto sir Lamorak that moche was there preysed/ Thenne by the meane of sir Galhayn and his brethern/ they sente for her moder there kepte fast by a Castel kepte Camelot/ and alle was to that entente to slee sir Lamorak/ The Quene of Orkeney was there but a whyle but sir Lamorak wyst of their kynge/ and was ful fayne/ & for to make an ende of this matere he sente vnto her/ and ther beldbye them was a nyght assygned that sir Lamorak shold come to her/ Therof was ware syr Gaherys/ and there he rode afore the same nyght and waited vpon sire Lamorak/ and thē ne he salde where he came all armed/ and where sire Lamorak alyghte/ he tyed his hors to a preuy posterne/ and so he wēt in to a paleis and vnarmed hym/ And thenne he went vnto the Quenes bedde/ and she made of hym passynge grete Ioye and he of her ageyne/ for eyther loued other passynge sore/ ¶ Soo whan the knyght syr Gaherys/ salde his tyme/ he cam to their beddes syde alle armed with his swerd naked/ and so dewly gat his moder by the here and strake of her hede/ whanne sir Lamorak salde the blood daffle vpon hym all hote/ the whiche he loued passynge wel/ wete yold wel he was sore abasshed and defmayed of that dolorous knyght/ And there with al sir Lamorak lepte out of the bedde in his sherte as a knyght desmayed sayenge thus A syre Gaherys knyght of the table rounde foule and euelle haue ye done and to yold grete shame Alas why haue ye slayn your moder that bare you with more ryght ye shold haue slayne me/ ¶ The offence hast thou done

ſayd Galerys not withſtandynge a man is borne to offre his ſeruyſe / but yet ſholdeſt thold beldare with whome thold me-dleſt/for thold haſt putte me and my bretheren to a ſhame/and thy fader ſlewe our fader/and thold to lye by our moder is to moche ſhame for vs to ſuffre/And as for thy fader kyng Pel-lenore my broder ſir Galvayne and I ſlewe hym/ye dyd hym the more wronge ſayd ſire Lamorak / For my fader ſlewe not your fader/it was Balyn le ſauuage / and as yet my faders dethe is not reuenged/leue tho wordes ſayd ſir Galerys / For and thou ſpeke felonſly I wil ſlee the / But by cauſe thold arte naked I am aſhamed to ſlee the/but wete thou wel / in what place I may gete the/I ſhalle ſlee the/and nold my moder is quyte of the/and withdralve the/and take thyn armo-ur that thold were gone/Syre Lamorak ſalve there was none other bote but faſt armed hym and wolt his hors and rode his way makynge grete ſorowe / But for the ſhame and dolour he wold not ryde to kynge Arthurs Courte/but rode another waye/But whan hit was knowen that Galerys had ſlayne his moder/the kynge was paſſynge wrothe and commaunded hym to goo oute of his courte/wete ye wel ſire Galvayn was wrothe that Galerys had ſlayne his moder/and lete ſir La-morak eſcape/ And for this matere was the kynge paſſynge wrothe and ſoo was ſir Lamorak and many other knyghtes Syr ſayd ſir Launcelot here is a grete meſchyef befallen by fe-lony / and by fore caſt treaſon that your ſyſter is thus ſhame fully ſlayne/ And I dare saye that it was wrought by treſon And I dare saye ye ſhalle leſe that goody knyghte ſir Lamo-rak the whiche is grete pyte/I wote wel and am ſure and ſir Triſtram wyſte hit/he wold neuer more come within your co-urte/the whiche ſholde greue yold moche more and alle youre knyghtes / Body defende ſaid the noble kynge Arthur that I ſhold leſe ſire Lamorak or ſir Triſtram / for thenne threyne of my chyef knyghtes of the table round were gone / Syre ſaide ſyre Launcelot I am ſure ye ſhalle leſe ſir Lamorak for ſir Ga-wayne and his bretheren wille ſle hym/by one meane or oth-er/for they amonge them haue concluded and ſworne to ſlee hym and euer they may ſee their tyme/That ſhalle I lette ſa-yd Arthur

NOw leue we of sir Lamorak / and speke of sire Gawayns bretherne specialy of syr Agrauayne and syr Mordred as they wode on theire aduentures they mette with a knyght fleynge sore wounded / and they asked hym what tydynges / Faire knyghtes said he here cometh a knyght after me that wylle slee me / With that came sir Dynadan ry= dynge to them by aduenture / but he wold promyse them no help But sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred promysed hym to reso we hym / There with alle came that knyght strayght vnto them And anone he proferd to juste / That salde syr Mordred and rode to hym but he stroke Mordred ouer his hors tayle

¶ That salde sir Agrauayn and strayght he rode toward that knyght / And ryght soo as he serued Mordred soo he serued Agrauayne / and said to them / Syres were ye wel lothe that I am Breuse sauns pyte that hath done this to yold / And yet he rode ouer Agrauayne fyue or syxe tymes /

¶ Whan Dynadan salde this / he muste nedes juste with hym for shame / And so Dynadan and he encountred to gyders / that with pure strengthe sir Dynadan smote hym ouer his hors tayle / Thenne he took his hors and fledde / for he was on foot one of the valyauntest knyghtes in Arthurs dayes / and a grete des troyer of alle good knyghtes / Thenne rode sir Dynadan vnto sir Mordred and vnto sir Agrauayne / Syre knyght said they alle wel haue ye done / and wel haue ye reuenged vs / wherfor we praye yold telle vs youre name / Faire sires ye ought to kno we my name the whiche is called sire Dynadan / Whanne they vnderstood that it was Dynadan / they were more wroth than they were before / for they hated hym oute of mesure by cause of sir Lamorak / For Dynadan had suche a custome that he loued alle good knyghtes that were valyaunt / and he hated al tho that were destroyers of good knyghtes / And there were none that hated Dynadan but tho that euer were called murtherers Thenne spack the hurt knyght that Breuse sauns pyte hadde chased / his name was Dalan / and said yf thou be Dynadan / thold slewest my fadre / Hit may wel be so said Dynadan / but thenne it was in my defence and at his requeste / By my fede said Dalan thold shalt dye therfore / and there with he dressid

his spere and his shelde / And to make the shorter take sire Dynadan smote hym doune of his hors that his neck was nyg brosten / And in the same wyse he smote sire Mardrey and sir Agrauayne / And after in the queste of the Sanegreal wolwardly and feloynsly they slewe Dynadan / the whiche was gret dammage / for he was a grete bourder and a passyng good knyght ¶ And soo sire Dynadan rode to a Castel that hyght Beale Valet / And there he fonde sire Palomydes that was not yet hole of the wounde that sire Lamorak gaf hym / And there Dynadan told Palomydes all the tydynges that he herde and salue of sire Tristram / and how he was gone with kynge Marke / and with hym he hath alle his wylle and desyre / Therwith sire Palomydes wayed wrothe / for he loued la Beale Isoude / And thenne he wyste wel that sire Tristram enioyed her

¶ Capitulum xxvj

NOw leue we sire Palomydes and sire Dynadan in the castel of Beale Valet / and torne we ageyne vnto kynge Arthur / There came a knyght oute of Cornewaile his name was Fergus / a felawe of the rounde table / And ther he tolde the kynge and sir Launcelot good tydynges of sir Tristram / and there were brought goodly letters / and how he lefte hym in the castel of Tyntagil

¶ Thenne came the damoysel that broughte goodly letters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto sire launcelot / and there she hadde passynge good chere of the kynge and of the Quene Guenuer and of sire Launcelot / ¶ Thenne they wrote goodly letters ageyne / But sire Launcelot badde euer sire Tristram beware of kynge Marke / for euer he called hym in his letters kynge Foye / As who saith / he fareth alle with wyles and treason / wherof sire Tristram in his herte thanked sire Launcelot ¶ Thenne the Damoysel went vnto la Beale Isoud and bare her letters from the kynge and from sire Launcelot / wherof she was in passynge grete Joye

¶ Faire damoysel saide la Beale Isoude / howe fareth my

Lord Arthur and the Quene Gweneuer/ and the noble kny3t
syr Launcelot / she answerd and to make short tale/ moche the
better that ye and sire Tristram ben in Joye /
God rewarde them said la beale Isoud/ for sir Tristram suffereth
grete payne for me and I for hym/ So the damoysel departed
and broughte letters to kynge Marke/ And whanne he had
redde them/ and vnderstood them/ he was wrothe with sir Tris-
tram/ for he demed that he had sente the damoysel vnto kyng
Arthur/ For Arthur and Launcelot in a maner thretid kyng
marke/ And as kynge marke redde these letters/ he demed tre-
son by syr Tristram/ Damoysel said kynge marke / wille ye
ryde ageyne and bere letters from me vnto kynge Arthur/ sir
she said I wille be at your commaundement to ryde whan ye
wille/ ye saye wel said the kyng/ come ageyne said the kyng
to morne/ and fetche your letters/ Thenne she departed/ & tolde
them how she sholde ryde ageyne with letters vnto Arthur
Thenne we praye you said la beale Isoud and sir Tristram
that whanne ye haue rexpuede your letters / that ye wolde co-
me by vs that We may see the pryuete of your letters/ Al that
I may doo madame ye wote wel I must doo for sir Tristram
for I haue ben longe his owne mayden/ Soo on the morne the
damoysel went to kynge marke to haue hadde his letters and to
departe / I am not auysed said kynge marke as at this tyme
to sende my letters/ Thenne pryuely and secretely he sent let-
ters vnto kynge Arthur and vnto Queue Queneuer/ and vn-
to sir launcelot/ So the varlet departed/ and fonde the kynge
and the Quene in walys at Carlyon/ And as the kyng and
the Quene were at masse the varlet came with the letters //
And whanne masse was done the kynge and the Quene ope-
nede the letters pryuely by them self/ And the begynnynge of
the kynges letters were wonderly short vnto kynge Arthur/
and badde hym enfourme with hym self and with his hoyf / &
of his knyghtes / For he was able ynough to rule and kepe
his hoyf

¶ Capitulum xlij

Whanne kynge Arthur vnderstood the letter/ he musyd of many thynges/ & thouzt on his systers wordes quene Morgan le fay that she had sayd betwixe quene gueneuer and sir Launcelot / And in this thoughte he studyed a grete whyle / Thenne he bethought hym ageyne how his syster was his oldne enemy/and that she hated the Quene and sir launcelot/and soo he putte all that oute of his thoughte

¶Thenne Kynge Arthur redde the letter ageyne/and the latter clause said that Kynge Marke woste sire Tristram for his mortal enemy/wherfor he put Arthur oute of doubte he wold be wrengyd of sir Tristram/Thenne was kyng Arthur wroth with kynge Marke/And whanne quene Gueneuer redde her letter and vnderstood hit/she was wrothe oute of mesure/ for the letter spak shame by her/and by sir launcelot / And soo prpuely she sente the letter vnto sir Launcelot/ And whanne he wyste the entent of the letter/he was soo wrothe that he leyd hym doune on his bedde to slepe/wherof sir Dynadan was ware/for hit was his maner to be preuy with alle goody knyghtes/And as sire launcelot slepte he stale the letter oute of his handy and redy it word by wordy/ And thenne he made grete sorowe for anger/and soo sir Launcelot awaked/and went to a wyndowe/and redde the letter ageyne / the whiche made hym angry/Syre saidy Dynadan wherfore be ye angry/ discouer your hert to me/ For sothe ye wote wel I olde yold goody wyfe/hold be hit I am a poure knyght and a seruytour vnto yold and to alle goody knyghtes/ For though I be not of worship my self I loue alle tho that ben of worship/It is trouth said sir Launcelot/ye are a trusty knyght/ and for grete trust I wille shelde yold my counseylle/ And whan Dynadan vnderstood alle/he saidy this is my counseyl/Sette you ryght nought by these thretys / For kynge marke is soo vylaynous / that by fayre speche shalle neuer man gete of hym/¶ But ye shalle see what I shalle doo/I wille make a lay for hym / & whan hit is made I shalle make an harper to synge hit afore hym/Soo anone he went and made hit / and taughte hit an harper that hyght Elyot/And whanne he coude hit/ he taught hit to many harpers ¶ And soo by the wylle of sir Launcelot and of Arthur the harpers went strayghte in to

walys/ and in to Cornewaile to synge the laye that sire Dy-
nadan made by kynge Marke/ the whiche was the werste lay
that euer harper sange with harp or with ony other Instrumen
tys

¶ Capitulum xviii

NOw torne we agayne vnto sire Tristram and to kyng
Marke/ As syr Tristram was at Justes and att tur-
nement/ hit fortuned he was sore hurte bothe with a
spere and with a swerde/ but yet he wanne alweyes the degre
And for to repose hym/ he wente to a goody knyght that duel
led in Cornewaile in a Castel whos name was Syr Dynas
le Seneschall/ Thenne by myssortune there came oute of Sess-
oyne a grete nombre of men of armes/ and an hydous hoost/ &
they entred nygh the castel of Tyntagyl/ and her Cayptayns
name was Elyas a good man of armes/ Whan kyng Mark
vnderstode his enemyes were entred in to his lande/ he made
grete dole and sorowe/ for in no wyse by his wille kyng Mark
wolde not sende for sir Tristram for he hated hym dedely / Soo
Whan his counsaill was come/ they deuysed and cast many pe-
ryls of the strengthe of her enemyes/ And thenne they conclu
ded all at ones and said thus vnto kynge Marke/ Syr wete
ye wel ye must sende for sire Tristram the goody knyght or
els they wylle neuer be ouercome / For by sire Tristram they
must be foughten with alle/ or els we wolle ageynst the streme
¶ Wel said kynge Marke I wille doo by youre counceylle /
but yet he was ful wyth ther to / but nede constrayned hym to
sende for hym/ Thenne was he sente for in alle haste that myzte
be that he sholde come to kynge Marke / And whanne he vn-
derstoode that kynge Marke had sente for hym / he mounted
vpon a softe ambuler and rode to kynge Marke/ And whan
he was come/ the kynge said thus/ Faire nevewe syr Tristrā
this is alle/ Here be come oure enemyes of Sessoyne / that are
here nygh hande / and without taryenge they must be mette
with sharpe or els they wylle destroye this countrey/ Syr said
sir Tristram wete ye wel alle my power is at youre commaun
dement/ And wete ye wel syre/ these eyghte dayes I may here

none armes for my wounded ben not yet hole/ And by that day
I shalle doo what I may/ ye saye wel said kynge Marke/
Thenne goo ye ageyne and repose yow and make yow fresshe
And I shalle go and mete the Sessoyns with alle my power
Soo the kyng departed fro Tyntagyl and sir Tristram went
to repose hym/ and the kyng made a grete hoost and departed
them in thre/ The fyrste parte ledde syr Dynas the Seneschalk
and sir Andred ledde the second parte/ and sir Argus ledde
the thyrd parte/ and he was of the blood of kyng Mark/ and
the Sessoyns had thre grete batailes/ and many good men of
armes/ And soo kynge Marke by the aduyse of his knyght-
es yssued out of the Castel of Tyntagyl upon his enemyes
And Dynas the good knyght rode out afore/ and slewe ñ
knyghtes his owne handes/ and thenne keganne the batayls/
And there was merueylous brekyng of speres and smytyng
of swerdes/ and slewe doune many good knyghtes/ And euer
was syr Dynas the Seneschal the best of kyng Markes par-
ty/ And thus the batailles endured longe with grete mortalyte
But at the last kynge Mark and sire Dynas were they ne-
uer soo lothe they withdrewen hem to the castel of Tyntagyl/
with grete slaughter of peple/ and the Sessoyns folowed on
fast/ that ley of them were put within the gates and four slay-
ne with the porte coloyse/ Thenne kyng Marke sente for sire
Tristram by a varlet that told hym alle the mortalyte/
¶ Thenne he sente the varlet ageyne and bad hym telle kyng
Mark that I wille come as soone as I am hole/ for erste I
maye doo hym noo good/ Thenne kynge Mark hadde his an-
swer/ There with came Elyas and badde the kynge yelde vp
the castel/ for ye maye not holde it no whyle/ Sir Elyas said
the kyng so wyll I yelde vp the castel yf I be not soone resco-
wed/ Anone kyng Marke sente ageyne for resolve to sir tris-
tram/ Wt thenne sir Tristram was hoole/ and he hadde gotten
hym ten good knyghtes of Arthurs/ And with hem he rode
fro Tyntagyl/ And whanne he salwe the grete hoost of Sess-
oyns he merueylled wonder gretely/ And thenne sir Trystram
rode by the woodes and by the dyches as secretely as he myght
tyl he came nygh the gatys/ And there dressid a knyght to
hym/ whan he salwe that sir Tristram wold entre/ sir tristram

smote hym doune dede/ And soo he serued thre mo / And euer-ych of these ten knyghtes sleue a man of armes/ Soo sir Tris-tram entryd in to the castel of Tyntagyl / And whan kynge Marke wyst that sir Tristram was come he was glad of his comyng/ and soo was alle the felaushyp/ and of hym they ma-de grete Joye

¶ Capitulum xxix

SOo on the morne Elyas the cappytayne came/ and bad kynge Marke come oute/ and doo bataylle/ for nold the good knyghte sir Tristram is entryd / It wylle be shame to the sayd Elyas for to kepe thy walles/ whan kynge Mark Vn-derstode this/ he was wrothe and sayd no word/ but went Vn-to sir Tristram and ayed hym his counayl/ Sire said sir Tris-tram wylle ye that I gyue hym his answer/ I wille wel sayd kynge Marke/ Thenne sir Tristram said thus to the messager Gete thy lord word from the kynge and me/ that we wyl do batail with hym to morne in the playne felde/ What is your na-me said the messager/ wete thou wel/ my name is sir Trystram de Lyones/ There with alle the messager departed / and told his lord Elyas alle that he had herd/ Syr saide sire Tristram vnto kynge Marke I praye yold gyue me leue to haue the rule of the batail/ I pray yold take the rule said kyng mark Thenne sire Tristram lete deuyse the bataille in what maner that it sholde be/ He lete departe his hoost in syxe partyes/ and ordeyned sir Dynas the Seneschal to haue the fore ward / & other knyghtes to rule the remenaunt / And the same nyghte syre Tristram brente alle the Sessoyns shyppes vnto the cold water/ Anone as Elyas wyst that he said hit was of sir Tris-trams doynge/ for he casteth that we shalle neuer escape moder sone of vs/ Therfore fayre felawes fyghte freely to mor-we / & myscomforte yold nought for ony knyzt though he be the best knyght in the world/ he maye not haue ado with vs alle/

¶ Thenne they ordeyned theyr batailes in four partyes Won-derly wel apparailled and garnyssh'd with men of armes Thus they within yssued/ and they without sette freely vpon them/ and there sir Dynas dyd grete dedes of armes/ not for

thenne sir Dynas and his fraushyp were put in the werse/
with that came sire Tristram and slewe two knyghtes with
ony shorte/thenne he smote on the ryght hande and on the lyfte
hande/that men merueylled/that euer he myght do suche dedes
of armes/And thenne he myght see somtyme the batayle was
driuen a lothe dwughte from the castel/ and somtyme it was
at the gates of the Castel/ Thenne came Elyas Capytayne
passynge fers and there/ and hyt sire kynge Marke so sore vpon
the helme that he made hym to auoyde the sadel/ And thenne
sir Dynas gaf kynge Marke ageyne to horsback/ There with
alle came in sir Tristram lyke a lyon/and there he mette with
Elyas/and he smote hym so sore vpon the helme that he auoy
ded his sadel/ And thus they fought tyl it was nyght/ and
for grete slaughter and for wounded peple euerych party drew
to their raste/ And whan kynge Marke was come within
the castel of Tyntagyl/he lacked of his knyghtes an hondred
and they without lacked two hondred/ and they serched
the wounded men on bothe partyes/ And thenne they went to
counceil/and were yold wel eyther party were lothe to fyghte
more/so that eyther myght escape with their worship
¶ Whan Elyas the capytayn vnderstode the dethe of his men/
he made grete dole/ And whan he wyst that they were lothe to
goo to batayle ageyne/he was wrothe out of mesure/ Thenne
Elyas sente worde vnto kyng Marke in grete despyte whether
he wolde fynde a knyght that wolde fyghte for hym/body for
body/ ¶ And yf that he myght slee kynge Markes kn-
yghte/ he to haue the truage of Corne Waile yerely/ And yf
that his knyght slee myn/ I fully release my clayme for euer
Thenne the messager departed vnto kynge Marke and tolde
hym how that his lady Elyas had sente hym worde to fynde a
knyght to do batayle with hym body for body/whanne kyng
Marke vnderstode the messagyer he bade hym abyde / and he
sholde haue his answer / Thenne called he alle the Baronage
to gyder to wete what was the beste counceyll/They sayd alle at
ones to fyghte in a felde we haue no luste/for hady not ben syr
Tristrams prysoners/ hit hady ben lytely that we neuer sholde
haue escaped/ And therfor sir as we deme/ hit were wel done
to fynde a knyght that wolde do batayle with hym for his knyghtly

Profereth

Ot for thenne whan alle this was sayd/they coude fynde no knyght that wold doo bataylle with hym/Syre kynge sayd they alle/here is no knyght that dare fyghte with Elyas/Allas sayd kynge Marke thenne am I vtterly asha-med and vtterly destroyed/onles that my neuelde sire Tristram wylle take the bataylle vpon hym/wete yold wel they sayd alle he had yesterday ouer mocke on hand/and he is very for trauaylle/and sore wounded/where is he said kyng marke Syr sayd they he is in his bedde to repose hym/Allas sayd kynge Marke/but I haue the socour of my neuelde sir Tristram I am vtterly destroyed for euer/Ther with one went to syr Tristram there he lay and told hym what kynge Marke had sayd/And ther with sire Tristram arose lyghtely/and put on hym a longe golvne/and came afore the kynge and al the lordes/And whan he salve hem alle soo dismayed/he asked the kynge and the lordes what tydynges were with hem/ Neuer verse sayd the kynge/ And ther with he told hym alle how he had word of Elyas to fynde a knyght to fyghte for the truage of Cornelvail/and none can I fynde/ And as for yow said the kynge and alle the lordes we maye aske no more of yold for shame/For thurgh your hardynes yesterday ye saued alle your lyues/ Syre sayd syr Tristram nold I vnderstande ye wold haue my socour/reason wold that I shold doo al that lyeth in my polver to doo/sauynge my worshyp/and my lyf/ how be hit I am sore bryssed and hurte/ And sythen sir Elyas profereth soo largely/I shalle fyghte with hym or els I wille be slayne in the felde/or els I wille delyuer Cornelvaile from the old truage/And therfore lyghtely calle his messager and he shalle be answerd/for as yet my wounds ben grene and they wille be sorer a seuen nyght after than they ben nold/And therfor he shalle haue his answere/that I will doo batayll to morn with hym /Thenne was the messager departed brought before kynge Marke/Herke my felawe said sir Tristram goo fast vnto thy lord and byde hym make true assurance on his party/for the truage/as the kyng here shalle make on his party/and thēne telle thy lord sir Elyas that I sir Tristram kynge Arthurs knyght/ and knyghte of the table round/

wylle as to mane mete with thy lordy on horsback/ to doo batail
as longe as my hors maye endure/ Andy after that to doo ba-
taille with hym on foote to the vttraunce/ the messager behelde
syr Tristram from the vp to the doo / Andy there with alle he
departedy andy came to his lordy andy tolde hym how he was an
fuerdy of sir Tristram/ Andy there with alle was made hostage
on bothe partyes/ andy made hit as sure as hit myghte be/ that
whether party hady the victory/ soo to ende / Andy thenne were
bothe hostes assembledy on bothe partyes of the feldy without
the castel of Tyntagyl/ & ther was none but sir Tristram & sir
Elyas armedy / Soo whan the poyntement was made they de-
partedy in sonder/ andy they came to gyders With alle the myghte
that their horses myghte renne/ Andy eyther knyghte smote o-
ther soo hardy that bothe horses andy knyghtes wente to the er-
the/ Not for thenne they bothe lyghtely arooe andy dressid the-
ir sheldes on their sholders with naked swerdes in their han-
des/ andy they dasshedy to gyders that hit semedy a flammynge
fyre about them/ Thus they tracydy andy trauercydy andy helde
on helmes andy halberkes/ and cutte awaye many cantels of
their sheldes/ andy eyther woundedy other passynge sore/ so that
the hote blody felle fresshly vpon the erthe/ ¶ And by thenne
they had foughten the mountenaunce of an houre/ sir Tristram
wayte faynte andy forbledde/ andy gaf sore a bak / That salve
sire Elyas/ andy folowedy fyersly vpon hym / andy woundedy
hym in many places/ And euer sire Tristram tracydy and tra-
uercydy/ andy wente froward hym here andy there/ andy couerdy
hym with his shelde as he myghte alle weykely/ that alle may
saidy he was ouercome/ For sir Elyas hadde gyuen hym twen-
ty strokes ageynst one/ ¶ Thenne was there laughyng of the
Sessoyns party and grete dole on Kynge Markys party /
Allas said the Kynge We are ashamedy andy destroyedy all for
euer/ for as the book saith syr Tristram was neuer so matched
but yf it were sir launcelot / Thus as they stode andy beheldy
bothe partyes / that one party laughynge andy the other party
wepynge/ Syre Tristram remembredy hym of his lady la bea-
le Isond that lokedy vpon hym / And how he was lykely ne-
uer to come in her presence/ Thenne he pulled vp his shelde that
erst hynge ful lowe / Andy thenne he dressid vp his shelde vnto

Elyas/and gaf hym many sadde stroke tweny ageynst one and alle to breke his shelde and his hauberk/that the bote blode ranne doune to the erthe/ Thenne began kynge Marke to laughe and alle Cornysshe men/and that other party to wepe/ And euer sir Tristram saide to sir Elyas yelde the/ ¶ Thenne Whanne sir Tristram salde hym soo stalkynge on the grounde he saide syr Elyas I am ryght sory for the / for thou arte a passynge goode knyghte as euer I mette with alle exapte sir Launcelot/ther with alle sir Elyas fylle to the erthe / & there dyede/ what shalle I doo said sir Tristram vnto kynge marke for this batayle is at an ende/ Thenne they of Elyas party departed/ and kynge Marke took of hem many prysoners to redresse the harmes and the scathes that he had of them/and the remenaunt he sente in to their countrey to bowlde oute their castelles/ Thenne was sire Tristram serched and wel beholde/ yet for alle this kynge Marke wolde fayne haue slayne sir Tristram/ ¶ But for alle that euer sire Tristram salde or herde by kynge Marke yet wolde he neuer beleue of his treason/ but euer he wolde be there as la Beale Isoude was

¶ Capitulum xxxj

Nowe wille we passe of this mater / and speke we of the harpers that sir Launcelot and sir Dynadan hadde sente in to Cornewaile/ And at the grete feest that kyng marke made for Joye that the Sessoyns were putte oute of his Countrey / Thenne came Elyas the harper with the lay that Dynadan hadde made and secretely brought hit vnto sir Tristram and tolde hym the lay that Dynadan hadde made by kynge Marke/ And whan sir Tristram herde hit/ he saide O lorde Jhesu that Dynadan can make wonderly wel and yke/ there as it shalle be/ ¶ Syr saide Elyas dare I synge this songe afore kynge Marke/ ye on my peryll saide sire Tristram/ for I shalle be thy warraunt / Thenne at the mete cam in Elyas the harper/ & by cause he was a curyous harper men herd hym synge the same lay that Dynadan hadde made/ the whiche spak the moost bylony by kyng Marke of his treason / that euer man herde/ whan the harper had songe his songe to the ende/ kynge Marke was wonderly wrothe ¶ And sayde/ tholde

harper hold durst thold he soo bold on thy hede to synge thys
songe afore me/Syr saide Elyas wete yold wel I am a myn
strel/and I must doo as I am commaūded of these lordes that
I bere the armes of/And syr wete ye wel that sir Dynadan
a knyghte of the table round made this songe/ and made me
to synge hit afore yold/Thold sayest wel sayde kynge Marke
And by cause thold arte a mynstral/thold shalt go quyte/ but
I charge the hyde the fast oute of my syghte / Soo the harper
departed and went to sir Tristram and tolde hym how he had
spedde/Thenne syre Tristram lete make/letters as goodely as he
coude to launcelot and to sire Dynadan/And soo he lete con
duyte the harper oute of the cōutrey/but to say ꝑ kyng Marke
was wonderly wrothe he was/ for he demed that the lay that
was songe afore hym was made by sir Tristrams counceylle/
wherfore he thoughte to slee hym/and alle his wel wyllers /
in that countrey

Capitulum xxxij

NOw torne we to another mater that felle bitwene kyng
Marke and his broder that was called the good pry
nce Boudwyne that alle the peple of the countrey louede passy
nge wel /So hit befelle on a tyme that the mescreaunte Sa
rasyns landed in the countreye of Corne Waile soone after the
se Sessoyns were gone/And thēne the goode prynce Boudwy
yne at the landynge he avysed the countrey prycely and ha
stely/And or hit were day/he lete put wylde fyre in thre of his
owne shyppes/and sodenly he pulled vp the sayle/ And with
the wynde he made tho shyppes to be dryuen amonge the naure
of the Sarasyns/And to make shorte tale tho thre shippes set
on fyre alle the shippes that none were saued/And atte poynt
of the day the goode prynce Boudwyn with all his felaushyp
sette on the mescreauntes with shoutes and cryes and sklwe
to the nombre of xl/M/ and lefte none on lyue/whan kynge
Marke wyst this he was wonderly wrothe that his broder sh
olde wynne suche worshyp/And by cause this prynce was let
ter byloued thanne he in all that countrey/And that al soo Boud
wyn louede wel sir Tristram/ therfore he thoughte to slee hym

And thus hastly as a man oute of his wytte he sente for pry-
nce Boudwyn/& Anglides his wyf/& bad them kynge theyr
yonge sone with them that he myght see hym/Alle this he dyd
to the entente to slee the childe as wel as his fader/for he was
the falsest traitour that euer was borne/Alas for his goode-
nes and for his goode dedes this gentyl prynce Boudwyn
was slayne/ Soo whan he came with his wyf Anglydes the
kynge made them fayre semblaunt tyl they had dyned/
And whanne they had dyned/ Kynge Marke sente for his
broder and said thus/Broder hold spedde yold whan the mes-
creaunts aryued by yold/me semeth hit had be youre parte to
haue sente me worde that I myght haue ben at that Journeye
for it had ben reason that I had had the honour and not you
Syre said the prynce Boudwyn it was soo that and I had
tarryed tyl that I had sente for yold/tho myscreauntes hadde
destroyed my countrey/ Thou lyest fals traytour said Kynge
Marke/for thou arte euer aboute for to wynne worshipp from
me/and put me to dishonour/and thold chrystē that I hate/
And there with he stroke hym to the hert with a daggar/ that
he neuer after spake worde/ Thenne the lady Anglydes made
grete dole and swouned/for she salde her lord slayne afore her
face/Thenne was there no more to doo but prynce Boudwyn
was despoylled and brought to burgeles/But Anglydes pry-
uely gat her husbandes dobblet and his sherte/ and that she
kepte secretely/Thenne was there moche sorowe and crynge/
and grete dole made sir Tristram/sir Dynas/sir Fergus/ and
so dyd alle knyghtes that there were/ for that prynce was pas
syngly wel byloued/ Soo la Beale Isoud sente vnto An-
glydes the prynce Boudwyns wyf and badde her anoyde ly-
tely or elles her yonge sone Alysander le Orphelyn shold be sla
ye/whanne she herd this/she took her hors and her child/ and
rode with suche poure men as durst ryde with her/

¶ Capitulum xxxiii

Not withstandynge whan Kyng Marke had done this
dede/yet he thought to doo more vengeaunce/ and with

his ſwerdy in his hand / he sought from chamber to chamber to sette Anglydes andy her yonge sone/ And whey she was myste / he asked a goody knyght that hyght Sadok / andy chargedy hym by payne of dethe to fetche Anglydes ageyne/ and her yonge sone/ So syre Sadok departedy/ and rode after Anglydes/ Andy within tey myle he ouertoke her / andy badde her torne ageyne andy ryde with hym to Reynge Marke/ Allas fair knyzt sir saidy/ what shalle ye whynne by my sones dethe or by myn/ I haue hadde ouer mocke harme and to greke a losse / Madame saidy Sadok/ of your losse is dole and pyte/ but madame saidy Sadok wold ye departe oute of this countrey with your sone / and kepe hym tyl he be of age/ that he may reuenge his faders dethe/ thenne woldy I suffer yolb to departe from me/ So ye promyse me to reuenge the dethe of prynce Boudwyn / A gentyl knyght Jhesu thanke the / and yf euer my sone Alysander le Orphelyn lyue to be a knyght/ he shal haue his faders dobblet and his shert with the blody markes/ and I shalle gyue hym sucke a charge that he shalle remembre hit whyles he lyueth / Andy there with al Sadok departedy from her / and eyther by wlke other to gody ¶ Andy whey Sadok came to kyng Marke he told hym feythfully that he had drouned yong Alysander her sone/ and therof kynge Marke was ful gladde / ¶ Nold torne we vnto Anglydes that rode bothe nyghte andy day by aduenture oute of Cornewaile/ and lytyl and in selde places she rested/ but euer she drelde southward to the see syde/ tyl by fortune she came to a castel that is called Magouns/ & nold hit is called Arundel in southsey/ and the Conestable of the castel welcomed her and said she was welcome to her owne castel/ and there was Anglydes worshipfully seruyed/ for the Conestables wyf was nyghe her cosyn/ andy the Conestables name was Belangere/ and that same Conestable told Anglydes that the same Castel was hers by ryght enherytaunce / Thus Anglydes endured yeres and wynters tyl Alysander was bygge and stronge/ there was none soo wyghte in all that Countrey/ neyther there was none that myghte doo no maner of maystery afore hym /

¶ Capitulum xxxviii

Thenne vpon a day Bellangere the Conestable came to Anglydes and sayd Madame it were tyme my lord Alysander were made knyght/for he is a passyng strong ponge man/Syre sayd she I wold he were made knyght/ But thenne must I yeue hym the moost charge that euer synful moder gaf to her childe/Doo as ye lyste sayd Bellangere/and I shalle gyue hym warnynge that he shalle be made knyght/Now hit wyl be wel done that he may be made knyght at oure lady day in lente/Be hit soo sayd Anglydes/and I pray yow make redy therfore/Soo came the Conestable to Alysander and told hym that he sholde at oure lady in lente be made knyght/I thanke god sayd Alysander these are the best tydynges that euer came to me/Thenne the Conestable ordeyned twenty of the gretest gentylmens sones and the best yomen of the countrey that sholde be maade knyghtes that same day that Alysander was made knyght/Soo on the same daye that Alysander and his twenty felawes were made knyghtes/at the offrynge of the masse there came Anglydes vnto her sone and sayd thus/¶ O fayre swete sone I charge the vpon my blessynge and of the hygh ordre of chyualry that thou takest here this day/that thou vnderstande what I shalle saye/ and charge the with alle/There with alle she pulled out a bloody dobblet and a bloody sherte that were kebledde with old blood/Whanne Alysander sawe this/he starte abak and wayed pale/and sayd fayre moder what maye this meane/I shalle telle the fayre sone/this was thyne owne faders dobblett and sherte that he ware vpon hym that same daye that he was slayne/and there she told hym why and wherfore/And how for his goodenes kynge Marke slewe hym with his dagger afore myn owne eyen/And therfor this shalle be your charge that I I shalle gyue the

¶ Capitulum xxxix

Now I requyre the/and charge the vpon my blessyng

and vpon the hyghe ordre of knyzthode that thold be reuengyd vpon kynge Marke for the dethe of thy fader / and there with all sir sdounedy/ Thenne Alysander lepte to his moder / and tooke her vp in his armes and sayd Fair moder ye haue gyuen me a grete charge/ and here I promyse yold I shalle be auengyd vpon kynge Marke / whanne that I may/ and that I promyse to gody and to yold ¶ Soo this feest was endyd/ and the conestabyl by the aduyse of angleydes lete purueye that Alysander was wel horsed and harneysid/ Thenne he justed with his twenty felawes that were made knyghtes with hym/ but for to make a shorte tale he ouerthrewe alle tho twenty that none myght withstande hym a buffet/ ¶ Thenne one of tho knyghtes departed vnto kynge Marke/ and told hym alle hold Alysander was maade knyghte / and alle the charge that his moder gaf hym as ye haue herd afore tyme ¶ Allas fals treason sayd kynge Marke I wende that yonge traitour had ben dede/ Allas whome may I truste/ And there with alle kynge Marke took a sword in his hand/ and soughte sire Sadok from chamber to chamber to slee hym/ ¶ Whanne sir Sadok sawe kynge Marke come with his sword in his hand/ he sayd thus/ Welbare kynge Marke and come not nygh me/ for were thold wel that I saued Alysander his lyf/ of whiche I neuer repente me / for thold falsly and cowardly slewe his fader Boudwyn traytourly for his goody dedes/ wherfore I pray almyghty Jhesu sende Alysander myghte and strengthe to be reuengyd vpon the/ and nold welbare kynge Marke of yonge Alysander/ for he is made a knyghte/ ¶ Allas sayd kynge Marke that euer I sholde here a traytour saye sod afore me/ ¶ And there with foure knyghtes of kynge Markes drewe theire swordes to slee syre Sadok / but anone sir Sadok slewe hem alle in kynge Markes presence / And thenne sire Sadok past forthe in to his chamber/ and tooke his hors and his harneis / and rode on his waye a goody pas/ For there was neyther syre Tristram / neyther syre Dynas nor syre Fergus that wold sir Sadok ony euylle wylle/ ¶ Thenne was kynge Marke wrothe/ and thoughte to destroye syre Alysander and syre Sadok that had saued hym / for kynge Marke dredde and hated Alysander moost of ony man

kynynge whanne sir Tristram vnderstoody that Alysander was made knyzhte/Anone forth with alle he sente hym a letter pra yenge hym and chargynge hym that he Woldy duelve hym to the Courte of kynge Arthur/and that he putte hym in the ru le and y in the handes of sire Launcelot

¶Soo this letter was sente to Alysander from his cosyn syr Tastram/And at that tyme he thought to doo after his com ; maundement/Thenne kynge marke calledy a knyght that bro ; uzhte hym the tydynges from Alysander/ andy badde hym a ; byde seylle in that countrey/Syre saydy that knyght soo muste I doo/for in myn oldne countrey I dare not come / No force saidy kynge Marke / I shalle gyue the here double as mocke landes as euer tholde hadeste of thyne oldne/But within shorte space sir Sadok mette with that fals knyght/ andy slelve hym Thenne was kynge markes wode wrothe oute of mesure

¶Thenne he sente vnto Quene Morgan le fay/andy to the que ne of Northgalys prayenge them in his letters that they wolde forzeresses wolde sette alle the countrey in fyre with ladyes that were enchauntresses/Andy by suche that were daungerous knyghtes as Malgryn Breuse saunce pyte/ that by no meane Alysander le Orphelyn sholdy escape / but outher he sholdy be takey or slayne/This ordenaunce made kyng Marke for to des troye Alysander

¶Capitulum xxxvj

NOlv borne we ageyne vnto sire Alysander that at his departynge his moder tolde with hym his faders blody sherte/Soo that he bare with hym alweyes tylle hys dethe daye in tokenynge to thynke on his faders dethe

¶Soo was Alysander purposedy to ryde to london by the cou ; cille of sire Tristram to syre Launcelot / Andy by fortune he wente by the see syde/andy wode wronge/andy there he thanne at a turnement the grete/that kynge Carados made/ Andy there he smote doune kynge Carados andy twenty of his knyghtes andy also sire Safere a goody knyght that was sire Chalamydes broder the good knyght/ ¶Alle this salve a damoysel/andy

ſalde the beſt knyghte Juſte that euer he ſalde / And euer as he ſmote doune knyghtes/ he made them to ſwere to were none harneis in a twelue monethe and a day/This is wel ſayd / ſaide Morgan le fay / this is the knyght that I wold fayne ſee/ And ſoo ſhe took her palfroy and rode a grete whyle/ and thenne ſhe reſted her in her pauelione/So there came four knyghtes two were armed and two were vnarmed / and they told Morgan le fay their names/the fyrſt was Elyas de gomeret/ the ſecond was Carde Gomoret/ tho were armed / that other tweyne were of Camplyard/ coſyns vnto Quene Gueneuer/and that one hyzt Guy/ and that other hyght Garaūt tho were vnarmed / There theſe four knyghtes told Morgan le fay how a ponge knyghte had ſmyten them doune before a Caſtel/ For the mayden of that Caſtel ſaid that he was but late made knyghte and ponge/ But as we ſuppoſe but yf hit were ſire Triſtram or ſire Launcelot or ſire Lamorak the good knyz there is none that myzt ſytte hym a buffet with a ſpere/ Well ſaid Morgan le fay I ſhalle mete that knyght or it be longe tyme/ and he dwelle in that countrey

¶ Soo torne we to the damoyſell of the Caſtel that whanne Alyſander le Orphelyn hadde foriuſted the four knyghtes ſhe calledy hym to her and ſaid thus/Syre knyghte wolt thou for my ſake Juſte and fyghte with a knyghte for my ſake of this countrey that is and hath ben long tyme an euyll nepghbour to me / his name is Malgryne / and he wylle not ſuffer me to be maryed in no maner wyſe for all that I can doo/or ony knyght for my ſake/

¶ Damoyſel ſaid Alyſander and he come whyles I am here I wylle fyghte with hym/and my poure body for your ſake I wille Jeoparde/ And there with alle ſhe ſente for hym / for he was at her commaundement/ And whan eyther hadde a ſpeghte of other/they made hem redy for to Juſte/and they cam to gyder egerly/and Malgryn bryſed his ſpere vpon Alyſander/and alyſander ſmote hym ageyne ſo hard that he lete hym quyte from his ſadell to the erthe/ But this Malgryne arose lyghtly and dreſſid his ſheld and drewe his ſwerd/ and rode hym alyzte/ ſayeng thouz thou haue the better offme on horſback

thou shalt fynde that I shalle endure lyke a knyght on foot
It is wel saidꝫ saidꝫ Alysander/ andꝫ soo lyghtly he auoydꝫ
his hoꝛs andꝫ bidde hym to his Varlet/ Andꝫ thenne they ras
shedꝫ to gyders lyke two boꝛes andꝫ leydꝫ on their helmes andꝫ
sheldes longe tyme by the space of thꝛe houres that neuer man
coude saye which was the better knyght
¶ Andꝫ in the mene while came Morgan le fay to the damoy
sel of the Castel/ andꝫ they behyldꝫ the batayle/ But this mal
gryne was an olde wikꝫ knyght/ andꝫ he was calledꝫ one of
the daungerous knyghtes of the worldꝫ to doo bataille on foot
but on hoꝛsback there were many better / Andꝫ euer this Mal
gryne awaytedꝫ to slee Alysander/ andꝫ soo wounded hym won
derly soꝛe/ that it was merueylle that euer he myght stande /
foꝛ he lasꝫ bledde soo moche bloodꝫ/ for Alysander fought wyld
ly andꝫ not wyttely/ Andꝫ that other was a felonous knyght
andꝫ awaytedꝫ hym/ andꝫ smote hym soꝛe/ Andꝫ somtyme they
rasshed to gyders with their sheldes lyke two boꝛes oꝛ rammes
andꝫ fylle grouelynge to the to therthe/
¶ Olde knyght saydꝫ Malgryn holdꝫ thy handꝫ a whyle / &
telle me what thou arte/ I wylle not saidꝫ Alysander/ but yf
me lyst/ But telle me thy name / andꝫ why thou kepest thys
countrey/ oꝛ els thou shalt dye of my handes/ wete thou wel
saydꝫ Malgryne that foꝛ this maydens loue of this Castel I
haue slayne fyfꝫ goodꝫ knyghtes by myschap/ andꝫ by outerage
andꝫ arguleyte of my self I haue slayne fyfꝫ other knyghtes /
Soo godꝫ me helpe sayd Alysander this is the foldlest confes
syon that euer I herdꝫ knyght make/ noꝛ neuer herdꝫ I speke
of other men of suche a shameful confession/ wherfoꝛe hit were
grete pyte & grete shame vnto me that I shold lete the lyue ony
lenger/ therfoꝛe kepe the as wel as euer thou mayst/ foꝛ as I
am true knyght eyther thou shalte slee me oꝛ els I shal slee
the/ I promyse the feythfully
¶ Thenne they rasshedꝫ to gyders fyersly/ Andꝫ at the last A
lysander smote Malegryne to the erthe/ Andꝫ thenne he tacydꝫ
of his helme/ andꝫ smote of his hede lyghtly/
¶ Andꝫ whanne he hadde done andꝫ endedꝫ this bataille/ anone
he calledꝫ to hym his Varlet the whiche brought hym his hoꝛs
Andꝫ thene he wenyng to be strong ynouꝫ wold haue mouȳd

And ſoo ſhe leyd ſire Alyſander in an hors lyttar and ledde hym in to the Caſtel/for he had no foote ne myzt to ſtande vpon the erthe/for he had ſyxtene grete wounded/and in eſpecyal one of them was lyke to be his dethe/

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Thenne Quene Morgan le fay ſercheth his woundes/ and gaf ſuche an oynement vnto hym that he ſhold haue dyed/And on the morne whanne ſhe came to hym he complaynedy hym ſore/And thenne ſhe put other oynements vpon hym/And thenne he was out of his payne/ Thenne cam the damoyſel of the Caſtel and ſaid vnto Morgan le fay/ I pray yold helpe me that this Knyght myght wedde me/ for he hath wonne me with his handes/ ye ſhalle ſee ſaid Morgan le fay what I ſhalle ſaye Thenne Morgan le fay went vnto Alyſander and bad in ony wyſe that he ſhold refuſe this lady and ſhe deſyre to Wedde yold/for ſhe is not for yold/ Soo the damoyſel came and deſyred of hym maryage/ damoyſel ſayd Orphelyn I thanke yold but as yet I caſte me not to marye in this countrey/Syre ſhe ſaid ſythen ye will not mary me/ I pray yold in ſoo mocke as ye haue wonne me that ye wyl gyue me to a Knyght of this countrey that hath ben my frende/ & loued me many yeres/ with alle my herte ſaid Alyſander I wylle aſſente therto/Thenne was the Knyght ſente for/his name was Geryne le groſe/And anone he made them hand faſt/ and wedded them/Thenne came Quene Morgan le fay to Alyſander and badde hym aryſe and putte hym in an hors lyttar and gaf hym ſuche a drynke that in thre dayes and thre nyghtes he wakedy neuer but ſlepte/and ſoo ſhe brought hym to her owne caſtel that at that tyme was called la Beale regardy/ Thenne Morgan le fay came to Alyſander and aſked hym yf he wold fayne be hole/who wold be ſeke ſaid Alyſander and he myght be hole/wel ſaid Morgan le fay thenne ſhalle ye promyſe me by youre knyghthode that this daye twelue monethe and a daye ye ſhalle not paſſe the compas of thys Caſtel/and without doubte ye ſhalle lyghtely be hole/ I aſſente ſaid ſire

Alysaunder/And there he made her a promyse/ thenne was he soone hole/And whanne Alysander was hole/thenne he wyth drew hym of his othe/for he myght not be truenge with vpon kynge Marke/Right soo there came a damoysel that was cosyn to the Erle of pase/and she was cosyn to Morgan le fay/and by right that castel of la Beale wgarde sholde haue ben hers by true enheritaunce/Soo this damoysel entred in to this castel/where lay Alysander/and there she fond hym vpon his bed passynge hevy and alle sad

Capitulum xxxviij

Syre knyght saide the damoysel/and ye wolde be mery I coude telle yow goode tydynges/ wel were me said Alysander/and I myght here of goode tydynges/ for now I stande as a prysoner by my promyse/Syr she sayde wete ye wel that ye be a prysoner and werse than ye wene/ for my lady my cosyn Quene Morgan le fay kepeth yow here for none other entente but for to doo her pleasyr with yow when hit lykede her/O Jhesu defende me said Alysander from suche pleasyr for I had leuer cutte alday my hangers than I wolde do her suche pleasyr/As Jhesu helpe me said the damoysel/ and ye wold loue me and be ruled by me I shalle make youre delyueraunce with your worshyp/Telle me said Alysander/ by what meane/and ye shalle haue my loue/fayre knyght sayde she/this castel of right ought to be myn/And I haue an vncle the whiche is a myghty Erle/he is Erle of pase/and of al folkes he hateth moost Morgan le fay/ and I shalle sende vnto hym/and praye hym for my sake to destroye this castel/ for the euylle custommes that ben vsed therin/And thenne whylle he come and sette whylde fyre on euery parte of the castel/and I shalle gete yow oute at a pryuy posterne/and there shall ye haue your hors and your harneis/ ye say wel damoysel sayde Alysander/and thenne she sayde ye may kepe the wome of thys Castel this twelue moneth/and a day/thenne breke ye not youre othe/Truly fayr damoysel said Alysander ye saye sothe/ And thenne he kyste her and dyde to her plesaunce as it pleased them bothe at tymes and leysers/Soo anone she sent vnto

her vncle and bad hym come and destroye that castel/for as the book saith/he wold haue destroyed that castel afore tyme/ but not that damoysel bey/Whanne the Erle vnderstood her let ters/he sente her word ageyne that on suche a day he wold come and destroye that castel/Soo whan that day came she sey wed Alysander a posterne where thorou he sholde flee my to a gardyn/and there he sholde fynde his armour and his hors / Whanne the day came that was sette thyder came the erle of pase with four honderd knyghtes/and sette on fyre all the par tyes of the castel/that or they seased they lefte not a stone stan dynge/And alle this whyle that the fyre was in the Castell/ he abode in the gardyn/And whan the fyre was done / he lete make a crye that he wold kepe that pyece of erthe/there as the castel of la beale vsgard was a twelue monethe and a daye / from alle maner knyghtes that wold come/ Soo hit happed there was a duke that hyght Ansirus/and he was of the kyn of sir launcelot/And this knyght was a grete pylgrym / for euery thyrde yere he wold be at Jherusalem/ And by cause he vsed alle his lyf to goo in pylgremage men called hym duke Anserus the pylgrym/And this duke had a douzter that hyzt Alys that was a passyng fayre woman/And by cause of her fader she was called Alys le beale pylgrym/And anone as she herd of this crye/she went vnto Arthurs courte & sayd o penly in herynge of many knyghtes/that what knyght may ouercome that knyght that kepeth that pyece of erthe shal ha ue me and alle my landes/ whan the knyghtes of the roundy table herd her saye thus/many were glade/for she was passy nge fayre and of grete rentes/Ryght so she lete crye in castels and townes as faste on her syde as as Alysander dyd on his syde/Thenne she dressid her pauelone strayght by the pyece of the erthe that Alysander kepte/So she was not so soone there/ but there came a knyght of Arthurs courte that hyght Sa gramore le desyrus/and he proferd to juste with Alysander/ & they encountred / and Sagramore le desyrus brysed his spere vpon sire Alysander/ but sire Alysander smote hym soo harde that he auoyded his sadel/And whanne la beale Alys salde hym juste soo wel/she thought hym a passynge goodly knyzt on horsback/And thenne she lepte oute of her pauelone/& toke

ſir Alyſander by the brydel/and thus ſhe ſayd/ fayre knyght I requyre the of thy knyghthode/ſhelde me thy vyſage/I dar wel ſayd Alyſander ſhelde my vyſage/ And thenne he put of his helme/and ſhe ſalde his vyſage/ſhe ſayd / O ſwete Jheſu/ the I muſt loue/and neuer other/thenne ſhelde me your vyſage ſayd he/

Capitulum xxxix

Thenne ſhe vnlvympeled her vyſage / And whanne he ſalde her / he ſayd here haue I fond my loue and my lady/Truly fayre lady ſayd he I promyſe yolde to be your knyght/and none other that bereth the lyf/ Nolde gentil knyght ſayd ſhe telle me your name/My name is ſayd he Alyſander le Orphelyn/Nolde damoyſel telle me your name ſayd he/my name is ſaid ſhe/Alys la beale pilgrym/ And whan we be more at oure herres eaſe both ye and I ſhalle telle other of what blood we be come / Soo there was grete loue betwyxe them/And as they thus talked / there came a knyght that hyght Harſouſe le Berbuſe and ayed parte of ſir Alyſanders ſperes/Thenne ſire Alyſander encountred with hym/and at the fyrſt ſir Alyſander ſmote hym ouer his hors croupe/ And thenne there came another knyght that hyzt ſire Helbegon/And ſire Alyſander ſmote hym doune as he dyd that other/Thenne ſire Heugon profered to do batailke on foote/ſyre Alyſander ouercame hym with thre ſtrokes/and there wold haue ſlayne hym had he not yelded hym/Soo thenne Alyſander made bothe tho knyghtes to ſwere to were none armour in a twelue moneth and a day/Thenne ſire Alyſander alyzte doun and went to reſte hym and repoſe hym/Thenne the damoyſell that halp ſire Alyſander oute of the caſtel in her play told Alys all to gyder how he was pryſoner in the caſtel of la beale regard/and there ſhe told her how ſhe gat hym oute of pryſon/Syr ſaid Alys la Beale pylgrym me ſemeth ye ar mocke beholdynge to this mayden/that is trouth ſaid ſir Alyſander/ And there Alys tolde hym of what blood ſhe was come / Syre wete ye wel ſhe ſaid that I am of the blood of Kynge Ban that was fader vnto ſir Launalot ye wys fayr lady ſayd Alyſander my moder tolde me that my fader was broder

vnto a kynge/ and I am nyghe cosyn vnto sire Tristram/ Thē
ne this whyle came there thre knyghtes/ that one hyzt Wayns/
and the other hyght Haruys de le marches / and the thyrde
hyght Perys de la montayne/ and with one spere sire Alysan
der smote them doune alle thre/ and gaf them suche falles/ that
they hadde no lyste to fyghte vpon foote/ Soo he made them to
swere to were none armes in a twelue moneth/ Soo whanne
they were departed/ sire Alysander behelde his lady Alys on
hors bak as he stood in her pauelione / And thenne was he soo
enamoured vpon her that he wyst not whether he were on hors
bak or on foote/ Right so came the fals knyght syr Mordred/
and salde sir Alysander was assoted vpon his lady/ and ther
with alle he took his hors by the brydel/ and ledde hym here &
there/ and had cast to haue ledde hym oute of that place to ha
ue shamed hym / whanne the damoysel that halpe hym out of
that Castel salde hold shamefully he was ledde/ Anone she le
te arme her and sette a shelde vpon her sholder/ And ther with
she mounted vpon his hors/ and gatte a naked sword in her
hand/ and she threst vnto Alysander with alle her myght/ and
she gaf hym suche a buffet that he thought the fyre flelde oute
of his eyen/ And whanne Alysander felte that stroke he loked
about hym/ and drelde his sword/ And whan he salde that she
fledde/ and soo dyd Mordred in to the forest/ and the damoysel
fledde in to the pauelione/ So whanne Alysander vnderstood
hym self holde the fals knyght wold haue shamed hym/ hadde
not the damoysel ben/ thenne was he wrothe with hym self that
syr Mordred was soo escaped his handes / But thenne sire
Alysander and Alys hadde good game at the damoysel how
sadly she hytte hym vpon the helme/ ¶ Thenne sir Alysander
Justed thus day by day/ and on foot he dyd many batails with
many knyghtes of kynge Arthurs court and with many kn
yghtes straungers/ therfore to telle alle the batails that he did
it were ouer mocke to rehersc/ for euery day within that twelue
moneth he had adoo with one knyght or with other/ and some
day he had adoo with thre or with foure/ And there was neuer
knyght that putte hym to the werse/ & at the twelue monethes
ende he departed with his lady Alys la beale pylgrym/ and
the damoysel wold neuer goo from hym/ and soo they went in

to theyr countrey of Benoye/and lyued there in grete Joye /

¶ Capitulum xl

Now as the book sayth/kyng marke wold neuer stynte tyll he had slayne hym by treason/ / and by Alys he gat a childe that hyght Bellengerus le Beuse/and by good fortune he came to the courte of kynge Arthur/ and proued a passynge goode knyghte/ and he reuenged his faders dethe for the fals kynge Marke slewe bothe syr Tristram & Alys fauour falsly and felonsly/and hit happed so that Alysander hadde neuer grace ne fortune to come to kynge Arthurs court For and he had comen to sire launcelot alle knyghtes sayd / that knewe hym / he was one of the strengest knyghtes that was in Arthurs dayes/and grete dole was made for hym

Soo lete we of hym passe and torne we to another tale

So hit befelle that sire Galahalt the haute prynce was lord of the countrey of Surluse/wherof came many goode knyghtes / And this noble prynce was a passynge goode man of armes and euer he held a noble felaushyp to gyders/And thenne he came to Arthurs court/& told hym his entent/how this was his wyll/how he wold lete crye a Justes in the cõtrey of Surluse/the whiche countrey was within the landes of kynge Arthur/and there he ayed leue to lete crye a Justes/I wyl gyue yow leue said kynge Arthur/But wete thou wel sayd kynge Arthur/I maye not be there/Syre said Quene Guenere please hit you to gyue me leue to be at that Justes/with right goode wille said Arthur / for sire Galahalt the haute prynce shall haue yow in gouernaunce/Syr said Galahalt I wille as ye wylle/sir thenne the quene I wille take with me and suche knyghtes as pleasen me best/ do as ye lyst said kynge Arthur/So anone she commaunded sire Launcelot to make hym redy with suche knyghtes as he thought best/Soo in euery goode towne and castel of this land was made a crye/ that in the countrey of Surluse/syre Galahalt sholde make a Justes that sholde laste eyghte dayes/And how the haute prynce with the help of Quene Gueneuers knyghtes sholde Juste

ageyne alle maner of men that wold come/whanne this cry
was kno wen/kynges and prynces/dukes and Erles/ Ba-
rons and noble knyghtes made them redy to be at that justes
And at the daye of juslyng there came in sire Dynadan/dis-
guysed/and dyd many grete deds of armes

Capitulum xlj

Thenne at the requeste of Quene Gueneuer and of ky-
nge Bagdemagus/sir Launcelot came in to the rayeng
but he was desguysed/and that was the cause that he
the folke knewe hym/ and there mette with hym sir Ector de
marys his oldne broder/ and eyther brake their speres vpon
other to theyr handes/And thenne eyther gate another spere/
And thenne sire launcelot smote doune syr Ector de marys his
oldne broder/That salve sire Bleoberys/and he smote sir laun-
celot suche a buffet vpon the helme that he wyst not wel where
he was/Thenne sir launcelot was wrothe/and smote sir Ble-
oberys so sore vpon the helme that his hede lowdy doune tucke-
wardy/And he smote efte another buffet that he auoyded his
sadel/and soo he rode by/and threst forth to the thyckest/whan
the kynge of Northgalys salve sire Ector and Bleoberys lye
on the grounde/thenne was he wroth/for they came on his par-
ty ageynst them of Surluse/So the kynge of Northgalys ran
to sire Launcelot/and brake a spere vpon hym all to peces
There with sire Launcelot ouerwolt the kynge of Northgalys
and smote hym suche a buffet on the helme with his swerd that
he made hym to auoyde his hors/and anone the kyng Was hor-
sed ageyne/So lothe the kynge Bagdemagus and the kyng
of Northgalys party hurled to other/ and thenne beganne a
stronge medle/but they of Northgalys were ferre bygger
Whanne sire launcelot sawe his party goo to the werse/he th-
range in to the thyckest prees with a swerd in his hande/ &
there he smote doune on the ryght hande and on the lyft hande
and pulled doune knyghtes and tacyd of their helmes that
alle men hadde wonder that euer one knyght myghte doo such
deds of armes/whanne sire Mellegaunt that was sone vnto
kyng Bagdemagus sawe how sir Launcelot ferd/he meruelled

gretely/ And whan he vnderstood that it was he/he wyst wel that he was desguysed for his sake/ Thenne sire Malegeaunt prayd a knyght to slee sir launcelots hors outher with swerd or with spere/ At that tyme kynge Bagdemagus mette with a knyght that hyght Sauseyse a good knyght/ to whom he sayd/ Now fayr Sauseyse encounter with my sone Malege-aunt/and gyue hym large payment/for I wold he were wel kepy of thy handes that he myght departe out of this feld/ And thenne sir Sauseyse encountred with syr Malegeaunt/ and eyther smote other doune/ And thēne they fought on fo-te/and there Sauseyse had wonne syr Malegeaunt/had not there come vnto them/ So thenne the haute prynce bkelde to bod-gynge/ And euery knyght vnarmed hym/and went to the grete feest/ ¶ Thenne in the meane whyle there came a damoy-sel to the haute prynce/ and complayned that there was a kn ygh̄t that hyght Gonerys that withheld her alle her landes Thenne the knyght was there present and caste his glowe to hym or to ony that wold fyght in her name/ Soo the damoy-sel took vp the glowe alle kuyly for defaute of a champyon/ Thenne there came a varlet to her and sayd damoysel/ wille ye doo after me/ful fayne said the damoysel/ thenne goo ye vnto suche a knyght that lyeth here besyde in an ermytage/ and that holdeth the queskynge beest/ and pray hym to take the bataille vpon hym/and anone I wote wel he wille graunte yow/ ¶ So anone she took her palfroy/and within a whyle she fond that knyght that was sire Chalomydes/ And whan she requy-red hym/he armed hym and rode with her/and made her to go to the haute prynce/and to aske leue for her knyght to doo ba tail/ I wille wel said the haute prynce/Thenne the knyghtes were redy in the feld to juste on horsback/and eyther gatte a spere in their handes and mette soo fyersly to gyders that the-ir speres alle to sheuerd/Thenne they flange out swerdes/and syr Chalomydes smote sire Gonereys doune to the erthe/ And thenne he tacyd of his helme and smote of his hede/ Thenne they wente to souper/ and the damoysel loued Chalomydes as peramour/but the book saith she was of his kyn/ Soo thenne Chalomydes desguysed hym self in this maner/ in his sirde he bare the queskynge beest and in alle his trappours/ ¶ And

whanne he was thus redy/ he sente to the haute prynce to gyue hym leue to Juste with other knyghtes/ but he was adoubted of sire launcelot/ The haute prynce sente hym worde ageyne/ that he sholde be welcome/ and that syre Launcelot sholde not Juste with hym / Thenne sire Galahalt the haute prynce lete crye what knyght someuer he were that smote doune sir Palomydes sholde haue his damoysel to hym self/

¶ Capitulum xliij

Here begynneth the seconde daye/ anone as sire Palomydes came in to the felde/ syr Galahalt the haute prynce was at the raunge ende/ and mette with sire Palomydes/ and he with hym with grete speres/ And thenne they cam soo hardy to gyders that their speres alle to sheuered/ But syr Galahalt smote hym soo hardy that he bare hym backward ouer his hors/ but yet he lost not his stirropes/ ¶ Thenne they drewe their swerdes and lasshed to gyder many sadde strokes / that many worshipful knyghtes lefte their besynes to behold them But at the last sire Galahalt the haut prynce smote a stroke of myghte vnto Palomydes sore vpon the helme/ but the helme was soo hardy that the swerd myght not byte but skypped and smote of the hede of the hors of sir Palomydes/ whan the haut prynce wyst and salde the good knyght falle vnto the erthe / he was ashamed of that stroke / And there with he alyghte doune of his owne hors/ and prayd the good knyghte Palomydes to take that hors of his yefte/ and to forgyue hym that dede/ Syre said Palomydes I thanke yold of your grete goodnes/ for euer of a man of worshyp/ a knyghte shalle neuer haue disworshyp/ and soo he mounted vpon that hors / and the haute prynce had another anone / Nold said the haute prynce I relese to yow that maiden/ for ye haue wonne her/ A said Palomydes the damoysel and I be at your commaundement/ So they departed and sire Galahalt dyd grete dedes of armes / And right soo came Dynadan/ and encountred with syr Galahalt/ and eyther came to other so fast with theire speres that their speres brak to their handes/ But Dynadan had wende the haute prynce had ben more wery than he was/ And thenne

he ſmote many ſadde ſtrokes at the haute prynce/ but whan dy
nadan ſawe he myght not gete hym to the erthe/ he ſaid/ My lo
rd/ I pray yow leue me/ and take another/ the haute prynce
kneled not Dynadan/ and lefte goodely for his fayr wordes/
And ſoo they departed/ but ſoone there came another/ and told
the haute prynce that hit was Dynadan/ for ſoth ſayd the pry
nce therfor am I ſory that he is ſoo eſcaped from me/ for with
his mockes and Japes / now ſhalle I neuer haue done with
hym/ And thenne Galahalt rode faſt after hym/ and bad hym
abyde Dynadan for kynge Arthurs ſake/ Nay ſaid Dynadan
ſoo god me helpe We mete no more to gyder this daye/ Thenne
in that wythe the haute prynce mete with Melyagaunt/ and
he ſmote hym in the throte that and he had falled his neck had
broken/ and with the ſame ſpere he ſmote doune another kny
ght/ Thenne came in they of Northgalys/ and many ſtraūgers
and were lyke to haue putte them of Surluſe to the werſe/ for
ſyr Galahalt the haut prynce had ouer mocke in hande/ Soo
there came the good knyghte Semounde the Valyaunt with
fourty knyghtes/ and he lete them al abide/ Thenne the Quee
ne Gueneuer and ſire launcelot lete beholde to lodgynge/ and
ruery knyghte warmed hym/ and dreſſid hem to the feeſte /

Capitulum xliij

Whanne Palomydes was warmed he ayed lodgynge
for hym ſelf and the damoyſel/ Anone the haute pry
nce commaunded them to lodgynge/ And he was not ſo ſoone
in his lodgynge/ but there came a knyghte that hyght Archa
de/ he was broder vnto Gomorpes that Palomydes ſlewe afo
re in the damoyſels quarel/ And this knyght Archade called
ſyre Palomydes traytour / and appelyd hym for the dethe of
his broder/ By the lene of the haute prynce ſayd Palomydes
I ſhalle anſwer the / whan ſire Galahalt vnderſtood theyre
quarel/ he badde them goo to dyner / and aſſoone as ye haue
dyned/ loke that eyther knyghte be redy in the felde/ So whan
they hadde dyned they were armed bothe/ and tooke their hor
ſes/ and the quene and the prynce and ſyr Launcelot were ſet
to beholde them/ and ſoo they lete renne their horſes/ and there
ſir Palomydes bare Archade on his ſpere ouer his hors tayle

And thenne Palomydes alyght and dyrlye his ſwerde / but ſyr Archade myght not aryſe/and there ſyr Palomydes ſacyd of his helme/and ſmote of his hede/ ¶ Thenne the haute prynce and Quene Gueneuer went vnto ſouper/ ¶ Thenne Kynge Bagdemagus ſente alweye his ſone Melyagaunt by cauſe ſyr Launcelot ſholde not mete with hym/for he hated ſire launce lot/and that knewe he not

¶ Capitulum xliii

NOw begynneth the thyrde daye of Juſtynge / and all that daye Kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy / and there came ageynſt hym kynge Marſyl / that had in yefte an Iland of ſyre Galahalt the haute prynce / And this yland had the name Pomytayn/ Thenne hit befelle that Kyng Bagdemagus and kynge Marſyl of Pomytayn mette to gyders with ſperes / and Kynge Marſyl had ſuche a buffet that he felle ouer his hors croupe ¶ Thenne came therin a Knyght of Kynge Marſyl to reuenge his lord / And kynge Bagdemagus ſmote hym doune hors and man to the erthe ¶ Soo there came an Erle that hyght arouſe/and ſir Bruſe and an hondred knyghtes with hem of Pometayne / and the Kynge of Northgalys was with hem / And alle theſe were ageynſt them of Surluſe / And thenne there beganne grete batayle/and many Knyghtes were caſte vnder hors feet / And euer Kynge Bagdemagus dyd beſt/for he fyrſte beganne / & euer he helde on/Galerys Galvayns broder ſmote euer at the face of Kynge Bagdemagus/And at the laſte kynge Bagdemagus hurtled doune Galerys hors and man ¶ Thenne by aduenture ſyr Palomydes the good Knyght mette with ſyr Bleoberys de Ganys/ſyr Bleoberys broder/ And eyther ſmote other with grete ſperes/ that both theyre hors fos and Knyghtes felle to the erthe/But ſyr Blamore had ſuche a falle that he had alle moſt broken his neck/for the blo ode braſte oute at noſe/mouthe and his eres/but at the laſte he recouerd well by good ſurgyens/Thenne thereann in the dute

Chaleyns of Clarraunce and in his gouernaunce there came a knyght that hyght Elys la noyre/ And there encountred with hym kynge Bagdemagus / and he smote Elys that he made hym to auoyde his sadel/ ¶ Soo the Duke Chaleyns of Clarraunce dyd there grete dedes of armes/ and of soo late as he came in the thyrde daye there was no man dyd soo wel ey; cepte kynge Bagdemagus and sire Palomydes that the pryce Was gyuen that day to kynge Bagdemagus /

¶ And thenne they bleue vnto lodgynge and vnarmed hem and went to the feest/ ¶ Right soo came Dynadan and mocked and japed with kynge Bagdemagus that alle knyghtes lough at hym/ for he was a fyne japer and wel louynge alle good knyghtes/ ¶ Soo anone as they had dyned/ there came a varlet berynge foure speres on his back/ & he came to Palomydes/ & sayd thus / here is a knyzte by hath sente yolde the choyse of foure speres/ and requyreth yolde for your lady sake to take that one half of these speres / and juste with hym in the felde/ ¶ Telle hym sayd Palomydes I wyll not fayle hym / whanne sire Galahalt wyste of this/ he badde Palomydes make hym redy/ ¶ So the Quene Gueneuer the haute prynce and sire Launcelot they Were set vpon schaffolders to gyue the jugement of these two knyghtes /

¶ Thenne syre Palomydes and the straunge knyght ranne so egerly to gyders that their speres brake to their handes/ Anon with alle eyther of them toke a grete spere in his hand and alle to sheuered them in pyeces / And thenne eyther toke a greter spere/ And thenne the knyghte smote doune syre Palomydes hors and man to the erthe / And as he wolde haue passed ouer hym/ the straunge knyghtes hors stumbled and felle doune vpon Palomydes ¶ Thenne they dreue their swerdes and lassshed to gyders wonderly sore a grete whyle/ ¶ Thenne the haute prynce and sire Launcelot sayd they salde neuer two knyghtes fyghte better than they dyd / but euer the straunge knyght doubled his strokes/ and putte Palomydes abak/ there with alle the haute prynce cryed hoo / and thenne they went to lodgynge/ And whanne they were vnarmed/ they knewe hit Was the noble knyzt syr Lamorak ¶ Whanne syr Launcelot knewe that hit was sir Lamorak he

made mocke of hym / for aboue alle erthely men he loued hym beſt except ſire Triſtram/ ¶ Thenne Quene Gueneuer commended hym/and ſoo dyd alle other good knyghtes made mocke of hym except ſire Galhayns brethern/ Thenne quene Gueneuer ſaid vnto ſire launcelot ſyr I requyre yold that ye juſte ony more/ that ye juſte with none of the blood of my lord Arthur/ſoo he promyſed he wold not as at that tyme

¶Capitulum xlv

Here begynneth the fourthe daye / thenne came in to the felde the kynge with the hondred knyghtes / and alle they of Northgalys and the duke chaleyns of Cla ; rannce/ and kynge Marſyl of pomalyn/and there came Sa ; fyr Pharomydes broder/and there he told hym tydynges of his moder/and his name was called the Erle/ And ſo he appeled hym afore kynge Arthur/ for he made warre vpon oure fader and moder/and there I ſlewe hym in playne ba ; taille/Soo they wente in to the feld / and the damoyſel with them/and there came to encountre ageyne them ſire Bleobe ; ris de ganys/and ſir Ector de maris/ ſire Pharomydes encoũ ; tred with ſir Bleoberys/and eyther ſmote other doune/ And in the ſame wyſe dyd ſire Safere and ſir Ector / and tho two couples dyd battaille on foote/Thenne came in ſire Lamorak & he encountred with the kynge with the hondred knyghtes/and ſmote hym quyte ouer his hors tayle/And in the ſame wyſe he ſerued the kynge of Northgalys / and alſo he ſmote doune kynge Marſyl/ And ſo or euer he ſtynte/he ſmote doune with his ſpere and with his ſwerd thyrtty knyghtes whan Duke Chaleyns ſawe Lamorak doo ſoo grete prouheſſe/he wolde not medle with hym for ſhame/and thenne he charged alle his kn ; yghtes in payne of dethe that none of yold touche hym/ For hit were ſhame to alle good knyghtes and that knyght were ſha med/ ¶Thenne the two kynges gadred them to gyders/and alle they ſette vpon ſire Lamorak / and he fayled them not/but waſſhed here and there ſmytyng on the ryght hand and on the lyfte ; that dyd of many helmes/ſo that

the haute prynce and Quene Gueneuer ſaid they ſalve ne-
uer knyghte do ſuche dedes of armes on horſbak / Allas ſayd
Launcelot to kynge Bagdemagus/I wylle arme me/and bel
ye ſyr Lamorak/and I wylle ryde with yolu ſaid kyng bag
demagus/And whanne they two were horſed they came to ſir
Lamorak that ſtode amonge thyrtty knyghtes/and wel was
hym that myght ratche hym a buffet/and euer he ſmote ageyn
myghtyly/Thenne came there in to the prees ſir launcelot/ and
he therwe doune ſir Mador de la porte/ And with the trunche
on of that ſpere he threwe doune many knyghtes/And kynge
Bagdemagus ſmote on the lyfte hande and on the ryzt hand
mervayloufly wel / And thenne the thre kynges fledde aſunde
There with all thenne ſire Galahalt lete hym wolde to lodgynge/ &
alle the beſtes gaf ſire Lamorak the pryce/ ¶ And alle this
whyle foughte Palomydes/ſire Bleoberys/ſire Safere/ ſir Ec
tor on foot/neuer were there foure knyghtes euener matched/
And thenne they were departed and had vnto their lodgyng
and warmed hem/and ſoo they wente to the grete feeſte/
But whanne ſire Lamorack was come in to the courte quene
Gueneuer took hym in her armes and ſayd ſyr wel haue ye
done this daye/ Thenne came the haute prynce and he made of
hym grete Joye/and ſoo dyd Dynadan for he wepte for Joye
But the Joye that ſire Launcelot made of ſir Lamorak there
myghte no man telle/thenne they wente vnto reſt/and on the
morne the haute prynce lete wolde vnto the felde

¶ Capitulum xlvij

Here begynneth the fyfthe daye/ſoo hit befelle that ſyr
Palomydes came in the morne tyde / and profred to
juſte there as kynge Arthur was in a Caſtel there he
ſpyed Barkiſe/and there encountred with hym a worſhipful
duke/and there ſire Palomydes ſmote hym ouer his hors croy
upe/ And this duke was vnkel vnto kynge Arthure/ Thenne
ſire Elyes ſone rode vnto Palomydes / and Palomydes ſer-
ued Elyſe in the ſame wyſe/ whanne ſire Gawayne ſalve thys

he was wrothe/Thenne he took his horse/and encountred with syr Palomydes/and Palomydes smote hym soo hardy/that he went to the erthe hors and man/And for to make a short tale/he smote doune thre brethern of syre Galhayns/that is for to say Mardred Gaherys and Agrauayne/O Jhesu saidy Arthur this is a grete despyte of a Sarasyn that he shalle smyte doune my bloody/And there with alle kyng Arthur was wroth ore wrothe/and thought to haue made hym redy to Juste/

That aspyed sire Lamorak that Arthur and his bloody were discomfyte/And anone he was redy and ayed Palomydes yf he wold ony more Juste/why sholdy I not saidy Palomydes/Thenne they hurtledy to gyders and brake their spere/and alle to sheuerdy them/that alle the castel range of theyr dyntys/Thenne eyther gate a grettir spere in his handy/and they came soo fyersly to gyders/but sir Palomydes spere alle to brast and syr Lamorak dyd holde/there with alle sire Palomydes lyft his stewpes and lay vp ryght on his horsback/And thenne sire Palomydes retorneda ageyne and took his damoysel/and sir Safere retorneda his way/Soo whan he was departed kynge Arthur came to syr Lamorak and thankedy hym of his goodnes/andy prayd hym to telle hym his name/Syr saidy Lamorak whete thold wel/I olde yold my seruyse/but as att this tyme I wylle not abyde here/for I see of myn enemyes many aboute me ¶ Alas saidy Arthur nold wote I wel/it is syr Lamorak de galys/O Lamorak abyde with me/and by my croune I shalle neuer fayle the/and not soo hardy in Galhayns hede/nor none of his brethern to doo the ony wronge/ Syre saidy syr Lamorak wronge haue they done me and to yold bothe/That is trouth saidy the kyng for they slewe theyre oldne moder and my syster/the whiche me sore greueth/It hadde ben mocke fayrer and better that ye had wedded her/for ye are a kynges sone as wel as they ¶O Jhesu saidy the noble Knyght sire Lamorack vnto Arthur her dethe shalle I neuer forgete/I promyse yold and make myn auowe vnto gody I shalle reuenge her dethe as soone as I see tyme conenable/And yf hit were not at the reuerence of your hyghnes/I sholdy nold haue ben reuengedy vpon syr Galhayn & his brethern/truly said arthur I wil make you at

awrdy/Syr saidy Lamorak as at this tyme I may not abyde with yow/for I muste to the Justes / where is syre launcelot and the haute prynce syre Galahalt/ Thenne there was a da; moyselle that was doughter to kynge Bandes / and there was a Sarasyn knyghte that hyghte Corsabryn/ and he louedy the damoyselle/ and in no wyse he wolde suffre her to be maryedy/for euer this Corsabryn noysedy her and namedy her that she was oute of her myndc / and thus he lette her that she myght not be maryedy

¶ Capitulum xliij

SOo by fortune this damoyselle herdy telle that Palomy; des dyde mocke for damoyselle sake/ soo she sent to hym a pensel/and prayde hym to fyghte with sire Corsabryn for her loue/and he shold haue her/ and her landes of her fa; ders that sholde falle to her/Thenne the damoyselle sente vnto cor sabryn and badde hym goo vnto sire Palomydes that was a paynym as wel as he/and she gaf hym warnyng that she had sente hym her pensel/and yf he myghte ouercome Palomydes she wolde wedde hym / whanne Corsabryn wyste of her dedes/ thenne was he woody wroth and angry/and rode vnto Sur; luse where the haute prynce was/and there he fonde sire Pa; lomydes redy the whiche had the pensel/Soo there they waged batail either with other afore Galahalt/wel said the haute pr; ynce/this daye muste noble knyghtes juste/and at after dy; ner we shall see how ye can spede/Thenne they bidwe to Justes And in cam Dynadan /and mette with sir Geryn a good kn; yght/and he threwe hym doune ouer his hors croupe/ and sire Dynadan ouerthrewe four knyztes moo/and there he dyd gre; te dedes of armes/for he was a goody knyzt/but he was a scof fer/and a Japer and the meryeste knyght among felaushyp that was that tyme lyuynge/ And he hadde suche a customme that he loued euery goody knyghte/and euery good knyght loued hym ageyne/ ¶ Soo thenne whanne the haute prynce salde Dynadan doo soo wel/he sente vnto syre la; uncelot/and bad hym stryke doune syre Dynadan/ And whan that ye haue done so bryngе hym afore me and the noble quene

Gueneuer/Thenne ſir Launcelot dyd as he was requyred/
Thenne ſire Lamorak and he ſmote doune many knyghtes/ &
wacyd of helmes/and droſe alle the knyghtes afore them
And ſoo ſire Launcelot ſmote doune ſire Dynadan/and ma-
de his men to vnarme hym/ and ſoo brought hym to the quene
and the haute prynce and they bough at dynadan ſo ſore that
they myghte not ſtande/ wel ſaid ſire Dynadan yet haue I no
ſhame/for the olde ſhrelde ſire Launcelot ſmote me doune/ So
they wente to dyner/alle the Courte had good ſporte at Dy-
nadan ¶Thenne whanne the dyner was done/they
bleue to the felde to beholde ſire Palomydes and Corſabryn /
Syre Palomydes pyght his penſell in myddes of the felde / &
thēne they hurtled to gyders with their ſperes as it were thon
der/and eyther ſmote other to the erthe/And thenne they pul
led out their ſwerdes/and dreſſid their ſheldes/and laſſhed
to gyders myghtely as myghty knyghtes/that wel nyghe there
was no pyece of harneis wold hold them/for this Corſabryn
was a paſſynge felonous knyghte / Corſabryn ſaid Palomy-
des wylle thou releace me yonder damoyſel/and the penſell /
Thenne was Corſabryn wrothe oute of meſure/ and gaf Pa-
mydes ſuche a buffet that he kneled on his knee/
¶Thenne Palomydes aroſe lyghtely / and ſmote hym vpon
the helme/that he felle doune ryght to the erthe/ And ther with
he wacyd of his helme/ and ſayd Corſabryn yelde the or elles
thou ſhalt dye of my handes / Fy on the ſaid Corſabryn/ doo
thy werſt/thenne he ſmote of his hede/And there with all cam
a ſtynke of his body whan the ſoule departed/ that there myght
no body abyde the ſauoure/ Soo was the corps hidde alleye
and buryed in a wood by cauſe he was a paynym/
¶Thenne they bleue vnto lodgynge / and Palomydes was
vnarmed ¶Thenne he wente vnto Quene Gue-
neuer/to the haute prynce/and to ſyre launcelot/ ¶Syre ſayd
the haute prynce/ here haue ye ſene this day a grete myracle by
Corſabryn/what ſauour there was whanne the ſoule departed
from the body/There for ſyre we wylle requyre yow to take the
baptym vpon yow/and I promyſe yow alle knyghtes wylle
ſette the more by yow/and ſay more worſhip by yow
¶Syre ſaid Palomydes I wille that ye alle knowe / that in

to this lande I came to be crystened / and in my herte I am crystened / and crystend wille I be / ¶ But I haue made suche an auowe that I maye not be crystend tyl I haue done seuen true batailes for Jhesus sake / And thenne will I be crystend / And I truste god wylle take myn entent for I meane truly / Thenne sire Palomydes prayed Quene Guenuer and the haute prynce to soupe with hym // And soo they dyd to the sire Launcelot and sire Lamorak / and many other goode knyghtes / Soo on the morne they herd their masse / and bleue the felde / and thenne knyghtes made them redy /

¶ Capitulum xlviii

Here begynneth the sythe day / Thenne came therin syr Galerys / and there encountred with hym syre Ossaise of Surluse / and sir Galerys smote hym ouer his hors croupe / And thenne eyther party encountred with other / and there were many speres broken / and many knyghtes caste vnder feete / ¶ Soo there came in sir Dornard and sir Agwisalle that were bretheren vnto sire Lamorak / and they mette with other two knyghtes / and eyther smote other soo hard that alle four knyghtes and horses felle to the erthe / whan sire Lamorak salue his two bretheren doune / he was wrothe oute of mesure / And thenne he gat a grete spere in his hande / and there with alle he smote doune four goode knyghtes / and thenne his spere braste / Thenne he pulled oute his swerde / and smote aboute hym on the ryght hande and on the lyfte hande / and rased of helmes and pulled doune knyghtes that alle men merueylled of suche dedes of armes as he dyd / for he ferd so that many knyghtes fledde / Thenne he horsed his bretheren ageyne and sayd bretheren ye oughte to be ashamed to falle so of your horses / what is a knyght but whan he is on horsback / I sette not by a knyght whanne he is on foote / for alle batailes on foote ar but pelowres batailes / For there sholde no knyghte fyghte on foote / but yf hit were for treason / or elles he were dryuen therto by force / therfore bretheren syth ryste on your horses or elles fyghte neuer more afore me / With that came in the duke

Chaleyns of Clarawnce / and there encountred with hym the Erle Wallwes of Surluse/and eyther of hem smote other doune/Thenne the knyghtes of bothe parteyes horsed their stedes ageyne/for syr Erbr and Bleoberys were on foote wondryng on the duke Chaleyns/And the kynge with the hondred knyghtes was with the erle of Wallwes/ with that came Galerys/and lasshed to the kynge with the hondred knyghtes and he to hym ageyne/Thenne came the Duke Chaleyns/and departed them/thenne they bleve to lodgynge/and the knyghtes vnarmed them and dreve them to their dyner / and atte myddes of their dyner in came Dynadan and beganne to rayle/Thenne he beheld the haute prynce that semed wrothe with somme faute that he salve/for he hadde a customme he loued no fysshe/and by cause he was serued with fysshe ; the whiche he hated therfore he was not mery/Whan sir Dynadan had aspyed the haute prynce/ he aspyed where was a fysshe with a grete hede/and that he gatte betwixe two dysshes/and serued the haute prynce with that fysshe/And thenne he said thus/sir galahalt wel may I lykyn yold to a wolf/for he wille neuer ete fysshe but flesshe/thenne the haute prynce lough at his wordes wel wel said Dynadan to launcelot / what deuyll doo ye in this Countrey/for here may no meane knyghtes wynne no worshyp for the/sir Dynadan said Launcelot I ensure the I shalle no more mete with the nor with thy grete spere / for I maye not sytte in my sadel when that spere hytteth me/ And yf I be happy I shalle kerue of that boystous body that thou berest/wel said Launcelot make goody watche euer / gody forbede that euer we mete but yf hit be at a dysshe of mete/Thenne lough the Quene and the haute prynce / that they myghte not sytte at their table/thus they made grete joye tyl on the morn And thenne they herde masse/and bleve to felde/ And quene Gueneuer and all the estates were set and juges armed clene with their sheldes to kepe the tyghte

Capitulum xliij

Nowe begynneth the seuenth batayll/there cam in the duke Cambynes/and there encountred with hym syr Arystaunce that was counted a goode knyghte/& they mette soo hard that eyther bare other doune hors and man

Thenne came there the Erle of Lambayle and rekked the duke ageyne to hors/Thenne came there syr Ossayse of Surluse/ and he smote the erle Lambayle doune from his hors/Thenne beganne they to doo grete dedes of armes/and many speres were broken/and many knyghtes were caste to the erthe

Thenne the kynge of Northgalys and the Erle Olbaldes smote to gyders that alle the Juges thought it was lyke mortal dethe/ This meane whyle quene Gueneuer and the haute prynce and syr Launcelot made there syre Dynadan make hym redy to Juste/I wold sayd Dynadan ryde in to the felde/but thenne one one of yow kl̄eyne wille mete with me/Per dieu sayd the haute prynce ye maye see how we sytte here as Juges with oure sheldes/and alweyes mayst thow beholde whether we sytte here or not/ Soo syr Dynadan departed and rode his hors and mette with many knyghtes/and dyd passynge wel/And as he was departed/syre Launcelot desguysed hym self/and putte vpon his armour a maydens garment fressh ly attyred/Thenne sire Launcelot made sire Galyhodyn to lye hym thorugh the raunge/and alle men had wonder what damoysel it was/ And soo as sire Dynadan came in to the raunge/sire Launcelot that was in the damoysels araye gatte Galyhodyns spere and ranne vnto sir Dynadan/ And alwayes sire Dynadan lokked vp there as syre Launcelot was/and thenne he salwe one sytte in the stede of sire Launcelot armed/ But whanne Dynadan salwe a maner of a damoysel he drad perylls that it was syre launcelot desguysed/but syre Launcelot came on hym so fast that he smote hym ouer his hors crouppe/ and thenne grete sownes gate sire Dynadan in to the foreste there beside/& there they dispoylled hym vnto his sherte and putte vpon hym a womans garment/ and so brought hym in to the felde/and soo they bleibe vnto lodgynge/And euery knyght wente and vnarmed them/thenne was sir Dynadan brought in among them alle/ And whanne Quene Guenever salwe sir Dynadan brought soo amonge them alle / thenne sire

bough that ſir fyrſte doune/ and ſoo dyde alle that there were/ Wel ſayde Dynadan to launcelot thold arte ſoo falſe that I can neuer beware of the/ Thenne by alle the aſſente they gaf fyrſt launcelot the pryce/ the next was ſire Lamorak de galys/ the thyrde was ſir Palomydes/ the fourthe was kynge Bagdemagus/ ſoo theſe four kenyghtes had the pryce/ and there was grete Joye/ and grete nobley in alle the Courte/ And on the morne Quene Gueneuer and ſir Launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur/ but in noo wyſe ſyr Lamorak wold not go with them/ I ſhalle vndertake ſaide ſire launcelot that and ye wyll goo with vs/ kynge Arthur ſhalle charge ſyre Gawayne and his bretheren/ neuer to doo yold hurte/ As for that ſayde ſyre Lamorak I wylle not truſte ſire Gawayne nor none of his bretheren/ and were ye wel ſir Launcelot/ and hit were not for my lorde kynge Arthurs ſake/ I ſholde matche ſire Gawayn and his bretheren wel ynouȝ/ But to ſay that I ſhold truſte them/ that ſhal I neuer/ and therfor I pray you recommaunde me vnto my lorde Arthur and vnto alle my lordes of the rounde table/ And in what place that euer I come I ſhal do you ſeruyſe to my power/ and ſyr it is but late that I reuenged that whan my lord Arthurs kynne were put to the werſe by ſire Palomydes/ Thenne ſir Lamorak departed from ſir launcelot/ and eyther wepte at their departynge

Capitulum l

NOw torne we fro this matter/ and ſpeke we of ſir triſtram of whome this booke is prynapal of/ and leue we the kynge and the quene/ ſyr Launcelot/ and ſyre Lamorak/ and here begynneth the treaſon of kynge Marke that he ordeyned ageynſt ſyr Triſtram/ There was cryed by the coſtes of Cornewaile a grete turnement and Juſtes/ and al was done by ſir Galahalt the haut prynce/ and kynge Bagdemagus to the entent to ſlee Launcelot or els vtterly deſtroye hym and ſhame hym/ by cauſe ſir launcelot had alweyes the hyer degree/ therfore this prynce and this kynge made this Juſtes ageynſt ſire Launcelot/ And thus her conceyll was diſcouerd

vnto kynge Marke wherof he was ful glad de/Thenne kyng Marke bethought hym that he wold haue syr Trystram vnto that turnement desguysed that no man shold knowe hym/ to that entente that the haute prynce shold wene that sir Trystram were syr launcelot/Soo at thise Justes came in syr Tristram/ And at that tyme sir launcelot was not there/but whan they sawe a knyght desguysed doo suche dedes of armes/they wende hit had ben sir launcelot/And in especyal kynge Marke sayd hit was syr launcelot playnly / Thenne they sette vpon hym bothe kynge Bagdemagus and the haute prynce and theyr knyghtes that hit was wonder that euer sir Tristram myght endure that payne/Not withstandynge for alle the payne that he had syr Tristram wanne the degree at that turnement/ and there he hurte many knyghtes and bruysed them/and they hurte hym and bruysed hym wonderly sore/ ¶ So whanne the Justes were alle done / they knewe wel that hit was sire Tristram de Lyones/and alle that were on kyng markes party were glad that sir Tristram was hurte / and the remenaunt were sory of his hurte/for syr Tristram was not soo behaydy as was syr Launcelot within the Reame of Englond/Thenne came kyng Marke vnto syr Tristram/and sayd fayre neuewe I am sory of your hurtes/Gramercy my lord sayd syr Tristram / ¶ Thenne kynge Marke made sir Tristram to be putte in an hors lere in grete sygne of loue/ and sayd fayre cosyn I shalle be your leche my self/ and soo he rode forthe with sire Tristram and brought hym to a Castel by day lyghte/And thenne kynge Marke made syr Tristram to ete/ And thenne after he gaf hym a drynke/the whiche as soone as he had dronke/he felle on slepe/And whanne it was nyghte he made hym to be caryed to another castel/and there he putte hym in a stronge pryson / & there he ordeyned a man and a woman to gyue hym his mete and drynke/Soo there he was a grete whyle/ thenne was syr Tristram myssed/ and no creature wyst where he was become Whan la beale Isoud herd how he was myssed priuely she went vnto sir Sadok & praid hym to aspye where was sir Tristram Thenne when Sadok wyst how sir tristram was myssed & anon aspyed that he was put in pryson by kyng marke & the traitours of Magos/thene sadok & two of his cosyns leid them in an

embuſſement faſt by the caſtel of Tyntagyl in armes / And
as by fortune there came rydynge Kynge Marke and foure
of his neuelues / and a certayn of the traytours of Magouns
Whanne ſir Sadok aſpyed them / he brake oute of the buſſhe-
ment / and ſette there vpon them / And whan kynge Mark aſ
pyed ſire Sadok / he fledde as faſt as he myghte / and there ſir
Sadok ſlewe alle the four neuelues vnto Kynge Marke /
But theſe traitours of Magons ſlewe one of Sadoks coſyns
a grete wounde in the neck / but Sadok ſmote the other to the
dethe / Thenne ſir Sadok rode vpon his way vnto a Caſtel that
was called Lyonas / and there he aſpyed of the treaſon and fe
lony of kynge Marke / Soo they of that caſtel rode with ſyre
Sadok tyl that they came to a Caſtel that hyghte Arbray / &
there in the toune they fonde ſyre Dynas the Seneſchal / that
was a goode Knyght / But whan ſire Sadok had tolde ſyre
Dynas of alle the treaſon of Kynge Marke / he defyed ſuche a
Kynge / and ſayde he wolde gyue vp his landes that he held of
hym / And whanne he ſaide theſe wordes alle manere Knyght-
es ſayde as ſyre Dynas ſaide / Thenne by his aduys and of
ſire Sadoks he lete ſtuffe alle the toldnes and Caſtels within
the Countrey of Lyones and aſſembled all the peple that they
myght make

Capitulum lj

NOw torne we vnto Kynge Marke that whan he was
eſcaped from ſir Sadok / he rode vnto the Caſtel of Tyn
tagyl / and there he made grete crye and noyſe / & cry-
ed vnto hatneis alle that myghte bere armes / Thenne they ſo-
ught and fonde where were dede four coſyns of kyng Markes
and the traytour of Magouns / Thenne the kynge lete entyere
them in a chappel / thenne the kynge lete crye in alle the coun-
trey that helde of hym to goo vnto armes ; for he vnderſtoode
to the were he muſt nedes / Whanne Kynge Marke herde and
vnderſtoode how ſyre Sadok and ſir Dynas were aryſen in the
Countrey of Lyones / he remembryd of wyles and treaſon / So
thus he dyd / he lete make and counterfete letters from the pope

and dyd make a straunge clerke to bere them vnto kyng mar
ke/the whiche letters specyfyed that kynge Marke shold ma
ke hym redy vpon payne of cursyng with his hoost to come to
the pope to helpe to goo to Jherusalem for to make warre vp
on the Sarasyns/whan this clerk was come by the meane of
the kynge/anone with alle kyng marke sente these letters vn
to sire Tristram and badde hym saye thus / that and he wold
goo werre vpon the mescreauntes/he shold be had oute of pry
son/and to haue alle his power/whanne sire Tristram vnder
stood this letter/thenne he sayd thus to the Clerke / A kynge
Marke euer hast thou ben a traytour/and euer wylle be/ but
Clerke saide sire Tristram Say thou thus vnto kynge marke
Syn the Apostle pope hath sente for hym/bydde hym goo thy
der hym self/for telle hym traitour kynge as he is J wylle
not goo at his commaūdement/gete J oute of pryson as J may
for J see J am wel rewarded for my true seruyse / Thenne
the Clerke retorned vnto kynge Marke and told hym of the
answer of sire Tristram/wel sayd kynge marke yet shal he be
kegyled/Soo he wente in to his chamber and counterfete let
ters/and the letters specyfyed that the pope desyred sire Tri
stram to come hym self to make warre vpon the mescreauntes
Whan the Clerke was come ageyne to sir Tristram and bolde
hym these letters/thenne sire Tristram beheld these letters/ a
anone he aspyed they were of kynge Markes counterfet kynge
A said syre Tristram fals hast thold ben euer kynge Marke/
and soo wolt thou ende/Thenne the Clerke departed from sire
Tristram and came to kynge Marke ageyne/By thenne there
were come foure wounded knyghtes within the castel of Tyn
tagil/and one of them his neck was nygh broken in tweyn
Another had his arme stryken alwey / the thyrde was borne
thurgh with a spere/the fourth had his teeth stryken in tweyn
And whanne they came afore kynge Marke they cryed and
sayd/kynge/why fleest thold not for alle this countrey is a
tryed clenely ageynst the / thenne was kynge Marke wrothe
oute of mesure / and in the meane whyle there came in to the
countrey sire Percyuale de galys to seke sire Tristram / And
whan he herd that syre Tristram was in pryson/syr Percyual

made clerely the delyueraunce of sir Tristram by his knyghtly meanes/ And whan he was soo delyuerd/ he made grete Joye of syre Percyuale/and soo echone of other; Syr Tristram sayd vnto sire Percyuale/ and ye wille abyde in these marches I wylle ryde with yold/ Nay sayd Percyuale in this countrey I maye not tary/for I muste nedes in to walys/ ¶ Soo syre Percyuale departed from sire Tristram/and rode streyght vn to Kynge Marke/ and told hym how he had delyuerd syre Tristram/and also he told the kyng that he had done hym self grete shame for to putte sir Tristram in pryson/ For he is nowe the knyght of moost renomme in this world lyuynge

And wete thow wel the noblest knyghtes of the worlde loue syr Tristram/and yf he wille make werre vpon yow/ye maye not abyde hit/That is trouthe sayd kynge Marke/but I may not loue sire Tristram by cause he loueth my Quene and my wyf la beale Isoud/ A fy for shame sayd syr Percyuale say ye neuer so more/ Are ye not vnkel vnto sir Tristram/ and he your neueue/ye sholde neuer thynke that soo noble a knyghte as sire Tristram is that he wolde doo hym self soo grete a vylony to holde his vnkels wyf/how be it sayd syr Percyuale he may loue your Quene synles by cause she is called one of the fayreste ladyes of the worlde/ Thenne syr Percyuale departed from Kynge Marke/Soo whan he was departed Kyng Marke bethought hym of more treson/ Not withstādyng kyng marke graunted syre Percyuale neuer by no manere of meanes to hurte sire Tristram/Soo anone Kynge Marke sente vnto syre Dynas the Seneschal that he sholde putte doune alle the peple that he had reysed/ for he sente hym an othe that he wolde goo hym self vnto the pope of Rome to warre vpon the mescreauntes/and this is a fayrer werre than thus to areyse the peple/ ageynst youre kynge/whanne sir Dynas vnderstood that kynge marke wolde goo vpon the mescreauntes/thenne sire Dynas in alle the haste putte doune alle the peple/ and whan the peple were departed euery man to his home/thēne Kyng marke aspyed where was sire Tristram with la Beale Isoud/ and there by treason Kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym in pryson contrary to his promyse that he made vnto syre Percyuale/whan Quene Isoud vnderstood that syr Tristram was

in prysoñ/she made as gyrte sowdre as euer made lady or gentylwoman / Thenne sire Tristram sent a letter vnto la Beale Isoud and prayd her to be his good lady/and yf hit pleased her to make a vessel redy for her and hym/he wold goo with her vnto the reame of Logrys that is this land/ ¶ Whanne la beale Isoud vnderstood syre Tristrams letters and his entent she sente hym another/and badde hym be of good comforte/for she wold doo make the vessel redy and alle thynge to purpos ¶ Thenne la beale Isoud sente vnto syre Dynas and to sadok and prayd hem in ony wyse to take kynge Marke/ and put hym in prysoñ vnto the tyme that she and syre Tristram were departed vnto the Royamme of Logrys/whan sir Dynas the Seneschalk vnderstood the traysoñ of kynge Marke/he promysed her ageyne and sente her word that kynge Marke shold be put in prysoñ / And as they deuysed hit soo it was done / And thenne syre Tristram was delyuerd oute of prysoñ/and anone in alle the haste Quene Isoud and syr Tristram went and took their counceyll with that they wold haue with them whan they departed

¶ Capitulum lij

Thenne la Beale Isoud and sire Tristram took their vessel/and came by water in to this land/ and so they were not in this land four dayes/but there came a cry of a Justes and turnement that kynge Arthur lete make / Whanne sire Tristram herd telle of that turnement he desguysed hym self/and la Beale Isoud/and wode vnto that turnement And whan he came there he salde many knyghtes Juste and turneye/and so syr Tristram dressid hym to the raunge/ and to make short conclusion/he ouerthrewe fourten knyghtes of the round table/ Whanne sir Launcelot salde these knyghtes thus ouerthrowen/sire launcelot dressid hym to sir Tristram / That salde la Beale Isoud how sire launcelot was come in to the felde/ ¶ Thenne la Beale Isoud sente vnto sire Launcelot a ryngе/and badde hym wete that it was sir Tristram de lyones Whanne sir launcelot vnderstood that there was syre Tristram he was ful gladde/and wold not juste/thenne sire Launcelot

aspyed whyder syre Tristram yede/and after hym he wode/and thus eyther made of other grete Joye/ And soo sire Launcelot brought sire Tristram and la beale Isoud vnto Joyous gard that was his owne Castel that he lady wonne with his owne handes / And there sire Launcelot put them in to welde for their owne/ And wete ye wel that Castel was garnysshed and furnysshed for a kynge and a quene Royal there to haue soiourned/ and syre Launcelot charged alle his people to honoure them and loue them as they wolde doo hym self /

¶ Soo sire launcelot departed vnto kynge Arthur/and thenne he told Quene Gueneuer how he that Justed soo wel atte last turnement was sire Tristram / and there he told her how he hadde with hym la beale Isoud maulgre kynge Marke / & soo Quene Gueneuer told alle this vnto kynge Arthur /

¶ Whanne kynge Arthur wyste that sire Tristram was escaped and comen from kynge Marke/and had brought la beale Isoud with hym /thenne was he passynge glade / So by mene of sire Tristram kynge Arthur lete make a crye/ that on may day sholde be a Justes before the castel of Lonazep / And that Castel was fast by Joyous gard / And thus Arthur ouysed that alle the knyghtes of this lande and of Cornewaile and of Northwalys sholde Juste agaynste alle these countreyes /Irlande /Scotlande /and the remenaunt of walys & the countrey of Gore and Surluse and of Lystynoyse/ & they of Northumberlande and alle they that helde landes of arthur a this halfe the see/whanne this crye was made / many knyghtes were glade and many were vnglade/ ¶ Syre said launcelot vnto Arthur by this crye that ye haue made ye wyll put vs that ben aboute you in grete Jeopardy / for there be many knyghtes that haue grete enuye to vs/therfore when we shal mete at the daye of Justes there wille be hardy stryfte amonge vs/ As for that said Arthur I care not/ there shal be preue who shal be beste of his handes/ Soo whan sir launcelot vnderstode wherfore kynge Arthur made this Justyng thene he made suche purueaunce that la beale Isoud sholde beholde the Justes in a secrete place that was honest for her estate/

¶ Now torne we vnto sire Tristram and to la beale Isoud / how they made grete Joye dayly to gyders with alle manere

of myrthes that they coudy deuyse/andy euery day sir Tristram wouldy goo ryde on huntyngy/for sir Tristram was that tyme called the best chacer of the worldy / andy the noblest blother of an horne of alle maners of mesures/for as bookes reporte / of syre Tristram came alle the goody termes of Venery and of hū tynge andy alle the syses andy mesures of blowynge of an horne/andy of hym we hady fyrste alle the termes of haukyng/ & which were breestes of chace andy breestes of Venery/andy which were Vermyne/andy alle the blastes that longen to all maner of gamen/ Fyrste to the Vncoupelynge / to the sekynge/ to the rechace/to the flyghte/to the dethe/andy to strake/and many other blastes andy termes/that all maner of gentylmen haue cause to the Worldes ende to preyse sir Tristram and to praye for his soule

¶ Capitulum liij

SOo on a daye la beale Isoudy saydy vnto sir Tristram I meruayle me mocke saidy she/ that ye remembre not your self holdy ye be here in a straunge countrey andy here be many perylous knyghtes/andy wel ye wote that kyng Marke is ful of treason / andy that ye wylle ryde thus forthe andy to to hunte vnarmedy ye myghte be destroyedy / ¶ By fayre lady andy my loue I crye you mercy I wille no more doo soo Soo thenne sire Tristram rode daylly on huntynge armed and his men berynge his shelde andy his spere/Soo on a day a lytyl afore the monethe of may syre Tristram chacedy an hert passynge egerly/andy soo the hert passedy by a fayre welle/ Andy thenne sir Tristram alyghte andy putte of his helme to drynke of that burbley water/ Ryght soo he hardy andy salte the questynge beest come to the welle/when syre Tristram salue that beste/he putte on his helme for he dremedy he sholdy here of sir Galopydes/for that beste was his queste/ ¶ Ryght so sir Tristram salue where came a knyghte armedy vpon a noble courser/ andy he salewedy hym/andy they spake of many thynges/ andy thys knyghtes name was Berause sauns pyte/ andy ryght so with alle there came vnto them the noble knyghte sire Galopydes / andy eyther salewedy other/andy spake fair to other

Fair knyghtes said sir Palompdes I anne telle yold tydyn-
ges/what is that said tho knyghtes / Syrs wete ye wel that
kynge Marke is put in pryson by his owne knyghtes / and
alle was for loue of sire Tristram/ for kynge Marke hadde put
syre Tristram twyes in pryson/And ones sire Perceuale de-
lyuerd the noble knyghte sire Tristram oute of pryson
¶And at the laste tyme Quene La beale Isoud delyuerd
hym / and wente clerely alwey with hym in to this rame/ &
alle this whyle kynge Marke the fals traytour is in pryson /
Is this trouthe said Palompdes/Thenne shall we hastely be
re of sire Tristram/ And as for to say that I leue la Beale
Isoud paramours I dare make good that I doo / and that
she hath my seruyse aboue alle other ladyes / and shalle haue
the prime of my lyf/ And ryght soo as they stood talkynge /
they salwe afore them where came a knyghte alle armed on a
grete hors/and one of his men bare his sheld / and the other
his speres/ And anone as that knyght aspyed them he gatte
his shelde and his spere/and dressid hym to juste
¶Fair felawes said sire Tristram ponder is a knyghte wil
juste with vs/lete see whiche of vs shalle encountre with hym
for I see wel he is of the courte of kynge Arthur
¶It shalle not be longe or he be mette with alle said sire Pa-
lompdes / for I fonde neuer noo knyght in my queste of this
Glastynge beest/but and he wold juste I neuer refused hym
¶As wel may I said Breuse sauns pyte folowe that beest
as ye/Thenne shalle ye doo batailles with me said Palompdes/
Soo syre Palompdes dressid hym vnto that other knyghte
syre Bleoberys that was a ful noble knyghte nyghe kynne
vnto sire Launcelot / And soo they mette soo hardy / that syre
Palompdes felle to the erthe hors and alle/
Thenne sir Bleoberis cryed a lowde and said thus/make the
redy thou fals traytour knyghte Breuse sauns pyte/for wete
thou wel certaynly I wille haue adoo with the to the vtteraunce
for the noble knyghtes and ladyes that thou hast falsly bi-
traid ¶Whanne this false knyght and traitour
Breuse sauns pyte herde hym saye soo/ he took his hors by the
brydel and fledde his waye as faste as euer his hors myghte
renne/for sore he was of hym afrayd/¶Whan syr Bleoberys

ſalue hym flee he folowed faſte after thorugh thycke and thorugh thynne / And by fortune as ſir Breuſe flede / he ſalue euen afore hym thre knyghtes of the table round/of the whiche the one hyghte ſire Ector de marys / the other hyghte ſyre Percyuale de galys/ the thyrde hyghte ſir Harre de fyſe lake a good knyght and an hardy/ And as for ſyr Percyuale he was called that tyme of his tyme one of the beſt knyghtes of the worlde and the beſt aſſured/when Breuſe ſalue theſe knyghtes he rode ſtreyghte vnto them and cryed vnto them & prayd them of reſcolues/ what nede haue ye ſaid ſire Ector / A fayr knyghtes ſaide ſyre Breuſe here foloweth me the moſt traytour knyght and moſt colward and moſt of Bylony/his name is Breuſe ſaunce pyte/and yf he may gete me he wylle ſlee me without mercy and pyte/ Abyde with vs ſaid ſir Percyuale and we ſhalle warraunt yow/ Thenne were they ware of ſyre Bleoberys that came rydynge alle that he myghte / Theyne ſir Ector put hym ſelf forth to Juſte afore them alle/ When ſire Bleoberis ſalue that they were four knyghtes/and he but hym ſelf/he ſtode in a doubte / whether he wolde torne or hold his waye/Thenne he ſaid to hym ſelf I am a knyght of the table round/and rather than I ſholde ſhame myn othe & my blood I wille holde my way what ſoo euer falle therof/ And thenne ſire Ector dreſſid his ſpere and ſmote either other paſſynge ſore/but ſire Ector felle to the erthe/That ſalue ſir Percyuale and he dreſſid his hors toward hym alle that he myghte dryue/but ſir Percyuale had ſuche a ſtroke that hors and man felle to the erth/ ¶ Whanne ſir Harre ſalue that they were bothe to the erthe/thenne he ſaid to hym ſelf / neuer Was Breuſe of ſuche prowheſſe/Soo ſire Harre dreſſid his hors / & they mette to gyders ſoo ſtrongly that bothe the horſes and knyghtes felle to the erthe/but ſire Bleoberis hors began to recouer ageyne/That ſalue ſire Breuſe and he came hurtlyng/& ſmote hym ouer and ouer and wolde haue ſlayne hym as he lay on the grounde/Thenne ſyr Harre le fyſe lake awſe lyghtely and toke the brydel of ſir Breuſe hors and ſaid/ ¶ Fy for ſhame ſeryre neuer a knyght when he is at the erthe/ for this knyght may be called no ſhameful knyghte of his dedes / for yet as men may ſee there as he lyeth on the grōd he hath done

worshipfully/and put̄e to the werse passynge good knyghtes. Therfore wylle I not letē saide sire Breuse / thou shalte not chese said̄ syr Harre as at this tyme/ Thenne whanne sir Breuse salve that he myghte not chese nor haue his wylle/ he spak fayre/ Thenne syr Harre letē hym goo/ And̄ thenne anone he made his hors to renne ouer syr Bleoberys/and rasshed hym to the erthe lyke yf he wold̄ haue slayne hym / Whanne syre Harre salve hym doo so vylaynsly/he cryed̄ traytour knyzt le ue of for shame/and̄ as sir Harre wold̄ haue taken his hors to fyghte with sir breuse / thenne sire Breuse ranne vpon hym as he was half vpon his hors and̄ smote hym doune hors & may to the erthe/and̄ had nere slayne syr Harre the good knyght/ That salve sire Percyuale/and̄ thenne he cryed̄ traitour knyghte what dost thou / And̄ whan sire Percyuale was vpon his hors/syr Breuse wolde his hors and̄ fledde all that euer he myght/and̄ syre Percyuale and̄ syr Harre folowed̄ after hym fast/ but euer the lenger they chaced the ferther were they behynde/ Thenne they turned̄ ageyne and̄ came to syr Ector de marys and̄ to syre Bleoberys/ A fayr knyghte said̄ Bleoberys why haue ye socoured that fals knyght & traitour/ why said̄ sire Harre what knyght is he / for wel I wote hit is a fals knyght said̄ sir Harre and̄ a colward and a felonous knyght/ Syr sayd̄ Bleoberys he is the moost colward̄ knyghte / and̄ a reuourer of ladyes and̄ a destroyer of good̄ knyghtes and̄ specyally of Arthurs/ what is your name saide sir Ector my name is Syr Bleoberys de ganys/ Alas fair cosyn sayde Ector/ forgyue it me/ for I am sir Ector de marys/ thenne syre Percyuale and̄ sire Harre made grete ioye that they met with Bleoberys / but alle they were hury that syr Breuse was escu ped̄ them wherof they made grete dole

¶ Capitulum liiij

Right soo as they stood thus/ther came sir Galompydes And̄ whanne he salve the shelde of Bleoberys lye on the erthe/ ¶ Thenne said̄ Galompydes he that oldeth

that ſherd/lete hym dreſſe hym to me/for he ſmote me doune here faſt by at a fontayne/and therfore I wylle fyghte for hym on foote/I am redy ſaid Bleoberys here to anſwer the/for wete thold wel ſyr knyght it was I/and my name is Bleoberys de ganys/wel arte thou met ſaide Palomydes/and wete thold wel my name is Palomydes the ſarayn/ and eyther of them haerd other to the dethe/¶ Syre Palomydes ſayd Ector wete thold wel there is neyther thold nor none knyght that bereth the lyf that fleeth ony of oure blood/but he ſhalle dye for hit/therfor and thold lyste to fyghte goo ſeche ſire launcelot or ſir Triſtram and there ſhalle ye fynde your matche/with hem haue I mette ſaid Palomydes/but I had neuer no worſhip of them/ was there neuer no maner of knyghte ſaid ſire Ector but they that euer matched with yold/yes ſayd Palomydes/there was the thyrde a goody knyght as ony of them/and of his age he was the beſt that euer I fond/for and he myghte haue lyued tyl he had ben an hardyer man/there lyueth no knyghte nold ſuche/and his name was ſyr Lamorak de galys/And as he had Juſted at a turnement/there he ouerthrewe me/and .xxx. knyghtes moo/and there he wanne the degree/And at his departynge there mette hym ſyr Gawayne and his bretheren/ & with grete payne they ſtelde hym felonſly vnto alle good knyghtes grete domage/ Anone as ſir Percyuale herd that his broder was dede ſyr Lamorak/ he felle ouer his hors mane ſwounynge/ and there he made the grettеſt dole that euer made knyghte/ ¶ And whan ſyr Percyuale awoke/he ſaid/Allas my good and noble broder ſyr Lamorak/ nold ſhalle we neuer mete/ and I trolde in alle the wyde worldy a man maye not fynde ſuche a knyght as he was of his age/ and hit is to moche to ſuffre the dethe of our fader kynge Pellenore/ & nold the dethe of our goody broder ſir Lamorak/Thenne in the mene Wyhle there came a Varlet from the court of kyng Arthur and told them of the grete turnement that ſholde be at Lonazep/and hold theſe landes Cornewail/ & Northgalys ſholde be ageynſt alle them that wolde come

¶ Capitulum .lv.

NOw turne we vnto sir Tristram that as he rode on hun
tynge/he mette with sire Dynadan that was comen in
to that countrey to seke syr Tristram/Thenne sire Dy-
nadan tolde sire Tristram his name / but sire Tristram wolde
not telle hym his name/wherfore syr Dynadan was wrothe /
For suche a foolysshe knyghte as ye are saide sire Dynadan I
salde but late this day lyenge by a welle/and he farde as he
slepte/and there he lay lyke a foole grymmynge and wolde
not speke/and his shelde lay by hym/ and his hors stode by
hym/and Wel I wote he was a louer / A fayr syr saide syr
Tristram are ye not a louer/mary fy on that crafte said sir dy
nadan/that is euylle saide said sire Tristram/for a knyght maye
neuer be of prowesse/but yf he be a louer/it is wel said said sir
Dynadan/Nowe telle me your name sythe ye be a louer/or els
I shalle doo batailles with yow/ As for that saide sir Tristram
hit is no reason to fyghte with me/ but I telle yow my name
And as for that my name shalle ye not wete as at this tyme
Fy for shame said Dynadan arte thow a knyghte and darste
not telle thy name to me/therfore I wil fyghte with the/ As
for that saide sir Tristram I wylle be auysed/for I wil not
doo batail/but yf me lyste/ And yf I doo batail said sire Trist-
tram ye are not able to withstande me/ Fy on the cowarde sayde
syr Dynadan/and thus as they houed styl they salde a kn-
yght came rydyng ageynst them/ Lo said sir Tristram see wh-
re cometh a knyght rydynge wyll Juste with you/ Anon as sir
Dynadan behelde hym he said that is the same doted knyght that
I salde lye by the welle neither slepyng ne walkyng/wel sa-
yde sire Tristram I knowe that knyght wel with the couerde
shelde of asure/he is the kynges sone of Northumberlande/ his
name is Eppynegrys/and he is as grete a louer as I knowe/
and he loueth the kynges doughter of walys a ful fayre lady
And nowe I suppose said sire Tristram/and ye requyre hym/ he
wille Juste with yow/and thenne shalle ye preue whether a lo-
uer be a better knyghte or ye that wylle not loue no lady/wel
said Dynadan nowe shalt thou see what I shalle do/ Therewith
alle sire Dynadan spake on hyghe and said sir knyghte make
the redy to Juste with me/ for it is the custome of erraūt knyg-
hts one to Juste with other/ Sir said Eppynegrys is yt the rule

of yolv arraunt knyghtes for to make a knyght to juste with hir or nyght/ / As for that sayd Dynadan make the redy/ for here is for me/ And there with al they spored theyr horses & met to gyders soo hardy that Eppynegrys smote doune sir Dynadan Thenne sir Tristram rode to sire Dynadan and sayd holv nolv me semeth the bouer hath vvel spedde/ Fy on the Colvardy sayd syre Dynadan/ and yf tholv be a goody knyghte reuenge me/ Nay sayd syr Tristram I vvylle not juste as at this tyme / but take your hors and lete vs goo hens/ Gody defende me sayd syre Dynadan from thy felaushyp/ For I neuer sped vvel syn I mette vvith the/ and soo they departed/ vvel sayd sir tristram/ peraduenture I coude telle yolv tydynges of sir tristram Gody defende me sayd Dynadan from thy felaushyp/ for sir tristram vvere mykel the vverse/ and he vvere in thy company/ and thenne they departed/ Syre sayd sir Tristram yet it may happen I shal mete vvith you in other places/ so rode syr Tristram vnto Joyous gard/ and there he herd in that toune grete noyse and crye/ vvhat is this noyse sayd sire Tristram/ Syre sayd they here is a knyght of this castel that hath ben longe among vs / and nyght nolv he is slayne vvith tvvo knyghtes/ And for none other cause/ but that oure knyghte sayd that sir Laū celot vvere a better knyght than syre Galvayne / that vvas a symple cause said sir Tristram for to slee a good knyght for to saye vvel by his mayster/ That is lytel remedy to vs sayde the men of the toune/ For and sire Launcelot hady ben here / soone vve sholde haue ben reuenged vpon the fals knyghtes/ vvhan syre Tristram herd them saye soo / he sente for his shelde/ & for his spere/ and lyghtly vvithin a vvhyle he hady ouertake them/ and bade them torne and amende that they hady mysdone/ Vvhat amendes vvoldest tholv haue sayd the one knyght / & thervvith they toke theyr cours/ and eyther mette other so hard that syr Tristram smote doune that knyght ouer his hors taple/ Thenne the other knyght dressid hym to syr Tristram/ and in the same vvyse he serued the other knyght/ ¶ And thenne they gate of their horses as vvel as they myght and dressyd their shelds and svverdes to do their batayle to the vttertraunce knyghtes said sire Tristram ye shalle telle me of vvhens ye ar and vvhat be youre names/ for suche men ye myght be ye shold

hard escape my handes / and ye myghte be suche men of suche a countre/ that for alle your euylle dedes ye sholde passe quyte / Wete thold wel syre knyghte sayde they we feare not to telle the oure names/for my name is syr Agrauayne/and my name is Galerys bretheren vnto the goode knyghte sire Galhayne/ and we be neuewes vnto kyng Arthur/ wel sayde sir tristram for kynge Arthurs sake I shalle lete yold passe as att this tyme/But hit is shame saide sire Tristram that sir Gawayne and ye be comen of soo grete a blode that ye foure bretheren are soo namede as ye be/ For ye be alleyde the grettest destroyers and muetherers of goode knyghtes that ben nold in this reame/for it is but as I herde saye that syr Galhayne ye selfe amonge yold a better knyght than euer ye were/ that was the noble knyghte syre Lamorak de galys/and hit hadde pleasede gode sayde syre Tristram I wold I hade ben by syre Lamorak at his deth/thenne sholdest thou haue gone the same way said sir Galerys/ Fayre knyghte said syre Tristram ther muste haue ben many moo knyghtes than ye are / And there with alle sire Tristram departed fro them tolward Joyous gard And whanne he was departede/they took theyre horses / and the one said to the other/we wylle ouertake hym and be wreken ged vpon hym in the despyte of sire Lamorak

¶ Capitulum lvj

SOo when they hadde ouertake sire Tristram/sir Agrauayne hadde hym borne traytour knyght/that is euyll sayd/said sir Tristram/and ther with he pulled out his swerd/and smote syr Agrauayne suche a buffet vpon the helme that he tombled doune of his hors in a swoune / and he hadde a greuous wounde/ And thenne he torned to Galerys/and sire Tristram smote his swerd and his helme to gyders with suche a myght that Galerys felle oute of his sadel/and soo sir Tristram rode vnto Joyous gard and there he alyght and vnarmed hym/Soo sire Tristram told la beale Isoud of alle his aduenture as ye haue herd to forne/And whan she herd hym telle of sire Dynadan/syr said she is not that he that made the song by

kynge Marke/that same is he sayd sire Tristram/ for he is the best bourder and Iaper and a noble kynghte of his handes/ and the best felawe that I knowe/and alle good kynghtes owe his felaushyp / Allas syre sayd she Why broughte ye not hym with yow/haue ye no care sayd syr Tristram/for he rydeth to seke me in this countre/and therfore he wylle not abey tyl he haue met with me / And there sire Tristram told la Beale Isoud how sir Dynadan held ageynste alle knyghtes/Right so there came in a Varlet and told sir Tristram how there was come an erraunt kynght in to the toune with suche colours vpon his sheld / that is syre Dynadan sayd syr Tristram / wete ye what ye shalle doo sayd sire Tristram/sende ye for hym my lady Isoud/and I wylle not be sene and ye shal here the merryest kynghte that euer ye spak with alle and the madrst talker/and I praye yow hertely that ye make hym good chere/ Thenne anone la beale Isoud sente in to the toune/and prayd syr Dynadan that he wold come in to the castel / & repose hym there with a lady/with a good wylle sayd syre Dynadan / & so he mounted vpon his hors and rode in to the castel/& there he alyghte/and was vnarmed/& brought in to the castel/Anone la Beale Isoud came vnto hym/and eyther salewed other/ thenne she asked hym of whens that he was/Madame sayd Dynadan I am of the courte of Kynge Arthur/& knyzte of the table round/and my name is syr Dynadan/what doo ye in this countrey sayd la Beale Isoud/Madame sayd he I seke syre Tristram the good kynght/for hit was told me that he was in this countrey/hit may wel be sayd la Beale Isoud but I am not ware of hym / madame sayd Dynadan I merueyle of sire Tristram and moo other knyghtes what eyleth them to be soo mad and soo sotted vpon wymmen/Why said la beale Isoud/are ye a knyght and be no louer/it is shame to you where for ye may not be called a good knyzte/but yf ye make a quarel for a lady/ God defende me sayd Dynadan/ for the Ioye of loue is to short/and the sorow therof and what cometh therof dureth ouer longe/A sayd la Beale Isoud say ye not soo/for here fast by was the good knyght sire Bleoberys that foughte with thre knyghtes at ones for a damoysels sake / & he wanne her afore the kynge of Northumberland/ hit was so

ſaid ſire Dynadan for I knowe hym wel for a goody knyzte and a noble and comen of noble blood/for alle thy noble knyghtes of whome he is comen of/that is ſire Launcelot du la ke/Nowe I pray yow ſaid la Beale Iſoudy/ telle me whyche ye fyghte for my loue with thre knyghtes that done me grete wronge/and in ſoo moche as ye be a knyzt of kyng Arthurs I requyre yow to doo batail for me/Thenne ſyr Dynadan ſa yd I ſhalle ſay yow ye be as fayr a lady as euer I ſawe o ny/and moche fayrer than is my lady quene Guenenuer / but wete ye wel at one wordy I wylle not fyghte for yow with thre knyghtes/Ihesu defende me/Thenne Iſoudy lough / & hady goody game at hym/Soo he hady alle the chere that ſhe myghte make hym/and there he lay alle that nyght/ And on the morn erly ſyr Triſtram armedy hym and la beale Iſoud gaf hym a goody helme / and thenne he promyſedy her that he wolde mete with ſyr Dynadan/ And they two wolde ryde to gyders vnto Lonazep where the turnement ſholde be/and there ſhal I ma ke redy for yow where ye ſhalle ſee the turnement/ Thenne de partedy ſir Triſtram with two ſquyers that bare his ſhelde & his ſperes that were grete and longe /

Capitulum lvij

Thenne after that ſyr Dynadan departedy/and rode his way a grete paas vntyl he hady ouertake ſir Triſtram And whan ſyr Dynadan hady ouertake hym/ he knewe hym anone / and he hated the felauſhip of hym aboue alle other knyghtes/A ſaidy ſyre Dynadan art thow that colward knyght that I mette with yeſterday/ kepe the/for thou ſhalte Juſte with me maulgre thy hede/ wel ſaid ſire Triſtram and I am lothe to Juſte/and ſoo they lete theyr horſes renne/and ſyr Triſtram myſſid of hym a purpos / & ſir Dynadan brak a ſpe re vpon ſire Triſtram/ and there with ſyre Dynadan dreſſidy hym to drawe out his ſwerd/Not ſoo ſaid ſir Triſtram/ why are ye ſoo wrothe I wille not fyghte/Fy on the colward ſayd Dynadan thow ſhameſt alle knyghtes / As for that ſaid ſyre Triſtram I care not/for I wille wayte vpon you and be vnder

your protectyon/for by cause ye are so good a knyght ye may saue me/The cruelle delyuer me of the said syr Dynadan/for thou arte as goodely a man of armes and of thy persone as euer I salde and the moost colvardy that euer I salde / What wolt thold doo with tho grete speres that thou caryest with the I shalle gyue them said sir Tristram to somme goody knyght whan I come to the turnement/And yf I se yold doo best/ I shalle gyue them to yold/Soo thus as they rode talkyng they salde where came an erraunt knyght afore them that dressyd hym to juste/Loo said syr Tristram yonder is one wylle juste nold dresse the to hym/a shame betyde the said sire Dynadan/ Nay not soo said Tristram for that knyght besemeth a shrelde/ Thenne shalle I said syr Dynadan and soo they dressid their sheldes and their speres / and they mette to gyders soo hardy / that the other knyght smote doun sir Dynadan from hys hors Loo said sir Tristram hit hady ley better ye hady lefte / Fy on the colvardy said sire Dynadan/Thenne sir Dynadan sterte vp and gat his swerd in his hande/and proferdy to do batail on foote/whether in loue or in wrathe saide the other knyghte/lete vs doo batailke in loue said sir Dynadan / What is your name said that knyght I pray yold telle me/ wete ye wel my name is sir Dynadan/ A Dynadan said that knyght and my name is Gareth the yongest broder vnto syre Galvayne / thenne eyther made of other grete chere / for this Gareth was the best knyghte of alle tho bretheren/and he preued a good knyghte Thenne they took their horses /and there they spak of sir Tristram hold suche a colvard he was/and euery word sir Tristram herdy and lough them to scorne/Thenne were they ware where came a knyght afore them wel horsedy and wel armed / and he made hym redy to juste/Fair knyghtes said syr Tristram/to ye beldrye yold who shalle juste with yonder knyghte / for I warne yold I wille not haue adoo with hym/thenne shall I said syr Gareth /andy soo they encountredy to gyders/ and there that knyght smote doune sire Gareth ouer his hors croupe

Hold nold saide sire Tristram vnto syre Dynadan / dresse the nold and reuenge the goody knyght Gareth/ That shall I not said sir Dynadan / for he hath stryken doune a moche bygger

knyghte than I am/A saidy sire Tristram now sire Dynadan I see andy fele wel your herte fayleth yow/therfore now shalle ye see what I shalle doo / Andy thenne sire Tristram hurtledy vnto that knyghte/andy smote hym quyte from his hors/ Andy wsanne sire Dynadan salve that/he merueyledy gretely/ Andy thenne he demedy that hit was sire Tristram/Thenne this knyght that was on foot pulledy oute his swerdy to doo batailke / What is your name saidy sire Tristram/wete ye wel sayde that knyghte my name is syre Palomydes/ What knyghte hate ye moost saidy syr Tristram/Syr knyght saidy he I hate sir Tristram to the dethe / for andy I may mete with hym the one of vs shalle dye/ye saye wel saidy sir Tristram/and wete ye wel that I am sire Tristram de lyones/andy now doo your werste wsanne sire Palomydes herdy hym saye soo he was astonyedy / Andy thenne he saidy thus I praye yow sir Tristram forgyue me alle myn euylle wylle/Andy yf I lyue I shal doo you seruyse aboue alle other knyghtes that ben lyuynge/and there as I haue offendy yow euylle wylle me sore repenteth / I wote not what ayleth me/for me semeth that ye are a goody knyghte / & none other knyghte that namedy hym self a goody knyghte shody not hate yow therfor I requyre yow syr tristram take no displeasyr at myn vnkynde wordes/Syr Palomydes saidy sire Tristram ye say wel / andy wel I wote ye are a good knyghte for I haue sene you preuedy andy many grete enterprises haue ye taken vpon yow/andy wel encheuedy them/ therfor said sire Tristram andy ye haue ony euyll wille to me/now maye ye ryghte hit/for I am redy at your handy / Not soo my lordy sire Tristram I wille doo yow knyghtly seruyse in alle thynge as ye wyl commaunde/andy ryght soo I will take yow said syre Tristram/andy soo they rode forthe on theyr wayes talkyng of many thynges/O my lordy sire Tristram saidy Dynadan/foule haue ye mockedy me/for godys knowyeth I cam in to this coūtrey for your sake/andy by the aduyse of my lordy sire Launcelot / And yet woldy not sire Launcelot telle me the certeynte of you where I shody fynde yow/Truly said sir Tristram syre Launcelot wiste wel where I was/for I abode within his owne castel/

Thus they rode vntyl they were ware of the Castel by nazep/ And thenne were they ware of foure honderd tentys and pauelions/ and merueylous grete ordynaunce/ Soo god me helpe saide sire Tristram yonder I see the grettest ordynaunce that euer I sawe/ Syre saide Palompydes / me semeth that there was as grete an ordynaunce att the castel of maydens vpon the roche where ye wanne the prys/ for I sawe my self where ye foriusted thyrtty knyghtes/ ¶ Syr sayd Dynadan and in Surluse at that turnement that Galahalt of the longe Iles maade whiche there dured seuen dayes / was as grete a gadrynge as is here/ for there were many nacyons/ who was the best saide sire Tristram/ sire it was sir Launcelot du lake and the noble knyghte sire Lamorak de galys / and sir Launcelot wanne the degree/ I doubte not said sir Tristram but he wanne the degree/ So he had not ben ouermatched with many knyghtes/ and of the dethe of sire Lamorak sayde syre Tristram hit was ouer grete pyte/ for I dare say/ he was the cleneste myxted man and the best wynded of his age / that was on lyue/ for I beleue hym that he was the byggest knyght that euer I mette with all but yf hit were sire Launcelot/ Alle is saide sire Tristram ful woo is me for his dethe/ And yf they were not the cosyns of my lorde Arthur that sholde hym / they sholde dye for hit/ and all tho that were consentyng to his dethe/ And for suche thynges saide sire Tristram I feare to drawe vnto the courte of my lorde Arthur/ I wylle that ye wete hit saide sire Tristram vnto Gareth/ Syre I blame yowe not said Gareth/ For wel I vnderstande the vengeaunce of my brethren sire Gawayne/ Agrauayne/ Gaherys/ and Mordred / But as for me saide sire Gareth I medle not of their maters therfore there is none of them that loueth me/ And for I vnderstande they be murtherers of goode knyghtes I lefte theyre company/ and god wolde I had ben by sayde Gareth whanne the noble knyghte syre Lamorak was slayne/ Nowe as Jhesu be my helpe said sir Tristram/ it is wel said of you/ for I had leuer than all the gold betwixe this & Rome I had ben there/ ye wys said palompydes & soo wolde I had ben there/ & yet had I neuer the degree at no Justes nor turnement there as he was / but he put me to the werse or ony foot or ony horsback/ & that day

that he was slayne he dyd the most deedes of armes that euer I salde knyghte doo in alle my lyfe dayes

¶ And whan hym was gyuen the degree by my lordy Arthur/ syr Gawayne and his thre bretheren Agrauayne/ Gaherys and syr Mordred sette vpon syre Launcelot in a preuy place/ and there they slewe his hors/ and so they fought with hym on foote more than thre houres tothe biforne hym and behynde hym / and syre Mordred gaf hym his dethes wounde/ behynde hym at his back/ and alle to hewe hym / for one of his squyers tolde me that sawe hit/ Fy vpon treason saide sir Tristram/ for hit kylleth my herte to here this tale/ So it doth myn saide Gareth bretheren as they be myn I shall neuer bone them nor dwelde in their felaushipp for that dede / Nowe speke we of other dedes saide Palomydes/ and lete hym be/ for his lyf ye maye not gete agayne/ that is the more pyte saide Dynadan / For syre Gawayne and his bretheren except yold sir Gareth/ hatyn alle the goode knyghtes of the roundy table for the most party/ for well I wote and they myghte preuely/ they hate my lord syre Launcelot and al his kynne/ and grete preuy despyte they haue at hym/ and that is my lorde syre launcelot well ware of/ and that causeth hym to haue the good knyghtes of his kyn aboute hym/

¶ Capitulum lix

Syre saide Palomydes lete vs leue of this matere/ and lete vs see howe we shalle do at this turnement / By myn aduyse saide Palomydes lete vs foure holde to gyders ageynste alle that wyl come/ Nay by my counceil saide sire Tristram/ for I see by their paueliones there wil be foure honderd knyghtes/ and doubte ye not saide sir Tristram but there wil be many goode knyghtes/ and be a man neuer soo valyaunt nor soo bygge/ yet he may be ouermatched/ And soo haue I sene knyghtes done many tymes/ And whanne they wend best to haue wonne worship they loste hit/ For manhode is not worthe/ but yf it be medled with wysedome/ And as for me saide sir Tristram hit maye happen I shalle kepe myn owne fede as well as another/ Soo thus they rode vntyl that they came to hum/ fer funk where they herde a crye and a doleful noyse/ ¶ Tanne were they ware in the wynde where came a ryche vessel hylled

ouer with wedy ſylke/ and the veſſel londed faſt by them/ There with ſire Triſtram alyghte and his knyghtes/ And ſo ſyre Triſtram wente afore and entred in to that veſſel ¶ And whanne he came within he salwe a fayre bedde ryche ly couerd/ and there vpon laye a dede ſemely knyght all armed ſauf the hede was al kebledde with dedly woundes vpon hym/ the whiche ſemed to be a paſſynge goody knyght/ ¶ Holw may thys be ſaid ſire Triſtram/ that this knyght is thus ſlayne/ Thenne ſyre Triſtram was ware of a letter in the dede knyghtes hande/ Maiſter maronners ſaid ſire Triſtram what meaneth that letter/ Syre ſayd they/ in that letter ye ſhalle here and knowe how he was ſlayne/ and for what cauſe/ and what was his name/ But ſire ſaid the maronners wete ye wel that no man ſhall take that letter and rede hit but yf he be a goody knyght/ and that he wille feythfully promyſe to reuenge his dethe/ elis ſhal there no knyght ſee that letter open/ wete ye wel ſaid ſir Triſtram that ſomme of vs may reuenge his dethe as wel as other And yf hit be ſoo as ye maronners ſaye/ his dethe ſhalle be reuenged/ And there with ſire Triſtram tolk the letter out of the knyghtes hande/ and hit ſayd thus/ Harmaunt kynge & lord of the redy Cyte I ſend vnto alle knyghtes erraunt recommaundynge vnto yolw noble knyghtes of Arthurs courte I beſeche them alle amonge them to fynde one knyght that wylle fyghte for my ſake with two bretheren that I brought vp of nought and felonſly and traytourly they haue ſlayne me/ wherfore I beſeche one goody knyght to reuenge my deth And he that reuenged my dethe I wille that he haue my rede Cyte and alle my caſtels/ Syre ſaid the maronners wete ye wel this kynge and knyght that here lyeth was a ful worſhipful man and of ful grete prowheſſe/ and ful wel he hued alle maner knyghtes erraunte/ Soo godd me helpe ſaid ſire Triſtram here is a pyteous caas/ and ful fayne I wolde take this enterpryſe vpon me/ but I haue made ſuche a promyſe that nedes I muſte be at this grete turnement/ or elis I am ſhamed For wel I wote for my ſake in eſpecyal my lord Arthur lete make this Juſtes and turnement in this countrey/ and wel I wote that many worſhipful people wylle be there att that turnement for to ſee me/ therfor I feere me to take this enterpryſe

vpon me that I shal not come ageyne by tyme to this Justys
Syr said Palomydes/I pray yold gyue me this enterpryse/
and ye shall see me enchyue it worshipfully/ outher els I shal
dye in this quarel/ wel said sire Tristram/and this enterpryse
I gyue yold with this that ye be with me at this turnement/
that shalle be as this day seuen nyght/ Syr said Palomydes/
I promyse yold that I shalle be with yold by that day/ yf I
be vnslayne or vnmaymed

Capitulum lx

Thenne departed sire Tristram/Gareth/and sir Dyna-
day/and lefte sire Palomydes in the vessel/ and so sir
Tristram behelde the maronners hold they sayled ouer
longe humber / And when sir Palomydes was oute of theyr
syght/they toke theyr horses and behelde aboute them / And
thenne were they ware of a knyght that came ryding agey-
nst them vnarmed/and nothynge aboute hym but a swerd /
And when this knyghte came nyghe them/he salewed them/&
they hym ageyne/ Faire knyghtes sayd that knyght I praye
yold in soo moche as ye be knyghtes erraunt/that ye wille come
and see my castel and take suche as ye fynde there / I praye
yold hertely/and soo they rode with hym vntyl his Castel/ &
there they were brought in to the halle that was wel apparaild
ly/and soo they were there vnarmed and sette at a bord/ &
when this knyghte salde sire Tristram anone he knelde hym/
And thenne this knyght waxed pale and wroth at sir tris-
tram/ when sire Tristram salde his hoost make suche chere / he
merueylled and said Syre myn hoost what chere make yold
wete thou wel said he I fare the worse for the/for I knolde the
sir Tristram de lyones/ thou slewest my broder/ And therfore
I gyue the somons I wille slee the / and euer I maye gete
the at large/Syr knyght said sir Tristram I am neuer ad-
uysed that euer I slewe ony broder of yours/ And yf ye say
that I dyd I wille make amendys vnto my polder/ I wyll
none amendys said the knyght but kepe the from me/ So when
he had dyned sir Tristram asked his armes & departed/& so they
rode on their wayes/& within a whyle/sir Dynaday salde whe-
re cam a knyght wel armed & wel horsed without shelde/ syre

Triſtram ſaid ſir Dynadan take kepe to your ſelf/ for I dar wel
certaine yonder cometh your hoſt that will haue ado with you
Lete hym come ſaid ſir Triſtram I ſhall abyde hym as wel as
I may/anone the knyght whanne he came nyghe ſir Triſtram
he cryed and bad hym abyde and kept hym/So they hurtled
to gyders/but ſir Triſtram ſmote the other knyght ſo ſore that
he bare hym ouer his hors croupe/That knyght aroſe lyghtly
and toke his hors ageyne/ and ſoo rode fyerſly to ſir Triſ
tram and ſmote hym vpon the helme/Sir knyght
ſaid ſir Triſtram I pray you leue of and ſmyte me no mo
re/for I wold be lothe to do with you/& I myght chuſe/ for I
haue your mete and your drynke within my body/for al that
he wold not leue/and thenne ſir Triſtram gaf hym ſuche a buf
fet vpon the helme that he felle vp ſoo doune fro his hors/that
the blood braſt oute at the ventayls of his helme/ and ſoo he
lay ſtyll lykely to be dede/Thenne ſire Triſtram ſaid me repen
teth of this buffet that I ſmote ſo ſore / for as I ſuppoſe he is
dede/and ſoo they lefte hym and rode on their wayes/ ¶ So
they had not ryden but a whyle but they ſalwe rydyng ayenſt
them two ful lykely knyghtes wel armed and wel horſed &
goodly ſeruauntes aboute them/the one was Berraunt le a
pres/and he was called the kynge with the hondred knyghtes
and the other was ſir Segwarydes whiche were renomed two
noble knyghtes/So as they cam eyther by other/ the kynge
loked vpon ſir Dynadan that at that tyme he had ſyr Triſt
rams helme vpon his ſholder/the whiche helme the kynge had
ſene to fore with the Quene of Northgalys / and that quene
the kynge loued as paramour/& that helme the quene of north
galys had gyuen to la Beale Iſoud/& the quene la Beale
Iſoud gaf it to ſir Triſtram/ Syr knyght ſayd Berraunt
where had ye that helme/what wold ye ſaid ſire Dynadan /
for I wylle haue ado with the ſaid the kynge for the loue of
hym that olded that helme/and therfore kepe you / Soo they
departed and came to gyders with alle their myghtes of the
yr horſes/and there the kyng with the hondred knyghtes ſmo
te ſire Dynadan hors and alle to the erthe/ and thenne he com
maunded his ſeruaunt goo and take thou his helme of/ and
kepe hit/Soo the varlet went to vnbocklel his helme / What

helme/what wolt thou doo saidꝫ sir Triſtram/leue that helme to what entente saydꝫ the kynge Wille ye sire kynyght medle with that helme/Wete yold wel saidꝫ sir Triſtram that helme ſhalle not departe from me or it be derer boughte/Thenne make you redy saidꝫ sir Beraunce vnto syre Triſtram/Soo they hurtled to gyders/andꝫ there syr Triſtram ſmote hym doun ouer his hors taple//andꝫ thenne the kynge arose lyghtely/andꝫ gatte his hors lyghtely ageyne/Andꝫ thenne he ſtalke fyerſly att syre Triſtram many grete ſtrokes/Andꝫ thenne ſyre Triſtram gaf sir Beraunce ſuche a buffet vpon the helme/that he felle doune ouer his hors sore ſtonyedꝫ/Loo saidꝫ Dynadan that helme is vnhappy to vs tweyne/for I hadꝫ a falle for hit/andꝫ nowe sir kynge haue ye another falle/

¶ Thenne Segwarydes askedꝫ who ſhal juſte with me/I pray the ſaid ſyre Gareth vnto Dynadan/lete me haue this juſtes/ſyr ſaid Dynadan I pray yowe take it as for me/that is no reaſon ſaid triſtrā/for this juſtes ſholdꝫ be yours/¶ Att a wordꝫ saidꝫ Dynadan I wille not therof/ ¶ Thenne Gareth dreſſidꝫ hym to syre Segwarides/and there ſyre Segwarides ſmote Gareth andꝫ his hors to the erthe/ ¶ Nowe sayd syr Triſtram to Dynadan juſte with yonder kynyght/I wil not therof saidꝫ Dynadan/Thenne wille I ſaid ſyr Triſtram/andꝫ thenne ſyr Triſtram ranne to hym/andꝫ gaf hym a falle/andꝫ ſoo they lefte them on foote/andꝫ ſyre Triſtram rode vnto Joyous gard/and there sir Gareth wold not of his curteſy haue gone in to this caſtel/but ſyre Triſtram woldꝫ not ſuffre hym to departe/And ſoo they alyghte and vnarmedꝫ them/& hadde grete chere/But whan Dynadan came afore la Beale Iſoud he curſedꝫ the tyme that euer he bare syr Triſtrams helme/andꝫ there he tolde her how syre Triſtram had mocked hym/Thenne was there laughyng and japynge at ſyr Dynadan that they wiſte not what to doo with hym

¶ Capitulum lxj

Nowe wille we leue them mery within Joyous gardꝫ & ſpeke we of ſyr palompdes/thēne ſir palompdes ſailled euen longes hūber to the coſtes of the ſee/where was a fair

caſtel/ And at that tyme hit was erly in the mornynge afore daye/ Thenne the maronners wente vnto ſire palompdes / that ſlepte faſt/ Syre knyghte ſaide the maronners ye muſte aryſe / for here is a caſtel there ye muſte goo in to/ I aſſente me ſayd ſire Palompdes/ and there with alle he aryued/ And thenne he blewe his horne that the maronners had geuen hym /
And whanne they within the Caſtel herd that horne/ they put forthe many knyghtes and there they ſtode vpon the walles/ and ſaid with one voys/ welcome be ye to this caſtel/ and thenne it was ydy clere day/ and ſire Palompdes entred in to the caſtel / And within a whyle he was ſerued with many dyuerſe metes/ Thenne ſire Palompdes herd aboute hym mocke wepynge and grete dole/ what may this meane ſaid ſir palompdes/ I haue not to here ſuche a ſorou / and fayne I wold knowe what it meaneth/ thenne there came afore hym one whos name was ſir Ebel that ſaid thus wete ye wel ſir knyghte this dole and ſorowe is here made euery daye/ ¶ And for this cauſe / we hadde a kynge that hyght Hermaunce and he was kynge of the redy cyte/ and this kyng that was lordy/ was a noble knyght large and lyberal of his expenſe/ And in the worldy he louedy no thynge ſoo mocke as he dyd exaunt knyghtes of kynge Arthurs courte/ and alle Juſtynge huntynge and al maner of knyghtly games/ for ſo kynde a kynge and knyghte had neuer the rule of youre peple as he was/ and by cauſe of his goodenes and gentylneſſe we bemone hym/ and euer ſhalle /
And alle kynges and eſtates may beware by oure lordy for he was deſtroyedy in his owne defaute/ for had he cheriſſhedy them of his bloody/ he hadde yet lyuedy with grete ryches ſe and reſte/ but alle eſtates may beware by our kynge / But alas ſayd Ebel that we ſhalle gyue alle other warnynge by his dethe /
¶ Telle me ſaid palompdes / and in what maner was youre lordy ſlayne and by whome/ Syr ſaid ſir Ebel/ oure kyng brought vp of childrey two men that nold are peryllous knyghtes/ & theſe two knyghtes oure kynge hady ſoo in cherete that he loued no man nor truſted no man of his blood/ nor none other that was aboute hym/ And by theſe two knyghtes oure kyng was gouerned/ and ſoo they ruled hym peſybly and his landes / and neuer wolde they ſuffre none of his blood to haue

ne rule with oure kynge / And also he was soo free and soo gentyl/and they so fals and deceyuable that they ruled hym reasyably/and that aspyed the lordes of our kynges blood/ & departed from hym vnto their owne lyuelode / Thenne whan these two traytours vnderstoode that they had deceyued alle the lordes of his blood from hym/they were not pleased with that rule/but thenne they thought to haue more/as euer hit is an old salde/gyue a chorle rule/and there by he wyll not be suffysed/for what someuer he be that is ruled by a vylayne born and the lord of the soyle to be a gentilman born/that same vylayne shalle destroye alle the gentylmen aboute hym/therfor al estates and lordes/beware/whome ye take aboute yold/ And yf ye be a knyght of kyng Arthurs court remembre this tale/ for this is the ende and conclusion/my lord and kyng wolde vnto the forest here by by the aduyse of these traytours/and there he chaced at the wedy dere armed at alle pyeces ful lyke a good knyght/and soo for labour he wayed dry/ And thenne he alyghte/and dranke at a welle / And whan he was a lyghte by the assente of these two traytours that one that hyght Helyus he sodenly smote our kynge thurgh the body with a spere/and soo they lefte hym there/ And whan they were departed/thenne by fortune I came to the welle/and fond my lord and kyng wounded to the dethe/ And whan I herd his complaynte/I lete brynge hym to the water syde/ and in that same shyp I put hym a lyue/ And whan my lord kynge Hermaunce was in that vessel/he requyred me for the true feyth I olbed vnto hym for to wryte a letter in this maner/

¶ Capitulum lxij

REcommaundynge vnto kyng Arthur & to al his knyghtes exalte bisechyng them al that in so mocke as I kyng Hermaūce kyng of the wed cyte thus am slayn by felony & treason thurz two knyghtes of myn owdn & of myn owdn bryngyng vp & of myn owdne makyng that som worshipful knyzt wil wuenge my deth/in so mocke I haue ben euer to my power wel willyng vnto Arthurs court/& who that wil aduenture his lyf with these two traitours for my sake in one batail I kyng Hermaūce kyng of the wed cyte frely gyue hym all my

landes and vntes that euer I wedded in my lyf/ This letter said Ebel I wrote by my lordes commaundement/ and thenne he marryed his creature/ and whan he was ded/ he commanded me or euer he were colde to put that letter fast in his hand/ And thenne he commaunded me to putte forthe that same vessel vnne humber/ and I shold gyue these mawnieres in commaundement neuer to stynte vntyl that they came vnto Logres where all the noble knyghtes shall assemble at this tyme/ & there shalde somme goode knyghte haue pyte on me to vruenge my dethe/ for there was neuer kynge nor lord falsyer ne traitourlyer slayne than I am here to my dethe/ ¶ Thus was the complaynte of our kyng Hermaūce/ Nold said sir Ebel ye knowe alle how our lord was betrayed/ We requyre you for goddes sake haue pyte vpon his dethe/ and worshipfully vruenge his dethe/ and thenne may ye weld alle thise landes/ For we alle wete wel/ that & ye may slee these two traytours the reder eyte and alle tho that ben therin will take you for their lord/ Truly said sire Palomydes hit greueth my herte for to here you telle this doleful tale/ and to saye the trouthe I salve the same letter that ye speke of/ and one of the best knyghtes on the erthe redde that letter to me/ and by his commaundement I cam hydder to vruenge your kynges deth/ and therfor haue done/ and lete me wete where I shall fynde tho traitours/ for I shal neuer be at ease in my herte tyl I be in handes with them/

¶ Syr said sire Ebel thenne take your ship ageyne/ and that shyp must bringe you vnto the delectable yle fast by the reder eyte/ and we in this castel shalle pray for yow/ and abyde your ageyne comynge/ for this same castel and ye spede wel must nedes be yours/ for oure kyng Harmaunce lete make this castel for the loue of the two traytours/ and so we kepte it with stronge handes/ & therfore ful sore are we thirted/ ¶ Wote ye what ye shal do said sir Palomydes what somme euer come of me/ loke ye kepe wel this castel/ for & it myfortune me soo to be slayn in this queste/ I am sure there wil come one of the beste knyghtes of the world for to vruenge my deth/ and that is sir Tristram de Lyones or els sir Launcelot du lake

¶ Thenne sir Palomydes departed from that castel/ And as he cam nygh the eyte/ there cam out of a shyp a goodly knyght

armedꝛ ageynſt hym with his ſhelde on his ſholder / andꝛ his handꝛ vpon his ſwerdꝛ/ Andꝛ anone as he came nyghe ſir Pha-lompdes he ſaidꝛ ſir knyghte What ſeke ye here/ leue this queſte for it is myn/and myn it was or euer it was yours/ & therfor I wille haue hit/ Syr knyght ſaid Phalompdes it may wel be that this queſt was yours or it was myn/but whan the letter was take out of the dꝛe kynges handꝛ at that tyme by lyke-lyhode there was no knyght hadꝛ vndertake to ꝛuenge the deth of the kynge / Andꝛ ſoo at that tyme I promyſedꝛ to ꝛuenge his dethe/Andꝛ ſoo I ſhalle or elꝭ I am aſhamed/ye ſay wel ſaydꝛ the knyghte/ but were ye wel thenne wille I fyghte with yold/andꝛ who be the better knyghte of vs bothe/lete hym take the batraille vpon handꝛ/I aſſente me ſaidꝛ ſire Phalompdes/ & thenne they dreſſidꝛ their ſhelders/andꝛ pulled out their ſwerdes andꝛ laſſhedꝛ to gyder many ſadde ſtrokes as men of myghte/ & this fyghtyng was more than houre / but at the laſt ſir Phalomp-des wayedꝛ bygge andꝛ better wyndꝛ/ſoo that thenne he ſmote that knyght ſuche a ſtroke/that he made hym to kneele vpon his knees/Thenne that knyghte ſpake on hyghe/ andꝛ ſaydꝛ gentyll knyght holdꝛ thy handꝛ/Syr Phalompdes was goodely & with drewe his handꝛ/Thenne this knyght ſaydꝛ were ye wel knyght that thou arte better worthy to haue this batraille than I/andꝛ requyre the of knyghthode telle me thy name/Syr my name is Phalompdes a knyghte of Kynge Arthurs and of the table roꝛ-undꝛ that hyder I came to ꝛuenge the dethe of this dꝛe kynge

¶ Capitulum lviij

WEl be ye fondꝛ ſaidꝛ the knyghte to Phalompdes/ for of alle knyghtes that ben on lyue except thre I had le-ueſt haue yold/The fyrſte is ſire Launcelot du lake & ſir Triſtram de lyones/the thyrd is my nyꝛ coſyn ſyr Lamorack de galys/andꝛ I am bꝛodꝛ vnto kynge Harmaunce that is dꝛe & my name is ſir Hermyndꝛ/ye ſaye wel ſaid ſir Phalompdes/ & ye ſhal ſee hold I ſhal ſpede/& yf I be there ſlayn/ goo ye to my lord ſir Launcelot or elꝭ to my lord ſir Triſtram/& pray them to ꝛuenge my deth/for as for ſir Lamorak hym ſhal ye neuer ſee in this world/Alas ſaid ſir Hermyndꝛ how may that be/he is

ſlayne ſaid ſire Palomydes by ſire Galhayne and his brethe-
ren/ Soo god me helpe ſaid Hermynd there was not one for
one that ſlewe hym / that is trouthe ſaid ſire Palomydes / for
they were four daungerous knyghtes that ſlewe hym/ as Syr
Galhayne/ſyr Agrauayne/ ſire Gaherys and ſire Mordred /
but ſire Gareth the yongeſt broder was alwey/the beſt knyght of
them alle / And ſoo ſyre Palomydes told Hermynde alle the
maner/and how they ſlewe ſir Lamorak all onely by treaſon
So ſir Palomydes took his ſhip/and arryued vp at the delecta-
ble yle/ And in the meane whyle ſyr Hermynde that was the
kynges broder he arryued vp att the redy Cyte / and there he
told them how there was comen a knyght of kynge Arthurs
to auenge kynge Hermaunce dethe/and his name is ſire Pa-
lomydes the good knyght/ that for the moſt party he folowyth
the beſt Glatyſaunt/ Thenne alle the Cyte made grete Joye/ for
mykel hady they herd of ſire Palomydes and of his noble pro
weſſe/ Soo lete they ordeyne a meſſager and ſente vnto the/m/
bretheren/ and bad them to make them redy / for there was a
knyght comen that wolde fyghte with them bothe/ Soo the meſ
ſager wente vnto them where they were at a Caſtel there beſyde
and there he told them how there was a knyght comen of kyn-
nge Arthurs courte to fyghte with them bothe at ones / he is
welcome ſaid they/ But telle vs we pray you yf hit be ſire
Launcelot or ony of his blood/ he is none of that blood ſaid the
meſſager/ thenne we care the leſſe ſaid the two bretheren / for
with none of the blood of ſire launcelot we kepe not to haue a
do with alle/ wete ye wel ſaid the meſſager that his name is
ſire Palomydes that yet is vncryſtened a noble knyght/ well
ſaid they and he he nold vncryſtened/ he ſhalle neuer be cryſt-
ened/ Soo they apoynted to be at the cyte within two dayes/
And whanne ſire Palomydes was come to the Cyte they ma
de paſſynge grete Joye of hym / and thenne they beheld hym/
and ſawe that he was wel made/ clenely and byggely/ and vn
maymed of his lymmes/ and neyther to yonge nor to old/ and
ſoo alle the peple preyſed hym/ and though he was not cryſt-
ened yet he byleued in the beſt maner/ and was fulfeythful &
true of his promyſe/ and wel condycyoned/ And by cauſe he
made his auowe that he wolde neuer be cryſtened vnto the tyme

me that he had encheued the beste Glatysaunt/the whiche was a ful wonderful beest and a grete sygnyfycacyon/for Merlyn profecyed moche of that beest/And also sire Palomydes auowed neuer to take ful crystendome vnto the tyme that he had done seuen batails within the lystes/ So within the thyrd day there came to the Cyte these two bretheren/the one hyght Helyus/the other hyzt Helake/the whiche were men of grete prowesse hold be hit that they were falce and ful of treason/ and but poure men borne/yet were they noble knyztes of their handes/ And with hem they brought fourty knyghtes to that entent/that they sholde be bygge ynough for the reed Cyte / Thus came the two bretheren with grete bobaunce and pryde / for they had put the reed Cyte in fere and dammage / Thenne they were brought to the lystes/and sire Palomydes came in to the place and sayd thus/he ye the two bretheren Helyus & Helake that slewe your kynge and lord syr Hermaunce by felony and treason / for whome that I am comen hyder to reuenge his dethe/wete thold wel sayd sir Helyus and sir Helake that we ar the same knyghtes that slewe kyng Harmaunce / And wete thold wel sire Palomydes sarasyn/ that we shalle handle the so or thou departe that thou shalt wysshe that thou were crystened/Hit maye wel be said sir Palomydes / for yet I wold not dye or I were crystened/ and yet soo am I not aferd of yold both/but I truste to god that I shal dye a better crysten man than ony of yold both/ and doubte ye not said sir Palomydes eyther ye or I shalle be lefte dede in this place

¶ Capitulum lviij

Thēne they departed and the two bretheren came ayenst sir Palomydes/and he ageynst them as faste as their horses myght renne / And by fortune sir Palomydes smote Helake thorou his shelde and thurgh the breste more than a fadom/Alle this whyle sir Helyus helde vp his spere / and for pryde and orgulyte he wold not smyte sire Palomydes with his spere/but whan he salwe his broder lye on the erth/and sawe he myzt not take him self/thēne he said vnto sir palomydes

helpe thy self/ and there with he came hurtlynge vnto sir Palo
mydes with his spere/ and smote hym quyte from his sadel
Thenne sire Helyus rode ouer sir Palomydes two tymes or thryes
And there with sir Palomydes was ashamed/ & gat the hors
of sir Helyus by the brydel/ & therwith al the hors awey ded/ &
sir Palomydes halp after/ & so they felle both to the erthe/ but
anone sir Helyus starte vp lyghtely & there he smote sir Palo
mydes a grete stroke vpon the helme that he kneled vpon his
owne knee/ Thenne they lasshed to gyder many sad strokes/ &
tracyd and trauercyd nold bakward/ nold sydelyng hurtlyng
to gyders lyke two bores/ & that same tyme they felle both gro
uelyng to the erthe/ Thus they fought stylle without ony repo
synge two houres and neuer brethed/ & thene sir Palomydes
wayed faynt and wery/ & sir Helyus wayed passyng strong
& doubled his strokes/ & drofe sir Palomydes ouerthwart and
endlonge alle the feld/ that they of the cyte whan they salwe sir
Palomydes in this caas they wept & cryed & made grete dole/ &
the other party made as grete joye / Alas said the men of the
Cyte that this noble knyght shold thus be slayne for our kyn
ges sake/ & as they were thus weppyng & cryeng/ sir Palomy
des that had suffred ay honderd strokes that it was wonder/
that he stode on his feet/ At the laste sire Palomydes behelde as
he myght the comen peple how they wepte for hym / and then
ne he said to hym self/ A fy for shame syr palomydes why han
gest thou thy hede soo lowe/ & there with he bare vp his sheld/ &
lokyd sir Helyus in the vysage/ and he smote hym a grete stro
ke vpon the helme/ and after that another and another/ And
thenne he smote sir Helyus with suche a myghte that he felle to
the erthe grouelynge/ and thenne he rasshyd of his helme from
his hede/ and there he smote hym suche a buffet that he departed
his hede from the body/ And thenne were the peple of the Cyte
the joyefulleste peple that myght be/ Soo they brought hym to
his lodgynge with grete solempnyte / and there alle the peple
became his men/ And thenne sire Palomydes prayd them all
to take kepe vnto alle the lordship of Kynge Hermaunce/ for
fair sirs wete ye wel I maye not as at this tyme abyde with
yow/ for I muste in alle haste be with my lord kyng Arthur
at the castel of Lonazep the whiche I haue promysed /

Thenne was the peple full sory at his departynge/for alle that tyme he profered sir Palomydes the thyrde parte of their goodes/ soo that he wold abyde with hem/but in no wyse as at that tyme he wold not abyde/and soo sire Palomydes departed/and soo he came vnto the castel there as sire Ector was lieutenaunt/ And whanne they in the castel wyste how sire Palomydes had sped there was a joyeful meyny/and soo sir Palomydes departed/and came to the castell of Lonazep/ And whanne he wyste that sire Tristram was not there/he took his way ouer humber and came vnto Joyous gard where as sir Tristram was and la Beale Isoud/ Syr Tristram had commaunded that what knyght erraunt came within the Joyous gard as in the wyse that they shold warne sire Tristram/Soo there came a man of the toune/and told sire Tristram how there was a knyght in the toune a passynge goodely man/What manere of man is he said sire Tristram/and what sygne berith he/ Soo the man told sire Tristram alle the tokens of hym / that is Palomydes said Dynadan/it maye wel be said sir Tristram/go ye to hym said sire Tristram vnto Dynadan/ Soo Dynadan went vnto sire Palomydes/and there eyther made of other grete joye / and soo they laye to gyder that nyght/ And on the morne erly came sire Tristram and sire Gareth/and took them in their bedes/and soo they arose and brake their fast

¶ Capitulum lxv

And thenne sire Tristram desyred sire Palomydes to ryde in to the feldes and woodes/So they were acorded to repose them in the foreste/ And whanne they hadde played them a grete whyle/they rode vnto a fayre welle/and anone they were ware of an armed knyght that came rydyng ageynste them/and there eyther salewed other/ Thenne this armed knyght spak to sire Tristram and asked what were these knyghtes that were lodged in Joyous gard/I wote not what they ar said sir Tristram/what knyghtes be ye said that knyght for me semeth ye be no knyghtes erraunt by cause ye ryde vnarmed/whether we be knyghtes or not/ we lyste not to telle

the ouer name/wilt thou not telle me thy name saidy that knyght/thenne kepe the for thou shalt dye of my handes/& there with he gaue his spere in his handes/and wolde haue wonne sir Tristram thurgh/that salde sir palomydes/and smote his hors trauerse in myddes of the syde that man and hors felle to the erthe/And ther with sire palomydes alyghte and pulled out his swerde to haue slayne hym/lete he saidy sir Tristram/slee hym not/the knyght is but a foole/it were shame to slee hym but take awey his spere saidy sire Tristram/and lete hym take his hors and goo where that he wille/Soo whan this knyghte awoke he groned sore of the falle/and soo he took his hors/and whan he was vp/he tornedy thenne his hors and requyred sir Tristram and sir palomydes to telle hym what knyghtes they were/Nold were ye wel saidy sir Tristram that my name is sir Tristram de Lyones/and this knyghtes name is sir palomydes/whem he wyste what they were/he took his hors with the spores by cause they sholdy not aske hym his name/and so rode fast awey thurgh thyck and thynne/Thenne came there by them a knyghte with a kentedy shild of asure whos name was Sypnogrys/and he cam toward them a grete wallop/whether ar ye rydynge said sir Tristram/my fayre lordes said Sypnogrys I forsolde the falsest knyght that bereth the lyf wherfor I requyre yow telle me whether ye salde hym/for he bereth a shilde with a cras of redy ouer it/So god me help said Tristram suche a knyght departedy from vs not a quarter of an houre agon We pray yow telle vs his name/Alas said Sypnogrys why lete ye hym escape from yow/and he is soo grete a fo vnto al erraunt knyghtes his name is Bruse sauncē pyte/A fy for shame saidy sire palomydes/Alas that euer he escapedy myne handes/for he is the man in the warldy that I hate moost/Thenne euery knyghte made grete sorowe to other/and so Sypnogrys departedy and forsolwedy the chace after hym/Thenne sir Tristram and his thre felawes rode vnto Joyous gardy/and there sir Tristram talkedy vnto sire palomydes of his batail how he spedy atte tredy Cyte/and as ye haue herdy afore so was hit endedy/Truly said sir Tristram I am gladde ye haue wel sped for ye haue done worshipfully/wel said sir Tristram we must forwardy to nany/and thenne he demyssedy holde it sholdy he/and

ſyr Triſtram deuyſed to ſende his two pauelions to ſette them faſt by the welke of Lonazep/ and therin ſhalle be the Quene la beale Iſoud/Hit is wel ſaid/ſaid ſir Dynadan but when ſire Palomydes herd of that/ his herte was rauyſſhed oute of meſure/Not withſtandynge he ſayd but lyte/ Soo when they came to Joyous gard/ ſire Palomydes wold not haue gone in to the caſtel/but as ſire Triſtram took hym by the fynger/& ladde hym in to the caſtel/And when ſire Palomydes ſalde la Beale Iſoud he was rauyſſhed ſo that he myght vnneth ſpeke/Soo they went vnto mete/but Palomydes myght not ete/and there was alle theiche that myght be hadde/And on the morn they were apparaylled to ryde wtward Lonazep/

¶Soo ſir Triſtram had thre ſquyers/and la beale Iſoud had thre gentyl wymmen and bothe the Quene and they were ryche ly apparailled/and other peple had they none with them/ but barkets to bere their ſheldes and their ſperes ¶And thus they rode forthe/So as they rode/they ſalde afore them a route of knyghtes/hit was the knyght Galyhodyn with/xx/knyghtes with hym/Fair felawes ſaid Galyhodyn/ yonder comen foure knyghtes and a ryche and a wel fayre lady/I am in wylle to take that lady fro them/ That is not of the beſt counſeil ſaid one of Galyhodyns men/but ſende ye to them/and wete what they wille ſaye/and ſoo hit was done/there came a ſquyer vnto ſire Triſtram/ and aſked them whether they wold juſte or els to leſe their lady/Not ſoo ſaid ſire Triſtram telle your lord I byd hym come as many as he ley and wynne her and take her/Syre ſaid Palomydes and hit pleaſe you lete me haue this dede/and I ſhalle vndertake them alle foure/I wyll that ye haue it ſaid ſire Triſtram at your pleaſyr/ Nowgoo and telle your lord Galyhodyn/ that this ſame knyghte wylle encountre with hym and his felawes

¶Capitulum lxvj

Thenne this ſquyer departed and told Galyhodyn/& thenne he dreſſid his ſhelde/and put forthe a ſpere/& ſir Palomydes another/and there ſire Palomydes ſmote Galyhodyn ſoo hard that he ſmote bothe hors and man to the erthe

And there he had an horyble falle/ And thenne came ther an other knyght/and in the same wyse he serued hym / and soo he serued the thyrd and the fourthe that he smote them ouer their horse croupes / and allweyes sire Palomydes spere was hole/Thenne came syxe knyghtes moo of Galyhodyns men/ & wold haue ben auenged vpon sire Palomydes / lete he sayd sir Galyhodyn not soo hardy / none of yold alle medle with this knyght/for he is a man of grete bounte and honour / & yf he wold ye were not able to medle with hym/ and ryghte soo they helde them stylle/ And euer sire Palomydes was redy to juste/ And whan he salde they wold no more/he rode vnto sire Tristram/Ryght wel haue ye done said sir Tristram/ & wonhyppfully haue ye done as a good knyghte shold / This Galyhodyn was nygh cosyn vnto Galahalt the haute prynce And this Galyhodyn was a kynge within the countrey of Surluse/ Soo as sir Tristram/syr Palomydes/ and la Beale Isoud rode to gyders they salde afore them four knyghtes and euery man had his spere in his hand/the fyrst was sire Galdayne/the second sir Mdayne/the thyrd sir Sagramor le desyrus/and the fourthe was Dodynas le saueage/ Whan sir palomydes beheld them that the four knyghtes were redy to juste/he praid sir Tristram to gyue hym leue to haue adoo with them also longe as he myghte holde hym on horsback / And yf that I he smyten doune I pray yold reuenge me/ wel said sire Tristram I wille as ye wille/and ye are not soo fayne to haue worshyp but I wold as fayne encreace your warshyp/and there with all sir Galdayne put forth his spere/& sir Palomydes another/and so they came so egerly to gyders that sir Palomydes smote sire Galdayne to the erthe/hors and alle/ and in the same wyse he serued Mdayne/sir Dodynas/and Sagramore/ Alle these four knyghtes sir Palomydes smote doun with dyuerse speres / And thenne sire Tristram departed toward Lonezep/ And whanne they were departed thenne came thyder Galyhodyn with his v knyghtes vnto sir Galdayne/ & ther he beheld hym alle hold he had sped/ I merueyle said sire Galdayne what knyghtes they ben/that are so armed in grene/ & that knyght vpon the whyte hors smote me doun said galihodyn & myssiid/felalde/ & so he dyd to me said galdayn/ & wel I wote

ſaid̄ ſire Gawayne that outher he vpon the whyte hors is ſire Triſtram or elſe ſire Palomydes/and̄ that gay lyſene lady is quene Iſoud̄/Thus they talked̄ of one thynge and̄ of other And̄ in the meane whyle ſir Triſtram paſſed̄ on/ tyl that he came to the welle where his two pauelions were ſette/ & there they alyghted̄/and̄ there they ſawe many pauelions and ryche araye/Thenne ſire Triſtram left̄ there ſire Palomydes and̄ ſire Gareth with la beale Iſoud̄/ and̄ ſir Triſtram and̄ ſyre Dynadan rode to Lonezep to herken tydynges/and̄ ſire Triſtram rode vpon ſire Palomydes whyte hors/ And̄ whanne he came in to the caſtel/ſir Dynadan blewe a grete horne blowe/ & to the horne drewe many knyghtes/Thenne ſire Triſtram aſked̄ a knyght what meaneth the blaſt of that horne/Sir ſaid̄ that knyght it is alle tho that ſhalle holde ageynſt kyng Arthur at this turnement/The fyrſte is the kynge of Irland̄/ & the kynge of Surluſe/the kynge af Lyſtynoyſe/the kyng of Nathumberland̄/and̄ the kynge of the beſt parte of Walys/ with many other countreyes/and̄ theſe drawe them to a counſylle to vnderſtande what gouernaunce they ſhalle be of/ but the kynge of Irland̄ whos name was Marhalt and fader to the good̄ knyght ſir Marhaus that ſire Triſtram ſlewe had̄ alle the ſperde that ſir Triſtram myght bere it/ The ſaid̄ lordes and̄ felawes lete vs bide to our ſelf/ for wete ye wel kynge Arthur is ſure of many good̄ knyghtes/or elſe he wold̄ not with ſoo fewe knyghtes haue ado with vs/therfore by my counſyl lete euery kynge haue a ſtandard and̄ a cognoiſſaunce by hym ſelf that euery knyght drawe to their naturel lord̄ and̄ thenne maye euery kyng and capytayne helpe his knyghtes yf they haue nede/whan ſir Triſtram had̄ herd all their counſyl/he rode vnto kynge Arthur for to here of his counſyl

Capitulum lxvij

Bvt ſir Triſtram was not ſoo ſoone come in to the place but ſire Gawayne and ſir Galyhodyn wente to kynge Arthur and told hym that ſame gwene knyght in the grene harneis with the whyte hors ſmote vs two doune/and/vj/

of oure felawes this same day/ wel sayd Arthur / and then he asked sir Tristram and asked hym what was his name/ Syre sayd sire Tristram ye shalle holde me excused as att this tyme/ for ye shalle not wete my name/ And there sir Tristram returned and rode his way/ I haue merueyle sayd Arthur that yonder knyght wille not telle me his name/ but god thonk Gryflet le fyse de dieu/ and praye hym to speke with me kelwyne vs/ Thenne sire Gryflet rode after hym and ouertoke hym/ and sayd hym that kyng Arthur prayd hym for to speke with hym secretely a parte/ vpon this couenaunt said sir tristram I wille speke with hym that I wille torne ageyne/ soo that ye wille ensure me not to desyre to here my name/ I shalle vndertake said sir Gryflet that he wille not gretely desyre hit of you/ Soo they rode to gyders vntyl they cam to kyng Arthur/ Fair sir said kynge Arthur what is the cause ye wylle not telle me your name/ Syr said sir Tristram without a cause I wille not hyde my name/ vpon what party will ye holde said kynge Arthur/ Truly my lord sayd sir Tristram I woote not yet on what party I wille be on vntil I come to the felde And there as my herte gyueth me/ there wille I holde/ but to morowe ye shalle see and preue on what party I shall come & there with al he returned and wente to his pauelions/ And vpon the morne they armed them alle in grene/ and came into the felde/ and there yonge knyghtes began to juste and dyd many worshipful dedes/ Thenne spacke Gareth vnto sire Tristram and prayd hym to gyue hym leue to breke his spere for hym thoughte shame to here his spere hole ageyne/ Whan sir Tristram herd hym say soo he lough/ and sayd I pray yowe doo your best/ Thenne sir Gareth gate a spere and profered to juste/ That salwe a knyght that was neuewe vnto the kynge of the hondred knyghtes/ his name was Selyses and a good man of armes/ Soo this knyght Selyses thenne dressid hym vnto sir Gareth/ and they two mette to gyders soo hard/ that eyther smote other doune hors and alle to the erthe/ so they were both bysyed and hurte and there they lay tyl the kyng with the hondred knyghtes halp Selyses vp/ and syr Tristram and sir Palomydes halpe vp Gareth ageyne/ and so they rode with sir Gareth vnto their pauelions/ and thenne they pulled of his

helme/ And whanne la Beale Isoud salwe sire Gareth sey-
seth in the face/ she asked hym what eyled hym/ Madame sa-
id sire Gareth I had a grete buffet/ and as I suppose I gaf
another/ but none of my felawes good thanke them wold not
rescowe me/ Forsothe said Palomydes hit longed not to none
of us as this daye to juste/ for there haue not this day justed
no preued knyghtes/ and nedely ye wold juste / And whan
the other party salwe ye proferd your self to juste / they sente
one to yold a passynge good knyght of his age/ for I knolwe
hym wel his name is Selyses/ and worshipfully ye met with
hym/ and neyther of yold are dishonured/ & therfor refresshe
your self that ye may be redy and hole to juste to morowe/
As for that said Gareth I shalle not fayle yolu and I may
sestryde myn hors /

Capitulum lxviii

Nolw vpon what party said Tristram is hit best / we be
with alle as by morne/ Syr said Palomydes ye shalle
haue myn aduyse to be ageynst kynge Arthur as to morne for
on his party wille be syre Launcelot and many good knyght-
es of his blood with hym/ And the moo men of worship that
they be/ the more worship we shalle we wynne / That is full
knyghtely spoken said sir Tristram/ and ryght soo as ye coun-
sile me/ soo wille we doo/ In the name of god said they all
Soo that nyght they were lodged with the best/ And on the
morne whan it was day they were arayed alle in grene trap-
pours shelds and spers/ and la Beale Isoud in the same co-
lour and her thre damoysels/ And ryght soo these four kn-
yghtes came in to the feld endlonge and thurgh/ And so they
rode la beale Isoud thyder as she stode stande and beholde all
the justes in a bay wyndolwe/ but alwayes she was wympeld
that no man myght see her vysage/ And thenne these thre knyg-
tes wode strayght vnto the party of the kynge of Scottes /
Whan kyng arthur had sene hym doo all this he asked sir lau-
celot what were these knyghtes & that quene/ sir said Launcelot
I can not say you in certayn/ but yf sir Tristram be in this co-
untrey or sir palomydes/ wete ye wel it be they in certeyn/ and

La kaole Jsoud/Thenne Arthur called to hym syre kay and
said good kyghtly and were hold many kynghtes there ley
re lackynge of the table round/ for by the seges thou maiste
knolde/Soo went syr kay and salde by the werynge in the
seges that there lacked ten kynghtes/and these ten their na
mes that ten not here/Syr Tristram/syr Palomydes/ syr per
cyuale/syr Galeres/syr Eynogres/syr Mordred/syre Dy
nadan/syr la cote male tayle and syr Persaus the noble knyzt
wel said arthur somme of these I dar vndertake ar here thys
day ageynst vs/Thenne came therin two bretheren cosyns vn
to syre Galvayne the one hyght syr Edward/that other hyzte
syr Sadok the whiche were two good kynghtes/and they as
ked of kynge arthur that they myght haue the fyrst justes/
for they were of Orkeney/I am pleased said kynge arthur/
Thenne syr Edward encountred with the kynge of Scottes/
in whos party was syre Tristram and syr Palomydes/& syre
Edward smote the kynge of Scottes quyte from his hors/
and syr Sadok smote doune the kynge of Northwalys/ and
gaf hym a wonder grete falle that there was a grete crye on
kynge arthures party/and that made syr Palomydes passyng
wrothe/and soo syr palomydes dressid his shelde and his spe
re/and with alle his myght he mette with syr Edward of or
keney that he smote hym soo hard/ that his hors myght not
stande on his feet/and soo they hurtled to the erthe/and then
ne with the same spere syr Palomydes smote doune syre Sa
dok ouer his hors croupe/O Jhesu said arthur what kynght
is that armed all in grene/he justeth myghtely/were you wel
said syr Galvayne he is a good kynghte and yet shalle ye see
hym juste better or he departe/ and yet shalle ye see saide syre
Galvayne another bygger kynghte in the same colour than
he is/ for that same kynghte said syre Galvayn that smote
doune ryghte now my four cosyns/ he smote me doun with
these two dartes and seuen felawes moo/ This meane whyle
as they stood thus talkynge there came in to the place syr tris
tram vpon a blak hors/and or euer/ he stynte he smote doune
with one spere four good kynghtes of Orkeney that were of
the kynne of syr Galvayn/& sir Gareth & sir Dynadan eue
ryche of them smote doun a good knyzt/Jhesu seid arthur yoor

kynyght vpon the blacke hors doth myghtely and meruaylo-
ſly wel/ Abyde you ſaid ſir Galvayne that kynyght with the
blacke hors begynne not yet/ Thenne ſyr Triſtram made to horſe
ageyne the two kynges that Edward and Sadok had vn-
horſed at the begynnynge / And thenne ſire Triſtram drewe
his ſwerd and rode in to the thyckeſt of the prees ayenſt them
of Orkeney/and there he ſmote doune kynyghtes/ and raſhed
of helmes and pulled alwey theire ſheldes/ and hurtled doun
many kynyghtes/he ferd ſoo that ſire Arthur and alle kynyght-
es had grete meruaille whan they ſawe one kynyght doo ſoo
grete dedes of armes/ and ſire Palomydes fayled not vpon
the other ſyde/but dyd ſo meruaylouſly wel that al men had
wonder/ For there kynge Arthur lykened ſyre Triſtram that
was on the blacke hors lyke to a wood lyon/and lykened ſyr
palomydes vpon the whyte hors vnto a wood lyard/ and ſir
Gareth and ſir Dynadan vnto eger wolues/ But the cuſtom
was ſuche amonge them that none of the kynges wold helpe
other/but alle the felauſhip of euery ſtandard to helpe other
as they myght/but euer ſire Triſtram dyd ſo moche dedes of
armes that they of Orkeney wayed wery of hym/and ſo with
drewe them vnto Lonczep

Capitulum lxix

Thenne was the crye of Heraudes and alle maner of
comyn peple the grene kynyght hath done meruaylo-
uſly and taken al them of Orkeney/& there the heraudes nom-
bred that ſyr Triſtram that ſatte vpon the blacke hors had ſmy-
ten doune with ſperes and ſwerdes xxx kynyghtes/and ſir pa-
lomydes had ſmyten doune twenty kynyghtes / and the mooſt
party of theſe/l/kynyghtes were of the hous of kyng Arthur/ &
proued kynyghtes/ So god me help ſaid Arthur vnto ſir launcelot
this is a grete ſhame to vs to ſee four kynyghtes take ſoo many
kynyghtes of myn/& therfor make yold redy for we wyll haue
adoo with them/Syr ſaid launcelot wete ye wel that there ar
two paſſynge goody kynyghtes and grete worſhip were hit not
to vs nolw to haue adoo with them/ for they haue this day ſore

tranaylled/ As for that sayd Arthur I wille be auengyd/ & therfor take with yold sire Bleoberys and sir Ector/ and I wille be the fourthe sayd Arthur/ Syre sayd Launcelot ye shal fynde me redy/ and my broder sir Ector and my cosyn sir Bleberys/ And soo whanne they were redy and on horsback/ Nold chese sayd sir Arthur vnto sir launcelot with whome that ye wil encountre with alle/ Sir, sayd Launcelot I wille mete with the grene knyghte vpon the blacke hors that was syre Tristram/ & my cosyn sir Bleoberys shalle matche the grene knyghte vpon the whyte hors that was sir Chalomydes / and my broder syre Ector shalle matche with the grene knyght vpon the Whyte hors that was sir Gareth/ Thenne must I sayd sir Arthur haue a doo with the grene knyghte vpon the gryseldy hors / and that was sire Dynadan/ Nold euery man take hede to his felalde sayd sir launcelot/ and soo they trotted on to gyders/ and ther encountred sire Launcelot agaynste syre Tristram/ ¶ Soo syr Launcelot smote sir Tristram soo sore vpon the shelde that he bare hors and man to the erthe/ but sir launcelot wende that it had ben sire Chalomydes and soo he passed forthe/ And then came sire Bleoberys encountred with sire Chalomydes / and he smote hym soo hardy vpon the shelde that sire Chalomydes and his whyte hors rusteled to the erthe ¶ Thenne sir Ector de marys smote sire Gareth soo hardy that doune he felle of his hors/ And the noble kynge Arthur encountred with sir Dynadan/ and he smote hym quyte from his sadel / And thenne the noyse torned a whyle hold the grene knyghtes were slayn doune/ Whanne the Kynge of Northgalys salde that syre Tristram had a falle/ thenne he remembryd hym hold grete dedes of armes sir Tristram had done/ Thenne he made redy many knyghtes for the customme and crye was suche that what knyght were smyten doun and myghte not be horsed agayne by his felaldes outher by his owne strength that as that daye he sholde be prysoner vnto the party that had smyten hym doune/ Soo came in the Kynge of Northgalys and he rode strayghte vnto sire Tristram / And whanne he came nygh hym/ he alyghte doune sodenly and bytoke sir Tristram his hors/ and sayd thus Noble knyghte I knolde the not/ of what countrey that thold arte / but for the noble dedes that thold haste done

this day take there my hors/ and̄ lete me doo as wel I maye For as Ihesu me helpe thold arte better worthy to haue myne hors than I my self/Gramercy saidȳ sir Tristram/ & yf I may shalle quyte yold/lokt that ye goo not ferre from ye/ Andȳ as I suppose I shalle wynne yold an other hors/ Andȳ ther with sire Tristram mountedȳ vpon his hors/andȳ there he mette with kynge Arthur/andȳ he gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the helme with his swerdȳ that kynge Arthur had no power to kepe his sadel/ Andȳ thenne sir Tristram gaf the kynge of Northgalis kynge Arthurs hors/thenne was there grete prees about kyng Arthur for to horse hym ageyne/ But sire Palomydes wouldȳ not suffre kynge Arthur to be horsedȳ ageyne/but euer sir Palomydes smote on the ryght hand andȳ on the lyfte handȳ myghtely as a noble knyght/Andȳ this meane whyle sir Tristrā rode thorou the thyckest of the prees/andȳ smote doune knyghtes on the ryzt andȳ on the lyfte handȳ andȳ tacydȳ of helmes andȳ soo passedȳ forth vnto his pauelions/ andȳ lefte syr Palomydes on foot/ andȳ syr Tristram chaungedȳ his hors and disguysedȳ hym self alle in tredȳ hors andȳ harneis/

Capitulum lxxij

Andȳ whan the Quene la Beale Isoudȳ salde that syre Tristram was vnhorsedȳ and she wist not where he was thenne she wept gretely/But sir Tristram whan he was redy came dasshynge lyghtely in to the feldȳ/And thenne la Beale Isoudȳ aspyedȳ hym/andȳ so he dyd grete dedes of armes with one spere that was grete/syr Tristram smote doune fyue knyghtes or euer he seynte/Thenne syr Launcelot aspyedȳ hym redyly that it was syr Tristram andȳ thenne he repentyd hym that he hadȳ smyten hym doune/ andȳ soo syr Launcelot went out of the prees to repose hym andȳ lyghtely he came ageyne/andȳ nold whanne syr Tristram came in to the prees thorou his grete force/he put syre palomydes vpon his hors/ andȳ syr Gareth andȳ syre Dynadan/andȳ thenne they beganne to do merueyllously/but sir Palomydes nor none of his two felawes knewe not who hadȳ holpen them on horsbak ageyne / But euer syre Tristram was nyghe them/andȳ socouredȳ them/ andȳ they

not hym by cause he was chaunged in to rede armour/and al this whyle sir launcelot was alwey / Soo whanne la Beale Isoud knelwe sir Tristram ageyne vpon his horsback/she was passynge glade/and thenne she lough and make good chere / And as hit happend sir palomydes loked vp tolward her where she lay in the wyndowe / and he aspyed how she laughed and threw with he took suche a wrooth that he smote doune what with his spere and with his suerd alle that euer he mett for thurgh the syghte of her he was soo enamoured in her loue that he semed at that tyme/that and bothe sir Tristram and sir Launcelot had ben bothe ageynst hym they sholde haue wonne no worshipp of hym/and in his herte as the book saith syre Palomydes wyssed that with his worshipp he myghte haue a doo with sir Tristram bifore alle men by cause of la Beale Isoud/ ¶ Thenne syre Palomydes beganne to double his strengthe/and he dyd soo meruey lously that alle men had wonder of hym/and euer he caste vp his eye vnto la Beale Isoud/ And whanne he salwe her make suche chere/he ferd lyke a lyon that there myghte no man withstande hym / and thenne syre Tristram behelde hym how that sire Palomydes bestured hym/ and thenne he said vnto sir Dynadan/soo god me helpe sir Palomydes is a passynge good knyghte and a wel endurynge / But suche dedes salwe I hym neuer doo/nor neuer herd I telle that euer he dyd soo moche in one day/it is his day said Dynadan/and he wold saye no more vnto syr Tristram/ but to hym self he sayd/ and yf ye knelwe for whos loue he doth alle these dedes of armes/soone wolde syre Tristram abate his courage/ Alas said syre Tristram that syre Palomydes is not crystened/ Soo said kynge Arthur/and soo said alle tho that behelde hym/Thenne alle peple gaf hym the pryce as for the best knyght that day that he passed syr launcelot outher syre Tristram wel said Dynadan to hym self alle this worshipp that syre Palomydes hath here this daye he maye thanke the Quene Isoud For had she ben alweye this daye/syre Palomydes had not geten the pryce this daye ¶ Ryght soo came in to the felde syr launcelot du lake and salwe and herd the noyse and crye and the grete worshipp that syre Palomydes had he dressid hym ageynst syre Palomydes with a grete myghty spere/ and

alonge/ and thought to smyte hym doune/ And whanne syre palompdes salde sir launcelot come vpon hym soo fast/ he ran vpon sire launcelot as fast with his swerde as he myght/ and as sire launcelot sholde haue stryken hym / he smote his spere on syde/ and smote it attwo with his swerde/ And sir palompydes passed vnto sire launcelot and thought to haue putt hym to a shame/ and with his swerde he smote his hors neck that sire launcelot rode vpon / and thenne sir launcelot felle to the erthe/ Thenne was the crye huge and grete/ see how sir Palompydes the sarasyn hath smyten doune syre launcelots hors

¶ Ryght thenne were there many knyghtes wrothe with syre palompydes by cause he had done that dede/ therfor many knyghtes held there ageynst that it was vnknyghtely done in a turnement to kylle ony hors wilfully but that hit had ben done in playne batail lyf for lyf

¶ Capitulum lxxj

Whanne sir Ector de marys salde sir launcelot his brother haue suche a despyte/ & so set on foot/ thenne he gat a spere egerly/ & ran ageynst sir palompdes/ & he smote hym so hard that he bare hym quyte from his hors/ that salde sir tristrā that was in tredy harneis/ & he smote doune syr Ector de marys quyte from his hors/ thenne sir launcelot dressid his sheld vpon his sholder/ & with his swerd naked in his hand/ & so cam streyght vpon sir palompdes fyersly & said wete thou wel thou hast done me this day the gretteste despyte that euer ony worshipful knyght dyd to me in turnement or in Justes/ & therfore I will be auengid vpon the/ therfor take kepe to your self/ ¶ A mercy noble knyght said palompdes/ & forgyue me myn vnkyndely dedes for I haue no power nor myght to withstande you/ & I haue done soo mocke this daye that wel I wote I dyd neuer so mocke nor neuer shal in my lyf dayes/ & therfore moost noble knyght I requyre the spare me as at this day/ & I promyse you I shal euer be your knyght whyle I lyue / And ye putte me from my worshipp nolde/ ye putte me from the gretteste wor-
shipp that euer I had or euer shalle haue in my lyf dayes/ wel

ſayd ſire launcelot/ I ſee for to ſay the ſothe ye haue done mer
ueylouſly wel this day/ and I vnderſtande a parte for whos
loue ye doo hit/ and wel I wote that loue is a grete mayſtreſſe
And yf my lady were here as ſhe nys not/ wele yold wel ſa-
yd ſire Palomydes ye ſholde not here awey the worſhip / But
kepe your loue be not diſcouerd/ for and ſyr Triſtram may
knowe hit ye wille repente hit/ And ſythen my quarel is not
here/ ye ſhall haue this day the worſhyp as for me conſyderyng
the grete trauayle and payne that ye haue had this day/ it we
re no worſhip for me to putte yold from hit/ And there with
all ſir launcelot ſuffred ſir Palomydes to departe/ ¶ Thenne ſir
Launcelot by grete force and myght gate his owne hors ma-
ulgre yr knyghtes/ Soo whanne ſire Launcelot was horſed/
he dyd many merueylles/ and ſoo dyd ſir Triſtram/ and ſyr
palomydes in lyke wyſe/ Thenne ſir launcelot ſmote doune with
a ſpere ſir Dynadan/ and the kynge of ſcotland/ and the ky-
nge of walys / and the kynge of Northumberland/ and the
kynge of Lyſtynes/ Soo thenne ſire launcelot and his felawes
ſmote doune wel a fourty knyghtes/ Thenne came the kyng of
Irland and the kynge of the ſtreyte marches to reſcolde ſyr
Triſtram and ſire Palomydes/ There beganne a grete medle/ &
many knyghtes were ſmyten doune on bothe partyes/ and al-
wayes ſir launcelot ſpared ſir Triſtram/ and he ſpared hym /
And ſir Palomydes wold not medle with ſir launcelot/ and
ſoo there was hurtelynge here and there/ And thenne Kynge
Arthur ſente oute many knyghtes of the table round/ and ſir
palomydes was euer in the formeſt front/ and ſyr Tryſtram
dyd ſoo ſtrongly wel that the kynge and alle other had mer
ueylle/ And thenne the kynge lete blowe to lodgynge /and by
cauſe ſir Palomydes beganne fyrſte/ and neuer he went nor w
de oute of the feld to repoſe/ but euer he was doynge merueyll-
ouſly wel outher on foote or on horſback/ and lengeſt durynge
Kynge Arthur and alle the kynges gaf ſir Palomydes the ho
nour and the gree as for that daye/ Thenne ſyr Triſtram com-
maunded ſir Dynadan to fetche the Quene la Beale Iſoud
and bringe her to his two pauelions that ſtode by the welle /
And ſoo Dynadan dyd as he was commaunded/ But when
ſir Palomydes vnderſtode and wyſt that ſire Triſtram was in

the redy armour / and ony the redy hors / bete ye wel that he was glade and soo was sir Gareth and sire Dynadan / For they alle wende that syre Tryssram hady be taken prysoner And thenne euery knyghte drewe to his Inne / And thenne kynge Arthur and euery knyghte spake of tho knyghtes / but aboue alle men they gaf sire Palomydes the prys / and alle knyghtes that knewe sire Palomydes hady wonder of his dedes / Syre said sir Launcelot vnto Arthur as for sir Palomydes and he be the grene knyghte I dare say as for this daye he is best worthy to haue the degree / for he reposyd hym neuer / ne neuer chaunged his wedys / And he beganne fyrste and lengest held on / and yet wel I wote said sir Launcelot that ther was a better knyght than he / and that shalle be preued or we departe vpon payne of my lyf / ¶ Thus they talkted ony eyther party / and soo sire Dynadan rayled with sir Tristram & said what the deuyl is vpon the this day / for sir palamydes strengthe fobled neuer this day but euer he doubled his strengthe

¶ Capitulum lxxij

And thou sire Tristram faryst alle this daye as though thou haddest ben a slepe / and therfor I calle the colbard wel Dynadan said sir Tristram / I was neuer called colbard or nold of no erthely knyghte in my lyf / and wete thou wel syr I calle my selfe neuer the more colbardy though syre Launcelot gaf me a falle / for I oute excte hym of al knyghtes / And doubte ye not syr Dynadan and syr Launcelot haue a quarel good / he is to ouer good for ony knyght that nold is kynynge / and yet of his sufferaunce largesse / bounte / and curtosy I calle hym knyght peerles / and soo sire Tristram was in maner wrothe with syr Dynadan / But alle this langage syr Dynadan said by cause he wold angre syre Tristram for to cause hym to awake his spyrytes & to be wrothe / for wel knewe syr Dynadan that and syr Tristram were thoroughly wrothe syre Palomydes shold not gete the prys vpon the morn / And for this entente syr Dynadan said alle this raylynge and langage ageynst sir Tristram / Truly said syre palomydes / as for syr launcelot of his nobble knyzthode / curtosye and prowesse /

and gentilnes I knowe not his pyece/for this day sayd syr Chalomydes I dyd full vncurtoisly vnto sire launcelot and full vnknyghtely/and full knyghtely and curtoisly he dyd to me ageyne/ for and he had ben as vngentyl to me as I was to hym this daye I had wonne no worshipp/ And therfor sayd Chalomydes I shal be sire launcelots knyght whyles my lyfe lasteth/Thys talkynge was in the holdes of Kynges / But alle kynges lordes and knyghtes sayd of clere knyghthode/ & of pure strengthe/of bounte/of curtoisye/syr Launcelot and sir Tristram bare the prece aboue alle knyghtes that euer were in Arthurs dayes/ And there were neuer knyghtes in Arthurs dayes dyd half soo many dedes as they dyd/as the book sayth/no ten knyghtes dyd not half the dedes that they dyd & there was neuer knyghte in their dayes that requyred sir launcelot or sire Tristram of ony queste soo hit were not to theyr shame but they performed their desyre

¶Capitulum lxxiij

SOo on the morne syr Launcelot departed and sir tristram was redy and la Beale Isoud with sir Chalomydes and sir Gareth/ And soo they rode alle in grene ful fresshely bysene vnto the forest/and sir Tristram left sir Dynadan slepynge in his bed/and so as they rode/it happed the kynge and launcelot stode in a wyndowe / and salde syr Tristram ryde and Isoud / Syre sayd Launcelot yonder rydeth the fayreste lady of the world except youre quene Dame Gueneuer/who is that sayd sir Arthur/Sir sayd he/ it is quene Isoud that oute taken my lady your quene she is make lees/Take your hors sayd Arthur/and araye yold at alle ryghtes as I wylle doo/and I promyse yold sayd the kynge/ I wille see her/ ¶Thenne anone they were armed & horsed/and eyther took a spere and rode vnto the forest/Syre sayd launcelot it is not good that ye goo to nyghe them / for wete ye wel there are two as good knyghtes as nold are kynge/and therfore sir I pray yold be not to hasty/ For peraduenture there wille be somme knyghtes bey displeased and we

come ſodenly vpon them/ As for that ſayd Arthur I wyll ſee her/for I take no force whome I greue/Syr ſaid launcelot ye putte your ſelf in grete Jeopardy/ As for that ſaid the kynge wo wille take the aduenture/Ryght ſoo anone the kynge rode euen to her/and ſalewed her/and ſaid god yow ſaue/ Syr ſaid ſhe ye are welcome/thenne the kynge kyſſed her/and kyſſed her wonderly wel / with that came ſire palomydes vnto Arthur and ſaid vncurtois knyght what ſeeſt thow here/thou art vncurtois to come vpon a lady thus ſodenly/therfor withdralbe the/Syr Arthur took none hede of ſire palomydes wordes/but euer he kyſſed ſtylle vpon Quene Iſoud/Thenne was ſir Palomydes wrothe/and there with he took a ſpere/and cam hurtelynge vpon Kynge Arthur/and ſmote hym doune with a ſpere/whan ſire launcelot ſawe that deſpyte of ſir Palomydes he ſayd to hym ſelf I am loth to haue ado with yonder knyght/and not for his owne ſake but for ſir Triſtram/And one thynge I am ſure of/ yf I ſmyte doune ſir palomydes I muſt haue ado with ſire Triſtram / and that were ouer moche for me to matche them bothe/for they are two noble knyghtes/not withſtandynge Whether I lyue or I dye nedes muſte I reuenge my lord/and ſo wille I what ſomeuer befalle of me / And there with ſir launcelot cryed to ſir palomydes/kepe the from me / And thenne ſir launcelot and ſire Palmydes raſhed to gyder with two ſperes ſtrongly/ But ſire Launcelot ſmote ſir palomydes ſoo hardy that he wente quyte oute of his ſadel and had a grete falle / Whanne ſire Triſtram ſalwe ſyre palomydes haue that falle/he ſayd to ſire Launcelot/ſyr knyght kepe the/for I muſt Juſte with the/ As for to Juſte with me ſaid ſir launcelot I wille not fayle yow/ for no drede I haue of yow/but I am lothe to haue ado with yow and I myghte chefe/for I will that ye wete that I muſt reuenge my ſpecial lord that was vnhorſed vnwarly and vnknyghtely/ And therfor though I reuengyd that falle/take ye no diſpleaſyr therin/for he is to me ſuche a frende that I may not ſee hym ſhamed/anone ſir Triſtram vnderſtode by his parſon and by his knyghtely wordes that it was ſir launcelot du lake / and verely ſir Triſtram demed that it was kynge Arthur he that ſir Palomydes had ſmyten doune

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And thenne sir Tristram put his spere from hym/and putte sire Palomydes ageyne on horsback/and sir launcelot put kyng Arthur on horsback and soo departed/So god me helpe sayd sire Tristram vnto Palomydes ye dyd not worshipfully whan ye smote doune that knyght soo sodenly as ye dyd/And wete ye wel ye dyd your self grete shame/for the knyghtes cam hyder of their gentilnesse to see a fayre lady/and that is euery good knyghtes parte to beholde a fayr lady/and ye hadde not adoo to playe suche maystryes afore my lady/wete thou wel hit wille tourne to angre/for he that ye smote doune was kynge Arthur/and that other was the good knyght sire launcelot/But I shalle not forgete the wordes of sire launcelot whan that he calkyd hym a man of grete worshipp/there by I wyst that it was kynge Arthur/And as for sire launcelot/and there hady ben fyue honderd knyghtes in the medolde/he wold not haue refused them/and yet he said he wold refuse me/By that ageyne I wyst that it was sir launcelot/for euer he forbereth me in euery place/and sheldeth me grete kyndnesse/and of alle knyghtes I oute take none saye what men wille say/he bereth the floure of al chyualry/saye hit hym who someuer wille/and he be wel angred/and that hym lyst to do his vttermaunce withoute ony fauour/I knolde hym not on lyue but sir launcelot is ouer hardy for hym/he hit on horsback or on foote/I may neuer bylieue sayd Palomydes that kyng Arthur wille ryde soo prysely as a poure erraunt knyghte/A said sir Tristram ye knolde not my lord Arthur/for all knyghtes maye lerne to be a knyghte of hym/And therfore ye may be sory said sire Tristram of your vnkyndely dedes to so noble a kynge/And a thynge that is done may not be vndone sayd Palomydes/Thenne sire Tristram sente quene Isoud vnto her lodgynge in the pryory there to beholde alle the turnement/

Capitulum lxxiiij

Thenne there was a crye vnto all knyghtes that whan they herd any horne blowe they shold make Justes as they dyd the fyrst day/And lyke as the brethern sire

Edwardy andy sir Sadok beganne the Justes thy fyrst daye/ sir Owayne the kynges sone Owyn andy sir Lucanere de butlere beganne the Justes the seconde day/ Andy at the fyrst encountre syr Owayne smote doune the kynges sone of Scotte/ and syr Lucanere canne ageynste thy kynge of Walys/ andy they brake their speres alle to pyeces/ andy they were soo fyers bothe/ that they hurtledy to gyders that bothe felle to the erthe/ ¶ Thenne they of Dorkeney horsedy ageyne syr Lucanere / Andy thenne came in syr Tristram de Lyones/ and thenne syr Tristram smote doune syr Owayne/ andy syre Lucanere andy syre Palomydes smote doune other two Knyghtes/ andy syre Gareth smote doune other two Knyghtes/ Thenne saidy syre arthur vnto syr Launcelot/ see yonder thre knyghtes doo passyngly wel/ & namely the fyrst that Justedy/ Sir saidy launcelot that Knyghte beganne not yet / but ye shalle see hym this day doo merueylously/ andy thenne came in to the place the dukes sone of Orkeney/ andy thenne they beganne to do many dedes of armes / ¶ Whan syre Tristram salwe them soo beyynne/ he saidy to Palomydes/ holde fele ye your self / maye ye doo this daye as ye dydy yesterday/ Nay saidy Palomydes I fele my self soo wery andy soo sore bysedy of the dedes of yesterday that I maye not endure as I dyd yesterday/ That me repenteth said syre Tristram / for I shalle lacke yold this day/ Sire Palomydes saide truste not to me/ for I maye not doo as I dyd/ alle these wordes said Palomydes for to begyle syr Tristram/ Syr saidy syr Tristram vnto syr Gareth thenne muste I truste vpon yold wherfor I praye yold be not ferre from me to rescolde me/ andy nede be saidy Gareth I shalle not fayle yold in alle that I maye doo ¶ Thenne syr Palomydes rode by hym self/ andy thenne in despyte of syr Tristram he putte hym self in the thyckest prees amonge them of Dorkeney/ andy there he dydy soo merueylous dedes of armes that alle men hady wonder of hym / for there myghte none stande hym a stroke/ whanne syre Tristram salwe syre Palomydes doo suche dedes / he merueylledy andy saydy to hym self/ he is wery of my company/ Soo syr Tristram beheldy hym a grete whyle and dydy but lytel els/ for the noyse andy crye was soo huge/ and grete/ that syre Tristram merueylledy / from Wyens came the strengthe that sire Palomydes had there

in the felde/Syr ſaid ſire Gareth vnto ſyr Triſtram/remembre ye not of the wordes that ſyr Dynadan ſayd to yold yeſterday whyle he called yold coward/for ſothe ſir he ſaid it for none yf for ye are the man in the worlde that he mooſt loueth/and alle that he ſayd was for your worſhip/And therfore ſaid ſir Gareth to ſir Triſtram lete me knolde this daye what ye be/& wondre ye not ſoo vpon ſire Palomydes/for he enforceth hym ſelf to wynne alle the worſhip and honour from yold/I maye well byleue it ſaid ſir Triſtram/And ſythen I vnderſtande his euyl wylle and his enuy/ye ſhalle ſee/yf that I enforce my ſelfe/ that the noyſe ſhalle be lefte that nowe is vpon hym /

Thenne ſire Triſtram rode in to the thyckeſt of the prees/& thenne he dyd ſoo merueylouſly well/and dyd ſoo grete dedes of armes that alle men ſayd that ſire Triſtram dyd double ſo moche dedes of armes as ſyre Palomydes had done afore hand/ And thenne the noyſe wente playne from ſire Palomydes/and alle the peple cryed vpon ſir Triſtram/ O Ihesu ſaid the peple ſee how ſire Triſtram ſmyteth doune with his ſpere ſoo many knyghtes/And ſee ſaide they alle how many knyghtes he ſmyteth doune with his ſwerde/and of how many knyghtes he raſhed of their helmes and their ſhelde/and ſoo he lete them alle of Orkeney afore hym/Holde nowe ſaid ſir Launcelot vnto kynge Arthur/I holde yowe that this daye there wolde a knyght playe his pagent/ponder rydeth a knyght ye may ſee he doth knyghtely/for he hath ſtrengthe and wynde So godd me helpe ſaid Arthur to Launcelot ye ſaye ſothe / for I ſalve neuer a better knyght/for he paſſeth fer ſire Palomydes / Syre wete ye well ſayd launcelot hit muſte be ſoo of ryghte/for hit is hym ſelfe that noble knyght ſyr Triſtram/I maye ryght well byleue it ſaid Arthur/ But whan ſire Palomydes herd the noyſe and the crye was torned from hym /he rode oute on a parte/and beheld ſir Triſtram/ And whanne ſire Palomydes ſalve ſir Triſtram do ſo merueylouſly well/he wepte paſſyngly ſore for deſpyte/for he wiſte well/he ſholde no worſhip wynne that daye / for well knewe ſire Palomydes whanne ſire Triſtram wolde put forth his ſtrengthe and his manhode he ſholde gete but lyte worſhip that daye

Thenne came kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys/and sir launcelot du lake and sire Bleoberis sire Blonis de ganys/sir Ector de mares/these thre knyghtes came in to the feldy with sire launcelot/And thenne sire Launcelot with the thre knyghtes of his kynne dyd soo grete dedes of armes that alle the noyse began vpon sir launcelot/And soo they lete the kynge of walys and the kyng of scotys renne aboute/and made them to auoyde the felde/but sir Tristram and sir Gareth abode stylle in the felde and endured all that euer there came/that alle men had wonder that ony knyght myght endure soo many strokes/But euer sir launcelot & his thre kynnesmen by the commaundement of syr launcelot forthan sir Tristram/Thenne saidy sir Arthur is that sir Palomydes that endureth soo Wel/nay sayd sir launcelot/wete ye wel it is the good knyght sir Tristram/for yonder ye maye see syr Palomydes beholdeth and loueth and doth lytel or nought/And sire ye shalle vnderstande that sire Tristram weneth thys day to lete vs alle oute of the felde/And as for me saidy sire launcelot I shal not lete hym/lete hym who soo wil/Sir said Launcelot vnto Arthur ye may see holy sir Palomydes loueth yonder/as though he were in a dreme/wete ye wel he is ful he ny that Tristram doth suche dedes of armes/Thenne is he but a foole saidy Arthur/for neuer was sire Palomydes/ nor neuer shalle he of suche prouesse as sir Tristram/And yf he haue ony enuy at sir Tristram and cometh in with hym vpon his syde he is a fals knyght/ ¶ As the kynge and sir Launcelot thus spake/sir Tristram rode priuely oute of the prees/ that none aspyed hym/but la Beale Isoud and sir Palomydes/for they dyd beholdy not lete of their eyen vpon sir Tristram/

¶ And whanne sir Tristram am to his pauelions he fond sire Dynadan in his bedde a slepe/ A dalle said Tristram/ ye ought to be ashamedy soo to slepe whan knyghtes haue ado in the feld Thenne syr Dynadan awoke lyghtly and saidy syr what wylle ye that I shalle doo/make yolh redy saidy syr Tristram to ryde with me in to the felde/Soo whan syr Dynadan was armedy he lokedy vpon syre Tristrams helme and on his shelde/ and

what he salve soo many strokes vpon his helme and vpon his shelde/ he sayd in goode tyme was I thus a slepe/ For hadde I ben with yow/ I must nedes for shame there haue folowed yow/ more for shame than ony prowesse/ that is by me/ that I see wel now by the strokes that I sholde haue ben truly betyn as I was yesterdaye/ Leue youre japes sayd sire Tristram/ & come of that we were in the felde ageyne/ what sayd sire Dynadan is your herte vp/ yester daye ye ferd as though ye hadd dremed/ Soo thenne sir Tristram was arayed in blacke harneis/ O Ihesu sayd Dynadan what eyleth yow this day/ me semeth ye be wyser than ye were yesterday/ Thenne smyled syr Tristram and sayd to Dynadan alwayes wel vpon me/ yf ye see me outermatched/ lyke that ye leeuer behynde me/ and I shalle make yow redy way by goddes grace/ Soo sir Tristram and syr Dynadan took their horses/ Alle this aspyed sir palomydes/ tothe their goynge and their comynge/ and soo dyd la Beale Isoud/ for she kneled sir Tristram aboue alle other

Capitulum lxxxij

Thenne whanne sire Palomydes salve that sir Tristram was desguysed/ thenne he thoughte to doo hym a shame/ Soo syre Palomydes rode to a knyghte that was sore wounded that satte vnder a fayre welle from the felde/ Syr knyghte sayd sire Palomydes I pray you to lene me yo/ur armour/ and your shelde/ for myn is outer wel knowen in this felde/ and that hath done me grete dommage/ and ye shalle haue myn armour and my shelde that is as sure as yours/ I wille wel sayd the knyghte that ye haue myn armour and my shelde/ yf they may doo yow ony auayle/ So sire Palomydes armed hym hastely in that knyghtes armoure & his shelde that shone as ony crystalle or syluer/ and soo he came rydynge in to the felde/ And thenne ther was neyther sire Tristram nor none of kynge Arthurs party that kneled sir Palomydes/

And ryght soo as sir Palomydes was come in to the felde syr Tristram smote doune thre knyghtes euen in the syght of sir Palomydes/ And thenne sir Palomydes rode ageynst syr

Triſtram/and̄ eyther mette other with grete ſperes / that they braſte to their handes/And̄ thenne they daſſhed to gyder with ſwerdes egerly/Thenne ſire Triſtram had meruey-lle what knyght he was that dyd̄ batail ſo knyghtely with hym/Thenne was ſir Triſtram wrothe/for he felte hym paſſynge ſtronge ſo that he demed̄ he myght not haue ado with the remenaunt of the knyghtes by cauſe of the ſtrengthe of ſyre palomydes

¶ Soo they laſſhed̄ to gyder and̄ gaf many ſadde ſtrokes to gyders / and̄ many knyghtes meruey-lled̄ what knyght he myght be that ſoo encountred̄ with the black knyght ſir triſtram / ful wel knewe la Beale Iſoud̄ that there was ſyre palomydes that fought with ſir Triſtram/for ſhe aſpyed̄ al in her wyndowe where that ſhe ſtode/as ſyr palomydes chaunged his harneis with the wounded̄ knyght/And̄ thenne ſhe began to wepe ſo hertely for the deſpyte of ſyr palomydes that there ſhe ſwouned̄/Thenne came in ſyr laūcelot with the knyghtes of Orkeney/And̄ whanne the other party had̄ aſpyed̄ ſir Launcelot/they cryed̄ /retorne retorne/ here cometh ſyre launcelot du Lake/Soo there came knyghtes and̄ ſayd̄ ſyr launcelot ye muſt nedes fyghte with yonder knyght in the black harneis that was ſyr Triſtram/for he hath al mooſt ouercome that good̄ knyghte that fyghteth with hym with the ſyluer ſhelde that was ſyr palomydes/Thenne ſir launcelot rode betwix ſir Triſtram and̄ ſyr palomydes/ and̄ ſyr launcelot ſaid̄ to palomydes/ſyr knyghte lete me haue the batail / for ye haue nede to be repoſed̄ / Syr palomydes knewe ſyr launcelot wel/and ſo dyd̄ ſyre Triſtram/but by cauſe ſyr Launcelot was ferre hardyer knyght than hym ſelf/therfor he was gladde/and̄ ſuffred ſyr launcelot to fyghte with ſyr Triſtram/ For wel wyſte he that ſyr launcelot knewe not ſir Triſtram/and̄ there he hoped that ſyr launcelot ſhold̄ lete or ſchame ſyre Triſtram / wherof ſyre palomydes was ful fayne/and̄ ſoo ſyr launcelot gaf ſyr Triſtram many ſadde ſtrokes/but ſyre launcelot knewe not ſir Triſtram/but ſir Triſtram knewe wel ſyre launcelot /

And̄ thus they fought longe to gyders that la Beale Iſoud̄ was wel nygh oute of her mynde for ſorou/thenne ſyr Dynadan told ſir Gareth hold̄ ꝑ knyght in the black harneis was ſir triſtrā & this is launcelot ꝑ fyghteth with hym ꝑ muſt nedes haue

the better of hym/for sir Tristram hath had to moche trauayle this day/Thenne let vs smyte hym doune saidꝑ syre Gareth/so it is better that we doo saidꝑ sire Dynadan thenne sir Tristram be shamedꝑ/for yonder roueth the stronge knyght with the syluer shelde to falle vpon syre Tristram yf nede be/Thenne forthe with alle Gareth rasshedꝑ vpon syre launcelot/andꝑ gaf hym a grete stroke vpon his helme soo hardꝑ that he was astonyedꝑ
Andꝑ thenne came syr Dynadan with a spere / andꝑ he smote syr launcelot suche a buffet that horꝫ andꝑ alle folke to the erthe
O Jhesu saidꝑ syr Tristram to syre Gareth andꝑ syre Dynadan fy for shame why dydꝑ ye smyte doune soo goodꝑ a knyght as he is/andꝑ namely whan J hadꝑ adoo with hym / now ye doo your self grete shame/andꝑ hym no disworship / For J helde hym resonable hote though ye hadꝑ not holpen me / Thenne cam syre palomydes that was desguysedꝑ and smote doune syr Dynadan from his horꝫ/Thenne syr launcelot by cause syr Dynadan hadꝑ smyten hym afore handꝑ/ thenne syr launcelot assaiꝫ ledꝑ syre Dynadan passynge sore/andꝑ syre Dynadan defendedꝑ hym myghtely / But wel vnderstoodꝑ syr Tristram that syre Dynadan myght not endure syr launcelot/wherfor syr Tristram was sorꝫ / Thenne came syre palomydes fresshe vpon syre Tristram/Andꝑ whanne syr Tristram salue hym come/he thoꝫught to delyuer hym at onꝛs by cause that he woldꝑ helpe syre Dynadan by cause he stode in grete perylle with syr Launcelot
¶ Thenne syre Tristram hurteledꝑ vnto syre palomydes & gaf hym a grete buffet/andꝑ thenne sir Tristram gate sir palomydes andꝑ pulledꝑ hym doune vnder nethe hym/ And so felle sir Tristram with hym/andꝑ syr Tristram lepte vp lyghtely andꝑ lefte sir palomydes andꝑ wente betwixe sir launcelot and Dynadan/andꝑ thenne they beganne to do batayllle to gyders/
¶ Ryght soo sire Dynadan gat sir Tristrams horꝫ andꝑ saidꝑ oy hyghe that sir launcelot myght haue it/my lordꝑ sir Tristram take yours horꝫ / Andꝑ whanne sire launcelot herdꝑ hym neneme sir Tristram / O Jhesu said launcelot what haue J done J am dishonouredꝑ/A my lordꝑ syre Tristram saidꝑ launcelot / why were ye desguysedꝑ/ye haue put your self in grete perille this daye/But J praye you noble knyghte to pardone me / for andꝑ J hadꝑ knowen yow we hadꝑ not done this batayllle /

Sir ſaid ſir Triſtram this is not the fyrſt kyndnes ye ſhewed me/ſoo they were lothe horſed ageyne / Thenne aske the people on the one ſyde gaf ſir launcelot the honour and the degree/ & on the other ſyde alle the people gaf to the noble knyght ſir triſtram the honour and the degree/but launcelot ſayd nay ther to/ for I am not worthy to haue this honour/for I will reporte me vn to alle knyghtes that ſir Triſtram hath ben lenger in the felde than I / and he hath ſmyten down many moo knyghtes thys day than I haue done/ And therfore I wille gyue ſire Triſtram my lyon and my name/and ſo I praye alle my lordes & felawes ſoo to doo / Thenne there was the hole lyon of dukes and Erles / Barons and knyghtes// that ſyr Triſtram thys day is preued the beſt knyght

¶ Capitulum lxxvii

Thenne they wente vnto lodgynge/and Quene Iſoud was ledde vnto her pauelions / but wete yow wel ſhe was wrothe oute of meſure with ſyr Palomydes/ for ſhe ſawe alle his treaſon from the begynnynge to the endynge/ And all this whyle neyther ſyr Triſtram neyther ſir Gareth nor Dynadan knewe not of the treaſon of ſir Palomydes/but afterward ye ſhalle here that there befelle the greteſt debate betwixe ſyr Triſtram and ſire Palomydes that myght be/So whanne the armement was done/ſir Triſtram Gareth and Dynadan rode with la Beale Iſoud to theſe pauelions/And euer ſire Palomydes rode with them in theyr company deſguyſed as he was But whanne ſir Triſtram had aſpyed hym that he was the ſame knyght with the ſheld of ſyluer / that helde hym ſoo hote that day/ Sir knyght ſaid ſire Triſtram wete yow wel here is none that hath nede of youre ſeruyſe / and therfore I praye yow departe from vs/ ¶ Sire Palomydes anſwerd ageyne as though he had not knowen ſir Triſtram/ wete yow wel ſir knyght from this ſeruyſe wille I neuer departe/for one of the beſt knyghtes of the world commaunded me to be in this company/and tyl he diſcharge me of my ſeruyſe I wille not be diſcharged/by that ſir Triſtram knewe that it was ſir palomydes A ſir palomydes ſayd the noble knyght ſire Triſtram ar ye ſuche a knyght ye haue ben named wronge / For ye haue longe

ben called a gentil knyght / And as this daye ye haue shewed me grete vngentilnes/ For ye hadde al moost brought me vnto my dethe / But as for yold I suppose I sholde haue done wel ynough/but sir launcelot with yold was ouer moche/ for I knolde no knyght lyuynge but sire launcelot is ouer good for hym and he wylle doo his dyscrecyon/ Alas saide sir Palomydes ar ye my lord sir Tristram/ ye sir and that ye knolde wel ynough/ by my knyghthode saide Palomydes vntyl nold I kne we yold not I wende that ye hadde ben the kynge of Irlande / for wel I wote ye bare his armes/ His armes I bare said syre Tristram/ and that wille I stande by/ For I wanne them ones in a felde of a full noble knyghte/ his name was sir Marhaus and with grete payne I wanne that knyghte/ for there was none other recouer but sir Marhaus dyed thorugh fals leches / & yet was he neuer yolden to me/ Sir saide Palomydes I wende ye hadde ben wrothe vpon sir Launcelots party/ and that caused me to withdrawe/ ye say wel saide sir Tristram/ and so I take you & I forgyue yold/ Soo thenne they rode in to their pauelions/ and whan they were alyght they vnarmed them and wesshe theyre faces and handes/ and soo yode vnto mete and were sette atte their table/ But whanne Isoude sawe sir Palomydes she chaūged thenne her colours & for wrath she myght not speke/ Anon sir Tristram aspyed her countrenaunce and saide Madame / for what cause make ye vs suche chere/ we haue ben sore trauailed this day/ Myn owne lord saide la Beale Isoude for goddes sake be ye not displeasyd with me/ for I maye none other wyse doo/ for I sawe thys day hold ye were betrayed and nyghe brought to your dethe/ Truly syre I sawe euery dele hold and in what wyse and therfor syr hold sholde I suffre in your presence suche a felon and traytour as sir Palomydes/ For I sawe hym with myn eyen/ hold he behelde yold whan ye wente oute of the felde/ for euer he houed stylle vpon his hors til he sawe yold on me in ageynward/ And thēne forth with al I sawe hym ryde to the hurte knyghte and chaunged harneis with hym/ And thenne streyghte I sawe hym hold he rode in to the felde/

¶ And anone as he had foūde yold/ he encountred with yold/ and thus wilfully sir Palomydes dyd bataylle with yold/ & as for hym sir I was not gretely afrayd but I dred sore laūcelot

that knelve yolv not / Madame saidy Palomydes ye maye saye
what so ye wyll / I may not contrary yolv but by my knyghtho
de I knelve not sir Tristram / ¶ Sir Palomydes saidy sir Tris
tram I wille take your excuse / but wel I wote ye spared me
but lytel / but alle is pardonned on my party / Thenne la beale
Isoudy beldy doune her hedy and saidy no more at that tyme /

¶ Capitulum lxxviii

And there with alle two knyghtes armedy cam vnto the
pauelione / and there they alyghte bothe / and came in
armedy al alle pyeces / Faire knyghtes saydy syre Tristram / ye
ar to blame to come thus armed at alle pyeces vpon me why
le we ar at oure mete / yf ye woldy ony thynge whan we were
in the felde / there myghte ye haue easydy your hertes / Not so
saidy the one of tho knyghtes we come not for that entent /
But were ye wel sir Tristram we be come hyddet as your fren
des / And I am come here saidy the one for to see yolv & thys
knyghte is come for to see la Beale Isoudy / Thenne saidy sire
Tristram I requyre yolv doo of your helmes that I maye see
yolv / that wille we doo at your desyre saidy the knyghtes / /
And whanne their helmes were of / sir Tristram thought that
he sholdy knolve them / Thenne saidy sir Dynadan pryuely vnto
syr Tristram / syr that is sire Launcelot du lake that spak vnto
yolv fyrst / and the other is my lordy Kynge Arthur / Thenne
saidy sir Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud Madame aryse for he
re is my lordy kynge Arthur / thenne the kynge and the quene
kyssedy and sire launcelot and syr Tristram braceddy eyther o
ther in armes / and thenne there was Joye without mesure / &
at the requeste of la Beale Isoudy kynge Arthur and Laun
celot were vnarmedy / and thenne there was mery talkynge
¶ Madame saidy sire Arthur hit is many a day sythen that I
haue desyredy to see yolv / for ye haue ben prayseddy soo ferre / and
nolv I dar say ye are the fayreste that euer I salve / & sir Tris
tram is as fayre and as goody a knyghte as ony that I knol
ve / therfor me besemeth ye are wel besett to gyders /
Syr gody thanke yolv saidy the noble kynyt sire Tristram and
Isoud / of your grete goodnesse & largesse ye ar pyerles / Thus

they talkedy of many thynges andy of alle the hole Juſtes/
¶But for what cauſe ſaydy kynge Arthur were ye ſir Triſtram
ageynſt vs/ye are a knyght of the table roundy / of ryghte ye
ſholdy haue ley with vs/Syre ſaidy ſir Triſtram here is Dyna
day andy ſire Gareth your oldne neuelde cauſedy me to be ayenſt
yold/My lordy Arthur saydy Gareth I may wel bere the bla;
me but it were ſir Triſtrams oldne wdes/That may I repente
saydy Dynadan/for this vnhappy ſire Triſtram broughte vs to
this turnement/andy many grete buffets he cauſedy vs to haue
Thenne the kynge andy launcelot bough that they myghte not
ſpeke/what knyght was that saydy Arthur that helpy yold ſoo
ſhort/this with the ſheldy of ſyluer/ Syre saidy ſir Triſtram here
he ſyeth at this lordy/what saidy Arthur was hit ſire Pala;
mydes/were ye wel hit was he saidy la Beale Jſoudy/¶ So
gody me helpe saidy Arthur that was vnknyghtely done of you
of ſoo goody a knyghte/for I haue herdy many peple calle you
a curtois knyght/ Sir saidy Palomydes I knelde not ſir Triſ
tram/for he was ſoo diſguyſedy / Soo gody me helpe saydy la ;
uncedt it maye wel be/for I knelde not ſir Triſtram/ But I
merueyle Why ye torneday on ourr party / That was done for
the ſame cauſe saidy launcelot/ As for that saidy ſir Triſtram I
haue pardonnedy hym/andy I woldy be ryght lothe to leue his
felauſhip/for I loue ryght wel his company / ſoo they lefte of
andy talkedy of other thynges/Andy in the euenynge kyng ar
thur andy ſir launcelot departedy vnto their lodgynge/but wete
ye wel ſir Palomydes hady enuy herdely for alle that nyght he
hady neuer reſt in his bedde / but waykedy andy wepte oute of
meſure/Soo on the morn ſire Triſtram Gareth andy Dynadan
aroſe erly/andy thenne they wente vnto ſire Palomydes cham;
ber/andy there they fondy hym faſt on ſlepe/for he hady al nyzt
watchedy/Andy it was ſeene vpon his cheekes that he had wept
full ſore/Say no thynge ſaid ſyr Triſtram/for I am ſure he hath
takey anger andy ſorowde for the rebuke that I gaf to hym and
la Beale Jſoudy

Thenne ſir Triſtram lete calle ſir Palomydes/ and bad hym make hym redy/for it was tyme to go to the felde whan they were redy they were armed and clothed al in red bothe Iſoud and alle they/and ſoo they rade ther paſſynge freſſhely thurgh the feld in to the pryory where was ther lodgynge/and thenne they herd there blaſtes blowe/ and euery kynge and knyght dreſſid hym vnto the felde/ and the fyrſte that was redy to juſte was ſir Palomydes and ſir Raynus le ſtraunge a knyghte of the table round/ And ſoo they two encountred to gyders/but ſire Palomydes ſmote ſir Raynus ſoo hard that he ſmote hym quyte ouer his hors croupe/ and forth with alle ſir Palomydes ſmote doune another knyght and bar alle thenne his ſpere & pulled oute his ſwerd and did wonderly wel/ And thenne the noyſe began greetely vpon ſir Palomydes/loo ſaid Kynge Arthur yonder palomydes begynneth to play his pagent/ So god me help ſaid Arthur he is a paſſynge good knyght/ And ryght as they ſtood talkyng thus in came ſir Triſtram as thonder / and he encountred with ſyre Kay the Seneſchall/and there he ſmote hym doune quyte from his hors / and with that ſame ſpere ſir Triſtram ſmote doune ther knyghtes moo/and thenne he pulled oute his ſwerd and dyd meruayllouſly/Thenne the noyſe and crye chaunged from ſyr Palomydes and turned to ſir Triſtram and alle the people cryed O Triſtram O Triſtram/ And thenne was ſir Palomydes clene forgeten/ Hold hold ſaid Launcelot vnto Arthur / yonder rydeth a knyght that playeth his pagents/ So god me help ſaid Arthur to launcelot ye ſhalle ſee this daye that yonder two knyghtes ſhalle here doo this day wonders/ Syr ſaid Launcelot the one knyght wayteth vpon the other/ and enforceth hym ſelf thurgh enuy to paſſe the noble knyght ſire Triſtram / and he knoweth not of the preuy enuy/ the which ſyre Palomydes hath to hym/ For alle that the noble ſyre Triſtram dothe is thorou clene knyghthode/ And thenne ſire Gareth and Dynadan dyd wonderly grete dedes of armes as two noble knyghtes ſoothat Kyng Arthur ſpak of them grete honour &

worshyp/ and the kynges and knyghtes of sir Tristrams syde did passyngly wel/ and helde them truly to gyders/ Thenne sir Arthur and sir Launcelot woot their horses and dressidy them and gete in to the thyckest of the prees/ And there syr Tristram vnknowyng smote doune kyng Arthur/ and thenne syre launcelot wolde haue rescowed hym/ but there were soo many vpon sir Launcelot that they pulledy hym doune from his hors/ And thenne the kynge of Irlandy and the kynge of Scotes with their knyghtes dydy their payne to take kynge Arthur/ and sir Launcelot prysoner/ Whanne syr Launcelot herd hym say soo he ferdy as hit hady ben ay hongry lyon/ for he ferdy so that no knyghte durste nygh hym/ Thenne came sir Ector de maris and he bare a spere ageynst sire Palomydes/ and brast it vpon hym/ alle to shyuers/ And thenne syr Ector came ageyne and gaf sire Palomydes suche a dasshe with a swerdy that he stouppedy doune vpon his sadel bolle/ And forth with alle syr Ector pulledy doune sir Palomydes vnder his feete/ And thenne syr Ector de marys gate sir launcelot du lake ay hors/ and brought hit to hym/ and badde hym mounte vpon hym/ But sir Palomydes lepte afore and gate the hors by the brydel/ & lepte in to the sadel/ Soo godyme helpe saidy launcelot ye are better worthy to haue that hors than I/ Thenne sir Ector he raughte syr Launcelot ay other hors/ gramercy saydy launcelot vnto his broder/ ¶ And so whyn he was horsedy ageyne/ with one spere he smote doune four knyghtes/ And thenne sir Launcelot brought to kynge Arthur one of the best of the iiij horses/ Thenne syr Launcelot with kynge Arthur and a felde of his knyghtes of sire Launcelots kynne dydy merueylous dedes/ for that tyme as the booke recordeth syr launcelot smote doune and pulledy doun thyrtty knyghtes/ Not withstandyng the other parte holdy them soo fast to gyders that kyng arthur and his knyghtes were ouermatchedy/ And whanne sir Tristram salde that what labour kyng Arthur and his knyghtes and in especyal the noble dedes that syre Launcelot dydy with his owne handes he merueylledy gretly

¶ Capitulum lxxx

Thenne sir Tristram calledy vnto hym syr Palomydes/ syr Gareth and syr Dynadan/ and sayd thus to them my fayre felawes wete ye wel that I wille torne vnto kynge Arthurs party/ for I salde neuer soo selde men doo soo wel/ and yf hit wille be shame vnto vs knyghtes that ben of the rounde table to see our lordy kynge Arthur and that noble knyght sire Launcelot to be dishonouredy/ Yt wille be wel do sayidy sire Gareth/ and syr Dynadan/ do your best saidy palomydes/ for I wille not chaunge my party that I came in with al That is for my sake saidy sir Tristram/ gody spede yolv in your journeye/ and soo departedy syr Palomydes fro them/ Thenne sir Tristram Gareth and Dynadan tornedy with sir launcelot And thenne syr launcelot smote douue the kynge of Irlandy quyte from his hors/ and so syr launcelot smote doune the kynge of Scottes and the kynge of walys/ and thenne sir arthur ranne vnto syre Palomydes and smote hym quyte from his hors/ and thenne syr Tristram tare doune alle that he mett Syr Gareth and sir Dynadan dydy there as noble knyghtes/ thenne al the partyes beganne to flee/ Alas said Palomydes that euer I sholde see this day/ for nolv haue I lost al the worship that I wanne/ and thenne sir palomydes wente his way waylynge / and soo withdrelve hym tyl he came to a welle and there he putte his hors from hym/ and dydy of his armour and waykedy and wepte lyke as he hady ben a woody man/ Thenne many knyghtes gaf the pryce to syr Tristram / and there were many that gaf the pryce vnto syre Launcelot / ¶ Fair lordes saidy sir Tristram I thanke yolv of the honour ye woldy yeue me/ but I pray yolv hertely that ye wold gyue your loys to syr launcelot/ for by my feythe saidy syre Trystram/ I wille gyue sir launcelot my loys / but syre launcelot woldy not haue hit/ and so the pryce was gyuen betwix them bothe/ Thenne euery man rode to his lodgynge and syr Bleoberis and syr Ector rode with sir Tristram and la Beale Isoud vnto her pauelions/ Thenne as syr Palomydes was atte welle waylynge and weppynge/ there came by hym fleyng the kyng of walys and of Scotlandy/ and they salde syre Palomydes in that araye/ Alas said they that soo noble a man as ye be/ sholdy be in this araye/ ¶ thenne tho kynges gat sir palomydes

hors ageyne / and made hym to arme hym and mounte vpon his hors / and soo he rode with hem makyng grete dole / ¶ Soo whan sire Palomydes came nyghe the pauelions there as syr Tristram and La beale Isoud was in / thenne sire palomydes prayd the two kynges to abyde hym there the whyle that he spake with sir Tristram / And whanne he came to the porte of the pauelions / syr palomydes said on hyghe where arte thou syr Tristram de lyones / Syr said Dynadan that is palomydes What sir Palomydes wille ye not come in here amonge vs / Fy on the traytour sayd Palomydes / for wete yold wel and hit were day lyght as it is nyght I sholde slee the myn owne handes / And yf euer I maye gete the said Palomydes thou shalt dye for this dayes dede / Sir Palomydes said sir Tristram ye vpte me with wronge / for hadd ye done as I dyd ye hadde wonne worshyp / But sythen ye gyue me soo large warnynge / I shalle be wel ware of yold / Fy on the traitour saide Palomydes / and there with departed / Thenne on the morne sir Tristram / Bleoberis and sir Ector de marys / sir Gareth / syr Dynadan what by water and what by londe they brought la beale Isoud vnto Joyous gard / and there reposed them a vij nyghte / and made alle the myrthes and disportes that they coude deuyse / and kyng Arthur and his knyghtes dreue vnto Camelot / and syr Palomydes rode with the two kynges / And euer he made the grettest doke that ony man coude thynke for he was not alle onely soo dolorous for the departyng from la beale Isoud / but he was a parte as sorouful to departe from the felaushyp of sir Tristram / for sire Tristram was soo kynde and soo gentyl that whanne sire Palomydes remembrid hym therof he myghte neuer be mery

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SO at the seuen nyghtes ende / sir Bleoberys & syr Ector departed from sir Tristram and from the Quene / & these two good knyghtes hadd grete yeftes / and sir Gareth and sir Dynadan abode with sir Tristram / & whan sire Bleoberys and sir Ector were comen there as the Quene Gueneuer was

lodged in a castel by the see syde/And thorou the grace of god the quene was recouerd of her maladye/¶ Thenne she asked the two knyghtes from whens they came / they sayd that they came from sir Tristram and from la beale Isoud/how doth sir Tristram sayd the quene and la beale Isoud / Truly sayd the two knyghtes he dothe as a noble knyght shold doo/and as for the Quene Isoud she is pyerles of alle ladyes/for to speke of her beaute bounte and myrthe/ and of her goodnesse We salde neuer her matche as ferre as we haue ryden and gone O mercy Jhesu sayd quene Gueneuer soo sayth alle the people/ that haue sene her and spoken with her/God wold that I had parte of her condycyons/and it is myssortuned me of my sekenesse whyle that turnement endured/And as I suppose/ I shalle neuer see in alle my lyf suche an assemble of knyghtes and ladyes as ye haue done/Thenne the knyghtes told her how Palomydes wanne the degree at the fyrst daye with grete no-blesse/ And the second day sir Trystram wanne the degree/and the thyrdde day syre launcelot wanne the degree/Wel said quene Gueneuer who dyd best alle these thre dayes / Soo god me help sayd these knyghtes sir launcelot and sire Tristram haddc best dishonour/And wete ye wel sir palomydes dyd passynge wel and myghtely/but he torned ageynst the party that he cam in with alle / and that causeth hym to lese a grete parte of hys worshyp/for it semed that sir Palomydes is passyng enuyous Thenne shalle he neuer wynne worshyp said Quene Gueneuer for and it happeth an enuyous man ones to wynne worshyp he shalle be dishonoured thryes therfore / And for this cause alle men of worshyp hate an enuyous man/ and wille shelde hym no fauour / And he that is curtois and kynde and gentil hath fauour in euery place/

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NOw leue we of this mater/and speke we of sir Palomydes that rode and lodged hym with the two kynges wherof the kynges were fruy/Thenne the kynge of Irland sent a man of his to syr Palomydes and gaf hym a grete courser/and the kynge of Scotland gaf hym grete yeftes/

and sayne they wold haue had sire Palomydes to haue abyden with them/but in no wyse he wold abyde/and soo he departed/and rode as auenture wold guyde hym/tyll it was nyghe none/And thenne in a forest by a welle syr Palomydes sawe where lay a fayre wounded knyght and his hors bounden by hym/and that knyght made the grettest dole that euer he herd any man make/for euer he wepte and cher with he syghed as though he wold dye/Thenne syre Palomydes rode nere hym and salewed hym myldly and sayd/fayr knyght why wayle ye soo/lete me lye downe and wayle with yow/for doubte not I am moche more heuyer than ye are/for I dare say sayd Palomydes that my sorowe is an hondred fold more than youre is and therfor lete vs complayne eyther to other/Fyrst saide the wounded knyght I requyre yow telle me your name/for & thow be none of the noble knyghtes of the round tabble/thou shalt neuer knowe my name/What someuer come of me/Fayre knyght saide Palomydes suche as I am be it better or be hit werse Wete thou wel that my name is sire Palomydes sone & heyre vnto kynge Astlabor/and sir Safyr and sir Segwarydes are my two bretheren/and wete thou wel as for my self I was neuer crystened/but my two bretheren ar truly crystend O noble knyght saide that knyght / wel is me that I haue mette with yow / and wete ye wel my name is Eppynogrys the kynges sone of Northumberland / Now sytte doune sayd Eppynogrys/and lete vs eyther complayne to other / Thenne syre Palomydes beganne his complaynte / Now shalle I telle yow saide Palomydes what wo I endure I loue the fairest Quene and lady that euer bare lyf/and wete ye wel her name is la Beale Isoud kynge Markes wyf of Cornewaile / That is grete foly saide Eppynogrys for to loue Quene Isoud For one of the best knyghtes of the world loueth her / that is sir Tristram de lyones/that is trouthe said Palomydes / for no man knoweth that matter better than I doo/for I haue ben in sir Tristrams felauship this moneth and with la beale Isoud to gyders/and alas said Palomydes vnhappy may that I am now haue I loste the felauship of syre Tristram for euer & the loue of la beale Isoud for euer/and I am neuer lyke to see her more/and sir Tristram & I ben eyther to other mortal enemys

Wel sayd Eppynogrys/sythe that ye louedy la Beale Isoudy/ louedy she yold euer ageyne by ony thyng that ye coude thynke or wyte/or els dydy ye trioyse her euer in ony pleasyr/ Nay by my knyghthode sayd Palomydes I neuer aspyedy that euer she louedy me more than alle the worldy/nor neuer hady I pleasyr with her/But the laste daye she gaf me the gretyst rebuke that euer I hady/the whiche shalle neuer goo from my herte/ & yet I wel deseruedy that rebuke/for I dydy not knyghtely/ & therfor I haue lost the loue of her andy of sir Tristram forever/ & I haue many tymes enforcedy my self to doo many dedes for la beale Isoudy sake/ andy she was the cause of my worship wynnynge/ Allas said sir Palomydes nold haue I lost alle the worshyp that euer I wanne/for neuer shalle me befalle suche prowesse as I hady in the felaushyp of sir Tristram

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NAy nay sayde Eppynogrys youre sorowde is but Japes to my sorowde/for I trioyedy my lady andy wanne her with my handes/ andy loste her ageyn allas that daye/ Thus fyrst I wanne her saidy Eppynogrys My lady was an Erles doughter And as the Erle and two knyghtes cam from the turnement of Lonezep/ for her sake I sette vpon this erle andy on his two knyghtes my lady there beynge present/ andy soo by fortune there I slewe the erle and one of the knyghtes andy the other knyghte fledde/ andy soo that nyghte I hady my lady/ Andy on the morne as she andy I reposedy vs atte thys welle syde/there came there to me an erraunt knyghte his name was syr Helyor le preuse an hardy knyght/ andy this sire Helyor chalengedy me to fyghte for my lady/ Andy thenne we wente to bataylle fyrst vpon hors andy after on foote/ But at the laste sir Helyor woundedy me soo that he lefte me for dede/andy soo he toke my lady with hym/ Andy thus my sorowde is more than youres/for I haue trioyed and ye trioyedy neuer That is trouthe saidy Palomydes/but sythe I can neuer recouer my self I shalle promyse yold yf I can mete with sir Helyor I shalle gete yold youre lady ageyne or els he shalle kecche me/ Thenne sire Palomydes made sir Eppynogrys to take his hors

and so they rode to an hermytage/and there sir Eppinogrys re sted hym/ And in the meane whyle syre Palomydes walked prycely oute to reste hym vnder the leues/and there besyde he salwe a knyghte come rydynge with a shelde that he had sene sir Ector de marys here afore hande/ and there came after hym a ten knyghtes/and soo these x knyghtes houed vnder the le ues for hete/ And anone after there came a knyzt with a gre ne shelde / and there in a whyte lyon| ledynge a lady vpon a palfroy/Thene this knyzt with the grene shelde that semed to be maister of the ten knyghtes he rode fyersly after sire Helyor / For it was he that hurte sir Eppinogrys/ And whanne he cam nyghe sir Helyor/ he badde hym defende his lady/I will defende her sayd Helyor vnto my power/and soo they ranne to gyders soo myghtely that eyther of these knyghtes smote other doune hors and all to the erthe/and thenne they wanne vp lyghtely and drewe their swerdes and their sheldes/and lasshed to gy ders myghtely more than an houre/ Alle this sire Palomydes salwe and behelde but euer at the laste the knyghte with sir Ec tors shelde was byggar/and att the laste this knyghte smote sir Helyor doune/and thenne that knyghte vnlaced his helme to haue stryken of his hede/ And thenne he cryed merry/ and prayd hym to saue his lyf and badde hym take his lady /

¶ Thenne sire Palomydes dressid hym vp by cause he wyste wel that that same lady was Eppinogrys lady / and he pro mysed hym to helpe hym/Thenne sir Palomydes wente strey ght to that lady and toke her by the hand and asked her wh ther she knewe a knyghte that hyghte Eppinogrys/ Alas she sayd that euer he knewe me or I hym/for I haue for his sa ke loste my worshyp/and also his lyf greueth me moost of al that so lady sayd Palomydes/come on with me/for here is Ep pinogris in this hermytage/ A wel is me sayd the lady and he on lyue/whether wylt thow with that lady said the kny ght with syr Ectors shelde/ I will doo with her what me lyst sayd Palomydes/wete yold wel sayd that knyghte thou spe kest ouer large/though thou semest me to haue at auauntage/ by cause thow salwest me doo bataylle but late/Thou weneste sir knyghte to haue that lady alway from me so lyghtly/nay thy nke hit neuer not / and thow were as goody a knyghte as is

ſyr launcelot or as is ſir Triſtram or ſir Palomydes/but thold ſhalt wynne her dere than euer dyd I/and ſoo they went vn to bataylle vpon foote/and there they gaf many ſadde ſtrokes / and eyther wounded other paſſyng ſore//and thus they foujt ſtille more than an houre/Thenne ſire Palomydes had merueil what knyght he myght be that was ſoo ſtronge and ſoo wel brethed durynge/and thus ſaid Palomydes/knyzt I requyre the telle me thy name/Wete thold wel ſaid that knyght I dar telle the my name/ſoo that thold wilt telle me thy name/ I wille ſaid palomydes/Truly ſaid that knyght / my name is Safyr ſone of kynge Aſtlabor and ſyre palomydes and ſyre Segwarydes are my bretheren/Nold and wete thou wel / my name is ſir Palomydes/Thenne ſir Safyr kneled doune vpon his knees and prayd hym of mercy/and thenne they vnlaced their helmes/and eyther kyſſed other wepynge / And in the meane whyle ſire Eppynogrys awoſe oute of his bedde / and herd them by the ſtrokes / and ſoo he armed hym to helpe ſire Palomydes yf nede were

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Thenne ſir Palomydes toke the lady by the hand / & brought her to ſire Eppynogrys / and there was grete ioye betwixe them/for eyther ſwouned for Joye/whan they were mette/Fair knyght and lady ſaid ſir Safer/it were pyte to departe yold / Jheſu ſend yold Joye eyther of other / Gramercy gentyl knyght ſaid Eppynogrys/ and mocke more thanke be to my lord ſir Palomydes/that thus hath thurgh his prowdeſſe made me to gete my lady/ Thenne ſir Eppynogrys requyred ſire Palomydes and ſire Safere his brother to ryde with them vnto his caſtel for the ſauf gard of his perſon/Sire ſaid Palomydes we wille be redy to conduyte you by cauſe that ye are ſore wounded/and ſoo was Eppuogrys and his lady horſed/and his lady behynde hym vpon a ſofte ambuler / And thenne they rode vnto his caſtel where they had grete chere and Joye as grete as euer ſir Palomydes and ſir Safere had in their lyfe dayes/Soo on the morne ſir Safere and ſir palo mydes departed and rode as fortune ledde them / and ſoo they

wode alle that daye vntyl after none/And at the last they herde a grete wepynge and a grete noyse doune in a manoir/Syre saide thenne sir Safere lete vs wete what noyse this is/I wil wel saide sir palomydes/and soo they rode forth tyl that they came to a fayr gate of a manoir/and there satte an olde man sayenge his prayers and beedes/Thenne sire palomydes and sir Safere alyghte and lefte their horses/and wente within the gates/and there they salwe ful many goodely men wepynge/ ¶ Fair syrs saide palomydes wherfore wepe ye/and make this sorowe/Anone one of the knyghtes of the castel behelde sir palomydes/and knewe hym/and thenne wente to his felawes and saide Fair felawes wete ye wel al/we haue in this Castel the same knyght that slewe oure lorde at Conezep/for I knowe hym wel it is syre palomydes/Thenne they wente vn to harneis alle that myghte bere harneis/some on horsback/and some on foote to the nombre of thre score/And whan they were redy/they came fressely vpon syr palomydes and vpon syr Safere with a grete noyse and sayde thus/kepe the syre palomydes.for thold arte knowen/and by ryght thold must be dede for thold hast slayne oure lorde/and therfore wete ye wel/we wille slee the/therfore defende the/Thenne sir palomydes & syr Safer the one sette his bak to the other/and gaf many grete strokes/and wolt many grete strokes/and thus they fought with a twenty knyghtes and fourty gentilmen/and yomen nyghe two houres/But at the last though they were bothe sir palomydes and syr Safere were taken and yolden and putte in a stronge pryson/and within thre dayes twelue knyghtes passed vpon them/and they fonde sir palomydes gylty/and syr Safyr not gylty of their dedes dethe/And whan sir Safyr sholde be delyuerd there was grete dole betwixe syr palomydes and hym/and many pyteous complayntys that sir Safyr made at his departynge/there is no maker can reherse the tenthe parte/Fair broder saide palomydes lete be thy dolour and thy sorou/And yf I be ordeyned to dye a shameful dethe wel come be it/but and I had wist of this deth that I am demed vnto I shold neuer haue ben yolden/Soo syr Safere departed from his broder with the grettest dolour and sorou that euer made knyghte/ ¶ And on the morne they of the castel

ordeyned .xii. knyghtes to ryde with syr Palomydes vnto the fader of the same knyght that syr Palomydes slewe/ and soo they bounde his legges vnder an old stedes bely/ And thenne they rode with syr Palomydes vnto a Castel by the see syde that hyghte Pelounes/ and there syr Palomydes sholde haue Justyce/thus was their ordenaunce/and so they rode with syr palomydes fast by the Castel of Joyous garde/ ¶ And as they passed by that Castel/there came rydynge oute of that castel by them one that knewe syr palomydes / And whan that knyghte sawe sire palomydes bounden vpon a crokked courser / the knyght asked syre palomydes/ for what cause he was ledde so/ A my fair felawe and knyghte sayde palomydes/ I ryde to warde my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at a turnement of Lonezep/ & yf I hadde not departed from my lorde syr Tristrā as I ought not to haue done/ nolde myght I haue ben sure to haue had my lyf saued/ But I pray yolde syr knyght recommaunde me vnto my lorde sir Tristram and vnto my lady Quene Isoude/ & say to them/yf euer I trespaced to them / I aske them forgyuenes / And also I beseche yolde recommaunde me vnto my lorde kynge Arthur and to alle the felauship of the round table vnto my polder / Thenne that knyghte wepte for pyte of syr palomydes/and there with alle he rode vnto Joyous garde as faste as his horse myghte renne/ and lyghtly that knyght descended doune of his horse and wente vnto sir Tristram/ and there he tolde hym alle as ye haue herde / and euer the knyghte wepte as he hadde ben madde

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When sir Tristram herde holde sir palomydes was went to his dethe/he was sory to here that/and sayde holde he it that I am wroth with sir palomydes/yet wil not I suffre hym to dye so shameful a dethe for he is a ful noble knyght/ & thenne anon sir Tristram was armed & tolde his horse & tldo squyres with hym/& rode a grete pace towarde the castel of pelounes where sir palomydes was Jugede to dethe/& these tlvelue knyghtes that led sir palomydes passed by a welle where as sir launcelot was which was alyghte there & had tyed his horse to a tree & taken of his helme to drynke of that welle/& whan he sawe these

knyghtes / syr launcelot putte on his helme / and suffred them to passe by hym / And thenne was he ware of sire Palomydes comyng and ledde shamefully to his dethe / O Ihesu sayd launcelot what myschaunce is befalle hym that he is thus ledde to ward his dethe / Forsoth sayd launcelot it were shame to me / to suffre this noble knyght soo to dye and I myghte helpe hym therfor I wille helpe hym what someuer come of hit / or els I shal dye for syr Palomydes sake / ¶ And thenne sir launcelot mounted vpon his hors and gate his spere in his hand / and rode after the twelue knyghtes that ledde sir Palomydes / Fair knyghtes sayd sir Launcelot whyder lede ye that knyght / it besemeth hym full ylle to ryde bounden / Thenne these twelue knyghtes sodenly torned their horses / and sayd to sir launcelot / syr knyghte be counceille the not to medle with this knyght / for he hath deserued deth / and vnto dethe he is juged / that me repenteth sayd launcelot that I may not bewelde hym with fayrenesse / for he is ouer goody a knyghte to dye suche a shame full dethe / And therfor fayre knyghtes sayd syr launcelot kepe yold as wel as ye may / for I will wreke that knyght or dye for it / Thenne they beganne to dresse their speres / and sir launcelot smote the formest doune hors and man / and so he serued thre moo with one spere / and thenne that spere brast / and there with al sir launcelot drewe his swerd / and thenne he smote on the ryght hand / and on the lyfte hand / thenne within a whyle he lefte none of tho twelue knyghtes / but he hadde leyd them to the erthe / and the moost party of hem were sore wounded / & thenne syr Launcelot took the beste hors that he fonde and bousshed sire Palomydes / and sette hym vpon that hors / and so they retorned ageyne vnto Joyous gard / & thenne was sir Palomydes ware of sir Tristram how he came rydynge / And whan sir Launcelot salued hym / he knewe hym wel / but sir Tristram knewe not hym by cause syre Launcelot had on his sholder a golden shelde / Soo syr launcelot made hym redy to juste with syr Tristram / that sire Tristram sholde not wene that he were syre Launcelot / Thenne sir Palomydes cryed on hyghe to syr Tristram O my lorde I requyre yold juste not with this knyght / for this goode knyght hath saued me from my dethe / Whan syre Tristram herde hym saye so / he came a softe trottyng

paas towardȝ them / Andȝ thenne ſyre Palomydes ſaydȝ / My lordȝ ſyr Triſtram moche am I beholdynge vnto yold of youre grete goodenes that woldȝ profer youre noble body to reſcolde me vndeſerued / for I haue gretely offendedȝ yold / Not withſtandynge ſaidȝ ſire Palomydes here mette we with this noble knyghte that worſhipfully andȝ manly reſcolvedȝ me from yn knyghes / andȝ ſmote them doune alle andȝ woundedȝ them ſore

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Fayre knyght ſaidȝ ſyr Triſtram vnto ſyre Launcelot / of whens be ye / I am a knyght erraunt ſaydȝ ſir Launcelot that rydeth to ſeke many aduentures / what is your name ſaidȝ ſir Triſtram / ſyre at this tyme I wille not telle yold / Thenne ſyre launcelot ſaydȝ vnto ſir Triſtram andȝ to palomydes / nold eyther of yold ar mette to gyderes / I wille departe from yold / Not ſoo ſaidȝ ſyr Triſtram I pray yold of knyghthode to ryde with me vnto my Caſtel / Wete yold wel ſaidȝ ſyr Launcelot I may not ryde with yold / for I haue many dedes to doo in other places / that att this tyme I maye not abyde with yold / A mercy Jheſu ſaidȝ ſyr Triſtram I requyre yold / as ye be a true knyghte to the ordre of knyghthode / playe you with me this nyghte / Thenne ſire Triſtram hadȝ a graunte of ſyre launcelot / hold be it thoughe he hadȝ not deſyredȝ hym / he woldȝ haue rydeȝ with hem / outher ſoone haue come after them for ſyr launcelot cam for none other cauſe in to that Countrey but for to ſee ſyr Triſtram / And whanne they were come with in Joyous gardȝ / they alyghte / and their horſes were ledde in to a ſtable / andȝ thenne they vnarmedȝ them / Andȝ whanne ſyre Launcelot was vnhelmed / ſir Triſtram and ſyr Palomydes knelde hym / Thenne ſire Triſtram wolde ſyr launcelot in armes / & ſoo dydȝ la Beale Jſoudȝ / andȝ Palomydes kneledȝ doune vp on his knees / andȝ thankedȝ ſyr Launcelot / whan ſyr launcelot ſalde ſir Palomydes knele / he lyghtely tolde hym vp andȝ ſayd thus / Wete thou wel ſir Palomydes J and ony knyght in this landȝ of worſhip oughte of verray ryght ſocoure andȝ reſcolde

soo noble a knyght as ye are prouyd and renoumed thurgh oute alle this reame endonge and ouerthwart / And thenne was there Joye amonge them/and the oftyner that syre Palomydes salde la Beale Isoud/ the leuyer he wayed day by day Thenne sir launcelot within thre or four dayes departed/and with hym wode sir Ector de marys/ and Dynadan and sir Palomydes were thew lefte with sire Tristram a two monethes & more/ But euer sire Palomydes faded and morned that alle men had merueylle wherfore he faded soo alweye / So vppn a day in the daunynge sire Palomydes went in to the foreste by hym self alone/and there he fond a welle/and thenne he lokked in to the welle/and in the water he salde his owne vysage how he was distourbled and defaded nothyng lyke that he was What may this meane said sire Palomydes/and thus he said to hym self/A Palomydes/Palamydes/why arte thou dyffaded thou that was wonte to be called one of the fayreste knyghtes of the world/I wille no more lede this lyf / for I loue that I maye neuer gete nor recouer/ And therw with all he leyd hym doune by the welle/ And thenne he beganne to make a ryme of la Beale Isoud and hym/ ¶ And in the meane whyle syr Tristram was that same day ryden in to the foreste to chace the herte of greese/but sire Tristram wold not ryde on huntynge neuer more vnarmed by cause of syr Breuse sauns pyte/and soo as sir Tristram rode in to that foreste vp and doune/he herd one synge meruelously lowde / and that was syr Palomydes that lay by the welle / And thenne syr Tristram rode softely thyder/for he demed/ there was some knyght excaunt that was at the welle

¶ And whanne sire Tristram came nyghe hym / he descended doune from his hors and tyed his hors fast tyl a tree/ and thenne he came nere hym on foote / and anone he was ware where lay sire palomydes by the welle and sange lowde and meryly /and euer the complaynte were of that noble Quene La Beale Isoud / the whiche was merueylously and wonderfully wel sayd/and ful dolefully and pytously made And alle the hole sonne the noble knyghte sire Tristram herd from the begynnynge to the endynge / the whiche greued and troubled hym sore ¶ But thenne at the last whanne

ſir Triſtram hadȝ herdȝ all ſir Palomydes complayntes he had
wrothe ouer of meſure & thouȝt for to ſlee hym there as he lay
Thenne ſyr Triſtram remembrydȝ hȝ ym ſelf that ſir Palomydes
had vnarmed andȝ of the noble name that ſir Palomydes had
andȝ the noble name that hym ſelf hadȝ/andȝ thenne he made a
reſtraynte of his anger/& ſo he went vnto ſire Palomydes a
ſofte paas andȝ ſaidȝ ſir Palomydes I haue herdȝ youre com-
playnte andȝ of thy treaſon that thow haſt olvedȝ me ſo longe
Andȝ wete thou wel therfor thow ſhalt dye/ Andȝ yf it were
not for ſhame of knyȝthode/thow ſholdeſt not eſcape my han-
des/for now I knowe wel thow haſt aWaytedȝ me with trea-
ſon. Telle me ſaidȝ ſyr Triſtram how thow wolt acquyte the/
Sir ſaidȝ Palomydes thus I wille acquyte me/as for Que-
ne la beale Iſoudȝ ye ſhal wete wel that I loue her aboue all
other ladyes in this worldȝ/andȝ wel I wote it ſhalle befalle
me as for her loue as befelle to the noble knyghte ſyre Ecthy-
dius that dyedȝ for the loue of la Beale Iſoudȝ/and now ſir
Triſtram I wil that ye wete that I haue lonedȝ la Beale Iſ-
oudȝ many a day/andȝ ſhe hath ben the cauſer of my worſhyp
And elles I hadȝ ben the moſt ſympleſt knyght in the world
For by her / andȝ by cauſe of her/I haue wonne the worſhyp
that I haue/for whan I remembrydȝ me of la Beale Iſoudȝ
I wanne the worſhip where ſomeuer I came for the moſt par-
ty / and yet hadȝ I neuer welcomȝ nor kounte of her the dayes
of my lyf/andȝ yet haue I ben her knyght gladlyeſt/ Andȝ
therfor ſyr Triſtram as for ony deth I drede not/ for I hadde
as lyef dye as to lyue/And yf I were armed as thow arte /
I ſholdȝ lyghtly doo batail with the/ wel haue ye wytterd yo-
ur treaſon ſaidȝ Triſtram/I haue done to yow no treaſon ſaidȝ
Palomydes/for loue is free for alle menȝ/andȝ thoughe I ha-
ue lonedȝ your lady/ſhe is my lady as wel as yours/ how be
it I haue wronge yf ony wronge be/for ye wioyne her/and ha
ue your deſyre of her/and ſoo hadȝ I neuer nor neuer am ly-
ke to haue / and yet ſhall I loue her to the vttermeſt dayes of
my lyf as wel as ye

Capitulum lxxxviij

Thenne ſaid ſyr Triſtram I wil fyghte with yow to the
vttermeſt/I graunte ſaide Palomydes / for in a letter

quarel kepe I neuer to fyghte/ for & I dye of your handes/of a better knyghtes handes may I not be slayne/ And sythen I vnderstande that I shalle neuer reioyce la beale Isoud/ I haue as good wylle to dye as to lyue/ Thenne sette ye a day said sir Tristram that we shalle doo batayle/this day/ yere/dayes said palomydes wylle I mete with yolu here by/ in the medolue vnder Joyous gard/ Fy for shame said sire Tristram/ wille ye sette soo longe day/lete vs fyghte to morn/ Not soo sayd palomydes/ for I am megre and haue ben longe seke for the loue of la beale Isoud/ and therfore I wille repose me tyl I haue my strengthe ageyne/ Soo thenne sire Tristram and syr palomydes promysed feythfully to mete at the welle that day yere dayes/ I am remembryd said sir Tristram to palomydes/ that ye brake me ones a promyse whan that I rescolued yolu from Breuse sauce ypre and iy knyghtes/ and thene ye promysed me to mete me at the peron and the graue besydes Camelot/ where as at that tyme ye fayled of your promyse/ wete you wel said palomydes vnto sir Tristram I was at that day in prysone so that I myghte not holde my promyse/ So god me helpe said sir Tristram/ and ye had holden your promyse this werk had not ben here nolu at this tyme/ Ryghte soo departed syr Tristram and sire palomydes/ And soo sire palomydes toke his hors and his harneis/ and he rode vnto kynge Arthurs Courte/ and there syr palomydes gat hym four knyghtes and four sergeaunts of armes/ and soo he retorned ageynward vnto Joyous gard/ And in the meane whyle syr Tristram chaced and hunted at alle maner of venery/ and aboute thre dayes afore the batayle shold be/ as syr Tristram chaced an herte ther was an Archer shot at the herte/ and by myssortune he smote syr Tristram in the thyck of the thygh/ and the arowe slewe sir Tristrams hors & hurte hym/ whan sir Tristram was so hurte/ he was passynge hevy/ and wete ye wel he bled sore/ and thenne he took another hors/ and rode vnto Joyous gard with grete heuyneese more for the promyse that he hadde made with sir palomydes as to doo batayle with hym within thre dayes after than for ony hurte of his thyz/ wherfor ther was neyther man ne woman that coude chere hym with ony thynge that they cowde make to hym/ neyther Quene la beale Isoud/ for euer he

medy that syr launcelot hady smyten hym soo / that he sholde not be able to doo bataylle with hym at the day sette/

Capitulum lxxxviij

But in no wyse there was no knyghte aboute syr Tris/ tram that wolde byleue that euer syr Palomydes wolde hurte sir Tristram neyther by his owne handes nor by none other consentynge/ thenne whan the fyfteenth day was come sir Palomydes came to the welle with four knyghtes with hym of Arthurs courte and thre sergeauntes of armes / And for this entervente syr palomydes broughte the knyghtes with hym and the sergeaunt of armes/ for they sholde bere recorde of the bataylle betwixe syre Tristram and syr Palomydes/ And the one sergeaunt broughte in his helme/the other his spere/the thyrde his swerde/Soo thus Palomydes came in to the felde / & there he abode nyghe two houres/ and thenne he sente a squyer vnto syr Tristram / and desyred hym to come in to the felde/to holde his promyse/whan the squyer was come to Joyous gard Anone as sir Tristram herde of his comynge he lete commaunde that the squyer sholde come to his presence there as he lay in his tente/My lorde sir Tristram saide Palomydes squyer wete yolde wel my lorde Palomydes abydeth yolde in the felde / and he wolde wete whether ye wolde doo bataylle or not/A my fair broder saide sir Tristram wete thou wel that I am ryghte reuy for these tydynges/therfor telle sire Palomydes/ and I were wel atte ease I wolde not lye here nor he sholde haue noo nede to sende for me/and I myghte outher ryde or goo/and for thou shalt saye that I am no lyer/ syre Tristram shewede hym his thye that the wounde was sixe Inches depe/and nowe thou hast sene my hurte/telle thy lorde that this is no fayned matter and telle hym that I had leuer than all the gold of kyng Arthur that I were hole/& telle palomydes as soone as I am hole I shal seke him endlong & ouerthwart & ꝑ I promyse you as I am true knyght/& if euer I may mete with hym/he shal haue batail of me his fylle/& with this the squyer departed/& when palomydes wiste ꝑ tristrā was hurt he was glad & said nolde I

am sure I shalle haue no shame/for I wote wel I sholde haue had hard handelynge of hym/and by lykely I muste nedes haue had the werse/For he is the hardest knyghte in bataylle that nold is lyuynge except sir Launcelot / And thenne departed syr Palomydes where as fortune ladde hym/& within a moneth sir Tristram was hole of his hurte / And thenne he took his hors/and rode from countray to countrey/ and all straunge aduentures he achyeued where someuer he rode/ and al weyes he enquyred for sire Palomydes/but of alle that quarter of sommer syr Tristram coude neuer mete with sir Palomydes / But thus as sir Tristram soughte and enquyred after sire Palomydes/sir Tristram enchyeued many grete batails wherethorugh alle the noyse felle to syr Tristram/and it seased of sir launcelot/& therfor syre launcelots brethern and his kynnesmen wolde haue slayne sire Tristram by cause of his fame/ But whanne syre launcelot wyste how his kynnesmen were set/he saide to them openly wete yolw wel that and the enuy of yolw alle he soo hardy to wayte vpon my lordy sir Tristram with ony hurte/shame/or vylony/as I am true knyghte / I shalle slee the best of yolw with myne owne handes/Alas fy for shame sholdy ye for his noble dedes alwayte vpon hym to slee hym/Ihesu defende saidy launcelot that euer ony noble knyghte as syre Tristram is sholdy be destroyedy with treason/ Of this noyse and fame sprange in to Cornewaile / and amonge them of Lyonas/wherof they were passynge gladde/and made grete Joye/ And thenne they of Lyonas sente letters vnto sire Tristram of recommendacyon/and many grete yeftes to maynteine sir Tristrams estate/and euer bitwene sir Tristram resorted vnto Joyous gardy where as la Beale Isoudy was that louedy hym as her lyf /

Here endeth the tenthe book whiche is of syr Tristram
And here followeth the Enleuenth book whiche is of sir launcelot

¶ Capitulum primum

NOw leue we syr Triſtram de lyones / & ſpeke we of ſire launcelot du lake and of ſire Gala halt ſyr launcelots ſone how he was gotyn / and in what maner as the book of Frenſſhe wherof Afore the tyme that ſyre Galahalt was gotyn or borne / there came in an hermyte vnto kynge Arthur vpon whytſonday / as the knyghtes ſatte at the table round / And whan the hermyte ſalve the ſyege perilous / he aſked the kyng and alle the knyghtes why that ſege was voyd / Sir Arthur and alle the knyghtes anſwerd / ther ſhalle neuer none ſytte in that ſyege / but one / but yf he be deſtroyed / ¶ Thenne ſayd the hermyte wote ye what is he / nay ſaid Arthur / and alle the knyghtes / we wote not who is he / that ſhalle ſytte therin / thenne wote I ſaid the hermyte / for he that ſhal ſytte there is vnborne and vngotyn / and this same yere he ſhalle be gotyn that ſhalle ſytte ther in that ſyege perilous / and he ſhall wynne the Sangreal whan this hermyte had made this menſyon he departed from the courte of kynge Arthur / And thenne after this forſte syr launcelot rode on his aduenture tyl on a tyme by aduenture he paſt ouer the pounte of Corbyn / and there he ſalve the fayreſt toure that euer he ſalve / and ther vnder was a fayre Tolvne ful of peple and alle the peple men and wymmen cryed at ones / welcome ſir Launcelot du lake the flour of alle knyghthode for by the alle we ſhalle be holpen oute of daunger / what mene ye ſaid ſire Launcelot that ye cryc ſoo vpon me / A fayr knyght ſaid they alle here is within thys Toure a dolorous lady that hath ben therin paynes many wynters and dayes / for euer ſhe boyleth in ſcaldynge water / & but late ſaid alle the peple ſire Galvayne was here and he myght not helpe her / and ſoo he lefte her in payne / Soo may I ſaide syr Launcelot leue her in payne as wel as ſire Galvayne dyd Nay ſaid the peple we knowe wel that it is ſir Launcelot that ſhalle delyuer her / wel ſaid launcelot / thenne ſhewe me what I ſhalle doo / thenne they brought ſire launcelot in to the toure And when he came to the chamber there as this lady was the dores of yron vnlocked and vnbolted / And ſo syr launcelot

wente in to the chambre that was as hote as ony stewe/ And there syr launcelot toke the fayreste lady by the handy / that euer he sawe/ and she was naked as a nedel/ and by enchauntemẽt Quene Morgan le fay and the Quene of Northgalys hadde put her there in that paynes by cause she was called the faireste lady of that countrey/ and there she hadde ben fyue yeres / and neuer myghte she be delyuerd oute of her grete paynes vnto the tyme the beste knyghte of the worldy hadde taken her by the handy/ Thenne the peple broughte her clothes/ And whanne she was arayed / syre launcelot thoughte she was the fayreste lady of the wordy/ but yf it were Quene Gueneuer/ thenne this lady saidy to sire Launcelot/ syre yf hit please yow ye wille goo with me here by in to a chappel that we may yelde louyng and thankynge vnto gody/ ¶ Madame saidy sir launcelot cometh on with me I wille goo with yow / So whanne they came there and gaf thankynges to gody/ alle the peple both lerned and lewde gaf thankynges vnto gody and hym/ and saidy sir knyght syn ye haue delyuerd this lady/ ye shall delyuer vs from a serpent that is here in a tombe/ Thenne syr launcelot wolde his shelde and saidy kynge me thyder/ and what I may doo vnto the pleasyr of gody and yow I wille doo/ ¶ Soo whanne sir Launcelot came thyder/ he sawe wryten vpon the tombe letters of goldy that saidy thus/ Here shalle come a lyonde of kynges blood/ and he shalle slee this serpent / and this lyonde shalle engendre a lyon in this forsayn countrey the whiche lyon shall passe alle other knyghtes / Soo thenne sir launcelot lyfte vp the tombe/ and there came out an horryble & a fyendly dragon spyttynge fyre oute of his mouthe/ Thenne sir launcelot drewe his swerdy and fought with the dragon longe/ and atte laste with grete payne sir launcelot slewe that dragon/ There with alle came kynge Ryons the goody and noble knyght/ and sawe slewedy syr launcelot and he hym ageyne/ Fair knyghte saidy the kynge/ what is your name/ I requyre you of your knyghthode telle me

¶ Capitulum ij

Syr saidy launcelot wete yow wel my name is syre launcelot du lake/ & my name is saidy the kyng/ Ryons

kynge of the foreyn countrey/and cosyn nygh vnto Joseph of Armathye/ And thenne eyther of them made moche of other/ and soo they went in to the Castel to take theyr repaste/ and anone there came in a doue at a wyndowe/ and in her mouth there semed a lytel censer of gold/ And there with alle there was suche a sauour as alle the spycery of the world had ben there/ And forth with all there was vpon the table al maner of metes and drynkes that they coude thynke vpon/ Soo cam in a damoysel passynge fayre and yonge/ and she bare a vessel of gold betwix ye her handes/ and therw the kynge kneled deuoutely/ and said his prayers/ and soo dyd alle that were there/ O Jhesu said sir launcelot what maye this meane/ thys is said the kynge the rychest thyng that ony man hath lyuyng And whanne this thynge goth aboute/ the round table shall be broken/ and wete thow wel said the kynge this is the holy Sangreal that ye haue here sene/ Soo the kynge and sir launcelot ladde their lyf the moost parte of that daye/ And fayne wold kynge Pelles haue fonde the meane to haue hadde syre Launcelot to haue layne by his doughter fayre Elayne/ And for this entent the kyng kneled wel that syr launcelot sholde gete a chylde vpon his doughter/ the which sholde be named sir Galahalt the good knyght/ by whome alle the forayn countrey sholde be brought oute of daunger/ and by hym the holy graale sholde be encheued/

¶ Thenne came forth a lady that hyght Dame Brysen/ and she said vnto the kynge/ Syr wete ye wel/ syre Launcelot loueth no lady in the world but alle only Quene Gueneuer/ and therfore wyrche ye by counsylle and I shalle make hym to lye with your doughter/ & he shall not wete but that he lyeth with Quene Gueneuer/ O fayre lady dame Brysen said the kyng/ hope ye to brynge this about syr said she vpon payne of my lyf lete me dele/ for this Brysen was one of the grettest enchauntresses that was at that tyme in the world lyuynge/

¶ Thenne anone by dame Brysens wytte she made one to come to syr launcelot that he kneled wel/ And this man brought hym a ryng from Quene Gueneuer lyke as hit hadde come from her/ and suche one as she was wonte for the moost parte to were/ & whan sir launcelot salde that token wete ye wel he was

neuer ſoo fayne/ where is my lady ſaid ſyr launcelot/ in the caſ
tel of Caſe ſaid the meſſager but fyue myle thens/ Thenne ſir
launcelot thought to be there the ſame nyght / And thenne
this Bryſen by the commaundement of kynge Pelles lete ſen
de Elayne to this caſtel with yyb knyghtes vnto the caſtel of
Caſe/ Thenne ſyr launcelot ageynſt nyght rode vnto that caſ
tel/ and there anone he was receyued worſhipfully with ſuche
peple to his ſemyng as there aboute Quene Queneuer ſecrete
Soo whanne ſir Launcelot was alyghte/ he aſked where the
Quene was/ Soo dame Bryſen ſaid ſhe was in her bedde / &
thenne the peple were auoyded / and ſir launcelot was ledde
vnto his chamber/ And thenne dame Bryſen brought ſir la
uncelot a cup ful of wyne/ and anone as he had dronken that
wyn/ he was ſoo aſſoted and madde that he myght make no
delay/ but withouten ony lette he went to bedde/ and he wende
that mayden Elayne had ben Quene Gueneuer / Wete yow
wel that ſir launcelot was glad and ſoo was that lady E
layne/ that ſhe had geten ſir launcelot in her armes / For well
ſhe knewe that ſame nyght ſholde he gete vpon her Galahalt
that ſholde preue the beſt knyghte of the worlde / and ſoo they
lay to gyders vntyl vndorne on the morn/ and alle the wyndo
wes and holes of that chamber were ſtopped that no man ne
of day myght he ſene/ And thenne ſire launcelot remembred
hym/ and he aroſe vp and wente to the wyndowe /

Capitulum Tercium

And anone as he had vnſhet the wyndowe the enchaū
tement was gone/ thēne he knelde hym ſelf that he had
done amys/ Allas he ſayd that I haue lyued ſo long
nowe I am ſhamed/ Soo thenne he gat his ſwerd in his hand
and ſaid thow traitreſſe what arte thow that I haue layn by
alle this nyghte/ thow ſhalt dye ryghte here of my handes /
Thenne this fayr lady Elaye ſkypped out of her bedde al na
ked and kneled doune afore ſir launcelot/ and ſayd Fair cur
teis knyghte comen of kynges bloode/ I requyre yow haue mer
cy vpon me/ And as thow arte renoumed the mooſt noble

kynghte of the worldy/slee me not / for I haue in my wombe
hym by the/that shal be the moost noblest kynyte of the worldy
A fals traitresse saidy syr launcelot why hast thou betrayedy
me/anone telle me what thou arte/Syr she said I am Elayn
the doughter of Kynge pelles/wel saidy sire launcelot I wyl
forgyue you this dede/andy there with he took her vp in his ar
mes/andy kyssedy her/ for she was as fayr a lady and there to
lusty and yonge andy as wyse as ony was that tyme lyuyng
So godyn me helpe saidy sir launcelot I may not wyte thys to
you / but her that made this enchauntement vpon me as by
tweene you and me/andy I may fynde her that same lady Bry
seny I shalle lese her hede for wytchecraftes / for there was ne
uer kynghte dceyuedy soo as I am this nyghte/ And soo syr
launcelot arayedy hym / andy armedy hym / and toke his leue
myldely at that lady yonge Elayne/andy soo he departedy/
Thenne she said my lord sir launcelot I biseche you see me as
soone as ye may/for I haue obeyed me vnto the prophecy that
my fader tolde me/ Andy by his commaūdement to fulfille this
prophecy I haue gyuen the grettest ryches and the fayrest flo
ure that euer I had/andy that is my maydenhode that I shalle
neuer haue ageyne/ andy therfore gentyl kynyt owe me youre
good wille/And soo syr launcelot arayedy hym and was ar
med/and toke his leue myldely at that yonge lady Elayne/ &
soo he departed / and rode tyl he came to the Castel of Corbyn/
where her fader was/and as fast as her tyme came she was de
lyuerd of a fayr chylde/and they crystened hym Galahalt/&
wete ye wel that child was wel kepte and wel nourisshed/ &
he was named Galahalt by cause syr launcelot was so na
med at the fontayne stone/And after that the lady of the lake
confermed hym sir launcelot du lake/ Thenne after this lady
was delyuerd and chirched/there came a kynghte vnto her/his
name was sire Bromel la plesche/the whiche was a grete lord
and he sadde loued that lady longe / and he euermore desyred
her to wedde her/and soo by no meane she coude putte hym of /
Tyl on a day she said to syr Bromel/wete thou wel sir kynyt
I wille not loue you/for my loue is set vpon the best kynyt
of the worldy/Who is he said syr Bromel.syr she said it is syre
launcelot du lake that I loue and none other / and therfore

wolde me no lenger/ ye saye wel said sir Bromel/ And sythen ye haue told me soo moche/ ye shalle haue but lytel Joye of sir Launcelot/ for I shal slee hym where someuer I mete hym/ sir said the lady Elayne/ doo to hym noo treason/ wete ye wel my lady said Bromel/ and I promyse yow this wekue moneth I shalle kepe the pounte of Corbyn for syr launcelots sake / that he shalle neyther come ne goo vnto yow/ but I shall mete with hym/

¶ Capitulum Quartum

Thenne as hit felle by fortune and aduenture sir Boors de ganys that was newelye vnto sir Launcelot cam ouer that bryge/ and ther syr Bromel and sire Bors Justed/ & sir Bors smote syr Bromel suche a buffet that he bare hym ouer his hors croupe/ And thenne syr Bromel as any hardy knyghte pulled out his swerd/ and dressid his shild to doo batayle with syr Bors/ And thenne syr Bors alyzte/ and auoyded his hors/ and there they dasshed to gyders many sadde strokes/ and long thus they soughte/ tyl att the laste syr Bromel was leyd to the erthe/ and there syr bors began to vnlace his helme to slee hym / Thenne syr bromel cryed syr bors mercy/ and yelded hym / vpon this couenaunt thou shalt haue thy lyf said syr bors/ soo thou goo vnto syr launcelot vpon whytsondaye that next cometh and yelde the vnto hym as knyghte recreaunt/ I wille doo hit said syr bromel / and that he swar vpon the crosse of the swerd/ and soo he lete hym departe/ and syr bors rode vnto kynge Pelles / that was within Corbyn / And whanne the kynge and Elayne his doughter wist that syr bors was newelye vnto syr launcelot/ they made hym grete chere/ Thenne said dame Elayne/ we merueyle where sir Launcelot is/ for he came neuer here but ones/ Meruelle not said sir bors / for this half yere he hath ben in prysone with quene Morgan le fay kyng Arthurs syster/ Alas said dame Elayne that me wrenceth/ and euer syr bors beheld that child in her armes/ and ener hym semed it was passynge lyke sir launcelot/ Truly said Elayne wete ye wel this child he gat vpon me/ Thenne sir bors wepte for Joye/ & he praid to god it myzt

preue as goody a knyghte as his fader was/ And soo cam in a whyte douue/and she bare a lytel censer of goldy in her mouthe/and there was alle maner of metes and drynkes/and a mayden bare that Sancgreal/and she saidy openly / Wete yold wel syr Boys that this child is Galahalt that shalle sytte in the sege perylous and encheue the Sancgreal / and he shalle be mocke better than euer was sir Launcelot du lake / that is his olbne fader / & thenne they kneledy doune / & made theyre deuocyons/and there was suche a sauour as alle the spycery in the worldy hady ben there / And whanne the douue wolt her flyghte/the mayden vanyssyed with the Sancgreal as she cam Syr saidy sir Boys vnto kynge Pelles/this Castel may be namedy the castel aduenturous/for here be many straunge aduentures/that is sothe saidy the kynge / for wel maye this place be calledy the aduentures place/for there come but selde knyghtes here that gone alweye with ony worshipp/ be he neuer so strongy here he may be preuedy / andy but late sire Galbayne the goody knyght gate but lytyl worshipp here/for I lete yold wete saidy kynge Pelles/here shalle no knyght wynne no worshipp/but if he be of worshipp hym self andy of goody lyuynge/andy that loueth gody andy dredeth gody/andy els he geteth no Worshyp here he be neuer soo hardy/that is wonderful thyng saidy syr Boys what ye meane in this Countrey/I wote not/for ye haue many straunge aduentures/andy therfor I wyl lye in this Castel this nyghte/ ye shalle not doo so saidy kynge Pelles by my counseyll/for hit is hardy andy ye escape without a shame / I shalle take the aduenture that wille befalle me saidy syr Boys thenne I counseyle yold saidy the kynge to be confessidy clene/ As for that saidy sire Boys I wille be shryuen with a goody wylle/Soo syr Boys was confessydy/andy for al wymmen sir Boys was a Virgyne/sauf for one/that was the doughter of kynge Brangorys/andy on her he gat a childy that hyghte Elayne/andy sauf for her syre Boys was a clene maydeny/andy soo sir Boys was ledde vnto bedy in a fayr large chamber/and many dores were shette aboute the chamber/whan sir Boys aspyedy alle the dores/he auoydedy alle the peple/for he myght haue no body with hym/but in no wyse syr Boys wold vnarme hym/but soo he leidy hym doune vpon the bedde/ andy ryght soe

he salve come in a lyghte that he myght wel see a spere grete & longe that came streyghte vpon hym poynterlynge/and to syre Gors semed that the hede of the spere brente lyke a tapre/and anon or syr Gors wyst/the spere hede smote hym in to the shol der an hande brede in depnesse / and that wounde greuede syre Gors passynge sore/And thenne he leyde hym doune ageyne for payne/and anone there with alle there came a knyght ar mede with his shelde on his sholder and his suerd in his hande and he bad sir Gors aryse syr knyzte and fyghte with me/ I am sore hurte he saide/but yet I shal not fayle the/ And thenne syr Gors starte vp and dressid his shelde / and thenne they lasshed to gyders myghtely a grete whyle / and at the laste syr Gors bare hym bakward. Vntyl that he came vnto a chā ber dore/and there that knyghte yede in to that chamber & rested hym a grete whyle/ And whan he hadde reposed hym he came out fresshely ageyne/and begānne newe bataille with sir Gors myghtely and stryngly

Capitulum Quintum

Thenne sir Gors thought he sholde no more goo in to that chamber to reste hym / and soo syr Gors dressyd hym bekdwye the knyghte and that chamber dore/ and there sir Gors smote hym doune/and thenne that knyght yeldyd hym What is your name said syr Gors / Syr saide he/my name is pedpuere of the stronge marches/Soo syre Gors made hym to swere at whytsonday next comyng to be atte court of kyng ar thur/and yelde hym there as a prysoner as an ouercome kn ygthe by the handes of syr Gors/Soo thus departed syr pe dyuere of the stronge marches / And thenne syre Gors layde hym doune to reste/and thenne he herd and felt moche noyse in that chamber/and thenne sir Gors aspyed that ther came in / he wist not whether at the dores nor Wyndowes shot of arowes and of quarels soo thyck that he merueylled / and many felle vpon hym and hurte hym in the bare places / And thenne syre Gors was ware where came in an hydous lyon/soo sire Gors dressid hym vnto the lyon / & anone the lyon betaste hym his shelde & with his suerde syr Gors smote of the lyons hede /

Ryght soo syr Bors forth with all salde a dragon in the ca-
ue passynge horryble/and there semed letters of gold wry-
ten in his forhede/and sir Bors thought that the letters made
a sygnyfycacyon of kynge Arthur/ Ryght soo there came an
horryble lybard and an old/and there they soughte longe/ &
dyd grete batail to gyders/ And at the laste the dragon spytte
out of his mouthe as hit had ben an honderd dragons/ and
lyghtly alle the smal dragons slelde the old dragon and ta-
ke hym all to pyeces/ Anone with alle there came an old man
in to the halle/and he sakte hym doune in a fayre chayre/ and
there semed to be two edders about his neck/ and thenne the
old man had an harp/and there he sange an old songe how
Joseph of Armathye came in to this land/ thenne whanne he
had songen/the old man bad sir Bors go from thens/for he-
re shalle ye haue no mo aduentures/ and ful worshypfully ha-
ue ye done/and better shalle ye doo here after/ And thenne sir
Bors semed that there came the whyteste douue with a lytel
golden senser in her mouthe/ And anone there with alle the ri-
chest crased and passed that afore was merueylous to here /
Soo was alle that Courte ful of goode sauours/ Thenne syr
Bors sawe four childern berynge four fayre tapres / and an
old man in the myddes of the childern with a senser in hys
owne hand / and a spere in his other hand / and that spere
was called the spere of Vengeaunce

Capitulum Sextum

Old sayd that old man to sire Bors/ goo ye to your
cosyn syr Launcelot/ and telle hym of this aduenture
the whiche had ben moste conuenyent for hym of al erthely kny-
ghtes/but synne is soo foule in hym/he may not enchieue suche
holy dedes/for had not ben his synne he had past al the knyghtes
that euer were in his dayes/and telle thou sir launcelot of alle
worldly aduentures he passeth in manhode & prouesse al other
But in this spyrytuel maters he shalle haue many his betters/
And thenne sir Bors salde four gentyl wymen come by hym
pouerly clothed/& he salde where that they entred in to a chamber
where was grete lyght as it were a somer lyghte/& the wymen

kneledy doune afore an aulter of ſyluer with foure pyllowes and as hit hady ben a biſſhop kneledy doune afore that table of ſyluer/ And as ſire Bors lokedy ouer his hede / he ſawe a ſwerdy lyke ſyluer naked houynge ouer his hede/and the clerenes therof ſmote ſoo in his eyen that as att that tyme ſyre Bors was blynde/and there he herdy a voys that ſaid go hens thou ſyre Bors / for as yet thold arte not worthy for to be in this place/and thenne he yede backeward to his bedde tyl on the morne / And on the morne kynge Pelles made grete Joye of ſir Bors/and thenne he departedy and rode to Camelot / and there he fonde ſire launcelot du lake/and tolde hym of the adventures that he hady ſene with kynge Pelles at Carbyn/Soo the noyſe ſprange in Arthurs Courte that launcelot hady geten a childe vpon Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles/ wherfor Quene Gueneuer was wrothe/and gaſe many rebukes to ſir launcelot/andy calledy hym falſe knyghte/& thenne ſire launcelot told the quene alle/& how he Was made to lye by her by enchaũtement in lykenes of the Quene/ Soo the quene helde ſir launcelot excuſed/ And as the book ſaith kyng Arthur hady ben in Fraunce/andy hady made warre vpon the myghty kyng Claudas/andy hady wonne moche of his landes / And whanne the kyng was come agayne/he lete crye a grete feeſt that al lordes & ladyes of al Englond ſholdy be there/but yf it were ſuche as were rebellions agaynſt hym

Capitulum vij

And whenn dame Elayne the doughter of kyng Pelles herdy of this feeſte/ſhe wente to her fadre and requyred hym that he wold gyue her leue to ryde to that feeſt/The kyng anſwerdy I will wel ye go thyder/but in ony wyſe as ye loue me / andy wile haue my bleſſyng that ye be wel diſene in the ryckeſt wyſe/andy take that ye ſpare not for no coſt / aſke andy ye ſhalle haue alle that yold nedeth / Thenne by the aduyſe of dame Bryſen her mayden alle thynge was apparayled vnto the purpoſe that there Was neuer no lady more ryckelyer byſene/ So ſhe rode with yo knyghtes & y ladyes & gentilwymen to y

nombre of an hondred horses/ And whanne she came to Camelot/kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer sayd and all the knyghtes/that dame Elayne was the fayrest and the best by sene lady that euer was sene in that Court

¶ And anone as kynge Arthur wyste that she was come/ he mette her/ and salewed her/ and soo dyd the moost party of all the knyghtes of the round table/ bothe syr Tristram/ sir Bleoberys and syr Galhayne and many moo that I wille not reherse / But whanne syre Launcelot salwe her he was soo ashamed/ & that by cause he dwelde his seruyse on the morne whan he had layne by her/ that he wold not salewe her nor speke to her / & yet syre Launcelot thought she was the fayrest woman that euer he salwe in his lyf dayes/ But whanne dame Elayn salwe syre Launcelot that wold not speke vnto her/ she was so wroth that she wende her herte wold haue to brast/ For wete you well oute of mesure she loued hym/ And thenne Elayne sayd vnto her woman dame Brysen the vnkyndenesse of syr Launcelot sleeth me nere/ ¶ A pes madame said dame Brysen I wille vndertake that this nyght he shalle lye with yold/ and ye wold holde yold seyde/ that were me leuer sayd dame Elayne than alle the gold that is aboue the erthe / Lete me dele said dame Brysen/ ¶ Soo whanne Elayne was brought vnto quene Gueneuer eyther made other good chere by countenaunce but nothynge with herte/ But alle men & wymmen spake of the beaute of dame Elayne and of her grete Ryches / thenne at nyght the quene commaunded that dame Elayne shold slepe in a chamber/ nyghe her chamber and alle vnder one roofe/ & soo it was done as the quene commaunded

¶ Thenne the quene sent for syre Launcelot & badde hym come to her chamber that nyght/ or els I am sure said the Quene / that ye will go to your ladyes bed dame Elayn/ by whome ye gat Galahalt/ A madame said syr Launcelot neuer saye ye so For that I dyd was ageynste my wille/ thenne said the quene lete that ye come to me whan I send for yow/ Madame said launcelot I shall not fayle yow but I shall be redy at your commandement/ this bargayn was soone done & made bitwene them/ but dame Brysen knewe it by her crafte / & tolde hit to her lady dame Elayne/ ¶ Allas said she how shall I

doo/lete me alle ſaidy dame Bryſen / for I ſhalle brynge hym by the handy euen to your bedde/andy he ſhalle wene that I am Quene Gueneuers meſſager ¶ Hold wel is me ſaidy dame Elayne / for alle the worldy I loue not ſoo moche as I doo ſyr launcelot/

¶ Capitulum viij

SOo whanne tyme came that alle folkes were a bedde / Dame Bryſen came to ſyr launcelots beddes ſyde and ſaidy Syre launcelot du lake ſlepe yold/My lady quene gwe neuer lyeth andy alwaytis vpon yold/ O my fayre lady ſaidy ſyr launcelot I am redy to goo with yold where ye wille haue me/Soo ſyr launcelot threwe vpon hym a long golwne / andy his ſwerd in his handy/andy thenne dame Bryſen took hym by the fynger andy ledde hym to her ladyes bedde dame Elayne / Andy thenne ſhe departedy andy lefte them in bedde to gyderes / Wete yold wel the lady was gladde andy ſoo was ſyr launce lot/for he wende that he hady hady another in his armes/

¶ Nold leue we them kyſſynge andy clyppynge as was kyn dely thyng/& nold ſpeke we of quene gueneuer that ſente one of her wymen vnto ſyr launcelots bed/¶ And whan ſhe came there/ſhe fondy the bedde colde/andy he was alway/ ſoo ſhe came to the Quene andy told her alle/Alas ſaidy the Quene wha me is that fals knyghte become/ Thenne the quene was nyghe oute of her wyte / and thenne ſhe wrythed and welkred as a mad woman/and myght not ſlepe a four or fyue houres/

¶ Thenne ſyr launcelot had a condycion that he vſed of cuſtome he wolde clatre in his ſlepe / andy ſpeke ofte of his lady Quene Gueneuer/Soo as ſyr launcelot had walked as longe as hit had pleaſyd hym/thenne by courſe of kynde he ſlepte/ & dame Elayne lothe / And in his ſlepe he talked and clatred as a jay of the loue that had ben betwixe Quene Gweneuer and hym/ ¶ And ſoo as he talked ſoo lowde the Quene herde hym there as ſhe laye in her chamber/& when ſhe herde hym ſoo clatre ſhe was nyghe wood and out of her mynde/and for anger and payne wiſt not what to do/¶ And

thenne ſhe coughed ſoo lowde that ſyr launcelot awaked and he knelwe her knynge/ ¶ And thenne he knelwe wel that he lay not by the Quene/ and there with he lepte out of his bed as he had ben a wood man in his ſherte/ and the quene mett hym in the ſhoon/ and thus ſhe ſaid/ falſe traytour knyzt that thold arte / loke thold neuer abyde in my Courte and auoyde my chamber/ and not ſoo hardy thold falſe traytour knyzt that thold arte that euer thold come in my ſyghte/ Allas ſayd ſyr launcelot/ and there with he toke ſuche an hertely ſorwe after her wordes that he felle doune to the ſhoon in a ſwoune / And there with alle Quene Gueneuer departed/ And whanne ſyr launcelot awoke of his ſwoune/ he lepte oute at a bay wyn dowe in to a gardyne / and there with thornes he was alle to cratched in his vyſage and his body/ and ſoo he ranne forthe he wyſt not whyder/ and was wylde wood as euer was man and ſoo he ranne two yere/ and neuer man myghte haue grace to knowe hym

¶ Capitulum Nonum

NOw torne we vnto Quene Gueneuer and to the fayr lady Elayne that whanne dame Elayn herd the quene ſoo to rebuke ſyr launcelot/ and alſo ſhe ſalwe how he ſwouned/ and how he lepte oute at a bay Wyndowe/ Thenne ſhe ſaid vnto quene Gueneuer Madame ye are gretely to blame for ſyr launcelot/ for now haue ye loſt hym/ for I ſalwe e herd by his countenaunce that he is mad for euer/ Allas madame ye doo grete ſynne/ and to your ſelf grete diſhonour/ for ye haue a lord of your owne/ and therfor it is youre parte to loue hym/ for there is no quene in this worlde / hath ſuche an other kynge as ye haue/ And yf ye were not I myghte haue the loue of my lord ſyr launcelot/ and muſe I haue to loue hym/ for he had my maydenhode / and by hym I haue borne a fayre ſone/ and his name is Galahalt / and he ſhalle be in his tyme the beſt knyghte of the worlde /

¶ Dame Elayne ſaid the Quene whanne hit is daye lyghte I charge yow and commaunde yow to auoyde my Courte

And for the lone ye olde vnto sire launcelot discouer not his counsylle/ for and ye dos/ it wille be his dethe/ As for that saiid dame Elayne I dar vndertake he is maried for euer/ and that haue ye made/ for ye nor I are lyke to wioyce hym/ for he made the mooste pytous grones whanne he lepte oute at yonder lay wyndowe that euer I herde man make/ Alas sayde fayre Elayne/ and alas saide the Quene Gueneuer/ for nold I wo; te wel/ we haue loste hym for euer/ So on the morne dame Elayne took her leue to departe and sir wolde no lenger abyde/ Thenne kynge Arthur brought her on her waye with mo than an honderde knyghtes thurgh a forest/ ¶ And by the way she tolde sir Bors de ganys alle hold hit betyde that same nyghte And how sir launcelot lepte out att a wyndowe auaged oute of his wytte/ Alas saide syr Bors where is my lorde sir launcelot become/ Syr saide Elayne I wote nere/
Alas saide syre Bors betwixe yold bothe ye haue destroyede that goode knyghte/ As for me saide dame Elayne I sayde neuer nor dyde neuer thynge that sholde in ony wyse displease hym / but with the rebuke that Quene Gueneuer gaf hym I salue hym swoune to the erthe/ And whanne he awoke he took his swerde in his hande naked sauf his sherte/ and lepte oute at a wyndowe with the grysylyeste grone that euer I herde man make ¶ Nold fare wel dame Elayne saide syre Bors/ and holde my lorde Arthur with a tale as long as ye can/ for I wylle torne ageyne to Quene Gueneuer / and gyue her a bete / and I requyre yold as euer ye wylle haue my seruyse make goode Watche and aspye yf euer ye may see my lorde sire Launcelot
¶ Truly sayde fayre Elayne I shalle doo alle that I may do for as fayne wolde I knowe and wete where he is become as yold or ony of his kynne/ or Quene Gueneuer/ and cause gre te ynough haue I therto as wel as ony other/ And wete ye wel said fayre Elayne to sire Bors/ I wolde lese my lyf for hym/ rather than he sholde be hurte/ but alas I cast me neuer for to see hym/ and the chyef causer of this is dame Gueneuer ¶ Madame saide dame Brysen the whiche lady made the en; chauntement before betwix sir launcelot and her/ I pray you tretely lete syre Bors departe/ and hye hym with al his myzt

as fast as he may to seke syr Launcelot / For I warne yolde he is clene out of his mynde/and yet he shall be wel holpen/ & but by myracle/Thenne wepte dame Elayne / and soo dyde syre Bors de ganys/and soo they departed/ and syr Bors to de strenghe vnto Quene Gueneuer / and whanne she salwe sir Bors/she wepte as she were wood/Fy on your wepyng sa ; id sir Bors de ganys/for ye wepe neuer but whan there is no bote/Allas saide sir Bors that euer syr launcelots kynne sa ; we yolde/for nolde haue ye lost the best knyght of oure blood / and he that was alle oure leder and oure socour/ and I dare saye and make it goode that all kynges crysten nor hethen may not fynde suche a knyghte for to speke of his nobylnesse and curtoysye with his beaute and his gentylnesse/Allas saide sire Bors What shalle we doo that ley of his blood/ Allas sayde Ector de marys/Allas saide Lyonel

¶Capitulum ỹ

And whanne the Quene herde them saye soo/she felle to the erthe in a dede swoune/and thenne syr Bors took her vp/ and dalbede her/& whanne she was awaked she kneled afore the thre knyghtes/and helde vp bothe their handes and besoughte them to seke hym/and spare not for noo goodes but that he be founden/for I wote he is oute of his mynde/ & sir Bors/syr Ector/and syr Lyonel departed from the quene for they myght not abyde no lenger for sorowe / and thenne the quene sent them tresour ynough for theyr expences/ and so they took their horses and their armour and departed/and thenne they rode from countrey to countrey in forestes and in wyldernes and in wastes/and euer they laid Watche bothe alle forestes and at alle maner of men as they rode to herken and spye after hym/as he that was a naked man in his sherte with a swerde in his hand/ ¶ And thus they rode nygh a quarter of a yere endlonge and ouerthwarte in many places forestes and wildernes/and oftymes were enyghe lodged for his sake / and yett for alle theire labour and seknge could they neuer here worde of hym/ ¶ And wete yolde wele

these thre knyghtes were passynge forth/Thenne at the laste sir Boors and his felawes mette with a knyght that hyght syr Melyon de Tartare/Wold fayre knyzt sayd sir Boors/ whether haue ye alwey/for they knewe eyther other afore tyme / Sir sayd Melyon I am in the way toward the courte of kyng Arthur Thenne wole pray yow sayd sire Boors that ye wille telle my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer and alle the felaushyp of the rownd table that we can not in no wyse here telle where syr launcelot is become/ Thenne sire Melyon departed from them/and sayd that he wold telle the kynge and the quene and alle the felaushyp of the rownd table as they had desyred hym / Soo whanne sire Melyon came to the Courte of kynge Arthur/he told the kynge and the quene and al the felauship of the rownd table what sir Boors had sayd of syre Launcelot/Thenne sire Galvayne sire Olbayne/syr Sagramore le desyrus/syr Agwaine/ and syre Percyuale de galys toke vpon them by the grete desyre of kynge Arthur/and in especial by the quene to seke thorou out all Englond walys & Scotland to fynde sire launcelot/and with hem rode eyghten knyghtes moo to kepe them felauship/and wete ye well/they lacked no maner of spendyng/and soo were they thre and eleven knyghtes/ Wold torne we to syre Launcelot/ and speke we of his care and woo/and what payne he there endured/for cold/honger and thurste he had plente/ And thus as these noble knyghtes rode to gyders/ they by one assente departed/& thenne they rode by two/by thre/and by foure/and by fyue/& euer they assigned where they sholde mete/And soo sir Aglovale and syr Percyuale rode to gyders vnto theyr moder that was a quene in tho dayes/ And whanne she salue her two sones/for Joye she wepte tendyrly/And thenne she sayd/ A my dere sones/whanne your fader was slayne/ he lefte me iiij sones/of the whiche nold be twoeyn slayne/ And for the dethe of my noble sone syre Lamorak shalle my herte neuer be glade/ And thenne she kneled doune vpon her knees to fore Aglovale and sir Percyuale/and besought them to abyde at home with her/ A swete moder sayd syr Percyuale we may not/ For we be come of kynges blood of bothe partyes/and therfor moder it is our kynde to haunte armes and noble dedes/ Alas

my ſwete ſones thenne ſhe ſayd. for your ſakes I ſhalle leſe my lyfynge and my luſt/and thenne wynde and weder I may not endure/what for the dethe of your fader kynge Ydelnore that was ſhamefully ſlayne by the handes of ſyr Galbayne/ and his broder ſyre Galeryes/ and they ſelfe hym not manly but by treaſon/A my dere ſones this is a pytous complaynte for me of your faders dethe/conſyderynge alſo the dethe of ſire Lamorak that of knyghthode had but felawes/ Nowe my dere ſones haue this in your mynde/Thenne there was but wepynge and ſobbynge in the Courte whanne they ſholde departe/and ſhe felle in ſwounynge in myddes of the Courte/

¶ Capitulum xj

AND whanne ſhe was awaked/ ſhe ſente a ſquyer after them with ſpendynge ynough/ And ſoo whanne the ſquyer had ouertake them/ they wolde not ſuffre hym to ryde with hem/but ſente hym home ageyne to comforte theyr moder/ prayenge her meekely of her bleſſynge/ And ſo this ſquyer was benyghted/ and by myſfortune he happend to come to a caſtel where dwelled a Baroune/ ¶ And ſoo whanne the ſquyer was come in to the caſtel/ the lorde aſked hym/ from whens he came/and whome he ſerued/ my lorde ſayd the ſquyer I ſerue a good knyghte that is called ſire Agloualе/ the ſquyer ſaid it to good entente/wenynge vnto hym to haue ben more forborne for ſyr Aglouales ſake/than he had ſaid he had ſerued the quene Aglouales moder/ wel my felawe ſaid the lorde of that Caſtel/for ſyre Aglouales ſake tholde ſhalt haue euyl lodgynge/for ſir Agloualе ſlewe my brodyr/ and therefor tholde ſhalt dye on party of payement/ ¶ And thenne that lorde commaunded his men to haue hym awaye and ſlee hym/ and ſoo they dyd/ and ſoo pulled hym oute of the caſtel/ and there they ſelfe hym without mercy/ ¶ Ryghte ſo on the morne came ſire Agloualе and ſire Percyuale rydynge by a chirche yerd where men and wymmen were reſy/ and behelde the dede ſquyer/and they thoughte to berye hym/what is there ſaid ſir Agloualе/that ye behold ſoo faſt/ A good man ſtarte forthe/

and ſaid/Fayre knyght here lyeth a ſquyer ſlayne ſhamefully this nyght/Holde was he ſlayne fayre felalde ſaid ſir Agwale/my fayr ſyr ſaid the man/the lorde of this caſtel lodged this ſquyer this nyght / and by cauſe he ſaid he was ſeruaunt vnto a goode knyght that is with kynge Arthur / his name is ſyr Agwale/therfor the lorde commaunded to ſlee hym/ & for this cauſe is he ſlayne/Gramercy ſaid ſyr Agwale / and ye ſhalle ſee his dethe truenged lyghtly/for I am that ſame knyght for whome this ſquyer was ſlayne/Thenne ſir Agwale calked vnto hym ſyr Percyuale/ and bade hym alyghte lyghtly/ and ſoo they alyghte bothe/and betoke theire horſes to their men/ and ſoo they yede on foote in to the Caſtel/ And and alſo ſoone as they were within the caſtel gate/ ſyre Agwale bade the porter goo holde vnto thy lorde and telle hym/that I am ſyr Agwale for whome this ſquyer was ſlayne this nyght Anone the porter tolde this to his lorde whos name was Godewyn/anone he armed hym/and thenne he came in to the court and ſaid whiche of yolde is ſir Agwale/here I am ſaid Agwale / for what cauſe ſleweſt holde this nyghte my moders ſquyer/I ſlewe hym ſaid ſyr Goodewyn by cauſe of the / For holde ſleweſt my broder ſyr Gawdelyn/As for thy broder ſayd ſyr Agwale I aſoolde hit/I ſlewe hym / for he was a falſe knyghte and a bitrayer of ladyes and of goode knyghtes/ & for the dethe of my ſquyer holde ſhalt dye/ I defye the ſaid ſir Goodewyn/thenne they laſſhed to gyders as egerly as hit had ben two lyons/and ſyr Percyuale he fought with alle the menaunt that wolde fyghte/ And within a whyle ſyr Percyuale had ſlayne alle that wolde withſtande hym/ For ſyr Percyuale delt ſoo his ſtrokes that were ſoo rude that there durſte no man abyde hym / And within a whyle ſir Agwale fand ſir Goodewyn at the erthe/and there he vnlaced his helme / & ſtrake of his hede/ and thenne they departed and tooke theyre horſes/and thenne they lete cary the dede ſquyer vnto a preory/and there they entered hym /

¶ Capitulum xii

And whanne this was done/they rode in to many countreyes euer enquyryng after ſyr Launcelot/ but neuer

they coude here of hym/ and at the laste they came to a Caſtell that hyghte Cardycan/and there ſyr Percyuale and ſire agbuale were lodged to gyders/and priuely aboute mydnyght ſir Percyuale came to agbuals ſquyer/and ſayd aryſe & make the redy/for ye and I wylle ryde alwey ſecretly/Sir ſaid the ſquyer I wold ful fayne ryde with yold where ye wold haue me/but and my lord your broder take me / he wille ſlee me/as for that care thold not/for I ſhalle be thy warraunt/ & ſoo ſyr Percyual rode tyl it was after none / and thenne he came vpon a brydge of ſtone/and there he fond a knyght that was bounden with a chayne faſte aboute the waſt vnto a pyller of ſtone / O fayre knyghte ſaid that bounden knyghte/I requyre the loſe me of my boundes/ what knyghte are ye sayd ſyr Percyuale/and for what cauſe are ye ſoo bounden/ Syre I ſhalle telle yold ſaid that knyght I am a knyzte of the table round/and my name is ſyre Perſydes/and thus by aduenture I came this waye/and here I lodged in this caſtel atte brydge foote/and therin dwelleth an vncurtois lady/ and by cauſe ſhe profered me to be her paramour/and I refuſed her / ſhe sette her men vpon me ſodenly or euer I myghte come to my weper and thus they bonde me/and here I wote wel I ſhal dye but yf ſomme man of worſhip breke my bandes / Be ye of good chere ſaid ſyr Percyuale/and by cauſe ye are a knyghte of the round table as wel as I/I truſt to god to breke youre bandes/and there with ſyr Percyuale pulled out his ſwerd and ſtrake at the chayne with ſuche a myght that he cutte a two the chayne/and thoru ſyr Perſydes hauberk and hurte hym a lytel/O Ihesu ſaid ſir Perſides that was a myghty ſtrok as euer I felt one/for had not the chayne be/ye hadde ſlayn me/& there with al ſire Perſydes ſaide a knyghte comyng oute of a Caſtel al that euer he myghte flynge/ Beware ſyr ſaide ſyre Perſydes yonder cometh a man that wille haue ado with you Lete hym come ſaid ſyre Percyuale/ and ſo he mette with that knyghte in mydes of the brydge/ and ſire percyuale gaf hym ſuche a buffet that he ſmote hym quyte from his hors / & ouer a parte of the brydge that had not ben a lytil beſſel vnder the brydge/that knyghte had ben drouned/and thēne ſire percyual toke the knyghtes hors and made ſire perſydes to mounte vp

hym/ and soo they wode vnto the castel/ and lady the lady delyuer syre Persydes seruaunts/ or elles he wold slee alle that euer he fonde/ and soo for fere she delyuerd them alle/ Thenne was syre Percyuale ware of a lady that stode in that toure/ A madame sayd syre Percyuale what vse and customme is that in a lady to destroye good knyghtes/ but yf they wylle be your paramour/ for sothe this is a shameful customme of a lady/ And yf I had not a grete mater in my hand/ I shold fordoo your euylle custommes/ and soo syr Percydes brouzte syr percyuale vnto his owne castel/ and there he made hym ware there alle that nyght/ And on the morne whanne syr percyuale had herd masse/ and broken his fast/ he badde syr persydes ryde vnto kynge Arthur/ and telle the kynge howe that ye mette with me/ and telle my broder syre Agrauale holy I recommaunde you/ and bydde hym sette not after me/ for I am in the queste to sette sir launcelot du lake/ And though he sette me he shalle not fynde me/ and telle hym I wille neuer see hym nor the courte tyl I haue fonde syre Launcelot/ Also telle sir kay the Seneschal and to syr Mordred that I truste to Ihesu to be of as grete worthynes as eyther of them/ for telle them I shal neuer forgete theire mockes and scornes that they did to me that day that I was made knyght/ And telle them I wil neuer see that Courte tyl men speke more worshipe of me than euer men dyde of ony of them bothe/ And soo syre persydes departed from syr percyuale/ and thenne he rode vnto kyng Arthur/ and told hym of sire percyuale/ And whan sire Agrauale herd hym speke of his broder syr percyuale/ he sayd/ he departed from me vnkyndely/

Capitulum viij

SYr sayd syre persydes on my lyf he shalle preue a noble knyght as ony now is lyuynge/ And whanne he salue sire kay and syr Mordred/ syr persydes said thus/ My fayre lordes bothe syr percyuale greteth you wel bothe/ and he sende you word by me that he trusteth to god or euer he come to the courte ageyne to be of as grete noblesse as euer were ye bothe and mo men to speke of his noblesse than euer they did

yold/hit maye wel be sayd̄ syr kay and syre Mordred̄/but at that tyme whanne he was made knyght/ he was ful vnkyke to preue a good̄ knyght/ As for that sayd̄ kynge Arthur / he must nedes preue a good̄ knyght/for his fader and his bre-thern were noble knyghtes/And̄ nold wille we wurne vnto syr Percyuale that rode longe/ and̄ in a forest he mette a knyght with a broken shelde and̄ a broken helme/ and̄ as soone as eyther salue other redyly they made them redy to juste/and̄ soo hutteled̄ to gyders with alle the myght of theyr horses/& they to gyders soo hard̄ that syre Percyuale was smyten to the erthe/and̄ thenne syr Percyuale arose lyghtely/and̄ caste his shelde on his sholder and̄ dreue his swerd̄/and̄ badde the other knyght alyghte and̄ doo the bataille vnto the vttermest wylle ye more sayd̄ that knyght/and̄ there with he alyghte/ and̄ putte his hors fro hym/ and̄ thenne they came to gyders an̄ eſy paas / and̄ there they lasshed̄ to gyder with noble swerdes/and̄ somtyme they stroke/and̄ somtyme they foyned̄/and̄ eyther gaf other many grete wounds/Thus they fought nere half a daye/and̄ neuer rested̄ but tyghte lytel/ and there was none of them both that had̄ lasse wounds than yB/and̄ they bledde soo moche that it was merueyl they stode on their feete/ But this knyght that fought with syre Percyuale was a proued̄ knyght and̄ a wyse fyghtynge knyght / and̄ syre percyuale was yonge and̄ stronge not knowyng in fyghtyng as the other was/Thenne sir percyuale spake fyrste and̄ sayd̄ syre knyght holde thy hand̄ a whyle stille/for we haue fouȝten for a symple matter and̄ quarel ouer longe/and̄ therfor I requyre the telle me thy name | for I was neuer or this tyme matched̄/Soo god̄ me help sayd̄ that knyght / and̄ neuer or this tyme was there neuer knyght that wounded̄ me soo sore/ as thold hast done/and̄ yet haue I foughten in many batails and̄ nold shalt thold wete that I am a knyght of the table round̄ / and̄ my name is syr Ector de marys broder vnto the good̄ knyght syr launcelot du lake/Allas sayd̄ syr percyual and̄ my name is syre percyuale de galys that hath maade my queste to seke syr launcelot/ and̄ nold I am seker that I shall neuer fynysshe my queste/for ye haue slayne me with your hand̄es/It is not soo sayd̄ sire Ector / for I am slayne by youre

handes/ and maye n lyuoke/ therfor I requyre yold sayd sire Ector vnto syr Percyuale ryde ye here by to a preyry/ & bryng me a preest that I may receyue my saueour/for I may not lyue/ And whanne ye come to the courte of Kynge Arthur / telle not my broder sire launcelot yold that ye sleye me / For thenne he woldy be your mortal enemy/ But ye may say that I was slayne in my queste as I soughte hym/ Allas sayd sire Percyuale ye saye that thynge that neuer wille be / for I am soo fayntc for bledynge that I maye vnnethe stande/ yold shold I thenne take my hors/

Capitulum viiij

Thenne they made bothe gretc dole oute of mesure / this wille not auayle sayd sire Percyuale / And thenne he kneled doune and made his prayer deuoutely vnto al myghty Jhesu/ for he was one of the best knyghtes of the worlde that at that tyme was/ in whome the verray feythe stode moost in

Ryght soo there came by/ the holy vessel of the Sancgreal with alle maner of swetnes and sauour/ but they coude not redyly see who that bare that vessel/ but syre Percyuale hadde a glemerynge of the vessel and of the mayden that bare hit/ for he was a parfyte clene mayden / and forth with al they bothe were as hole of hyde and lymme as euer they were in their lyf dayes/ thenne they gaf thankynges to god with grete mylneste/ O Jhesu sayd syr Percyuale what maye this meane/ that we be thus healed/ and ryght nowe we were at the poynt of dyenge/ I wote ful wel sayd sire Ector what it is / It is an holy vessel that is borne by a mayden / and therin is parte of the hooly blood of oure lord Jhesu crist blessidy mote he be but it may not be sene sayd syr Ector / but yf hit be by a parfyte may/ Soo god me help sayd syr Percyuale I salve a damoysel as me thoughte alle in white with a vessel in both her handes/ and forth with al I was hole/ Soo thenne they toke their horses and their harneis and amended their harneis as wel as they myghte that was broken/ and soo they mounted vpon theyr horses/ and rode talkynge to gydere/ And there sir Ector de marys told sire Percyuale how he hadde soughte his

broder syr launcelot longe/ and neuer coude here wetynge of hym/ in many straunge aduentures haue I ben in this queste And soo eyther wold other of their aduentures/

¶ Here endeth the enleuenth booke/ ¶ And here foloweth the twelfth booke

¶ Capitulum primum/

AND nold leue me of a whyle of syr Ector and of syre Percyuale/ and spekē me of sir launcelot that suffred and endured many sharp shoures that euer cam wylde wood from place to place and lyued by fruyt/ and such as he myght gete/ and dranke water two yere/ and other clothyng had he but lytel/ but his sherte and his breche/ ¶ Thus as sir launcelot wandred here and there/ he came in a fayre medowe where he fond a pauelone/ and there by vpon a tree there hynge a whyte shelde/ and two swerdes hynge there by and two speres lened there by a tree/ ¶ And whanne syr launcelot salue the swerdes/ anone he lepte to the one swerd and toke hit in his hand and drewe hit oute / And thenne he lasshed at the shelde that alle the medowe range of the dyntes/ that he gaf such a nopse as ten knyghtes had fought ten to gyders/ Thenne came forthe a dwerf and lepte vnto syr launcelot/ and wold haue had the swerd oute of his hand/ and thenne syre launcelot took hym by the bothe sholders and threwe hym to the grounde vpon his neck that he had al moost broken his neck/ and there with alle the dwerf cryed helpe/ Thenne came forth a lykely knyght and wel apparayled in scarlet furred with myneuer/ And anone as he salue syr launcelot/ he demed that he sholde be oute of his wytte/ And thenne he said with fayre speche goode man leye doune that swerd/ for as me semeth/ thou hadest more nede of slepe and of warme clothes/ than to wepon/ be that swerd/ As for that said syr Launcelot come not to nye for and thou doo wete thou wel I wille slee the/ And wher-

the knyght of the pauelione salue that he starte bakward with in the pauelione/ And thenne the dwerf armed hym lyghtly and soo the knyght thought by force and myght to take the swerd from syr launcelot/and soo he came steppynge out/and whanne syr launcelot salue hym come so alle armed with hys swerd in his hand/ Thenne sire launcelot flelue to hym with suche a myght and hytte hym vpon the helme suche a buffet/ that the stroke troubled his braynes/and there with the swerd brake in thre/And the knyght fille to the erthe as he hadde ben dede/the blood brastynge out of his mouthe/the nose/ and the eres/ And thenne syr launcelot ranne in to the pauelione and rasshed euen in to the warme bedde / and there was a lady in that bedde/and she gat her smock/and ranne out of the pauelione/ And whanne she salue her lady lye at the grounde lyke to be dede / thenne she cryed and wepte as she hadde ben madde / Thenne with her noyse the knyghte awaked out of his swoun and loked vp wekely with his eyen/and thenne he asked her where was that madde man that hadde gyuen hym suche a buffet/for suche a buffet hadde I neuer of mans hande / Sir sayd the dwerf it is not worship to hurte hym for he is a man out of his wytte / and doubte ye not he hath ben a man of grete worshyp/and for somme hertely sorow that he hath taken he is falle in madde / and me semeth sayd the dwerfe he resembleth moche vnto sir Launcelot/for hym I salue at the grete turnement be syde Lonezep/Ihesu defende sayd that knyghte that euer that noble knyght syre Launcelot sholde be in suche a plyte/but what someuer he be sayd that knyghte / harme wille I none doo hym/and this knyghtes name was Blyaunt/
Thenne he sayd vnto the dwerf/goo thold fast on horsback vnto my broder syr Selyuaunt/that is atte the Castel blank/ & telle hym of myn aduenture / and hydde hym bringe with hym an hors lyter / and thenne wille we bere this knyghte vnto my Castel/

Capitulum ij

SOo the dwerf rode faste/and he came ageyne /and brought syr Selyuaunt with hym/and syxe men with

ay hors lyther/and⁊ soo they took vp the fether bedde with syr launcelot/and⁊ soo caryed⁊ alle alwey with hem vnto the Castel Blank/and⁊ he neuer awaked⁊ tyl he was within the Castel/ And⁊ thenne they bounde his handes & his feet/and⁊ gafe hym good⁊ metes and⁊ good drynkes / and⁊ brought hym agey⁊ne to his strengthe and his fayrnesse/but in his wyte they coude not bryngе hym agеyn/nor to knowe hym self/ Thus was syr launcelot there more than a yere and⁊ an half honestly arayed⁊ and fayre farne with alle/ Thenne vpon a day this Lord⁊ of that Castel syr Blyaunt took his armes on horsback with a spere to seke aduentures/And⁊ as he rode in a foreste ther met hym two knyghtes aduenturous/the one was Bruse saunce pyte/and his broder syr Bertelot/& these two ranne both atwo⁊nes vpon syr Blyaunt/and brake their speres vpon his body And⁊ thenne they dreve oute swerdes & made grete batailk/ & fought long to gyd⁊es/ But at the last syr Blyaunt was so⁊re wounded⁊/and felte hym self faynte/and thenne he fled⁊ on horsback toward⁊ his castel/ And as they cam hurlyng vnder the Castel where as sir launcelot lay in a wyndowe/& salde hold two knyghtes layd⁊ vpon syr Blyaunt with their swerdes / And⁊ whanne sir launcelot salde that yet as woode as he was he was sory for his lord syr Blyaunt/ And⁊ thenne sir launcelot brake the chaynes fro his legges and⁊ of his armes / & in the brekyng he hurte his handes sore/& so sir launcelot ran out at a posterne/and there he mett with the two knyghtes that chased sir Blyaunt/& there he pulled⁊ doun sir Bertelot with his bare handes from his hors/ & there with alle he wrothe hys swerd out of his hand⁊/& so he kepte vnto syr Bruse/& gaf hym suche a buffet vpon the hede that he tumbled bakward ouer his hors croupe/And whan sir Bertelet salde there his broder ly⁊ne suche a falle/he gat a spere in his hand⁊/ & wold haue wonne syr launcelot thurgh/that salde sir Blyaunt / and⁊ strake of the hand⁊ of syr Bertelot/And⁊ thenne syr bruse and⁊ sir ber⁊telot gat theyr hors and⁊ fled away/ whan syre Selyauaut came and⁊ salde what syr launcelot had⁊ done for his brother / thenne he thanked⁊ god⁊ and⁊ so dyd⁊ his broder that euer they dyd⁊ hym ony good⁊ ¶ But whanne sire Blyaunt salde that syr launcelot was hurte with the brekyng

of his wyns/thēne was he hevy that euer he fonde hym/bynde hym no more/ said syr Selyuaunt/ for he is happy & gracyous Thenne they made grete Joye of syr launcelot/and they fonde hym no more/ & soo he abode there an halfe yere and more/and on the morne erly syr launcelot was ware where came a grete hore with many houndes nyghe hym/ But the hore was so byg ther myghte no houndes fere hym/and the hunters came after blowynge their hornes bothe vpon horsback & some vpon foote/ & thenne sir launcelot was ware where one alyghte and tyed his hors to a tree.and lened his spere ageynste the tree /

Capitulum iij

SOo came syr launcelot and fonde the hors foundyn tyl a tree/ & a spere lenyng ageynst a tree/ & a swerd ty-yed to the sadel bowe/ & thenne sir launcelot lepte to the sadel & gat that spere in his hand/ & thenne he rode after the hore/ & thenne syr launcelot was ware where the hore set his ars to a tree fast by an hermytage/ Thenne sir launcelot ranne after hore with his spere/ & ther with the hore torned hym nemly | & rafe out the longes & the hert of the hors so that launcelot felle to the erthe/ & or euer sire launcelot myzt gete from the hors / the hore rafe hym on the bralbne of the thyz vp to the hough bone/and thenne sir launcelot was wrothe/ & vp he gat vpon his feet/ & drawe his swerd/ & he smote of the hores hede at one stroke/ & there with all came out the hermyte/ & salde hym haue suche a wound/thenne the hermyte came to sir launcelot and bemoned hym/and wold haue had hym home vnto his hermytage/but whan syr launcelot herd hym spekē/he was so wroth with his wound that he ranne vpon the hermyte to haue slayne hym/ & the hermyte ranne alwey/ & whan sir launcelot myght not ouer gete hym/he threwe his swerd after hym/ for syr launcelot myght tho no ferther for bledyng/thēne the hermyte torned ageyn/ & asked sir launcelot how he was hurte/ Fe-laldē said sir launcelot this hore hath hetyn me sore/ Thenne come with me said the hermyte and I shalle hele yow / Goo thy wey sayd sir launcelot and dele not with me / Thenne the hermyte ranne his way/and there he mette with a good knyghte

with many men/Sir sayd the hermyte/here is fast by my place the goodlyest man that euer I salue/ and he is sore wounded with a bow/& yet he hath slayne the boze/But wel I wote sayd the hermyte and he be not holpen that goodly man shall dye of that wounde / and that were grete pyte / Thenne that knyght atte desyre of the hermyte gat a carte / and in that carte that knyght putte the boze and sir launcelot/ for sir launcelot was soo feble that they myght vyght easyly deale with hym/and soo syr launcelot was brought vnto the hermytage and there the hermyte healed hym of his Wounds/But the hermyte myght not fynde syr launcelots sustenaunce/ and so he enpayred and wayed feble lothe of his body and of his lyf for the defaute of his sustenaunce/he wayed more wooder than he was afore hand/ And thenne vpon a day syr launcelot ran his Waye in to the forest/and by aduenture he came to the cyte of Corbyn where dame Elayne was that bare Galahalt syr Launcelots sone/and soo whan he was entryd in to the toun he ranne thurgh the Tolone to the Castel/and thenne alle the ponge men of that Cyte ranne after sir Launcelot / and there they threlue turues at hym/and gaf hym many sadde strokes/ And euer as syre launcelot myght ouer reche ony of them/ he threlde them soo that they wold neuer come in his handes no more/for of some he brake the legges & the armes/ & so fledde in to the Castel/and thenne came oute knyghtes and squyers and rescolyed syr launcelot/ And whan they beheld hym/ & loked vpon his person/they thought they salue neuer so goodly a man/And whan they salue so many Wounded vpon hym alle they demed that he had ben a man of worship/ And thenne they ordeyned hym clothes to his body / and strawe vnder nethe hym/and a lytel hous/And thene euery day they wold throwe hym mete/and sette hym drynke/but there was but fewe wold brynge hym mete to his handes

Capitulum iiij

SOo it befelle that kynge Pelles had a neuewe/his name was Castor/and he desyred of the kyng to be made knyght/ & so atte request of this Castor the kynge

made hym knyght at the feest of Candelmasse/ And whanne
syr Castor was made knyght/that same day he gaf many gy-
wnes/ And thenne sir Castor sente for the foole that was syr
Launcelot/ And when he was come afore syr Castor/he gaf sir
Launcelot a Robe of scarlet and alle that longed vnto hym /
And whanne syr launcelot was soo arayed lyke a knyght
he was the semelyest man in alle the Courte/and none so wel
made/ So whanne he salde his tyme/he went in to the gardyn
And there syr launcelot leid hym doune by a welle & slepte
And soo at after none dame Elayne and her maydens came
in to the gardyn to playe them/and as they romed vp & doun
one of dame Elaynes maydens aspyed where laye a goodely
man by the welle slepynge / and anone shewed hym to dame
Elayne/ Ches said dame Elayne/and saye no word/ & then-
ne she straught dame Elayne where he laye / And when that
she behelde hym/anone she felle in remembraunce of hym / and
knelde hym verily for syr launcelot / and there with alle she
felle on wepyng soo tendrely/that she sanke euen to the erthe / &
whanne she had thus wepte a grete whyle/thenne she awoos &
called her maydens and said she was seke/ And so she yede out
of the gardyn/& she went streyght to her fader/& there she to
ke hym a parte by her self / and thenne she said O fader nold
haue I nede of your help/ and but yf that ye helpe me / fare
wel my goode dayes for euer/ What is that doughter said kyng
Pelles/ Sir she said thus is it in your gardyn/ I went for
to sporte/and there by the welle I fonde syr Launcelot du la-
ke slepyng/I may not beleue that said kyng Pelles/syre she
said truly he is there/& me semeth he shold be distracte oute of
his witte/thenne hold yold stille said the kyng & lete me dele
Thenne the kyng called to hym suche as he most trusted a/iiij/
persons & dame Elayn his douzter/and when they cam to the
welle and beheld syr launcelot / anone dame Brysen knelde
hym/ Sire saide dame Brysen we muste be wyse hold we dele
with hym/for this knyghte is oute of his mynde / & yf we a-
wake hym rudely/what he wil doo we al knolde not/ But ye
shal abyde/and I shalle throwe suche ay enchauntement vpon
hym/that he shal not awake within the space of an houre / &
so she dyde ¶ Thenne within a lytel whyle after the

kyng commaundeth that all peple shold auoyde that none sh-
old be in that way there as the kyng wold come/ & soo when
this was done/these four men and these ladyes layd hand on
syr launcelot/and soo they bare hym in to a Toure/ and soo in
to a chamber where was the holy Vessel of the Sangreal/ and
by force syr launcelot was leid by that holy Vessel/ and there
came an holy man and vnhylled that Vessel/and soo by my-
racle and by Vertu of that holy Vessel syr launcelot was he-
led and recouerd/ And when that he was awaked/he gro-
ned and syghed and complayned gretely / that he was pas-
synge sore

Capitulum V

And when sir launcelot salde kynge Pelles & Ela-
yne/he wayed ashamed and said thus/O lord Ihe-
su how came I here / for godes sake my lord lete me
wete how that I came here/Sir said dame Elayne in to thys
Countrey ye am lyke a madde man clene oute of your wytte
And here haue ye ben kepte as a foole / and no creature here
knewe what ye were vntyl by fortune a mayden of myn bro-
ughte me vnto yold where as ye lay slepynge by a welle/and
anone as I verely behelde yold/I knewe yold/ And thenne I
told my fader/and so were ye brought afore this holy Vessel
And by the Vertu of it thus were ye helyd/O Ihesu mercy sa-
id sire launcelot yf this be sothe/how many there be that kno-
wen of my woodenes / Soo god me help sayd Elayne no mo
but my fader and I and dame Brysen/Yold for Crystes lo-
ue said sir Launcelot kepe hit in counceylle/ and lete noo man
knowe hit in the world/for I am sore ashamed that I haue ben
thus myscaryed/for I am banyssed oute of the Countrey of
Logrys for euer that is for to saye the countrey of Englond/
And soo syr Launcelot lay more than a fourtenyghte or euer
that he myghte stere for sorenes/ And thenne vpon a day he sa
yd vnto dame Elayne these wordes/lady Elayne for your sa-
ke I haue had moche trauaille care and anguyssh/it nedeth not
to reherse hit/ye knowe how/Not withstandyng I knowe wel
I haue done foule to yold when that I dreve my swerd to you
to haue slayn you vpon the morn when I had layn with yold
And alle was the cause that ye & dame Brysen made me for

to lye by yow maugre myn hede/and as ye saye that nyghte Galahalt your sone was begoten / that is trouthe sayd dame Elayne/ ¶Now wille ye for my loue said sire Launcelot goo vnto your fader and gete me a place of hym wherin I maye dwelle/ For in the Courte of kynge Arthur maye I neuer come/Syr said dame Elayne I will lyue and dye with yow / and only for your sake/and yf my lyf myghte not anaile you and my dethe myghte auaile yow/ wete you wel I wold dye for your sake/ and I wille go to my fader/ and I am sure/ there is no thynge that I can desyre of hym but I shalle haue hit/And where ye be my lord syr Launcelot doubte ye not but I wille be with yow with alle the seruyse that I may do Soo forth with alle sir went to her fader/ and said syre / my lord syr launcelot desyreth to be here by yow in some Castel of yours/wel doughter said the kynge sythe hit is his desyre to abyde in these marches he shalle be in the Castel of Wlyaunt/ and there shalle ye be with hym and twenty of the fayrest ladyes that ben in this countrey / and they shalle alle be of the grete blood/and ye shalle haue ten knyghtes with yow/ For doughter I wille that ye wete we alle ben honoured by the blood of sire launcelot

¶Capitulum Vj

Thenne went dame Elayne vnto syr Launcelot & told hym alle how her fader had deuysed for hym and her/ Thenne cam the knyght syr Castor that was neuewe vnto kyng Ryons vnto syr launcelot & asked hym what was his name Sir said syr launcelot my name is le cheualer malfet that is to say the knyght that hath trespaced/Sir said sir Castor it may wel be so/but euer me semeth your name sholde be syr launcelot du lake/for or now I haue sene yow/sir said launcelot ye are not as a gentyl knyght/I put alas my name where syr launcelot/ & that it lyste me not to discouer my name/what shold it greue you here to kepe my counceyl/& ye not hurte ther by / but wete thou wel & euer it lye in my power I shal greue yow & that I promyse you truly/Thenne sir Castor kneled doune and besought sir launcelot of mercy/ for I shal neuer vtter what ye be whyle that ye be in these partyes/thenne sire launcelot pardonned hym/ ¶And thenne after this kynge Ryons with

y knyghtes/ and dame Elayne/ and twenty ladyes rode vnto the Castel of Blyaunt that stoode in an Iland beclosed in y⁹ wyn with a fayr water depe and large/ ¶ And whanne they were there/ syr launcelot lete calle hit the Joyous yle/ & there was he called none other wyse/ but Le cheualer malfet the knyght that hath trespaced/ Thenne sire Launcelot lete make hym a shelde alle of Sabel/ and a quene crowned in the myd des alle of syluer/ & a knyght clene armed knelyng afore her and euery day ones for ony myrthes that alle the ladyes myght make hym / he wold ones euery day loke towardy the realme of Logrys/ where kynge Arthur and Quene Gueneuer was And thenne wold he falle vpon a wepyng as his hert shold to braste/ Soo hit felle that tyme syr launcelot herd of a Juste ynge fast by his Castel within thre leghes thenne he called vn to hym a dwerf and he badde hym goo vnto that Instynge/ and or euer the knyghtes departe loke thou make there a crye in he rynge of alle the knyghtes/ that there is one knyght in the Jo yous yle that is the Castel of Blyaunt/ and saye his name is le cheualer malfet that wille Juste ageynste knyghtes that wille come/ And whoo that putteth that knyght to the werse / shalle haue a fayr mayde and a Jerfaucon/

Capitulum septimum/

SOo whanne this crye was made/ vnto Joyous yle dre thre knyghtes to the nombre of fyue honderd/ and wel ye wel there was neuer sene in Arthurs dayes one knyght that dyd soo moche dedes of armes as syr launcelot dyd thre dayes to gyders/ For as the booke maketh truly mencyon / he had the better of all the fyue honderd knyghtes/ and ther was not one slayne of them/ And after that syr launcelot maade them alle a grete feest/ and in the meane whyle came syr Per cyual de galys & syr Ector de marys vnder that Castel / that was called the Joyous yle/ And as they behold that gay cas tel/ they wold haue gone to that Castel/ but they myght not for the brode water/ and brydge coude they fynde none/ Thenne they salve on the other syde a lady with a sperhauk on her hād

and̄ ſir Percyual called̄ vnto her/and̄ aſked̄ that lady who was in that Caſtel/ Fair knyghtes ſhe ſaid̄ / here within thys caſtel is the fayreſt lady in this land̄/and̄ her name is Elayne/ Alſo we haue in this Caſtel the fayreſt knyghte and̄ the myghtyeſt man that is I dar saye lyuynge/and̄ he called̄ hym ſelf le cheualer mal fett/how came he in to theſe marches ſaid̄ ſyr Percyuale/Truly ſaid̄ the damoyſel/he came in to this co̱ untrey lyke a madde man with dogges and boyes chacyng hym thorou the Cyte of Corbyn/and̄ by the holy veſſel of the Sa̱ nkte greal he was brought̄ in to his wyfe ageyne/but he will not doo batail with noo knyghte/ but by vndorne or by none/ And̄ yf ye lyſte to come in to the caſtel ſaid̄ the lady ye muſte ryde vnto the ferther ſyde of the caſtel/and̄ there ſhalle ye fy̱ nde a veſſel that wille here yold and̄ your hors / Thenne they departed̄/and̄ came vnto the veſſel/ And̄ thenne ſyre Percy̱ ual alyghte/and̄ ſaid̄ to ſire Ector de marys / ye ſhalle abyde me here vntyl that I wete what maner a knyghte he is/ For it were ſhame vnto vs in as mocke as he is but one knyghte / & we ſhold̄ both doo batail with hym/doo ye as ye lyſte ſaid̄ ſire Ector/and̄ here I ſhalle abyde yold vntyl that I here of yold Thenne paſſed̄ ſire Percyual the Water/ And̄ whanne he cam̄ to the Caſtel gate/he fand̄ the porter goo thold̄ to the good kn̄ yghte within the Caſtel/and̄ telle hym/there is come an errañt knyghte to Juſte with hym/Sir ſaid̄ the porter ryde ye within the Caſtel/and̄ there is a comyn place for Juſtynge that lordes and̄ ladyes maye beholde yold/So anone ae/ſyr launcelot had warnynge/he was ſoone redy/and̄ there ſyr Percyual and ſir launcelot encountred̄ with ſuche a myghte / and̄ theire ſperes were ſoo rude that both the horſes and̄ the knyghtes felle to the erthe/Thenne they auoyded̄ their horſes/and̄ flange oute no̱ ble ſwerdes/ & bare albey cantels of theire ſheldes/ & hurtled̄ to gyder with their ſheldes lyke two bores/and̄ eyther wouṉ ded̄ other paſſynge ſore/At the laſt ſyr Percyual ſpake fyrſt whanne they had̄ foughten there more than two houres/ Fair knyghte ſaid̄ ſyre Perryuale I requyre the telle me thy name for I mette neuer with ſuche a knyghte/ Sir ſaid̄ ſyr launce lot my name is le chrueler mal fet/ Nold telle me youre name ſaide ſyre Launcelot I requyre yold gentyl knyghte

Truly ſaid̄ ſire ꝑcyual my name is ſyr ꝑcyual de gaks
that was broder vnto the good̄ kny3te ſyr Lamorak de ga-
lys/and̄ kynge ꝑellenore was oure fader/and̄ ſyre Agrwal
is my broder / Alas ſaid̄ ſire launcelot what haue I done to
fy3te with yold that art a kny3te of the table round̄ / that
ſom̄tyme was your felaw

¶ Capitulum viij

And̄ there with alle ſyre launcelot kneled̄ doune vpon
his knees and̄ threwe alwey his ſheld̄ and̄ his ſwerd
from hym̄/ whanne ſire ꝑcyual ſalwe hym̄ doo ſo/he merueyl-
led̄ what he mened̄ / And̄ thenne thus he ſaid̄/ ſyre kny3te
what ſomeuer thold be / I requyre the vpon the hy3e ordre of
kny3thode telle me thy true name/ Thenne he ſaid̄ ſo god̄ me
help my name is ſyre launcelot du lake kynge Bans ſone of
Benoy/ Alas ſaid̄ ſyr ꝑcyual what haue I done I was
ſente by the Quene for to ſeke yold / and̄ ſoo I haue ſoughte
yold nyg̃ this thre yere / and̄ yonder is ſyre Ector de marys
your broder abydeth me on the other ſyde of the yonder watr/
Nold for godd̄es ſake ſaid ſire ꝑcyual forgyue me myn of-
fences that I haue here done/ hit is ſoone forgyuen ſaid̄ ſyre
launcelot/ Thenne ſyre ꝑcyual ſente for ſyr Ector de marys
And̄ whanne ſyr launcelot had̄ a ſy3te of hym̄/he ranne vn
to hym̄ and̄ wold hym̄ in his armes/and̄ th̄ne ſyr Ector kne-
led̄ doune/and̄ eyther wepte vpon other that all had̄ pyte to
beholde them̄/ Thenne came dame Elayne/ and̄ ſhe there maade
them grete chere as myg̃te lye in her powder/and̄ there ſhe told̄
ſyr Ector and̄ ſyr ꝑcyual hold and̄ in what maner ſir lan-
uncelot came in to that countrey/ And̄ hold he was hele-
d̄/ and̄ there hit was knowen holy longe ſyr launcelot was with ſyre
Blyaunt and̄ with ſyr Selyuaunt/ and̄ hold he fyrſte mette
with them̄/and̄ hold he departed from them̄ by cauſe of a bore /
and̄ hold the ſtremyte heled̄ ſyre launcelot of his grete wou-
nd̄ and̄ hold that he came to Corbyn/

¶ Capitulum ix

Now leue we sire launcelot in the Joyous yle with the lady dame Elayne and syr Percyual and sir Ector playenge with hym / and torne we to syr Boors de ganys and sire Lyonel that had sought sire launcelot nygh by the space of two yere / and neuer coude they here of hym / & as they thus rode / by aduenture they cam to the hous of Brandegore / and there syr Boors was well knowen / for he had geten a child vpon the kynges doughter fyftyn yere to forne / & his name was Helyn le blank / And whanne syre Boors salde that child hit lyked hym passynge well / And so tho knyghtes had goode chere of the kynge Brandegore / ¶ And on the morne syre Boors came afore kynge Brandegore and said Here is my sone Helyn le blanck / that as it is sayd he is my sone / And sythe hit is soo / I wille that ye wete that I wil haue hym with me vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur / Sir sayd the kynge / ye maye well take hym With you / but he is ouer vnder of age / As for that sayd syre Boors I wille haue hym with me / and bringe hym to the holde of most worship of the world / Soo whanne syre Boors shold departe / there was made grete sorowe for the departynge of Helyn le blanck / and grete wepynge was there made / But sire Boors and syre Lyonel departed / And within a whyle they came to Camelot / where was kynge Arthur / And whanne kynge Arthur vnderstood that Helyn le blank was kynge Boors sone / and neuelde vnto kynge Brandegore / Thenne kynge Arthur lete hym make knyght of the wounde table / and soo he preued a goode knyght / and an aduenturous / ¶ Now wille we torne to our matter of sire launcelot / Hit befelle vpon a day syr Ector and syr Percyual cam to syr Launcelot and asked hym what he wolde doo / and whether he wolde goo with them vnto kynge Arthur or not / Nay sayd syr Launcelot that may not be by no meane / for I was so venetured at the Courte that I easte me neure to come there more / Sir said syr Ector I am youre broder and ye are the man in the world that I loue moost / And yf I vnderstode that it were your disworship / ye may vnderstande I wolde neuer counceyle yold ther to / but kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes / and in especial Quene Gueneuer maade suche dole and sorowe that hit was merueyle to here and see

And ye muste remembre the grete worship and renoume that ye be of/ wold that ye haue ben more spoken of than ony other knyghte that is nold lyuynge/ for there is none that beryth the name nold but ye and syr Tristram/ therfore broder sayd syre Ector make yold redy to ryde to the Courte with vs/ and I dar say/ there was neuer knyghte better welcome to the court than ye/ and I wote wel and ony make it good sayd syr Ector it hath coste my lady the Quene twenty thousand pound the se kynge of yold/ wel broder sayd sire launcelot I wil doo after your counceil and ryde with yold/ Soo thenne they took their horses and made them redy and took their leue at kyng Pelles and at dame Elayne/ And whanne syre launcelot sholde departe/ dame Elayne made grete sorowe/ My lord syr Launcelot sayd dame Elayne at this same feest of Pentecost shalt your sone and myn Galahalt be made knyghte / for he is fully nold yf wynter old/ doo as ye lyst sayd sir Launcelot/ god gyue hym grace to preue a good knyghte/ As for that sayd dame Elayne I doubte not he shal preue the best man of his kyn except one/ thenne shalle he be a man good ynough sayd syre launcelot/

Capitulum x

Thenne they departed/ and within fyue dayes journey they came to Camelot/ that is called in Englysshe wyn chester/ And whanne syre launcelot was com among them/ the kynge and all the knyghtes made grete Ioye of hym And there syre Percyual de galys and sire Ector de marys leganne and told the hole aduentures that syre launcelot had ben out of his mynde the tyme of his absence/ and how he called hym self le cheueler malefet/ the knyght that had trespaced And in thre dayes sir launcelot smote doun fyue hondred knyghtes/ And euer as sire Ector and sire Percyual told these tales of syre launcelot quene Gueneuer wepte as she sholde haue dyed/ Thenne the quene made grete chere / O Ihesu sayd kynge Arthur I merueyle for what cause ye syre launcelot went out of your mynde/ I and many other deme it was for the loue of fayre Elayne the doughter of kynge Pelles / by

whome ye ar noyſed that ye haue gotten a child/ & his name is Galahalt/and men ſaye/he ſhalle doo merueylles/My lord ſayd ſyr launcelot yf I dyd ony folye/ I haue that I ſoude and there with alle the kynge ſpak no more/ But alle ſire launcelots kynne kneelde for whome he wente oute of his mynde/ And thenne there were grete feeſtes made and grete Joye/ & many grete lordes and ladyes whanne they herd that ſir launcelot was come to the Courte ageyne they made grete ioye

Capitulum vj

NOw wille we leue of this matter and ſpeke we of ſire Triſtram/and of ſyr Palomydes that was the Sara ſyn Vncryſtened/ whanne ſyr Triſtram was come home vnto Joyous gard from his aduentures/ Alle this whyle that ſyr launcelot was thus myſt two yere and more / ſyr Triſtram bare the renomme thurgh alle the realme of Logres and many ſtraunge aduentures befolle hym and ful wel and manly and worſhipfully he brought hem to an ende/ So whanne he was come home la Beale Iſoud told hym of the grete feeſt that ſholde be at Pentecoſt next folowyng/ and there ſhe told hym how ſir launcelot had ben myſt two yere/ and al that whyle he had ben oute of his mynde/ and how he was hol pen by the holy veſſel the Sangreal/ Alas ſaid ſyr Triſtram that cauſed ſome debate betwixe hym and Quene Gueneuer / Syr ſaid dame Iſoud I knowe hit alle/ for quene Gueneuer ſente me a letter in the whiche ſhe wrote me alle how hit was for to requyre yow to ſeke hym/ and now bleſſid be god ſaid la Beale Iſoud he is hole and ſound and come ageyne to the Courte/ therof am I glad ſaid ſyr Triſtram and now ſhal ye and I make vs redy/ for both ye and I wille be atte feeſt Sir ſaid Iſoud and hit pleaſe yow I wille not be there/ for thorugh me ye be marked of many good knyghtes/ and that cauſed yow to haue moche more labour for my ſake than ne deth yow/ Thenne wille I not be there ſaid ſyr Triſtram / but yf ye be there / god defende ſaid la beale Iſoud / for thenne ſhal I be ſpoken of ſhame amonge alle Quenes and ladyes

of estate / for ye that ar called one of the noblest knyghtes of the world / and ye a knyght of the roundy table / how maye ye be myst at that feest / what shalle be said amonge all knyghtes See how sire Tristram huntyth and halsyth & coureth with ȳ in a Castel with his lady / and forsaketh your worshyp / Alas shalle some say hit is pyte that euer he was made knyght or that euer he sholde haue the loue of a lady / Also what shal Quenes and ladyes saye of me / hit is pyte that I haue myf that I wille holde soo noble a knyght as ye ar from his worshyp / Soo god me helpe saide syre Tristram vnto la Beale Isoud / hit is passynge wel sayd of yow and nobly counseyled / and nowe I welle vnderstande that ye loue me / and lyke as ye haue counseyled me I wille doo a parte there after / But there shalle no man nor childe ryde with me / but my self And soo wille I ryde on tewesday next comyng and no moo harneis of werre but my spere and my swerde /

Capitulum vij

And soo whanne the daye came / syre Tristram toke his leue at la Beale Isoud / and she sente with hym / iiij knyghtes / and within half a myle he sente them ageyne / and within a myle after sir Tristram salwe afore hym where sir palomydes hade stryken doune a knyght / and al moost wounded hym to the dethe / Thenne syr Tristram repentyd hym / that he was not armed / and thenne he houed stylle / with that sir palomydes kneled syr Tristram and cryed on hygh / syr Tristram nowe he we mette / for or we departe / we wille professe our olde sores / As for that said sir Tristram there was yet neuer cristen man myghte make his boost that euer I fledde from hym / and wete ye wel syr Palomydes thold that arte a sarsyn shal neuer make thy boost that syr Tristram de lyones shalle flee from the / And there with syr Tristram made his hors to renne / and with all his myghte he came strenghter vpon syr Palomydes / & braste his spere vpon hym an hondred pyeces / And forth with alle sir Tristram drewe his swerde / And thenne he torned his hors & stroke at palomydes / vp / grete strokes vpon his helme / & thenne sir Palomydes stode stylle / and beheld syre Tristram / &

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merueyled of his Wodenes/and of his folye/And thenne sir palomydes sayd to hym self/and sir Tristram were armed/ it were hard to seace hym of this bataylle/and yf I torne agayne and slee hym I am asshamed where someuer that I goo Thenne syr Tristram spake and said/ ¶ Thold colward knyght what casteste thold to doo/why wolt thold not doo bataylle with me/for haue thold noo doubte I shalle endure alle thy malyce/A syr Tristram said Palomydes ful wel thou wotest I maye not fyghte with the for shame/ for thold arte here naked and I am armed/And yf I slee the/dishonour shalle myn/and wel thold wotest said syr Palomydes to sir Tristram I knolde thy strengthe and thy hardynesse to endure ageynst a good knyghte/ That is trouthe said syr Tristram I Understande thy Valyauntnesse wel/ye saye wel said syr Palomydes/Nold I requyre yold telle me a queston that I shalle saye to yold/Telle me what hit is said syr Tristram/ and I shalle answer yold the trouthe as god me helpe/ I putte caas said sir Palomydes that ye were armed at al ryghtes as wel as I am/and I naked as ye be what wold ye doo to me nold by your true knyghthode/A said syr Tristram nold I Understande the wel syr Palomydes/for nold must I say myn olwn jugement/and as god me blysse that I shalle say/ shal not be said for no fere that I haue of the/But this is all wete sir Palomydes/as at this tyme thou sholdeste departe from me/for I wolde not haue adoo with the/no more wil I said palomydes/& therfor ryde forth on thy way/as for that I maye chese said syr Tristram outher to ryde or to abyde/ but sir Palomydes said sir Tristram I merucille of one thyng that thold that art soo good a knyghte that thold wolt not be crystened/ & thy broder syr Safere hath ben Crystened many a daye

¶ Capitulum viij

AS for that said sire Palomydes I may not yet be cristened/for one auowe that I haue made many yeres agone/hold be it in my herte I bileue in Jhesu crist & his mylde moder mary/but I haue but one batail to do/& when that is done I wil be baptysed with a good wille

¶ By my hede sayd Tristram as for one bataylle thou shal not

ſelfe it no lenger/ For gody defende ſaid ſir Triſtram that thurz my defaute thou ſholdeſt lenger lyue thus a ſaraſyn/for yon ſy er is a knyght that ye ſyr Palomydes haue hurte & ſmyten doune/Nowe helpe me that I were armedy in his armour/ andy I ſhalle ſoone fulfylle thyne auowes/ As ye wille ſaidy palo mydes ſoo it ſhalle be/ Soo they rode to the knyght that ſatte vpon a bank/ andy thenne ſir Triſtram ſalewedy hym andy he wekely ſalewedy hym ageyne/Sir knyzt ſaidy ſir Triſ tram I requyre yowe telle me your ryghte name/Sir he ſaydy my name is ſyr Gallewoy of Gallway andy knyghte of the ta ble wundy/ Soo gody me helpe ſaidy ſir Triſtram I am ryghte fuy of your hurtes/but this is alle I muſt praye yowe to le ne me alle your hole armour/for ye ſee I am vnarmedy/and I muſt doo batail with this knyght/ ſyr ſaidy the hurte knyghte ye ſhalle haue hit with a goody will/ but ye muſte kelware for I warne yowe that knyghte is wyghte/ Syr ſaydy Galeroy I praye yowe telle me your name / andy what is that knyghtes name y hath hetty me/ Sir as for my name it is ſir Triſtram de lyones/andy as for the knyghtes name that hath hurte you is ſyr Palomydes broder to the goody knyghte ſyre Safere / & yet is ſyr Palomydes vncryſtenedy/ Alas ſaidy ſyr Gallewoy/ that is pyte that ſoo goody a knyghte andy ſoo noble a many of armes ſholdy be vncryſtenedy/ Soo gody me helpe ſaidy ſir Triſ tram outher he ſhalle flee me or I hym / but that he ſhalle be cryſtenedy/or euer we departe in ſonder/My lordy ſyr Triſtram ſaidy ſir Galeroy/your renoume andy worſhip is wel knowen thorou many rames/andy gody ſaue yowe this day from ſenſ hyp andy ſhame/ Thenne ſyr Triſtram vnarmedy Galeroy/ the whiche was a noble knyghte/andy hady done many dedes of ar mes/andy he was a large knyghte of fleſſhe andy boone / Andy whan he was vnarmedy he ſtoody vpon his feet/for he was hy ſedy in the back with a ſpere/yet ſoo as ſyr Gallewoy myghte be armedy ſyr Triſtram/ Andy thenne ſyr Triſtram mountedy vp on his owne hors andy in his handy he gat ſyr Gallewons ſpe re/andy there with al ſyr palomydes was redy/ & ſoo they came hurtlynge to gyderes/and eyther ſmote other in myddes of the yr ſheldes/ & there with al ſir Palomydes ſpere brak/andy ſyre Triſtram ſmote doune the hors/ andy ſir Palomydes as ſoone

as he myghte auoyde his hors/ & dressid his shelde/ & pulled oute his swerde/ that salue sir Tristram/ & there with al he alyghte and tyed his hors tyl a tre

Capitulum viii

And thenne they came to gyders as two wylde bores/ lasshynge to gyders tracyng and trauersyng as noble men/ that ofte had ben wel prouede in batail/ but euer syr Palomydes dredde the myghte of syre Tristram/ and therfor he suffred hym to brethe hym/ thus they fought more than two houres/ but ofte syr Tristram smote suche strokes at sir Palomydes that he made hym to knele/ and syre Palomydes brake and cutte alwey many pyeces of sir Tristrams shelde/ & thenne sir Palomydes wounded sir Tristram for he was a wel fyghtynge man/ Thenne sire Tristram was woode wrothe oute of mesure and rasshed vpon syr Palomydes with suche a myghte that sire Palomydes felle grouelynge to the erthe/ & there with alle he lepte vp lyghtely vpon his feet/ and thenne syr Tristram wounded Palomydes sore thurgh the sholder/ & euer syr Tristram fought stylle in lyke hardy/ and syr Palomydes fayled not but gaf hym many sadde strokes/ And ate laste syr Tristram doubled his strokes/ & by fortune syre Tristram smote syr Palomydes swerde oute of his handy/ & yf sir Palomydes had stouped for his swerd he had ben slayne/ Thenne Palomydes stode stylle and beheld his swerde with a sowful herte/ Hold nold saide syr Tristram vnto Palomydes/ nold haue I the at auauntage as thou hadeste me this daye/ but it shalle neuer be saide in no Courte nor among goode knyghtes that syr Tristram shalle slee ony knyghte that is wepenles/ & therfor take thold thy swerde/ & lete vs make an ende of thys batail/ As for to doo this batail sayde Palomydes I dar ryght wel ende hit/ but I haue no grete luste to fyghte no more/ and for this cause saide Palomydes/ Myn offense to yold is not soo grete/ but that we may be frendes/ Alle that I haue offended is and was for the loue of la Beale Isoud/ And as for her/ I dar say she is pyerles aboue alle other ladyes/ and also I

proferdy her neuer no dishonour/ andy by her I haue geten the moost parte of my worshipp/ andy sythen I offendedy neuer as to her owne persone/ Andy as for the offence that I haue done/ it was ageynste your owne persone/ And for that offence ye ha ue gyuen me this day many sady strokes/ andy some I haue ye uen yold ageyne / andy nold I dar say I felte neuer man of your myghte/ nor soo Wel brethedy/ but yf hit were syr launce lot du lake/ wherfor I requyre yold my lordy / forgyue me alle that I haue offendedy vnto yoldy Andy this same day shriue me to the neyt chirche/ andy fyrst lete me be clene confessedy / Andy after see yold nold that I be truly baptysedy / And thenne wil we alle ryde to gyders vnto the courte of Arthur that we be there at the hyhe feeste/ Nold take your hors saidy sir Tristram Andy as ye say/ soo hit shal be/ andy alle thyn euyle wil gody forgyue it yold andy I doo/ Andy here within this myle is the suffrean of Carleil that shalle gyue yold the sacrament of bapty tym/ Thenne they took their horses andy sire Gakeryn rode wyth them/ ¶ Andy whanne they cam to the suffrean syre Tristram toldy hym their desyre/ Thenne the suffrean lete fylle a grete ves sel with water/ Andy whanne he hady halowedy hit / he thenne confessidy clene syr Ghalomydes/ andy syr Tristram andy sir gal lewy were his godfadres/ And thenne soone after they departy tedy rydynge tolward Camelot/ where kynge Arthur & Quene Gueneuer was / Andy for the moost party alle the knyghtes of the roundy table/ And so the kynge andy alle the Court were glady that syr Ghalomydes was crystenedy/ Andy at the same feeste in came Galahady andy sat in the sege perillous/

¶ Andy soo there with alle departedy andy dissenedy alle the knyghtes of the roundy table/ andy sire Tristram retorned ayene vnto Joyous gardy/ andy syr Ghalomydes folowedy the questy nge beste

¶ Here endeth the secondy book of syr Tristram that was dra wen oute of Frenssh in to Englysshe
But here is no rehersal of the thyrd book / ¶ Andy here folo weth the noble tale of the Sanegreal that calledy is the hooly Vessel andy the sygnifyeacyon of the blessidy blody of our lord Jhesu Cryste/ blessidy mote it be/ the whiche was brought in to

this lande by Joseph of Armathye/therfor on al synful sou-
e blessid lord haue thou mercy

¶ Explicit liber vij/Et incipit Decimusseptimus

¶ Capitulum primum/

AT the begyng of Pentecost whan alle the felaw-
ship of the roundy table were comen vnto Ca-
melot/and there herde their seruyse And the ta-
bles were set redy to the mete/ Ryght so entryd
in to the halle a ful fayre gentylwoman on
horsback that hady ryden ful fast/for her hors was al besweted/
Thenne she there alyght/and came before the kynge e saleWed
hym/and he saidy damoysel gody the blysse/ Sire saidy she for
goddes sake saye me where syr launcelot is/yonder ye may se
hym saidy the kynge/ Thenne she wente vnto Launcelot andy
saidy syr launcelot I salelve yolu on kynge Pelles behalf/and
I requyre yolu come on with me here by in to a foreste/ thenne
syr launcelot asKedy her with whome she dwelledy/ I dwelle sa-
dy she with kynge Pelles/what wille ye with me said Launce-
lot/ ye shal knowe saidy she whanne ye come thyder/ wel saydy
he I wille gladly goo with yolu/Soo syr launcelot badde his
squyer sadel his hors/andy kynge his armes/andy in all haste
he dydy his commaundement/Thenne came the quene vnto lau-
celot/andy saidy wille ye leue vs at this hyghe feest/madame sa-
id the gentylwoman wete ye wel he shal be with yolu to morn
by dyner tyme ¶Yf I wyst said the Quene that he
shold not be with vs here to morne he sholdy not goo with you
by my goody wylle

¶Ryght soo departed sir launcelot with the gentylwoman/ e
rode vntyl that he came in to a foreste andy in to a grete valey/
where they salwe an Abbay of nonnes/ and there was a squyer
redy and openedy the gates/and soo they entrydy and descended
of their horses/andy there came a fayre felawship aboute sir lau-
celot/and welcomedy hym/e there passyng gladde of his comyn
nge/ And thenne they laddy hym vnto the Abbesse chamber e
vnarmed hym/and tryght soo he was wam vpon a bed lyeng
two of his cosyns syr Bors e sir Lyonel/e thenne he walkedy

them/ And whanne they salue hym/ they made grete Ioye/ Sye
said syre Gores Vnto syr launcelot what aduenture hath bro-
ught you hyder/ for we wende to mane to haue fonde you at
Camelot ¶ As god me help said syr launcelot a
gentylwoman brought me hyther but I knowe not the cause
In the meane whyle that they thus stode talkynge to gyder/
there came twelue nonnes that brought with hym Galahad
the whiche was passynge fayre and well made that vnneth in
the worlde men myghte not fynde his matche/ and alle tho la-
dyes wepte/ ¶ Sire sayd they alle we brynge you here thys
child/ the whiche we haue nourisshed/ and we praye you to
make hym a knyght/ for of a more worthyer mans hande may
he not receyue the ordre of knyghthode/ Sir launcelot behelde the
yonge squyer/ and salue hym femely and demure as a doumb/
with alle maner of goode fetures/ that he wende of his age nev-
uer to haue sene soo fayre a man of forme
¶ Thenne said sir launcelot cometh this desyre of hym self/ he
and alle they sayd ye/ Thenne shalle he sayd sir launcelot re-
ceyue the hyghe ordre of knyghthode as to meane alle ryuerence
of the hyghe feeste/ That nyght syr launcelot lady passyng go-
dly chere/ And on the morne at the houre of prymo alle Gala-
hads desyre he made hym knyght e said/ god make hym a good
man/ for of beaute fayleth you not as ony that lyueth/

¶ Capitulum Seaundum

NOw fayre syr said syr launcelot wille ye come wyth
me Vnto the Courte of kynge Arthur/ Nay sayd he/ I
wille not goo with you as at this tyme/ Thenne he departed
fro them and took his two Cosyns with hym/ and so they cam
Vnto Camelot by the houre of vndren on whytsonday/ Alle that
tyme the kynge and the Quene were gone to the mynster to he
re their seruyse/ Thenne the kynge and the quene were passyng
glade of sir Gores and syr Lyonel and soo were alle the fe-
lauship/ So when the kyng e alle the knyghtes were come from
seruyse/ the lordes aspyed in the seeges of the round table al-
aboute wryten with goldan letters/ here ought to syte he/ and
he ought to syte here/ And thus they wende soo longe tylle

that they came to the sege perilous/where they fonde letters ne
wely written of golde which saide/iiij/C/Yeneres/e/xliij/ac
complyssshed after the passion of oure lorde Jhesu Criste ouzte
this sege to be fulfylled/thenne alle they said/ this is a mer
uelyous thynge and an aduenturous/ Jn the name of gode
said syr launcelot/e thenne accomplyshed the terme of the wry
tynge from the byrthe of oure lorde vnto that day/ Jt semeth
me said syr launcelot this sege ought to be fulfylled this sa
me day/for this is the feest of Pentecoste after the four honderd
and four and fyfty yere/ And yf it wolde please alle partyes
Jl wolde none of these letters were sene this daye tyl he be to
me that ought to enchene this aduenture/ Thenne made they
to ordeyne a clothe of syllke for to couer these letters in the sege
perilous/ Thenne the kyng badde haste vnto dyner/ Sire sayd
sir kay the stuwardy/yf ye goo nolw vnto your mete/ ye shalle
breke your olde customme of your Courte/for ye haue not ys
sed on this day to tyde at your mete or that ye haue sene som
aduenture/ye say sothe said the kynge/ but Jl hade soo grete
Jope of sir launcelot and of his Cosyns which is come to the
Courte hole and sounde/so that Jl bethoughte me not of myne
olde customme/Soo as they stode spekynge/in came a squyer/e
said vnto the kyng/ Sire Jl kynge vnto yolle merueillous ty
dynges/what is they said the kyng/ Sir there is here bynethe
at the Ryuer a grete stone which Jl salwe stode aboue the wa
ter/ and therin Jl salwe stekynge a swerdy/ the kynge sayde Jl
wille se that merueille/ soo alle the knyghtes went with hym/
And whanne they came vnto the ryuer they fonde there a sto
ne stekynge as hit were of wody marbil/and therin stack a fair
Ryche swerd/e in the pomel therof were precyous stones wr
ought with subtyle letters of golde/ Thenne the Barons redde
the letters which said in this wyse/ Neuer shalle man take
me hens/but only he by whos syde Jl ought to hange/ and he
shalle be the best knyght of the worlde/ whanne the kynge hade
sene the letters/he said vnto sir launcelot/ Fair sire this swerdy
ought to be youre/ for Jl am sure ye be the best knyght of the
worlde/ Thenne syr launcelot answerd full soberly/ Certes sir
it is not my swerde/

Also sir wote ye wel Jl haue no hardynes to sette my hande

to/for hit longedy not to ſtange by my ſyde / ¶ Alſo who that aſſayeth to take the ſwerdy and fayleth of hit/he ſhalle receyue a wounde by that ſwerdy that he ſhalle not be hole longe after / ¶ And I wille that ye wete that this ſame day ſhalle the aduentures of the Sangreal that is calledy the holy Veſſel be gynne/

¶ Capitulum iij

Old fayre neuelde ſaidy the kynge vnto ſyr galdayn/ aſſaye ye for my loue/Sir he ſaidy ſauf your goody grace I ſhalle not doo that/Sir ſaidy the kynge aſſaye to take the ſwerdy and at my commaundement / Syre ſaidy Gawayne your commaundement I wille obeye/and ther with he took vp the ſwerdy by the handels / but he myghte not ſtere hit/ I thanke yold ſaidy the kynge to ſyre Galdayne /

¶ My lordy ſyr Galdayne ſaidy ſyr Lañcelot nold wete ye wel this ſwerdy ſhalle wuche yold ſoo ſore / that ye ſhalle wylle ye hady neuer ſette your handy therto for the beſt Caſtel of this realme/Syr he ſaidy I myghte not withſay myn vncles wylle and commaundement/but whanne the kynge herdy this he repentyde hit mocke/ and ſaidy vnto ſyr Percyual that he ſholdy aſſaye for his loue/and he ſaidy gladly for to lere ſyr Galdayn folauſhyp/and there with he ſette his handy on the ſwerdy/ and dreue hit ſtrongly/but he myghte not meue hit / Thenne were there moo that durſte be ſoo hardy to ſette theire handes therto/ ¶ Nold maye ye goo to your dyner ſaidy ſyr kay vnto the kynge/for a merueillous aduenture haue ye ſene/ Soo the kynge and alle wente vnto the Courte / and euery knyghte knewe his olde place/and ſette hym therin/ and yonge men that were knyghtes ſeruedy them/ Soo whan they were ſerued and alle ſeges fulfylledy ſauf only the ſyege perillous/ Anon there befelle a merueillous aduenture/that alle the dores & wyndowes of the palays ſhut by them ſelf/Not for thenne the halle was not gretely darkedy/and there with they abaſſhed both one and other/ ¶ Thenne kynge Arthur ſpak fyrſt and ſaidy by god fayre felawes & lordes we haue ſene this daye merueyles/but or nyght I ſuppoſe we ſhal ſee grettir merueyles/ In

the meane whyle came in a good old man and an auncy-
ent clothed al in white/ and there was no knyght kneling from
whens he came/ And with hym he brought a yong knyght bo-
the on foote in tredy armes without sherdy or shildy / sauf a
scauberdy hangynge by his syde/ And these wordes he said pres
se with yold faire lordes / ¶ Thenne the old man saydy vn
to Arthur/ syre I bringe here a yonge knyghte/ the whiche is
of kynges lygnage & of the kynrede of Joseph of Arimathy
the where by the meruevlles of thys Courte and of straunge
realmes shalle be fully accomplysshed

¶ Capitulum Quartum

THe kynge was rygthe gladde of his wordes/ and said vnto the good man/ syr ye be rygthe welcome/ and the yonge knyzte with yold/ Thenne the old man made the yong man to vnarme hym/ / and he was in a cote of tredy sendel/ & hade a mantel vpon his sholder that was furredy with ermyn/ and put that vpon hym/ And the old knyghte saydy vnto the yonge knyght/ syr folowyth me/ and anone he ledde hym vnto the sege perylous/ where besyde sat syr Launcelot/ and the good man lyfte vp the clothe/ and fonde there letters that said thus this is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce/ Sir saidy tholdy knyghte/ wete ye wel that place is yours/ And thenne he sett hym doune surely in that syege/ And thenne he saydy to the old man/ syr ye maye nowe goo your Way/ for wel haue ye done/ that ye were commaundedy to doo/ & recommaunde me vnto my graunt sir kynge Ryelles/ and vnto my lord Ryetchere/ and say hem on my behalf I shalle come and see hym as soone as euer I may/ Soo the good man departedy / and there met hym yy noble squyers/ and so took their horses and wente their way Thenne alle the knyghtes of the table round merueylledy gre-
tely of sir Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that syege peril-
lous/ and was soo tendyr of age/ and wist not from whens he came but al only by godi/ and said this he by whome the Sãc-
greal shal be encheuedy/ For there sat neuer none/ but he/ but he were meschuedy/ Thenne syr Launcelot beheld his sone and had

grete Joye of hym/Thenne Bors tolde his felawes vpon payne of my lyf this yonge knyghte shalle come vnto grete worshipp/this noyse was grete in alle the Courte/soo that it cam to the quene/thenne she hadde merueylle what knyght it myght be that durste auenture hym to sytte in the syege perylloues/ many saide vnto the quene/he resembled moche vnto sire Launcelot I may well suppose saide the quene/ that syr Launcelot begatte hym on kynge Pelles doughter/by the whiche he was made to lye by/by enchauntement/and his name is Galahalt/I wold fayne see hym saide the quene/for he must nedes be a noble man for soo is his fader that hym begat I reporte me vnto alle the table roundy/So whanne the mete was done that the kynge & alle were ryseu/the kynge yede vnto the syege perylloues and lyfte vp the clothe/and fonde there the name of Galahadd / & thenne he shewed hit vnto syr Gawayne/and sayde fayre neuewe wold haue we amonge vs syr Galahadd the goody knyght that shalle worshippe vs alle / and vpon payne of my lyf he shal encheue the Sangreal/ryght as sir launcelot had done vs to vnderstande / Thenne came kyng Arthur vnto Galahadd and saide syr ye be welcome/for ye shalle meue many goody knyghtes to the queste of the Sangreal/and ye shal encheue that neuer knyghtes myght bryngе to an ende/Thenne the kynge took hym by the handy and wente doune from the pale & is to shewe Galahadd the aduentures of the stone/

Capitulum v

The Quene herd therof and came after with many ladyes/and shewed hem the stone where it houed on the watre/Sire saide the kyng vnto syr Galahadd here is a grete merueylle as euer I salde/and ryght good knyghtes haue assayed and fayled/

Syre saide Galahad that is no merueil/for this aduenture is not theirs/but myne / and for the seurte of this swerde I brought none with me / For here by my syde hangeth the

ſaukerdȝ/Andȝ anone he laydȝ his handȝ on the ſwerdȝ/ andȝ lyghtly drewe it oute of the ſtone/andȝ putte it in the ſkethe/ & ſaidȝ vnto the kynge/ nowe hit goth better than hit dydȝ afore handȝ/Sir ſaidȝ the kynge/ A ſheldȝ godȝ ſhalle ſendȝ you nowe haue I that ſwerdȝ that ſomtyme Was the goodȝ knyghtes Balyn le ſauuage/andȝ he was a paſſynge goodȝ man of his handes/ Andȝ with this ſuerdȝ he ſlewe his broder Balan and that was grete pyte for he was a goodȝ knyghte/andȝ eyther ſlewe other thorou a dolorous ſtroke that Balyn gaf vnto my graũte fadȝr/kynge Pelles/the whiche is not yet hole/nor not ſhal be tyl I hele hym/Therwith the kynge andȝ alle aſpyedȝ where came rydynge doune the ryuer a lady on a whyte pal; froy toward them/Thenne ſhe ſalewedȝ the kynge andȝ the quene/andȝ aſkedȝ yf that ſyr Launcelot was there/ Andȝ thenne he anſwerdȝ hym ſelf I am here fayre lady/Thenne ſhe saydȝ al with wepynge hold your grete doynge is chaungedȝ ſyth this day in the morne/Damoyſel why ſay ye ſoo ſaydȝ Launcelot/I ſaye yowe ſothe ſaidȝ the damoyſel/for ye were this day the beſt knyghte of the worldȝ / but who ſholdȝ ſaye ſoo nowe he ſholdȝ be a lyar/for there is nowe one better than ye/ Andȝ wel hit is pruedȝ by the aduentures of the ſuerdȝ where to ye durſte not ſette to your handȝ / andȝ that is the chaunge andȝ leuynge of your name/wherfore I make vnto yowe a remembraunce/ that ye ſhalle not wene from henſforth that ye be the beſt knyght of the worldȝ/ As touchynge vnto that ſaidȝ launcelot / I knowe wel I was neuer the beſt/yes ſaydȝ the damoyſel that were ye andȝ are yet of ony ſynful man of the worldȝ/ Andȝ ſir kyng Nacyen the hermyte ſendeth the word that the ſhalle befalle the greteſt worſhip that euer befelle kynge in Brytayne / andȝ I ſay yowe wherfore/for this daye the Sancgreal appierdȝ in thy holde andȝ fedde the andȝ alle thy felauſhyp of the roundȝ table Soo ſhe departedȝ andȝ Wente that ſame way that ſhe came/

Capitulum vj

NOwe ſaydȝ the kyng I am ſure at this queſt of the Sãc greal ſhalle alle ye of the table roundȝ departe/and ne uer ſhalle I ſee yowe ageyne hole to gyders/ therfor I

wille ſee yold alle hole to gyders in the medolwe of Camelot to juſte and to torneye/that after your dethe men may ſpeke of hit that ſuche goode knyghtes were holy to gyders ſuche a day As vnto that counceylle and at the kynges requeſt they accorded alle/and toke on their harneis that longed vnto Juſtynge but alle this meuynge of the kyng was for thio entent for to ſee Galahalt preuedy/for the kynge demede he ſholde not lyghtly come ageyne vnto the Courte after his departynge/So were they aſſembledy in the medolwe bothe more and laſſe/Thenne ſyr Galahalt by the prayer of the kynge and the Quene dyde vpon hym a noble Jeſſeraunte/ and alſo he dyde on hys helme/but ſhelde wold he take none for no prayer of the kyng And thenne ſir Galhayne and other knyghtes praide hym to take a ſpere/Righte ſoo he dyde/and the Quene was in a toure with alle her ladyes for to beholde that turnement/ Thenne ſir Galahalt dreſſid hym in mydde of the medolwe/and began to breke ſperes merueylouſly that alle men had wonder of hym for he there ſurmounted alle other knyghtes/for within a whyle he hade defouled many good knyghtes of the table rounde/ ſauf tweyne that was ſyr launcelot and ſire Percyuale/

Capitulum vij

Thenne the kyng at the quenes requeſt made hym to alyghte/and to vnlace his helme that the Quene myght ſee hym in the viſage/whanne ſhe beheld hym ſhe ſayd ſothely I dar wel ſay that ſir launcelot begat hym/for neuer two men reſembled more in lyknes/therfor it nys no merueyle though he be of grete prolweſſe/So a lady that ſtode by the Quene ſaid/Madame for goddes ſake ought he of ryghte to be ſo good a knyghte/ye forſothe ſaide the qnene/ for he is of alle partyes come of the beſt knyghtes of the world and of the hyeſt lygnage/for ſir launcelot is come but of the/viij/degre from oure lord Jheſu Cryſt/ and ſyre Galahalt is of the nynthe degre from oure lorde Jheſu Cryſt/therfor I dar ſaye they be the greteſt gentilmen of the world/and thenne the kynge and alle eſtates wente home vnto Camelot/ and ſoo wente to euenſonge

to the grete mynster/ And soo after vpon that to souper / and euery knyght sette in his owne place as they were to fore hand Thenne anone they herd crakynge and cryenge of thonder that hem thought the place sholde alle to dryue/ In the myddes of this blaste entred a sonne beaume more cleter by seuen tymes than euer they sawe daye/ And al they were alyghted of the grace of the holy ghoost/ thenne beganne euery knyghte to beholde other/ & eyther sawe other by theire semynge fayrer than euer they sawe afore /Not for thenne there was no knyght myghte speke one word a grete whyle/ and soo they loked euery man on other as they hadde ben dome/ Thenne there entred in to the halle the holy graile couerd with whyte samyte /but ther was none myghte see hit/ nor who bare hit/ And there was al the halle fulfylled with goode odoures / and euery knyght had suche metes and drynkes as he best loued in this worlde/ And whan the holy grayle had be borne thurgh the halle/ thenne the holy vessel departed sodenly that they wyste not where hit became/ thenne had they alle brethe to speke/ And thenne the kynge yelded thankynges to gode of his goode grace that he had sente them / Certis said the kynge we oughte to thanke oure lorde ihesu gretely for that he hath shewed vs this daye atte reuerence of this hyghe feest of Pentecost/ Nowe said sir Gawayn we haue ben serued this daye of what metes and drynkes we thoughte on/ but one thynge begyled vs we myght not see the holy Grayle/ it was soo preciously couerd/ wherfor I wil make here auowe/ that to morne without lenger abydyng I shalle laboure in the queste of the Sangreal / that I shalle holde me oute a twelue moneth and a day or more yf nede be/ & neuer shalle I retorne ageyne vnto the Courte / tyl I haue sene hit more openly than it hath ben sene here/ & yf I may not spede / I shall retorne ageyne as he that maye not be ageynst the wil of our lord Ihesu Cryste/ whan they of the table round herde syr Gawayne saye so/ they arose vp the most party and made suche auowes as sire Gawayne had made /

¶ Anone as kynge Arthur herd this / he was gretely dysplesyd/ for he wyste wel they myghte not ageyne saye theyre auowes ¶ Alas said kynge Arthur vnto sir Gawayn ye haue nyghe slayne me with this auowe and promesse that

ye haue made/ For thurgh yow ye haue bereft me the fayreſt felauſhip and the trueſt of knyghthode that euer were ſene to gyders in ony realme of the worlde/ For whanne they departe from hens I am ſure/ they alle ſhalle neuer mete more in thys worlde/ for they ſhalle dye many in the queſt/ And ſoo it for-thynketh me a lytel/ for I haue loued them as wel as my lyf wherfor hit ſhall greue me rygħte ſore the departycyon of this felauſhip/ For I haue had ay olde cuſtomme to haue hem in my felauſhip/

Capitulum Octauum/

And ther with the teres fylle in his eyen/ And thenne he ſayde Galhayne Galhayne ye haue ſette me in grete ſorowe/ For I haue grete doubte that my true felauſhip ſhalle neuer mete here more ageyne/ A ſayde ſyr Launcelot com forte your ſelf/ for hit ſhalle be vnto vs a grete honour & more than yf we dyed in ony other places/ for of deth we be ſyker/ A lancelot ſaid yͤ kyng yͤ grete loue yͤ I haue had vnto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to ſay ſuche dolefull wordes/ for neuer Cryſten kynge had neuer ſoo many worthy men at this table as I haue had this daye at the round table and that is my grete ſorowe/ Whanne the Quene ladyes & gentilwymmen wyſt theſe tydynges/ they had ſuche ſorowe & heuyneſſe that ther myght no tonge telle hit/ for tho knyghtes had holde them in honour and cheryte/ But amonge alle other Quene Geneuer made grete ſorowe/ I merueylle ſaid ſhe my lorde wolde ſuffre hem to departe from hym/ thus was al the Court troubled for the loue of the departycyon of tho knyghtes/ And many of tho ladyes that loued knyghtes wold haue gone with her louers/ and ſoo ſhe they done had not an olde knyghte come amonge them in Relygyous clothyng/ and thenne he ſpake alle on hyghe/ and ſaide fayre Lordes whiche haue ſworn in the queſt of the Sangreal/ Thus ſendeth you nacyen the heremyte worde that none in this queſte lede lady nor gentylwoman with hym/ for hit is not to doo in ſo hyghe a ſeruyſe as they labour in/ for I warne yow playne he that is not clene of his ſynnes/ he ſhalle not ſee the myſteryes of our lord

Jhesu Cryste / and for this cause they lefte these ladyes and gentyllwymmen/ ¶ After this the queue came vnto Galahad and asked hym of whens he was / and of what countrey/ he told her of whens he was/and sone vnto Launcelot /she saide he was/as to that he saidy neyther ye nor nay//So godys me helpe saidy the quene of your fader ye nede not to shame yolv / for he is the goodlyest kyngthe and of the best men of the world & men and of the strene of alle partyes of kynges// Wherfore ye oughte of ryghte to be of your dedes a passynge goody man/ & certaynly she saidy ye resemble hym moche/ Thenne syr Galahad was a lytel ashamedy and saidy Madame sythe ye knolve in certayne wherfore doo ye aske hit me/ for he that is my fader/ shalle be knolvyn openly and al by tymes / And thenne they went to reste them/ And in the honour of the hyhenes of Galahady he was ledde in to kynge Arthurs chamber/ and there restedy in his olvne ledde / And assoone as hit was daye the kynge arose for he hady no rest of alle that nyght for sorolve / Thenne he went vnto Galvayne and to syr launcelot that we re aryseu for to here masse/ And thenne the kyng ageyn saidy A Galvayne Galvayne ye haue bitrayedy me/For neuer shal my Courte be amendedy by yolv/but ye wille neuer be sory for me as I am for yolv/And there with the teres began to ren ne doune by his vysage/And there with the kyng said A kynghte syr launcelot/I requyre the tholv counceyle me / for I wold that this queste were vndone and it myghte be/syr saidy syr launcelot / ye salve yester day soo many worthy kynghtes that thenne were sworne/that they may not leue it in no maner of wyse/That wote I wel saidy the kyng / but it shal so fruyt me at their departynge that I wote wel there shal no manere of Joye remedye me / And thenne the kynge and the Quene went vnto the mynster/Soo anone launcelot and Galvayne commaundedy her men to brynge her armes/ And whanne they alle were armedy sauf her shelders and her helmes / thenne they came to theyre felaushyp/which alle were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here their seruyse

¶ Thenne after the seruyse was done / the kynge wolde wete holv many hadde vndertake the queste of the holy grayle/ and to accompte them he praid them alle

Thenne fond they by the table an hondred and fyfty/ and alle were knyghtes of the table round/ And thenne they putte on theiz helmes and departed/ and recommaunded them all holy vnto the Quene/ and there was weppynge and grete sorowe/ Thenne the Quene departed in to her chamber/ and helde her/ that no man sholde perceyne her grete sorowes/ Whanne syre Launcelot myst the quene/ he wente tyl her chamber/ And when sye salwe hym/ she cryed alwde/ O launcelot/ launcelot ye haue betrayed me/ and putte me to the vtth for to leue thus my lord Arthur/ and me/ and putte me to the vtth for to leue thus my lord Arthur/ and me/ and putte me to the vtth for to leue thus my lord Arthur/ and

brought yold hyder/Sir they sayd all it is told vs that with in this place is a shelde that no man may bere about his neck but he be mescheued other dede within thre dayes or maymed for euer/A syr sayd kyng Bagdemagus I shalle bere hit to morne for to assay this aduenture/In the name of God sayd Galahady / Sire sayd Bagdemagus and I may not enchue the aduenture of this shelde ye shalle take hit vpon yow/for I am sure ye shalle not fayle/ Sir sayd Galahady/I pryghe yoel agree me therto/ for I haue no shelde/Soo on the morne they armed and redy masse/Thenne Bagdemagus asked where the aduenturous shelde was / A none a monke lede hym behynde an aulter where the shelde henge as whyte as ony snowe/ but in the myddes was a redy crosse/Sire said the monke this shelde ought not to be hanged about no knyghtes neck/but he be the worthyest knyght of the world/ therfore I counceylle yow knyghtes to be wel aduysed/ Wel said Bagdemagus I wote wel I am not the best knyght of the world/but I shal assay to bere hit/and soo bare hit oute of the mynstre/ And thenne he said vnto Galahady and hit please you to abyde here stil tyl that ye wete how that I spede/I shalle abyde yow sayd galahady / Thenne kynge Bagdemagus took with hym a good squyer to beynge tydynges vnto syr Galahady how he spedde / Thenne whanne they had ryden two myle and came to a fayr valey afore an hermytage/ And thenne they sawe a knyghte come from that partye in whyte armour hors and all/ And he came as faste as his hors myghte renne/ and his spere in his reste / And syr Bagdemagus dressid his spere ageynst hym / and brake hit vpon the whyte knyght/but the other strake hym soo hard that he barste the maylles / and stoof hym thorou the pryghe sholder/for the shelde coured hym not as at that tyme/ & soo he bare hym from his hors/ And there with he alyghte and took the whyte shelde from hym/sayenge knyght thou hast done thy self grete folye/for this shelde ought not to be borne but by hym that shalle haue no pere that lyueth / And thenne he came to Bagdemagus squyer/ & saide here this shelde vnto the good knyghte sir Galahady that thou lefte in the Abbey and grete hym wel by me/Sir sayd the squyer what is your name Telle thou me none ferr of my name said the knyght/ for it is not

for the to knowe not for none erthely may/ Nowe fayr syr said the squyer at the reuerence of Jhesu Cryste / telle me for what cause this shelde may not be borne/ but yf the lette therof be me schewed/ Nowe sythe thow hast conjured me soo sayd the knyght this shelde behoueth vnto no man but vnto Galahadyn / & ȳ squyer wēt vnto Bagdemagus/ & asked whether he were sore woundyd or not/ ye forsothe said he / I shalle escape hard from the dethe / Thenne he sette his hors and brought hym with grete payne vnto an Abbay/ thenne was he taken down softely and vnarmed and leid in a bedde / and there was lokyd to his woundes/ And as the hoste telleth he laye there longe/ & escaped hardy with the lyf/

¶ Capitulum x

SYr Galahalt sayd the squyer that knyght that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth yow gretynge/ and bad that ye shold bere this shelde where thurgh grete aduentures shold befalle / Nowe blessid be goode & fortune said Galahad / And thenne he asked his armes / and mounted vpon his hors/ and henge the whyte shelde aboute his neck/ & commaunded hem vnto gode/ and syr Gawayne said he wolde bere hym felawship yf it plaisyd hym/ ¶ Sir sayd Galahad that maye ye not/ for I muste goo alone sauf this squyer shalle bere me felawship/ and so departed Gawayne / Thenne within a whyle came Galahad there as the whyte knyght abode hym by the hermytage/ and euerych saluede other curteisly/ ¶ Sir said Galahad by this shelde ben many merueils falle/ Sir sayd the knyght hit befelle after the passion of our lord Jhesu Criste yeres that Joseph of Armathye the gentyl knyghte / the whiche wolde drawe oute bode of the holy Crosse att that tyme he departed from Jherusalem with a grete party of his kynred with hym/ and so he labourd tyl that they came to a cyte that hyght Sarras/ and att that same houre that Joseph came to Sarras there was a kynge that hyght Euelake that had gre to warre ageyne the Sarasyns/ and in esperyal ageynste one Sarasyn/ the whiche was kyng Euelakes cosyn/ a ryche kyng

and a myghty whiche marcheth nygh this land/and his name was called Tolleme la feyntes/Soo on a day this two mette to doo batayll/Thenne Joseph the sone of Joseph of Armathye went to kynge Euelake/and told hym he sholde be discomfyt and slayne but yf he lefte his bileue of the olde lalbe and bileue vpon the newe lalbe / And thenne there he shewed hym the ryght bileue of the holy Trynyte/ to the whiche he agreed vnto with alle his herte / and there this shelde was maade for kynge Euelake in the name of hym that dyed vpon the crosse And thenne thurgh his good bileue he had the better of kynge Tolleme/ For whanne Euelake was in the batayll/ there was a clothe sette afore the shelde/ And whanne he was in the grettest perylle he lete putte alwaye the clothe/and thenne his enemyes salve a fygur of a man on the Crosse where thurgh they alle were discomfyte/ And soo it befelle that a man of Kynge Euelakes was smyten his hand of/ and bare that hand in his other hand/and Joseph called that man vnto hym / and badde hym goo with good deuocyon touche the Crosse/And as soone as that man had touched the Crosse with his hand/it was as hole as euer hit was to fore / Thenne soone after there felle a grete mocneyle that the Crosse of the shelde at one tyme vanysshed alwey that no man wyst where it became/ And thenne kynge Euelake was baptysed / and for the moost party alle the peple of that Cyte/So soone after Joseph wold departe / and kynge Euelake wold goo with hym whether he wold or nold/ And soo by fortune they came in to this land that at that tyme was called grete Bretayne / and there they fond a grete felon paynym/that put Joseph in to pryson/And soo by fortune tydynges cam vnto a worthy man that hyghte Mondrames / & he assembled alle his peple for the grete renomme he had herde of Joseph/and soo he came in to the land of grete Bretayne & disherited this felon paynym and consumed hym/and ther with delyuerd Joseph oute of pryson / and after that alle the peple were torned to the Crysten feithe

¶ Capitulum Vndecimum

NOt longe after that Joseph was layd in his derely bed And whanne kynge Euelake salve that he made moche sorowe/and sayd/for thy loue I haue lefte my countrey/ And sythe ye shalle departe oute of this worldy / leue me somme token of yours that I may thynke on you/Joseph said that wille I doo ful gladly/Nowe bringe me your shelde that I woke yowe whanne ye went in to batailke ageyn̄t kyng Tolleme/Thenne Josephi bledy sore at the nose/so that he myght not by no meane be staunched/And theruppon that shelde he made a crosse of his owne blood/Nowe may ye see a remembraunce that I leue yowe/for ye shalle neuer see this shelde but ye shal thynke on me/and it shall be alweyes as fresshe as it is nowe And neuer shalke may bere this shelde aboute his neck but he shalle repente hit vnto the tyme that Galahad the good knyghte bere hit/and the laste of my lygnage shal haue hit aboute his neck that shall doo many merueylkous dedes/Nowe sayd kynge Euelake where shalle I put this shelde that this worthy knyght may haue hit/ye shal leue hit there as nacyen the heremyte shal be put after his dethe/For thydder shal that goody knyghte come the fyfenth day after that he shal wanque the ordre of knyghthode/and soo that daye that they sette/ is this tyme that he haue his shelde/ And in the same abbay lyeth Nacyen the heremyte/ And thenne the whyte knyghte vanysshed away Anone as the squyer hady herde these wordes/he alyghte of his hakney and kneledy doune at Galahads feet and prayd hym that he myghte goo with hym tyll he hady made hym knyghte/ Yf I wolde not refuse yowe/ thenne will ye make me a knyghte sayd the squyer/and that ordre by the grace of god shal be well sette in me/Soo syr Galahad graunted hym and tourned agayne vnto the Abbay there they came fro/and there men made grete Joye of syr Galahad/ And anone as he was alyghte / there was a monke broughte hym vnto a Tombe in a Chirche yerdy where that was suche a noyse that who that herd hit shold verely nyghe be madde or lese his strengthe/and syre they sayd we deme hit is a fende

Capitulum xij

Nold lede me thyder sayd Galahad/ and soo they dyd/ alle armed sauf his helme/ Nold sayd the good man/ goo to the Tombe and lyfte hit vp/ Soo he dyd and herd a grete noyse/ and pytously he sayd that alle men myght here hit/ Syr Galahad the seruaunt of Jhesu Cryste come thou not nyghe me/ For thold shalt make me goo ageyne ther where I haue ben soo longe/ But Galahad was no thynge affrayed but lyfte vp the stone/ and there came out so foul a smoke/ and after he salde the foldeste fygure lepe there oute that euer he salde in the lykenes of a man/ & thenne he blessid hym/ and wyste wel hit was a fende/ ¶ Thenne herd he a voyse say/ Galahad I see there enuyronne aboute the so many angels that my power may not dere the/ ¶ Right soo syr Galahad salde a body al armed lye in that tombe and beside hym a swerd/ Nold fayr broder sayd Galahad lete vs remeue this body for hit is not worthy to lye in this chircheyerd/ for he was a fals Crysten man/ And there with they alle departed and went to the Abbay/ And anone as he was vnarmed a good man cam and sette hym doune by hym/ and sayd syr I shall telle yold what betokeneth alle that ye salde in the Tombe/ for that couerd body betokeneth the duresse of the worldy and the grete synne that oure lord fond in the worldy/ For there was suche wretchydnesse that the fader loued not the sone/ nor the sone loued not the fader/ and that was one of the causes that oure lord took flesshe and blood of a clene mayden/ for oure synnes were so grete at that tyme that wel nyghe alle was vicedones/ Truly sayd Galahad I beleue yold right wel/ So syre Galahad rested hym there that nyght/ And vpon the morne he made the squyer knyghte/ and asked hym his name/ and of what kynred he was come/

¶ Syre sayd he men calleth me Melyas de lyle/ And I am the sone of the kynge of Denmarke/ ¶ Nold fayr sire sayd Galahad sythe that ye be come of kynges and Quenes/ nold behoueth that knyghthode be wel sette in yold/ for ye ought to be a myrrour vnto alle chyualry

¶ Sire sayd syre Melyas ye saye sothe/ But syre sythen ye haue made me a knyght ye muste of right graunte me my first desyre yf hit is resonable/ ye say soth said galahad/ melyas said thenne

that ye wil ſuffre me to ryde with yow in this queſt of the ſanc greal tyl that ſomme aduenture departe vs/I graunte yow ſir Thenne men brought ſyre Melyas his armoure and his ſpere and his hors/and ſoo ſyr Galahad and he rode forth all that weke or they fond ony aduenture/And thenne vpon a monday in the mornyng as they were departed fro an Abbay they cam to a Croſſe whiche departed two wayes/and in that croſſe were letters wrytyn that ſayd thus Now ye knyghtes arraynt the whiche goth to ſeke knyghtes aduenturous/ſee here/in/ wayes ꝑ one wey defendeth the that thou ne go ꝑ way/for he ſhalle not go oute of the way ageyne/but yf he be a good man and a worthy knyghte/And yf thou goo on the lyfte hand/ thou ſhalt not lyghtely there wynne prowdeſſe/for thou ſhalt in this way be ſoone aſſayed/Sir ſaid Melyas to Galahad/ yf hit lyke yow to ſuffer me to take the way on the lyft hand take me/for there I ſhalle wel preue my ſtrengthe/hit were better ſaid Galahad ye rode not that way/for I dome I ſhold better eſcape in that way than ye/nay my lord I praye yow lete me haue that aduenture/Take it in goddes name ſaid Galahad

Capitulum viij

And thēne rode melyas in to an old foreſt/and therin he rode two dayes and more/And thenne he came in to a fayr medowe/and there was a fayr lodge of bowes/And thenne he aſpyed in that lodge a chayer wherin was a crown of gold ſubtyly wrought/Alſo there were clothes couerd vp on the erthe/and many delycious metes ſette theron/Sir Melyadas beheld this auenture and thought hit merueilous/ but he had no honger/but of the croune of gold he wold mock kepe/and there with he ſtouped doune and wold hit vp/and rode his way with it/And anone he ſawe a knyght came rydynge after hym that ſayd/knyghte ſette doune that crowne/ whiche is not youre/& therfor defendeth yow/Thenne ſyre Melyas bleſſid hym and ſaid Fair lord of heuen helpe and ſaue thy nelfe made knyght/& thenne they lete theire horſes renne as faſt as they myght/ſo that the other knyght ſmote ſir melias

thorou hauberk and thorou the lyfte syde that he felle to the erthe nygh dede/ And thenne he took the crowne and went his way and syr Melyas lay stylle and had no power to stere/ In the meane whyle by fortune ther came syre Galahad and fonde hym there in perille of dethe/ And thenne he said A Melyas Who hath wounded you/ therfor hit had ben better to haue ryden the other way/ And whanne sir Melyas herd hym spelke/ syre he sayd for goddes loue lete me not dye in this forest/ but lere me vnto the Abbay here besyde that I may be confessyd and haue my ryghtes/ It shal be done said Galahad/ but where is he that hath wounded you/ with that syr Galahad herd in the leues crye on hyghe/ kny ght kepe the from me A syr said Melyas/ Beware/ For that is he that hath slayne me/ Sir Galahad answerd syr knyghte come on your peryll/ Thenne eyther dressid to other and came to gyder as fast as their horses myghte renne/ and Galahad smote hym soo that his spere wente thorou his sholder/ and smote hym doune of his hors/ and in the falkyng Galahadis spere brak/ with that cam ouer another knyghte ouer of the leues/ and brake a spere vpon Galahad or euer he myghte twine hym/ Thenne Galahad drelde oute his swerd and smote of the lyfte arme of hym soo that it felle to the erthe/ And thenne he fledde/ and sire Galahad solued fast after hym/ And thenne he tornedy ageyne vnto syr Melyas/ and there he alyghte and dressid hym softely on his hors to fore hym for the trunchon of his spere was in his body/ and syr Galahad stente by behynde hym/ and held hym in his armes/ and soo brought hym to the Abbay/ and there vnarmed hym and brought hym to his chamber/ And thenne he asked his saueour/ And whanne he had rexpuedy hym he said vnto syr galahad/ syr lete deth come whan it pleasyd hym And there with he drelde oute the trunchon of the spere oute of his body/ And thenne he swouned/ Thenne came there an olde monke whiche somtyme had ben a knyghte & behelde syr Melyas/ And anone he ransakyd hym/ & thenne he saide vnto syr galahad I shal hele hym of this woūde by the grace of god within the terme of seuen weekes/ Thenne was sir galahad glad and vnarmed hym/ & said he wold abyde there thre dayes And thenne he asked syr Melyas how it stoode with hym/

Thenne he sayd he was turned vnto holynes god he thanked

Capitulum xiiij

NOw wylle I departe sayd Galahad/for I haue moche on hand/ for many good knyghtes be full busy about hit/And this knyght and I were in the same queste of the Sanegreal/Sire said a good man/ for his synne he was thus wounded/and I merueylle said the good man hold ye durste take vpon yold soo ryche a thynge as the hyghe ordre of knyghthode without clene confession/& that was the cause ye were bytterly wounded/For the way on the ryght hand betokeneth the hyghe way of our lord Ihesu Cryste / and the way of a good true good lyuer/And the other wey betoke neth the way of synners and of mysbyleuers/ And whanne the deuylle salue your pryde and presumpcyon for to take yold in the queste of the Sanegreal/that made you to be ouerthrowen for hit may not be encheued but by vertuous lyuynge/ Also the wrytynge on the crosse was a sygnyfycacyon of fruenly ordes and of knyghtly ordes in goddes werkes and no knyghtly ordes in worldly werkes/ and pryde is hede of alle dedely synnes that causeth this knyghte to departe from Galahad/ & wher thold tokest the croune of gold/thold synnest in couetyse and in theste/Alle this were no knyghtly dedes/And this Galahad the holy knyghte / the whiche fought with the two knyghtes/the two knyghtes sygnefyen the two dedely synnes whiche were holy in this knyghte Melyas / and they myghte not withstande yold/for ye are without dedely synne/ Nold departed Galahad from thens and betaught hem alle vnto god Sir Melyas sayd my lord Galahad as soone as I may ryde I shalle sekē yold/god sende yold be lithe said Galahad/ & soo toke his hors and departed/and rode many iourneyes forward and estward as aduenture wold hym lede hym /

And at the laste hit happened hym to departe from a place or a Castel the whiche was named Abblasoure/and he hadde herd no masse/the whiche he was wonte euer to here or euer he departed oute of ony Castel or place/and kepte that for a customme/ Thenne syr Galahad came vnto a montayne

where he fonde any olde chappell/ and fonde there no body for all alle was desolate/ and there he kneled to fore the aulter/ and besought god of holsome counseil/ Soo as he prayd/ he herd a voys that sayd/ Goo thou nold thou aduenturous knyghte to the Castel of maydens/ and there doo thou alwey thy wyckyd custommes

Capitulum xv

Whanne syr Galahad herd this/ he thankyd god/ & wyke his hors/ and he had not ryden but half a myle/ he salue in a valeye afore hym a stronge Castel with depe dyches/ and there vanne he syde hit a fayr ryuer that hyghte Syuarne/ and there he mette with a man of grete age/ and eyther saleweyd other/ and Galahad asked hym the Castels name/ Fair syr said he hit is the Castel of maydens/ That is a cursyd Castel said Galahalt/ and alle they that ben conuersaunt therin/ for alle pyte is oute therof and alle hardyneſſe and meſchyef is therin/ therfor I counceyle yow sir knyght to twine ageyne/ Sir said Galahad wete yow wel I shalle not tourne ageyne/ Thenne loked syre Galahad on his armes that noo thynge fayled hym/ and thenne he put his sheld afore hym/ & anone there mette hym seuen fayr maydens/ the whiche sayd vnto hym/ syr knyghte ye ryde here in a grete foly/ for ye haue the water to paſſe ouer/ why sholde I not paſſe the water said galahad/ So wode he alwey from them/ and mette with a Squyer that said knyghte/ tho knyghtes in the Castel defyen yow/ & defenden yow/ ye go no ferther tyl that they wete what ye wolde/ Fair sir saide Galahad I come for to destroye the wycked custome of this Castel/ Sir and ye wille abyde by that ye shal haue ynough to doo/ go yow nold said Galahad and hast my nedes/ Thenne the squyer entryd in to the castel/ And anone after there came oute of the Castel seuen knyghtes and alle were bretheren/ And whan they salue Galahad/ they cryed knyghte keepe the for we assure the no thynge but dethe/ why sayd galahad will ye alle haue adoo with me at ones/ ye sayde they therto maiſt thow truſt/ Thenne Galahad putte forth his spere and smote the formeſt to the erthe that nere he brake his neck

And there with alle the other smote hym on his shelde grete stroke so that their speres brake

¶ Thenne syr Galahad drewe oute his swerde/ and set vpon hem soo hardy that it was meruey lle to see hit/ and soo thurgh grete force he made hem to forsake the felde/ and Galahad chaced hem tyl they entryd in to the Castel/ and so passed thurz the Castel at another gate / And there mette syr Galahad an old man clothed in Religyous clothynge and sayd/ sire haue here the kayes of this Castel/ Thenne syr Galahad opened the gates/ and salue soo mothe people in the strete that he myght not nombre them / and alle sayd syr ye be welcome/ for longe haue we abyden here our delyuerannce/ Thenne came to hym a gentylwoman and sayde these knyghtes be fledde / but they wille come ageyne this nyght/ and here to begynne ageyn their euylle customme

¶ What wille ye that I shalle doo sayd Galahad/ Sir said the gentilwoman that ye send after alle the knyghtes hyder that hold their landes of this Castel / and make hem to swere for to vse the custommes that were vsed here to fore of olde tyme/ I wille wel said Galahad / and there she broughte hym an horne of Iuory bounden with gold ryche ly/ & saide sir blowe this horne whych wille be herde two myle aboute this Castel/

¶ Whanne syr Galahad had blowen the horne/ he set hym doune vpon a bedde/ Thenne came a preest to Galahad/ and said syr hit is past a seuen yere agone that these seuen brethern came in to this Castel and herberowed with the lord of this castell that hyght the Duke Eyanolure/ and he was lord of alle thys countrey/ And whanne they aspyed the dukes doughter/ that was a ful faire woman/ Thenne by their fals couyn they made debate betwixe them self/ and the duke of his goodenes wold haue departed hem/ and there they slewe hym and his eldest sone/ And thenne they took the mayden and the tresour of the castel/ And thenne by grete force they slewe alle the knyghtes of this Castel ageynste their wylle vnder theyre obeyssaunce and in grete seruage and truage/ robbynge and pyllynge the poure comyn peple of alle that they hadde

¶ Soo hit happend on a daye the dukes doughter sayd ye haue done vnto me grete wronge to slee myn olde fader / and

my broder/ and thus to holde out landes/ not for thenne she sayd/ ye shalle nat holde this Castel for many yeres/ for by one knyghte ye shal be ouercomen/ Thus she prophecyed seuen yeres agone/ Wel said the seuen knyghtes/ sythen ye say so/ ther shal neuer lady nor knyghte passe this Castel/ but they shall abyde maulgre their hedes/ or dye therfor/ tyl that knyghte be come/ by whome we shalle lese this Castel/ And therfore is it called the maydens Castel/ for they haue deuoured many maydens/ Now said Galahad is she here for whome this Castel was lost Nay sir said the preest she was dede within these thre nyghtes after that she was thus enforced/ and sythen haue they kepte their ponger syster which endureth grete paynes With mo other ladyes/ By this were the knyghtes of the countray comen/ & thenne he made hem doo homage and feaute to the kynges douzter/ and sette hem in grete ease of herte/ And in the morne ther came one to Galahad and told hym how that Galvayn/ gawith and Owayne had slayne the seuen bretheren/ I suppose wel said syr Galahad and took his armour and his hors/ & commaunded hem vnto god/

¶ Capitulum xxj

NOw saith the tale after syr Galvayne departed/ he rode many iourneyes bothe wyward and frowardes/ And att the laste he cam to the Abbaye where syre Galahad had the white sheld/ and there syr Galvayne lerned the way to selve after syr Galahad/ and soo he rode to the Abbay where Melyas lay sicke/ and there syr Melyas told syr Galvayn of the meruey[illegible]ous aduentures that syr Galahad dyd/ Certes said sire Galvayne I am not happy/ that I took not the way that he went/ for and I maye mete with hym/ I wille not departe from hym lyghtly/ for alle meruey[illegible]ous aduentures sir Galahad encheueth/ Sir said one of the monkes he wille not of your felaushipe/ why said syr Galvayne/ Sir said he/ for ye be wycked and synful/ and he is ful blessid/

¶ Right as they thus stode talkynge/ there came in rydynge syr Gareth/ And thenne they made Ioye eyther of other/ And on the morne they herd masse/ and soo departed/ And by the

way they met with syr Gawayne les auoutres/ and there syr Gawayne tolde syr Galhayne how he had mette with none aduenture sythe he departed from the Courte/ Nor we/ sayd sir Gawayne/ and eyther promysed other of tho thre knyghtes not to departe whyle they were in that queste but yf fortune caused it/ Soo they departed and rode by fortune tyl that they came by the Castel of maydens/ and there the seuen brethern aspyed the thre knyghtes/ and sayd sythey we be flemyd by one knyght from this Castel/ we shalle destroye alle the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we maye ouercome for the loue of syr Galahad And there with the seuen knyghtes sette vpon the thre knyghtes/ and by fortune syr Gawayne slewe one of the brethern/ and echone of his felawes slewe another and soo slewe the remenaunt/ And thenne they took the wey vnder the Castel/ & there they loste the way that sir Galahad rode/ and there euerycke of hem departed from other/ and syr Gawayne rode tylle he came to an hermytage/ and there he fond the good man saynge his euensonge of our lady/ and there syr Gawayne asked herbergage for charyte/ and the good man graunted hit hym gladly/ Thenne the good man asked hym what he was/ Syre he said I am a knyght of kynge Arthurs that am in the queste of the Sangreal/ and my name is syr Gawayne/ Sire sayd the good man I wold wete how it standeth betwixt god and you/ Sir said sir Gawayne I wille with a good will shewe you my lyf yf hit please you/ and there he tolde the hermyte/ how a monke of an Abbay called me wycked knyght/ be myght wel saye hit said the hermyte/ for whanne ye were fyrste made knyght ye sholde haue taken you to knyghtly dedes & vertuous lyuynge/ and ye haue done the contrary/ for ye haue lyued mescheuously many wynters/ & sir Galahad is a mayd and synneth neuer/ and that is the cause he shalle encheue where he goth/ that ye nor none suche shalle not atteyne nor none in your felauship/ for ye haue vsed the moost vntrueste lyf that euer I herd knyght lyue/ For certes had ye not ben so wycked as ye ar/ neuer had the seuen brethern be slayne by you and your two felawes/ For syre Galahad hym self alone kepte hem alle seuen the day to forne/ but his lyuyng is suche he shal slee no man lyghtely/ Also I may say you the Castel of maidens

tendrenes the goode soules that were in prysone afore the Incarnacyon of Jhesu Cryste / And the seuen kynghtes tendrenes the seuen deedly synnes that regned that tyme in the worlde/ & I may lyken the goode Galahadde vnto the sone of the hyghe fader/that lyghte within a mayde and sought alle the soules oute of thralle/ Soo dyde syre Galahadde delyuer all the maydens oute of the Woful Castel / Nowe sire Galwayne saide the goode man/thou muste doo penaunce for thy synne / syre what penaunce shalle I do / suche as I wille gyue sayde the goode man/Nay saide syre Galwayne I may doo no penaunce / For the kynghtes aduentarous ofte suffrey grete woo and payne Wel sayde the goode man/and thenne he helde his pees/And on the morne syre Galwayne departede from the hermyte / and betaught hym vnto gode/And by aduentur he mette with syre Agrauale and syr Gryflet two kynghtes of the table rounde/ And they two wode four dayes without fyndynge of ony aduenture/and at the fyfthe day they departede/ And euerych helde as felle them by aduenture

¶ Here leueth the tale of syr Galwayne and his felawes/and speke we of syr Galahadde/

¶ Capitulum xviij

SOo whanne syr Galahadde Was departed from the asstel of maydens/he rode tyl he came to a waste forest/& there he mette with syre launcelot and syr Percyuale but they knewe hym not/for he was newe desguysed/ Nyghte so syr launcelot his fader dressid his spere and strake it vpon syr Galahadde/and Galahadde smote hym so ageyne that he smote doune hors and man/And thenne he drewe his swerde/and dressid hym vnto syr Percyuale / and smote hym soo on the helme that it rofe to the coyfe of steele/ and had not the swerde swarued/syr Percyuale had ben slayne/and with the stroke he felle oute of his sadel/This Justes Was done to fore the hermytage where a recluse dwelled/And when sir galahadde rode/she saide god be with the best knyghte of the world Alle arrers saide she alle aloude that launcelot and Percyuale myght here it / And yonder two knyghtes had knowen the as wel as I doo they wolde not haue encountred with the/ thenne

ſyr Galahadʒ herdʒ her ſay ſo he was redady to be knowen therwith he ſmote his horſe with his ſpores/ and rode a grete pace towardʒ them/ Thenne perceyued they bothe that he was Galahad/ and by they gat on their horſes/ and rode faſte after hym but in a whyle he was out of their ſyghte/ Andʒ thēne they returnedʒ ageyne with heuy chere/ lete vs ſpeke ſome tydynges ſaydʒ Percyuale at yonder recluſe/ Do as ye lyſt ſaidʒ ſyr Launcelot Whanne ſyr Percyuale came to the recluſe ſhe knewe hym wel ynough andʒ ſyr Launcelot bothe/ but ſyr Launcelot rode ouerthwart and endlonge in a wylde foreſt andʒ helde no pathe/ but as wyldʒ aduenture ledʒ hym/ Andʒ at the laſt he came to a ſtony Croſſe whiche departedʒ two wayes in waſte landʒ/ and by the Croſſe was a ſtone that was of marbel but it was ſo derke that ſyr Launcelot myghte not wete what it was/ Thenne ſyre Launcelot lokedʒ by hym/ and ſawe an oldʒ chappel/ & therin he wende to haue fondʒ peple / andʒ ſir Launcelot tyedʒ his horſe tyl a tree/ andʒ there he dydʒ of his ſheldʒ/ andʒ henge hit vpon a tree/ Andʒ thenne he wente to the chappel dore andʒ fonde hit waſte andʒ brokenʒ/ Andʒ within he fondʒ a fayr aulter ful ryche ly arayedʒ with clothe of clene ſylke/ andʒ there ſtode a fayre clene candelſtyk/ whiche bare ſyxe grete candels/ andʒ the candelſtyk was of ſyluer / Andʒ whanne ſyre Launcelot ſawe thys lyght/ he hadʒ grete wylle forto entre in to the chappel / but he coude fynde no place where he myghte entre/ thenne was he paſſynge heuy andʒ deſmayedʒ/ Thenne he retorned andʒ cam to his horſe andʒ dydʒ of his ſadel andʒ brydel/ andʒ lete hym paſture/ & vnlacedʒ his helme / andʒ vngyrdʒ his ſwerdʒ andʒ laide hym doune to ſlepe vpon his ſheldʒ to fore the Croſſe /

Capitulum xviii

And ſoo he felle on ſlepe andʒ half waklynge andʒ ſlepyng he ſawe come by hym two palfreyes alle fayr & whyte/ the whiche bare a lytter / therin lyenge a ſeke knyghte/ Andʒ whanne he was nyghe the croſſe/ he there abode ſtylle/ Alle this ſyr Launcelot ſawe / andʒ beheldʒ for he ſlepte not verayly/ andʒ he herdʒ hym ſaye/ O ſtrok hardʒ whanne ſhalt

this sowlde kepe me/ And whanne shalle the holy Vessel come by me/ wherr thurgh I shalle be blessid/ For I haue endurrd thus longe/ for lytyl trespace/ a ful grete whyle complaynedy the knyght thus/ and alweyes syr launcelot herdy it/ With that syr launcelot salwe the Candelstyk with the syve tapers come be fore the Crosse/ andy he salwe no body that brought it. ¶ Also there came a table of syluer and the holy Vessel of the Sancgreal whiche launcelot hady sene afore tyme in kynge chefchrours hows/ And there with the selde knyghte sette hym vp / & helde vp bothe his handes/ and saidy Faire swete lordy whiche is he? re within this holy Vessel/ take hede vnto me that I may be hole of this maladye/ And ther with on his handes and on his knees he wente soo nyghe that he touchedy the holy Vessel/ andy kyste hit/ andy anone he was hole/ andy thenne he saydy lord god I thanke the/ for I am helydy of this seliencsse / So whanne the holy Vessel had ben there a grete whyle hit wente vnto the Chapel with the chaunderr andy the lyght/ soo that launcelot wyst not where it was become for he was ouertakey with syn; ne that he hady no power to ryse ageyne the holy Vessel/ wher; for after that many mey saidy of hym shame/ but he took trpn launce after that / Thenne the selde knyght dressidy hym vp/ & kyssedy the crosse/ anone his squyer brought hym his armes/ andy astedy his lord how he dydy/ Certes saydy he I thanke god ryghte wel thurgh the holy Vessel I am helydy / But I haue mervcil of this sleepynge knyghte that hady no power to alwa; ke whanne this holy Vessel was brought hyder / I dare tryst wel saye/ saidy the squyer that he dwelleth in some orderly syn; ne wherof he was neuer confessidy/ By my feythe saidy the kn; yght what someuer he be / he is vnhappy / for as I dome he is of the felawship of the roundy table/ the whiche is entrydy in to the quest of the Sancgreal / Sire saidy the squyer here I haue brought yow alle your armes sauf your helme andy your sw; erdy/ andy therfor by myn assente now maye ye take this knyg tes helme andy his swerdy andy so he dydy/ And whan he was clene armedy/ he took syr launcelots hors/ for he was better than his andy soo departedy they from the Crosse/

¶ Capitulum xix

Thenne anone ſyr launcelot wakedy and ſette hym vp and bethought hym what he hady ſene there / & whether it were dremes or not / Ryght ſo hardy he a boys that ſaidy ſyr launcelot more harder than is the ſtone/ and more byt ter than is the wood / and more naked and barr than is the leef of the fygge tree/ therfore goo thow from hens/ and wyth drawe the from this holy place/ And whanne ſyre launcelot herd this/ he was paſſynge hevy and wyſt not what to do/ & ſo departed ſore wepynge/ and curſed the tyme that he was borne For thenne he demed neuer to haue hadde worſhip more For tho wordes went to his herte tyl that he knewe wherfor he was called ſoo/ Thenne ſyre Launcelot wente to the Croſſe & fonde his helme/ his ſwerd and his hors taken away / And thenne he calkedy hym ſelf a veray wrecche andy mooſt vnhappy of al knyghtes/ and there he ſaidy my ſynne and my wyckednes haue brought me vnto grete diſhonour / For whanne I ſoughte worldly aduentures for worldly deſyres I euer encheued them andy had the better in euery place/ and neuer was I diſcomfyt in no quarel were it ryght or wronge/ And now I take vp on me the aduentures of holy thynges/ & nowe I ſee and vnderſtande that myn olde ſynne hynderethy me and ſhameth me / ſo that I had no power to ſtere not ſpeke whan the holy blood appiered afore me/ So thus he ſowlved til hit was day/ & herd the foules ſynge / thenne ſomwhat he was comforted / But whan ſyr Launcelot myſt his hors and his harneis thenne he wyſte wel god was diſpleaſyd with hym / Thenne he departedy from the croſſe on foote in to a foreſte / and ſoo by pryme he came to an hyghe hylle & fonde an hermytage and an Hermyte therin whiche was goynge vnto maſſe/ And thenne launcelot kneledy doune/ & cryedy on oure lorde mercy for his wyckedy werkes/ Soo whanne maſſe was done launcelot calledy hym andy prayed hym for charite for to here his lyfe/ with a goody will saydy the goody man/ Sir saydy he be ye of Kynge Arthurs Courte andy of the felauſhip of the roundy table / ye forſothe andy my name is ſir Launcelot du lake that hath ben ryght wel saidy of/ andy nowe my goody fortune is chaungedy / For I am the mooſt wrecche of the world/ The Hermyte behelde hym & hadde merueille how he was ſoo aſſhedy / Syre

ſaid the hermyte ye ought to thanke god more than ony kny-
ght lyuynge / for he hath cauſed yold to haue more worldly
worſhip than ony knyght that nold lyue / And for your re
ſumpcyon to take vpon you in dedely ſynne for to be in his pre
ſence where his fleſſhe and his blood was / that cauſed you ye
myght not ſee hit with worldly eyen / for he wille not appiere
where ſuche ſynners ben / but yf hit be vnto theire grete hurte &
vnto her grete ſhame / & there is no knyght lyuynge nold / that
ought to kenne god ſoo grete thanke as ye / for he hath yeuen
yold beaute / ſemelynes / and grete ſtrengthe aboue all other kn-
ghtes / and therfor ye are the more beholdyng vnto god than
ony other man to loue hym and drede hym / for your ſtrength
and manhode wille lyte anayle yold / and god be ageynſte
yold /

Capitulum xx /

THenne ſir launcelot wepte with heuy chere / and ſayd
Nold I knolde wel ye ſaye me ſothe / Sire ſayd the
good man / hyde none old ſynne from me / Truly ſaid
ſyr Launcelot that were me full lothe to diſcouere / For this x-
iiij yere I neuer diſcouerd one thynge that I haue vſed / and
that maye I nold wyte my ſhame and my diſauenture / And
thenne he told there that good man alle his lyf / And how he
had loued a quene vnmeſurably and oute of meſure longe / &
alle my grete dedes of armes that I haue done I dyd for the
mooſt party for the quenes ſake / And for her ſake wold I
doo batail were hit ryght or wronge / and neuer dyd I batai-
lle alle only for goddes ſake / but for to wynne worſhyp and
to cauſe me to be the better beloued / and lytel or nought I
thanked god of hit / Thenne ſyr launcelot ſayd I praye yold /
counaylle me / I wille counayle yold ſaid the hermyte / yf ye
wille enſure me that ye will neuer come in that quenes felau
ſhip as moche as ye may forbere / And thenne ſyre launcelot
promyſed hym he nold by the feithe of his body / wete that yo-
ure herte and your mouthe accorde ſaid the good man / and I
ſhalle enſure yold ye ſhalle haue more worſhip than euer ye
had / Holy fadre ſaid ſyre launcelot I merueylle of the boys

that sayd to me meruaillous wordes as ye haue herd to fore hand/haue ye no meruayll sayd the good man therof/for hit semeth wel god loueth yow/for men maye vnderstande a stone is hard of kynde/and namely one more than another/and that is to vnderstande by the syr launcelot/ for thou wylt not leue thy synne for no goodnes that god hath sente the/therfor thou arte more than ony stone / and neuer wouldeste thow be maade nedefull nor by water nor by fyre / And that is the lette of the holy ghoost maye not entre in the / Now take lede in alle the worldy men shal not fynde one knyght to whome oure Lord hath yeuen soo moche of grace as he hath yeuen yow/for he hath yeuen yow fayrnes with semelynes/he hath yeuen the wyt discrecyon to knowe good from euyll/he hath yeuen the prowesse and hardynesse and gyuen the to werke soo largely/that thou hast had at al dayes the better where someuer thow came/and now our lord wille suffre the no lenger / but that thow shalte knowe hym whether thow wilt or nylt / And why the loyre calleth the bytter than wood/for where ouer moche synne dwelleth/there may be but lytel swetnesse/wherfor thow arte lyke vnto an old rotey tree/Now haue I shewed the why thou arte harder than the stone & bytterer than the tree / Now shalt I shewe the why thow arte more naked and barer than the fygge tree/It befelle that our lord on palmsondaye preched in Jherusalem/and there he fonde in the people that alle hardnes was herbered wed in them/ and there he fonde in alle the towne not one that wold herberowe hym/ And thenne he went without oute the Towne/and fond in myddes of the way a fygge tree the which was rycht fayr and wel garnysshed of leues/but fruyte had it none/Thenne our lord cursed the tree that bare no fruyte that betokeneth the fygge tree vnto Jherusalem that had leues and no fruyte/Soo thow syr launcelot whan the holy Grayle was broughte afore the/he fonde in the noo fruyte/nor good thought nor good wille and defouled with lechery/Certes said sir launcelot alle that ye haue said is true/And from hens forward I caste me by the grace of god neuer to be so wycked as I haue ben/but as to folowe knyghthode and to do fayr tys of armes/Thenne the good man joyned syr launcelot suffysaunce penaunce as he myght doo and to selde knyghthode / and

so assoyled hym/and praid syr launcelot to abyde with hym alle that daye/I wylle wel said syr launcelot/for I haue neyther helme ne horse ne swerd/ As for that sayd the good man I shalle helpe yow or to morne at euen of any horse and al that longeth vnto yow/And thenne syr launcelot repented hym gretely/

Here leueth of the history of syr launcelot/ And here folowyth of syr percyual de galys whiche the viii book

Capitulum primum

Old sayth the tale that whan syr launcelot was ryden after syr Galahad/ the whiche had alle these aduentures aboue sayd/ Sir percyual wente ageyne vnto the recluse/ where he demeth to haue tydynges of that knyght that launcelot so holded/ And soo he knocked at her wyndow/ and the recluse openeth hit/ and asked syre percyuale what he wold/ Madame he sayd I am a knyghte of kynge Arthurs Courte/ and my name is syr percyual de Galys/ whanne the recluse herd his name she had grete Joye of hym / for mykel she had loued hym to forne ony other knyght/ for she ought to do so/ for she was his aunt/ And thenne she commanded the gates to be opened and there he had alle the chere that she myght make hym and alle that was in her power was at his commaundement/ Soon on the morne syr percyual wente to the recluse / and asked her yf she knewe that knyghte with the whyte shelde/ Sir said she why wolde ye wete/ Truly madame said syr percyual I shalle neuer be wel at ease tyl that I knowe of that knyghtes felaushyp/ and that I may fyghte with hym/ for I maye not leue hym soo lyghtely/ for I haue the shame yet/ Percyual sayd she wolde ye fyghte with hym/ I see wel ye haue grete wylle to be slayne as your fader was thorugh oultrageousnes/ Madame sayd syr percyual hit semeth by your wordes that ye knowe me/ ye sayd she/ I wel ought to knowe you for I am your aunt/ al thoughe I be in a pryory place / For

ſomme calledꝛ me ſomtyme the quene of the waſte landes/ and I was calledꝛ the quene of moſt ryches ſe in the worldꝛ/ andꝛ it pleaſydꝛ me neuer my ryches ſe ſoo moche as doth my pouerte Thenne ſyr Percyual wepte ſor very pyte whan that he knewe it was his aunt ¶ A fair neuewe ſaid ſhe whanne herdꝛ ye tydynges of your modꝛ/ Truly ſaydꝛ he I herdꝛ none of her/but I dreme of her moche in my ſlepe/ And therfore I wote not whether ſhe be dedꝛ or on lyue/Certes fayr neuewꝛ ſaydꝛ ſhe/your modꝛ is dede/for after your departynge from her/ ſhe woll ſuche a ſorowe that anone after ſhe was confeſſidꝛ ſhe dyedꝛ/Wold godꝛ haue mercy on her ſowle ſaydꝛ ſyr Percyual hit ſore forthynketh me/but alle we muſt chaunge the lyf/

¶ Wold fayre Aunt telle me what is the knyghte/I deme hit be ſe that bare the redꝛ armes on whytſonday / whete wold well ſaidꝛ ſhe/that this is he / for other whyle ought he not to doo/ but to goo in redꝛ armes/and that ſame knyghte hath no pier/ſ/for he worcheth alle by myracle/andꝛ he ſhalle neuer be ouercome of none erthely manꝛ handꝛ

¶ Capitulum ij

ALſo Merlyn made the roundꝛ table in token yng of ſ/ undenes of the worldꝛ / for by the roundꝛ table is the world ſygnefyedꝛ by ryghte/ For al the world cryſten and heithen repayren vnto the round table / And whan they are choſen to be of the felauſhip of the wold table/ they thynke hem more bleſſid & more in worſhip than yf they hadꝛ goten halfe the worldꝛ/and ye haue ſene that they haue loſte her faders & her moders and alle her kynne andꝛ her wyues and her chil/ drey for to be of your felauſhip/It is wel ſene by yow / For ſyns ye departed fro your modꝛ/ye wold neuer ſee her ye fond ſuche felauſhip at the wold table/whan Merlyn had ordeyned the round table he ſaid by them which ſhold be felawes of the round table/the krouth of the Sancgreal ſhold be wel knowen and men aſked hym how men myghte knowe them that ſholde beſt do and to encheue the Sancgreal/thenne he ſaid ther ſhold be thre whyte bulles that ſhold encheue hit/and the two ſholde be maydens/and the thyrd ſhold be chaſt / And that one of the thre ſhold paſſe his fadꝛ as moche as the lyon paſſeth the lyf/ ard bothe of ſtrengthe and hardynes

They that herd Merlyn saye soo / sayd thus vnto Merlyn
Sythen ther shalle be suche a knyght sholde sholdest ordeyne by
thy crafte a sege that no man sholde sytte in hit / but he al on-
ly that shalle passe alle other knyghtes / Thenne Merlyn an-
swerd that he wolde doo soo / And thenne he made the sege peril
lous in the whiche Galahad satte in at his mete on Whytson-
day last past / Nowe madame sayd syr Percyual so mocke haue
I herde of yow that by my good wylle I wille neuer haue a
doo with syr Galahad but by waye of kyndenes / and for god
des loue fayre aunte / can ye teche me some way where I maye
fynde hym / for mocke wolde I loue the felauship of hym / Fa-
ir neuewe sayd she ye muste ryde vnto a Castel / the whiche is
called Goothe / where he hath a cosyn germayn / and ther may
ye be lodged this nyghte / And as he techeth you / selueth after
as faste as ye can / and yf he can telle yow noo tydynges of
hym / ryde streyght vnto the Castel of Carbonek where the ma-
med kynge is there lyenge / for there shalle ye here true tydyn-
ges of hym

Capitulum Tercium

Thenne departed syr Percyuale from his aunte eyther
makynge grete sorowe / And soo he rode tyl euensonge
tyme / And thenne he herd a clok smyte / and thēne he was wa-
re of an hows closed with walles and depe dyches / and
there he knocked at the gate / and was lete in / and he alyght
and was ledde vnto a chamber and soone he was vnarmed /
And there he had ryght good chere alle that nyghte / and on
the morne he herd his masse / and in the monastery he fonde a
preest redy at the aulter / And on the ryght syde he salue a re-
we closed with yron / and behynde the aulter he salue a ryche
bedde and a fayre as of clothe of sylke and golde / Thenne syr
Percyual aspyed that therin was a man or a Woman / for the
vysage was couerd / thenne he left of his lokyng and herd his
seruyse / And when hit came to the sacrynge / he that lay with-
in that Percloos dressid hym vp and vncouerd his heede / and
thenne hym semed a passynge old man / and he had a crowne
of gold vpon his hede / & his sholders were naked & vnhylled

vnto his nauel/ And thenne sir Percyual aspyed his body/ was ful of grete wounded both on the sholders armes and vysage/ And euer he held vp his handes ageynst oure lordes body/ and cryed/ Fair swete fader Jhesu Cryst forgete not me and soo he laye doune/ but alwayes he was in his prayers & orysons/ and hym semed to be of the age of thre hondred wynter/ And whanne the masse was done the preest took oure lordes body/ and gaue hit to the seke kynge/ And whanne he had vsed hit/ he dyd of his crowne/ and commaunded the crowne to be sette on the aulter/ Thenne syr Percyual asked one of the brethern/ what he was/ Sire sayd the good man ye haue herd mocke of Joseph of Armathye how he was sente by Jhesu Cryst in to this land for to teche and preche the holy crysten fey the/ and therfor he suffred many persecucyons the whiche the enemyes of Cryst dyd vnto hym/ and in the Cyte of Sarras he conuerted a kynge whos name was Euelake/ And so this kynge came with Joseph in to this land/ and euer he was besy to be there as the Sangreal was/ and on a tyme he nygh ted it soo nyghe that oure lord was displeasyd with hym/ but euer he forbeded hit more and more/ tyl god stroke hym al most blynde/ Thenne this kynge cryed mercy/ and sayd/ faire lord lete me neuer dye tyl the good knyght of my blood of the ix degree be come that I may see hym openly that he shal enchete the Sangreal that I may kysse hym

Capitulum Quartum

Whanne the kynge thus had made his prayers he herd a voys that sayd herd ben thy prayers/ for thou shalt not dye tyl he haue kyst the/ And whanne that knyzte shalle come the clerenes of your eyen shalle come ageyne/ and thou shalt see openly/ and thy wounded shalle be heled/ & erst shalle they neuer chese/ and this kefelke of kynge Euelake/ & this same kynge hath lyued this thre hondred wynters thys holy lyf/ and men saye the knyghte is in the Courte that shall hele hym/ Sir sayd the good man I praye you tel me what knyghte that ye be/ and yf ye be of kyng Arthures courte & of the table rounde/ he forsoth said he/ & my name is sir percyual

de Galys/ And whanne the good man vnderstood his name he made grete Joye of hym/ And thenne syr percyual departed and rode tyl the houre of none/ and he mette in a Valey about a twenty men of armes whiche lete in a lere a knyght dedely slayne/ And whanne they salde syr percyuale they asked hym of whens he was/ and he answerd of the Court of kyng Arthur/ thenne they cryed alle at ones slee hym/ Thenne syr percyual smote the fyrst to the erthe and his hors vpon hym/ And thenne seuen of the knyghtes smote vpon his shelde al attones and the remenaunt slewe his hors soo that he felle to the erthe Soo had they slayne hym or taken hym had not the good knyzte sir Galahad with ꝑ rede armes come there by aduenture in to tho partyes/ And whanne he sawe alle tho knyghtes vp on one knyght/ he cryed saue me that knyghtes lyf/ And thenne he dressid hym towardes the twenty men of armes as faste as his hors myght drye with his spere in the reyste/ & smote the formest hors and man to the erthe/ And whanne his spere was broken/ he sette his handes to his swerde and smote on the ryght hande and on the lyfte hande/ that it was merueylle to see/ and at euery stroke he smote one doune or put hym to a rebuke/ soo that they wolde fyghte no more but fledde to a thycke forest/ and syr Galahad folowed them/ And whanne sir percyuale salde hym chase hem soo/ he made grete sorowe that hys hors was awey/ And thenne he wyst wel it was syre Galahad/ And thēne he cryed abyde A fayre knyght abyde and suffre me to doo thankynges vnto the/ for moche haue ye done for me/ But euer syr Galahad rode soo faste that atte laste he paste oute of his syght/ And as faste as sir percyual myght he wente after hym on foote cryenge/ And thenne he mette with a yoman rydynge vpon an hakney the whiche led in his hand a grete stede blacker than ony bere/ A fayr frende sayd sir percyuale as euer as I maye doo for yold / and to be your true knyght in the fyrst place ye wille requyre me that ye wille lene me that blacke stede that I myght ouertake a knyght the whiche rydeth afore me

¶ Syre knyght sayd the yoman I praye yold holde me excused of that / for that I maye not doo / For wete ye wel the hors is suche a mans hors that and I lente it yold or ony man

that he wold slee me/ Alas sayd sir Percyual/ I had neuer soo grete sorowe as I haue had for losynge of yonder knyghte Syr sayd the yoman I am ryghte heuy for yow/ for a good hors wold byseme yow wel/ but I dar not delyuer you this hors but yf ye wold take hym from me/ that wille I not doo sayd syre Percyual/ and soo they departed/ and syre Percyuall sette hym doune vnder a tree/ and made sorowe oute of mesure/ & as he was there ther cam came a knyght ryding on the hors that the yoman lad/ and he was clene armed /

Capitulum Quintum/

And anone the yoman came pryckynge after as faste as euer he myghte / and asked syre Percyuale yf he sawe ony knyghte rydynge on his blak stede/ ye sir for soth sayd he/ why syr aske ye me that/ A syre that stede he hath benome me with strength/ wherfor my lord wylle slee me/ in what place he fyndeth me/ Wel saide syre Percyual what wolde st thow that I dyd thou seest wel that I am on foote/ but and I had a good hors/ I sholde bringe hym soone ageyne/ Sir said the yoman take myn hakney and doo the best ye can/ and I shall selle yow on foote to wete how that ye shalle spede/ Thenne sir Percyual alyghte vpon that hakney/ and rode as faste as he myghte/ And at the laste he salle that knyghte / And thenne he cryed knyghte torne ageyne/ and he tornedy/ and set his spere ageynst syr Percyuale/ and he smote the hakney in the myddes of the breste that he felle doune dede to the erthe/ and there he had a grete falle/ and the other rode his waye / And thenne syr Percyual was wood wrothe/ and cryed abyde wycked knyghte cowardy and fals hertedy knyghte torne ageyne / and fyghte with me on foote/ but he answerd not/ but paste on hys waye/ whanne syr Percyual salwe he wold not torne he caste alweye his helme and swerd / and sayd / now am I a veray wrecche/ cursyd/ and moost vnhappy aboue all other knyghtes So in this sorowe he abode all that day tyl hit was nyghte/ & thenne he was fayntе & leyd hym doun and slepte tyl it was mydnyghte/ & thenne he awaked & sawe afore hym a woman whiche sayd vnto hym ryght fyersly / Syre Percyuale what

do ſt thou here/he anſwerd I do neyther good nor grete ylle/ yf thou wylt enſure me ſaid ſhe that thou wylt fulfylle my wylle/whanne I ſomone the I ſhall lene the myn owne hors whiche ſhalle bere the whyder thou wylt/Syr Percyual was redy of her profer and enſured her to fulfylle alle her deſyre/ thenne abydeth me here/and I ſhalle goo fetche you an hors / And ſoo ſhe cam ſoone ageyne and brought an hors with her that was inly blak / whan Percyual beheld that hors/he mer neylled that it was ſoo grete and ſoo wel apparayled / and not for thenne he was ſoo hardy/& he lepte vpon hym/& took none hede of hym ſelf/ And ſoo anone as he was vpon hym / he threſt to hym with his ſpores/and ſoo rode by a foreſt / and the mone ſhone clere / And within an houre and laſſe he bare hym four dayes Journey thens vntyl he came to a rough wa ter the whiche wryd / and his hors wold haue borne hym in to hit

Capitulum vj

And whanne ſyr Percyuale came nyghe the brymme / & ſalve the water ſo boyſtous/he doubted to ouerpaſſe it And thenne he made a ſygne of the croſſe in his forheed/whan the fende felte hym ſoo charged/he ſhoke of ſyr Percyual/and he wente in to the water crienge and wrynge making grete ſo wolde/and it ſemed vnto hym that the water brente/Thenne ſir Percyual perceyued it was a fend the which wold haue bro ught hym vnto his perdycyon / Thenne he commaunded hym ſelf vnto god/and prayd oure lord to kepe hym from alle ſuche temptacyons/and ſo he praid alle that nyghte tyl on the morn that it was day/thenne he ſalve that he was in a wylde mon tayne/the whiche was cloſed with the ſee nygh al aboute that he myght ſee no land about hym whiche myght releue hym but wylde beeſtes/And thenne he went in to a Valey/ and there he ſalve a ponge ſerpent brynge a ponge lyon by the neck / and ſoo he came by ſir Percyual/with that came a grete lyon cry enge and wrynge after the ſerpent

And as faſt as ſyr Percyual ſalve thys/he merueylled/ & hyed hym thyder/ but anoy the lyon had ouertake the ſerpent

and began battaille with hym/ ¶ And thenne syr Percyual thought to helpe the lyon for he was the more naturel breste / of the two / and therwith he drewe his swerd/ and sette hys shelde afore hym/ and ther he gaf the serpent suche a buffet that he had a dedly wounde/ whanne the lyon salwe that / he made no resemblaunt to fyghte with hym/ but made hym all the cheer that a breste myghte make a man / Thenne Percyuale perceyued that and caste doune his shelde/ whiche was broken / and thenne he dyd of his helme for to gadre wynde/ for he was gretely enchafed with the serpente / and the lyon wente allwaye aboute hym fawnynge as a spanyel / And thenne he strouked hym on the neck and on the sholders / And thenne he thanked god of the felauship of that breste / And aboute none the lyon took his leue whelp and trussed hym and bare hym there he came fro/ Thenne was syr Percyual alone / And as the tale telleth he was one of the men of the worlde at that tyme/ whiche moost byleued in oure lorde Ihesu Cryste/ for in tho dayes there were but fewe folkes that byleued in gode parfytely/ For in tho dayes the sone spared not the fader no more than a straunger/ And soo syr Percyual comforted hym self in oure lorde Ihesu/ and besought gode no temptacyon sholde brynge hym oute of goddes seruyse/ but to endure as his true champyon/ Thus whanne syr Percyual had prayed he salwe the lyon came toward hym/ and thenne he couched doune at his feete / And soo alle that nyghte the lyon and he slepte to gyders / & whanne syr Percyual slepte/ he dremed a meruaylous dreme that there two ladyes mette with hym/ and that one sat vpon a lyon/ and that other sat vpon a serpent/ and that one of hem was yonge and the other was olde/ and the yongest hym thought saide sir Percyual my lorde salewyth the / and sendeth the worde that thou amaye the/ and make the redy / for to morne thou must fyghte with the strongeste champyon of the worlde / And yf thou be ouercome/ thou shalt not be quyte for losyng of ony of thy membrys/ but thou shalt be shamed for euer to the worldes ende / And thenne he asked her what was her lorde And she said the grettest lorde of alle the worlde / and soo she departed sodenly that he wyste not where

Thenne came forth the other lady that rode vpon the ser
pent/and she sayd syr Percyual I complayne me of
yow that ye haue done vnto me and haue not offended vnto
yow/Certes madame he sayd/vnto yow not no lady I neuer
offended/yes sayd she/I shalle telle yow why/I haue nou-
rysshed in this place a grete whyle a serpent whiche serued me
a grete whyle/and yesterday ye slewe hym as he gat his pray
Saye me for what cause ye slewe hym / for the lyon was not
youre/Madame saide syre Percyuale I knowe wel the lyon
was not myn/but I dyde hit/for the lyon is of more gentiller
nature than the serpent/and therfor I slewe hym/me semeth/
I dyde not amys ageynst yow/Madame sayd he what wolde
ye that I dyde/I wolde sayd she for the amendys of my tres-
paste that ye become my man/and thenne he answerd that wyste
I not graunte yow/No sayd she truly ye were neuer but my
seruaunt/syn ye receyued the homage of our lord Ihesu crist
Therfor I ensure yow in what place I may fynde yow with-
oute leppynge I shalle take yow as he that somtyme was my
man/And soo she departed from syr Percyual and left hym
leppynge the whiche was sore trauaylled of his aduysyon / e
on the morne he awoos and blessid hym and he was passynge
feble/Thenne was sire Percyual ware in the see/ and salwe a
ship come saylynge toward hym/and syr Percyual went vn
to the shyp and fond hit couerd within and without with
white Samyte / And at the lord stood an old man clothed
in a surples in lykenes of a preest/Syr said syr Percyuale ye
be welcome/god kepe yow sayd the good man/Sir sayd the
old man of whens be ye/Syr said sir Percyual I am of kyn-
nge Arthurs Court/and a knyght of the table Round/the
whiche am in the queste of the Sangreal/and here I am in gre
te dureesse and neuer lyke to escape oute of this wylderneesse
Doubte not sayd the good man and ye be soo true a knyght/
as the ordre of chyualry requyreth / and of herte as ye ought
to be/ye shold not doubte that none enemy shold slay yow /
What ar ye said syr Percyuale/ syr sayd the old man I am of
a straunge countrey/and hyther I come to comforte yow/Syr

sayd̄ syr percyuale what sygnefyeth my dreme that I dremed this nyght/ & there he told̄ hym alle to gyder/ Sir whiche wo-
de vpon the lyon betokeneth the newe lawe of holy chirche that is to vnderstande/ fayth/ good̄ hope/ byleue/ and baptym/ for she semed yonger than the other / hit is grete reason / for she was borne in the resurrection and the passion of our lord̄ Jhesu cryste And for grete loue she came to the/ to warne the of thy grete ou-
taille that shalle befalle the/ with whome sayd̄ syre Percyuale shalle I fyght/ with the moost champyon of the world̄ said̄ the old̄ man/ for as the lady sayd̄ but yf thold quyte the wel thold shalt not be quyte by losynge of one membre / but thold shalt be shamed to the worldes ende / And she that rode on the serpent sygnefyeth the olde lawe/ and that serpent betokeneth a fende/ And why she blamed the that thold sleiest her seruaunt it betokeneth no thyng/ the serpent that thold sleiest betokeneth the croyke that thou rodest vp on to the rocke/ And whan thou madest a sygne of the Crosse/ there thold sleiest hym / & putte alwey his power/ And whanne she asked the amendys and to become her man/ And thou saydest thou woldest not/ that was to make the to bileue on her and leue thy baptym/ Soo he com-
maunded syr percyuale to departe / and soo he lepte ouer the bord and the ship/ and alle wente alwey he wyste not whyder/ Thenne he wente vp vnto the rocke and fonde the lyon whyche alwey kepte hym felaushyp and he stryked hym vpon the tail and had grete Joye of hym

Capitulum viij

By that syr percyuale had abyden there tyl myddaye / he salwe a shyp came rollyng in the see as all the wyn-
d̄ of the world̄ had dryuen hit/ And soo it droof vn-
der that rocke/ And whanne syr Percyual salwe this/ he yeded̄ hym thyder/ and fonde the ship couerd with sylke more blacker than ony leaue/ and therin was a gentil woman of grete beau-
te/ and she was clothed ryckely that none myghte be fairer / And whanne she salwe syr Percyuale/ she saide Who brought̄ yold in this wyldernes where ye be neuer lyke to passe lyue / for ye shal dye here for honger and meschef / Damoysel saide

ſyr Percyuale I ſerue the beſt man of the worlde/ and in his ſeruyſe he wille not ſuffre me to dye/for who that knocketh ſhal entre/and who that aſketh ſhalle haue/and who ſeketh hym/ he fyndeth hym not/But thenne ſhe ſaide ſyr Percyual wote ye what I am/ye sayde he/Nold who taughte yold my name sayde ſhe/Nold sayde ſyr Percyuale I knolde you better than ye wene/And I came oute of the waſte foreſt where I fond the rede knyghte with the whyte ſheld sayde the damoyſel/A damoyſel saide he with that knyghte wolde I mete passyng fayn Sir knyghte saide ſhe/and ye wille enſure me by the feyth that ye olde vnto knyghthode that ye ſhalle doo my wylle what tyme I ſomone yold/and I ſhalle bringe yold vnto that knyght ye saide he/I ſhalle promyſe yold to fulfylle your deſyre/ well saide ſhe nold ſhal I telle yold/I ſalde hym in the foreſte chacynge two knyghtes vnto a watre the whiche is called mortayſe and they droſe hym in to that watre for drede of dethe/ and the two knyghtes paſſed ouer/ and the rede knyghte paſſed after/and there his hors was drenched/and he thorou grete ſtrengthe eſcaped vnto the land/thus ſhe told hym/ and ſyr Percyuale was paſſynge glad therof/ Thenne ſhe aſked hym yf he had ete ony mete late/ Nay madame truly I ete no mete nyghe this thre dayes/but late here I ſpak with a good man that fedde me with his goode wordes and hooly/and refreſſhyde me gretely/ A ſyr knyghte saide ſhe that ſame man is an enchaunter and a multyplyer of wordes/ For and ye byleue hym ye ſhalle playnly be ſhamed & dye in this wode for pure honger and be eten with wylde beeſtes and ye be a yong man and a goodly knyghte/and I ſhalle helpe yold & ye wil What are ye ſaid ſyr Percyual that profered me thus grete kyndnes/I am ſaide ſhe a gentylwoman that am diſheryted/ whiche was ſomtyme the ryckeſt woman of the worlde/ Damoyſel ſaid ſyr Percyual who hath diſheryted yold/for I haue grete pyte of yold/ Sir ſaid ſhe I dwelled with the greteſt man of the worlde and he made me ſo fayre and clene that there was none lyke me/and of that grete beaute I had a lytil pryde more than I ought to haue had/ Alſo I ſayd a word that pleaſyd hym not/ And thenne he wold not ſuffre me to be ony lenger in his company/and ſoo droſe me from myn herytage/

and̄ soo dissherytedē me / and̄ he hade neuer pyte of me nor of none of my counceylle/ nor of my Courte/ And̄ sythen sir knyght hit hath befallen me soo/ and̄ thurgh me and̄ myn I haue benome hym many of his men/ and made hem to become my men For they aske neuer no thyng of me but I gyue hit hem that and̄ moche more/ Thus I and̄ al my seruaunte were ayenst hym nyghte and̄ daye/ Therfore I knolde nolv no good knyzt nor noo goody may but I gete hem on my syde and̄ I maye And̄ for that I knolde that tholv arte a goody knyzt/ I by seche yolv to helpe me/ And̄ for ye be a felalve of the round̄ table wherfore ye oughte not to fayle noo gentylwoman Whiche is dissherytedē/ and̄ she besought yolv of helpe

Capitulum ix

Thenne syr Percyual promysede her alle the helpe that he myghte/ And̄ thenne she thanked hym/ And at that tyme the wheder was hote/ thenne she called̄ vnto her a gentylwoman and̄ badde her bringe forth a pauelione/ And̄ soo she dydē/ and̄ pyght hit vpon the grauel / Sire saydē she/ Nolv maye ye reste yolv in this hete of the day/ Thenne he thanked̄ her/ and̄ she put of his helme and̄ his sheldē/ and there he slepte a grete wh̄yle/ And̄ thenne he awoke / and̄ asked̄ her/ yf she hade ony mete/ and̄ she saydē ye/ also ye shalle haue ynough / and̄ soo there was sette ynough vpon the table / and̄ theron soo moche ꝑ he hade merueil/ for there was all maner of metes ꝑ he coude thynke on/ Also he dranke ther the strengeste wyn that euer he dranke / hym thoughte / and̄ there with he was a lytel chafedē more than he oughte to be/ wh̄ith that he beheld̄ the gentilwoman/ and̄ hym thought/ she was the fayreste creature that euer he salve/ And̄ thenne syr Percyual proferd her loue and̄ praydē her that she woldē be his/ Thenne she refusedē hym in a maner wh̄an he requyred her for the cause he sholde be the more ardant on her/ and̄ euer he ceasedē not to pray her of loue/ And̄ wh̄anne she salve hym wel enchauffedē / thenne she saydē syr Percynale bete yolv wel I shalle not fulfylle youre wylle/ but yf ye were from hensforth ye shalle be my true seruaunt / and̄ to doo no thynge but that I shalle commaunde

yold/ wyll ye enſure me this as ye be a true knyght/ ye ſayd he fayr lady by the feythe of my body/ wel ſayd ſhe nold ſhal ye doo with me what ſoo hit pleaſe yold/ and nold wete ye wel/ ye are the knyght in the world that I haue moſt deſyre to/ And thenne two ſquyers were commaunded to make a bed in mydes of the pauelione/ And anone ſhe was vnclothed & leyd therin/ And thenne ſyre Percyual leyd hym doune by her yaled/ and by aduenture and grace he ſalue his ſuerd lye on the grounde naked/ in whos pomel was a rede croſſe and the ſygne of the crucyfyxe therin/ and bithought hym on his knyghthode and his promyſe made to fore hand vnto the good may/ thenne he made a ſygne of the croſſe in his forhede/ & there with the pauelione torned vp ſo doune/ and thenne it chaunged vnto a ſmoke/ and a blak cloude/ and thenne he was admade and cryed aboude/

¶ Capitulum .x.

FAyr ſweet fader Jheſu Cryſte ne lete me not be ſhamed/ the whiche was nygh loſt had not thy good grace ben/ And thenne he loked in to a ſhyp/ and ſalue her entre therin/ whiche ſayd ſir Percyual ye haue bitrayed me/ and ſoo ſhe went with the wynde wrynge and yelynge that it ſemed alle the water brent after her/ Thenne ſyr percyual made grete ſorowe/ and dreue his ſuerd vnto hym/ ſayeng ſythen my fleſſh will be my maiſter I ſhalle punyſſhe it/ and there with he roſe hym ſelf thurgh the thygh that the blood ſtarte aboute hym/ & ſaid O good lord take this in recompenſacion of that I haue done ageynſt the my lord/ Soo thenne he clothed hym and armed hym/ and called hym ſelf a wretche/ ſayenge/ how nygh was I loſt/ and to haue loſte that I ſholde neuer haue geten ageyne/ that was my Vyrgynyte/ for that maye neuer be recouerd after hit is ones loſt/ and thenne he ſtopped his bledyng wounde with a pyece of his ſherte/ Thus as he made his mone he ſaw the ſame ſhyp come fro Orgent that the good may was in the day afore/ and the noble knyght was aſhamed with hym ſelfe/ & there with he folle in a ſwoune/ And whan he awoke he went vnto hym wekely and there he ſalewed this good may/ And

thenne he asked syr Percyual how hast thou done sythe I departed/ Sir said he/ here was a gentylwoman and ledde me in to a derke synne / And there he told hym all to gyders/ Knewe ye not the mayde sayd the good man/ Syr said he nay but wel I woote the fende sente her hyther to shame me/ O good knyght sayd he thou arte a foole/ for that gentilwoman was the maister fende of helle/ the which hath power above alle devels/ and that was the olde lady that thou salvest in thyn adventure upon rydynge on the serpent/ Thenne he told syr Percyuale how our lord Jhesu Cryst kest hym oute of heuen for his synne the which was the moost brygh test angel of heuen/ & therfore he lost his herytage / and that was the champyon that thou foughtest with alle/ the which had ouercome the/ had not the grace of god ben/ Now be ware syre Percyuale and take thys for an Ensample/ and thenne the good man vanysshed away/ Thenne syre Percyual took his armes / and entred in to the shyp/ and soo departed from thens

¶ Here endeth the fourtenthe booke/ which is of syr perceual

¶ And here foloweth of syre launcelot which is the fyftenth booke

¶ Capitulum primum

¶ Whanne the Heremyte had kepte syr Launcelot thre dayes / the heremyte gaf hym an hors / an helme / and a swerd / ¶ And thenne he departed about the houre of none And thenne he salue a lytel holme / And whanne he came nere / he salue a Chappel / and there besyde he salue an old man that was cladd al in whyte ful ryche ly / and thenne sire launcelot saide good saue yow / god kepe yow sayd the good man / and make yow a good knyght / Thenne syr Launcelot alyght and entred in to the Chappel / and there he salue an old man dede in a whyte shert of passyng fyne clothe / ¶ Sir said the good man this man that is dede ought not to be in suche clothynge as ye see hym in / for in that he brake the othe of hys ordre / / For he hath ben more than an C wynter a man of a religyon / And thenne the good man and sire Launcelot went in to the Chappel / and the good man took a stole about hys neck and a book / and thenne he coniured on that book / & with that they salue in an hydous fygure & horryble / that there was no man soo hard herted nor soo hardy but he sholde haue ben aferd / Thenne saide the fende thou hast trauayled me gretly / Now take me what thou wilt with me / Nay wille saide the good man that thou take me how my felawe became dede / & whether he be saued or dampned / Thenne he said with an horryble voys / he is not lost but saued / how may that be sayd the good man / It semed to me that he lyued not wel / for he brake his ordre for to were a shert / where he ought to were none /
And who that trespaceth ageynst our ordre dothe not wel /
Not soo sayd the fende this man that lyeth here dede was come of a grete lygnage / and there was a lord that hyght the erle de Wale that held grete werre ageynste this mans neuelde the whiche hyght Aguarus
And soo this Aguarus salue the Erle was hyggar than he /
Thenne he went for to take counceylle of his vnkel the which lyeth here dede as ye may see /
¶ And thenne he asked leue & went oute of his heremytage

for to mayntene his neuewe ageynst the myghty Erle/and so hit happed that this may that lyeth here ded dyd so moche by his hoysedome and hardynes that the Erle was take and thre of his lordes by force of this ded may/

Capitulum ñ

Thenne was there pes betwyxe the Erle and this Aguarus/& grete seurte that the erle sholde neuer werre ageynst hym/ Thenne this ded may that here lyeth came to this fremytage ageyne/And thenne the erle made two of his neuewes for to be auenged vpon this may/Soo they came on a day/and fonde this ded may at the sacryng of his masse/and they abode hym tyl he had sayd masse/And thenne they set vpon hym and dreve oute sweerdes to haue slayne hym/ But there wolde no swerde byte on hym more than vpon a gad of stele for the hyghe lorde whiche he serued/he hym preserued/

Thenne made they a grete fyre and dyd of alle his clothes and the hayre of his backe/And thenne this ded may fremyte sayd vnto them/wene ye to brenne me/it shalle not lye in youre powder nor to perysshe me as moche as a threde & there were ony on my body/Noo sayd one of them/hit shalle be assayed/& thenne they dispoylled hym/and putte vpon hym this sherte/ and cast hym in a fyre/and there he laye alle that nyght tyl hit was daye in that fyre and was not ded/ and soo in the morn I came and fonde hym ded/ but I fonde neyther threde nor shynne tampyd/& soo toke hym oute of the fyre with grete fere and leyd hym here as ye may see/ And nold may ye suffer me to goo my way/for I haue sayd yold the sothe/And thenne he departed with a grete tempest/ Thenne was the good may and syr launcelot more gladder than they were to fore/ And thenne syr launcelot dwelled with that good may that nyght Sire saide the good may be ye not sir launcelot du lake/ye sire saide he/what seke ye in this countrey/syr sayd syr launcelot I goo to seke the aduentures of the Sangreal/ wel sayd he seke it ye may wel/But though it were here ye shalle haue noo power to see hit no more than a blynde may sholde see a bryght swerde/and that is longe on your synne/and els ye were more

ableer than ony may lyuynge/ And thenne ſir launcelot began to wepe/ Thenne ſayd the good man Wherfore conſeſſed yͤ yͤ be entryd in to the queſt of the Sangreal/ ye ſir ſayd ſyr launcelot/ Thenne vpon the morne Whanne the good man had ſonge his maſſe/ thenne they buryed the dede man/ Thenne ſyr launcelot ſayd/ ſyr Wher ſhalle I doo/ Now ſayd the good man/ I requyre yow take this hayre that was this holy mans and putte it next thy ſkynne/ and it ſhalle preuayle the gretely/ for and I wille doo hit ſayd ſir launcelot/ Alſo I charge you that ye eete no fleſſhe as longe as ye be in the queſt of the sangreal/ nor ye ſhalle drynke noo wyne/ and that ye here maſſe dayly and ye may doo hit/ Soo he took the hayre and putte it vpon hym and ſoo departed at euenſonge tyme/ And ſoo rode he in to a foreſte / and there he mette with a gentyll woman ryding vpon a whyte palfrey / and thenne ſhe aſked hym ſyre knyght whyder ryde ye/ Certes damoyſel ſayd launcelot I wote not whyder I ryde but as fortune ledeth me/ A ſyre launcelot ſaid ſhe/ I wote what aduenture ye ſeke / for ye were afore tyme never than ye be now/ and yet ſhalle ye ſee hit more openly than euer ye dyd/ and that ſhalle ye vnderſtande in ſhorte tyme/ Thenne ſyr launcelot aſked her where he myghte be herbe; wolwed that nyghte/ ye ſhalle not fynde this day nor nyghte but to morne ye ſhal fynde herberwolde good and eaſe of that ye be in doubte of/ And thenne he commaunded her vnto god / Thenne he rode tyl that he cam to a croſſe and took that for his hooſt as for that nyghte

Capitulum Tercium

And ſoo he putte his hors to paſture / and dyd of hys helme and his ſhelde and made his prayers vnto the Croſſe that he neuer falle in dedely ſynne ageyne / And ſoo he leyd hym doune to ſlepe/ And anone as he was on ſlepe/ hit befelle hym there an aduyſyon / that there came a man afore hym alle by compas of ſterres / and that man had a crowne of gold on his hede/ and that man ledde in his felaushyp ſeuen kynges and two knyghtes / And alle theſe worſhipped the Croſſe knelyng vpon their knees/ holdyng vp their handes

towardy the heuen/Andy alle they sayde fair swete fader of he-
uen come andy vysyte vs andy yelde vnto vs euerych as we
haue deseruedy/Thenne lokedy launcelot vp to the heuen / andy
hym semed the cloudes dydy open/and ay oldy man came doun
with a company of angels/andy alygh amonge them/& gaf
vnto euerych his blessynge andy called them his seruauntes/
andy goody andy true knyghtes / Andy whanne this oldy man
had sayd thus he came to one of tho knyghtes and sayde I ha-
ue lost alle that I haue sette in the / For thou hast rulyd the
agaynste me as a warryour and vsed wrong werres with va-
yne glory more for the pleasyr of the world thay to please me /
therfor thold shalt be confoundedy without thold yelde me my
tresour/Alle this aduysyon salde sir launcelot at the crosse /
Andy on the morne he took his hors and rode tyl myddayy/and
there by aduenture he mete with the same knyght that took his
hors/helme and his swerd whan he slepte whan the Sancgreal
appiered afore the crosse/whanne sire launcelot salde hym/he sa-
lewedy hym not sayre but cryedy on hyghe/knyghte kepe the /
for thold hast done to me grete vnkyndenes / And thenne they
put afore them their speres / and sir launcelot came soo fyersly
vpon hym/that he smote hym and his hors doune to the erthe /
that he had nygh broken his neck/ Thenne sir launcelot tooke
the knyghtes hors that was his oldne afore hand/and desen-
ded from the hors he sat vpon and mounted vpon his oldn hors
and keped the knyghtes oldne hors to a tree that he myght fyn-
de that hors whanne that he was arysen

¶ Thenne sir launcelot rode tyl nyghe/and by aduenture he met
an hermyte/and eche of hem salewed other/ and there he rested
with that good may alle nyght/and gaf his hors suche as he
myghte gete/Thenne sayde the good man vnto launcelot / of
whens be ye/syr sayd he I am of Arthurs courte/and my na-
me is sir launcelot du lake/that am in the Queste of the Sanc-
greal/And therfor I pray yolde to counceylle me of a vysyon
the whiche I hadde at the crosse/And soo he tolde hym alle /

¶ Capitulum quartum

LOo ſir launcelot ſaid the good man/there thou myȝ-
teſt vnderſtande the hyghe lygnage that thou art comen
of/And thyne aduyſyon betokeneth after the paſſion of Ih-
ſu Criſte fourty yere Joſeph of Armathye preched the bycause
of kynge Euelake/that he had in the batails the better of his
enemyes and of the ſeuen kynges and the two knyghtes/the
fyrſt of hem is called Nappus an holy man / and the ſeconde
hyghte Nacyen in remembraunce of his graunte ſyre / and in
hym dwelled oure lorde Jheſu Cryſt/And the thyrde was cal-
led Helkyas le groſe/and the fourth hyght Eyſayes / and the
fyfthe hyghte Jonas / he departed out of his countrey and
went in to walys/and tolde there the doughter of Manuel /
where by he had the londe of Gaule/and he came wedde in
this countrey/And of hym came kynge launcelot thy gracious
ſyre/the whiche there wedded the kynges doughter of Irland
and he was as worthy a man as thou art/ and of hym cam
kynge Ban thy fader the which was the laſt of the ſeuen kyn
ges/And by the ſir launcelot hit ſygnefyeth that the Angels
ſayd thou were none of the ſeuen felauſhips / And the laſte
was the ix knyght/he was ſygnefyed to a lyon / for he ſholde
paſſe all maner of erthely knyghtes / that is ſyre Galahad /
the whiche thou gate on kynge Pelles doughter/and thou ou-
ght to thanke god more than ony other man lyuynge / for of
a ſynner erthely thou haſt no pere as in knyghode nor neuer
ſhalte be/But lytyl thanke haſt thou gyuen to god for al the
grete vertues that god hath lent the/

¶ Syr ſaid Launcelot ye ſaye that that good knyȝt is my ſone
That ouȝteſt thou to knowe and no man better ſaid the good
man / For thou kneldeſt the doughter of kynge Pelles fleſ-
ſhely/and on her thou begatteſt Galahad/ And that was he
that at the feeſt of Pentecoſt ſatte in the ſege perylous/ And
therfore make thou hit knowen openly that he is one of thy
begetynge on kynge Pelles doughter / for that wyl be youre
worſhip and honour and to alle thy kynrede/
And I coũceyle you in no place prece not vpon hym to haue

ados with hym/wel sayd launcelot/me semeth that goode kny-
ghte sholde praye for me vnto the hyghe fader / that I falle
not to synne ageyne/Truste thold wel sayd the goode man thou
sayst mykel the better for his prayer/but the sone shalle not be
re the wyckednes of the fader/Nor the fader shalle not bere the
wyckednes of the sone/but euerycke shalle bere his owne bur-
they/And therfor beseke thold only gode / and he wylle helpe
the in alle thy nedes/ And thenne syr launcelot and he Wente
to souper/and soo leyde hym to rest/ and the hayre pryckede so
syr launcelots skynne whiche greuede hym ful sore/but he tolke
hit mekely/and suffred the payne/And soo on the morne/ he
herde his masse and tooke his armes/and soo tooke his leue/

Capitulum Quintum

And thenne mounted vpon his hors/ and rode in to a
forest/and helde no hyghe waye/And as he loked afore
hym/he salve a fayre playne/and besyde that a fayre Castel/ &
afore the Castel were many pauelions of sylke & of dyuerse
hewe/And hym semed that he salve there fyue honderd knyg-
tes rydynge on horsback/and there were two partyes/they that
were of the Castel were all in blak horses and their trapours
blak/and they that were without were al on whyte horses &
trapours/and euerycke hurtled to other that it merueylled
syr launcelot/And at the laste hym thoughte they of the cas-
tel were putte to the werse/ Thenne thoughte sir launcelot for
to helpe there the weyker party in encrecynge of his chyualry
And soo syr launcelot threst in among the party of the Castel
and smote doune a knyghte hors and man to the erthe/ And
thenne he raffled here and there and dyd merueylous dedes
of armes / And thenne he dreue oute his swerd / and strake
many knyghtes to the erthe/so that alle tho that salve hym mer
ueylled that euer one knyghte myghte doo soo grete dedes of
armes / But alweyes the whyte knyghtes helde them nyghe
aboute syr launcelot for to kyepe hym and wynde hym/
But att the laste as a man may not euer endure syre Laun-
celot wayed so faynt of fyghtyng & trauaillyng & was so wery

of his grete dedes/but he myghte not lyfte vp his armes for to
gyue one stroke so that he wende neuer to haue borne armes/ &
thenne they alle took and ledde hym alwey in to a foreste/ and
there made hym to alyghte & to reste hym/ And thenne all the
felaushyp of the castel were ouercome for the defaute of hym /
Thenne they sayde alle vnto syr launcelot blessid be god/ that
ye be now of oure felaushyp / for we shalle holde yow in oure
peyson/and soo they lefte hym with felde wordes/ And thenne
syr launcelot made grete sorowe/ for neuer or now was I ne-
uer at turnement nor justes but I hadde the beste/ and now I
am shamed / and thenne he sayde now I am sure that I am
more synfuller than euer I was/thus he rode sorowynge/and
half a day he was oute of despayre/tyl that he came in to a de-
pe valey/ And whanne syr launcelot salve he myghte not ryde
vp in to the montayne / he there alyghte vnder an Appel tree/
and there he lefte his helme and his shelde/and put his hors
vnto pasture / And thenne he leide hym doune to slepe / And
thenne hym thoughte there came an olde man afore hym / the
whiche sayde A launcelot of euylle feythe and poure byleue /
wherfor is thy wille wourned soo lyghtely toward thy dedely
synne/ And whanne he hadde sayde thus/he vanysshed away/ &
launcelot wyste not where he was become / Thenne he toke his
hors and armed hym/ And as he rode by the way he salve a
chappel where was a recluse whiche hadde a wyndowe that she
myghte see vp to the Aulter / And alle aboute she called la-
uncelot/for that he semed a knyghte errant / And thenne he
came and she asked hym what he was/ and of what place / &
where aboute he wente to seke

Capitulum Septimum

And thenne he told her alle to gyder word by word
and the trouthe how it befelle hym at the turne ment/
And after told her his aduysyon that he hadde had that ny-
ghte in his slepe/and prayde her to telle hym what hit myght
mene/for he was not wel contente with hit/

¶ A Launcelot sayd ſir as longe as ye were knyghte of er
thely knyghthode / ye were the mooſt merueillous man of the
worldy and mooſt aduenturous / ¶ Nowe ſaid the lady ſythen
ye be ſette amonge the knyghtes of heuenly aduentures / yf ad
uenture falle the contrary at that turnement / haue thou no mer
ueille / for that turnement yeſterdaye was but a tokenynge of
our lordy / And not for thenne there was none enchauntement
for they at the turnement were erthely knyghtes / The turnemēt
was a token to ſee who ſhold haue moſt knyghtes outher Cly
azar the ſone of kynge Nelles or Argustus the ſone of kynge
Harlon / But Clyazar was alle clothedy in whyte / And Ar
güſtus was couerd in blak the whiche were comen / Alle whit
this betokeneth I ſhalle telle yowe / ¶ The daye of Pentecoſt
whan kynge Arthur helde his court / it befelle that erthely ky
nges and knyghtes toke a turnement to gydyrs / that is to ſay
the queſt of the Sancgreal / The erthely knyghtes were they /
the whiche were clothedy al in black / and the couerynge betoke
neth the ſynnes wherof they be not confeſſidy / And they with
the couerynge of whyte betokeneth Virgynyte / and they that
chosen chaſtyte / And thus was the queſt begonne in them /
Thenne thold behelde the ſynners and the good men / and when
thold ſalueſt the ſynners ouercomē / thold enclyneſt to that par
ty for bobaunce and pryde of the worldy / and alle that muſt be
lefte in that queſt / ¶ For in this queſt thold ſhalte
haue many felawes and thy betters / For thold arte ſoo feble
of euylle truſte and good byleue / this made hit whan thou
were there Where they took the / and ledde the in to the foreſt /
And anone there appiereth the Sancgreal Vnto the whyte kn
yghtes / but thold was ſoo feble of good byleue and feyth that
thou myghteſt not abyde hit for alle the trehynge of the goody
man / but anone thou torneſt to the ſynners / and that cauſedy
thy myſauenture that thou holdeſt knolde good from euylle /
and vayne glory of the worldy / the whiche is not worth a pere
And for grete pryde thou madeſt grete ſorow that thou had
deſt not ouercome alle the whyte knyghtes with the kneeryng
of whyte by whome was betokeneth Virgynyte & chaſtyte / &
therfor godys was wroth with yowe / for godys loueth no ſuche de
des in this queſt / & this aduiſion ſignefyeth þ thou were of euil

seythe and of youre sykenesse/the which wille make the to falle in to the depe pytte of helle yf thou kepe the not

¶ Now haue I warned the of thy vayne glory / and of thy pryde / that thou hast many tymes erryd ageynst thy maker lelwaye of euerlastynge payne/for of alle erthely knyghtes I haue moost pyte of the / for I knowe wel thou hast not thy peere of ony erthely synful man / And soo she commaunded syr launcelot to dyner/And after dyner he toke his hors and commaunded her to god/and soo wente in to a depe valeye/and there he salwe a ryuer and an hyghe mntayn/ And thorou the water he muste nedes passe/the which was hydous/and then ne in the name of god he took hit with good herte/ And when he came ouer/he salwe an armed knyghte hors and man blacke as ony leaue without ony wordy he smote syr launcelots hors to the erthe/and soo he passed on he wyst not where he was become/And thenne he took his helme and his shelde/ & thanked god of his aduenture

¶ Here leueth of the story of syr launcelot

¶ And spekethe of sir Galvayne the which is the vij book

¶ Capitulum primum

WHanne sire Galvayne was departed from his his felaushyp/he rode long without ony aduenture / For he fonde not the tenth parte of aduenture as he was wonte to doo/ For syre Galvayn rode from whytsontyde vntyl Mycheelmasse And fonde none aduenture that pleasyd hym / Soo on a daye it befelle Galvayne mette with sir Ector de marys/ and eyther made grete joye of other/that it were meruaylle to telle/ And soo they told eueryche other and complayned them gretely that they coude fynde none aduenture /

¶ Truly sayd syre Galvayne vnto syre Ector I am nyghe wery of this queste/and loth I am to folowe further in straunge

Countreyes/one thynge merueilled me sayd syr Ector I have mete with twenty knyghtes felawes of myn/and al they complayne as I doo /I haue merueille said syr Galahayne where that syr launcelot your broder is/Truly said syr Ector I can not here of hym nor of syr Galahad/ Percyuale nor syr Bors/lete hem be sayd syre Galhayne/ for they foure haue no peres/And yf one thyng were not in syr launcelot / he had no felawe of none erthely man/but he is as we be/ but yf he wolde more payne vpon hym/ But and these foure be mete to gyders/they wille be bothe that ony man mete with hem/ for and they fayle of the Sanegreal/hit is in waste of alle the remenaunt to recouer hit / Thus as Ector and Galhayne rode more than eyghte dayes/And on a saterday they fond an old chappel the whiche was wasted that there semed no man thyder repayred/and there they alyghte/and sette their speres att the dore/and in they entryd in to the chappel/and there made their orysons a grete whyle / And thenne sette hem doune in the seges of the chappel/And as they spak of one thyng and other/for kruynes they felle on slepe/ and there kefelle hem both merueylleous aduentures/ Sir Galhayn hym semed he cam in to a medowe ful of herbes and floures/ And there he salwe a route of bulles an hondred and fyfty that were prowd & blak sauf thre of hem were al whyte and one hed a blak spot/and the other two were soo fayre and soo whyte that they myght be no whyter / And these thre bulles whiche were soo fayre were tyed with two stronge cordes/And the remenaunt of the bulles sayd among hem goo we hens to seke better pasture/and so some wente/and some came ageyne/but they were so lene that they myght not stande vp ryght/and of the bulles that were soo whyte that one came ageyne and no mo/But whan this whyte bulle was come ageyne amonge these other / there rose vp a grete crye for lack of whyte yf fayled them/And so they departed one here and another there/this aduyspon kefelle Galhayne that nyght

Capitulum secundum

Bot to Ector de marys befelle another vysyon the con-
trary/ For hit semed hym that his broder syr launce-
lot and he alyghte out of a chayer and lepte vpon ij
horses/ and the one sayde to the other go we selke that we shal
not fynde/ and hym thoughte that a man lete syr launcelot/ and
dispoyllede hym/ and clothede hym in another araye the whiche
was al ful of knottes/ and sette hym vpon an asse/ and so he
rode tyll he cam to the fayreste welle that euer he salde/ and syr
Launcelot alyghte and wold haue dronke of that welle/ And
whan he stouped to drynke of the water the watir sanke from
hym/ ¶ And whanne syr launcelot salde that he torned and
wente hyder as the hede came fro/ And in the meane whyle he
trolbede that hym self and syr Ector rode tyl that they cam to
a ryche mans holde where there was a weddynge/ And there
he salde a kynge/ the whiche sayde syr knyghte here is no place
for yold / and thenne he torneda ageyne vnto the chayer that he
came fro/ Thus within a whyle bothe Galvayne and Ector a-
waked/ and eyther told other of their aduysyon / the whiche
merueylled them gretely/ Truly sayde Ector I shalle neuer be
mery tyl I here tydynges of my broder launcelot /
¶ Nold as they sat thus talkyng they salde an hande shenyng
vnto the elbolde/ and was couerde with redy Sampte / And
vpon that honge a brydel not ryght ryche/ and belde vnthin the
fyst a grete candel whiche brenned ryght clere/ and so passed
afore them/ and entryd in to the chappel/ and thene vanyssh-
alwey and they wyst not where/ And anone came donne a fo-
yse whiche sayde knyghtes ful of euylle feyth and of poure by
lefe these two thynges haue fayled yold/ and therfor ye may
not come to the aduentures of the sangreal/ Thenne fyrst spak
Galvayne and sayde Ector haue ye herd these wordes/ ye tru
ly sayde sir Ector I herd alle / Nold goo we sayde syre Ector
vnto some hermyte that wille telle vs of our aduysyon / for
hit semeth me we labour alle in vayne/ and so they departede
and rode in to a valeye and there mette with a squyer whiche
rode on an hakney/ and they salewed hym fayre / Sire sayde
Galvayne can thou telle vs to ony hermyte/ Here is one in a
lytel montayne/ but hit is soo rough there may no hors go thy
der/ and therfore ye muste goo vpon foote/ there shalle ye fynde

a poure holde / and there is nat̄ye the hermyte whiche is the holyeſt man in this countrey/and ſo they departed eyther from other/And thenne in a Valey they mette with a knyghte al ar med̄ whiche profered hem to Juſte as fer as he ſalbēthem/In the name of god ſayd ſyr Galhayne/ſythe I departed from a meſſe/there was none profered me to Juſte but ones/ and nold Sir ſaid Ector lete me Juſte with hym/Nay ſayd Galhayne ye ſhalle not/but yf I be bete/ hit ſhalle not forthynke me thenne yf ye goo after me/And thenne eyther enbraced other to Juſte and̄ came to gyders as faſt as their horſes myghte renne/and braſt their ſheldes and the mayles/ and the one more than the other/and Galhayne was wounded̄ in the lyfte ſyde/ but the other knyghte was ſmyten thorou the breſt/ and the ſpere cam oute on the other ſyde/and ſoo they felle bothe oute of their ſa-dels/and in the falkynge they brak bothe their ſperes / Anone Galhayne awoos and sette his hand̄ to his ſuerd/ and caſte his ſheld afore hym/But alle for nought was it/ for the knyght had̄ no power to aryſe ageyne hym/ Thenne ſaid̄ galhayne ye muſt yelde you as an ouercome mā/or els I may ſlee you/ A ſir knyghte ſayd̄ he I am but dede/for goddes ſake and of your gentilnes lede me here vnto an Abbay that I may receyue my creatour/ Syre ſayd̄ Galhayne I knolde no holde of rely gyon here by/Syr ſayd̄ the knyghte sette me on an hors to fo-re yold/and̄ I ſhalle teche yold/Galhayne sette hym vp in the ſadel/and he lepte vp behynde hym for to ſuſtene hym/and ſoo came to an Abbay where they were well receyued̄/and̄ anone he was vnarmed̄/and̄ receyued his creatour/ Thenne he pray-d Galhayne to drawe out the truncheon of the ſpere oute of his body/Thenne Galhayne aſked hym what he was that kne-we hym not/I am ſayd̄ he of kynge Arthurs courte / & was a felawe of the wynd̄ table/ and we were bretheren ſworne to gyders/and nold ſyr Galhayne thold haſt ſlayne me / and my name is Olhayne les auoultres that ſomtyme was ſone vn-to kynge Orpens/and̄ was in the queſt of the Sangreal / & nold forgyue it the god/ for hit ſhal euer be ſayd̄ that the one ſwan broder hath ſlayn thotherr /

Alas sayd Galvayne that euer this mysauentur is be falley me/ No force sayde Gawayne sythe I shalle dye this deth/ of a moche more worshypfuller manis handy myghte I not dye/ but whanne ye come to the Court/ recommaunde me vnto my lorde kynge Arthur and alle tho that ben lefte on lyue/ and for oldy brotherhode thynke on me/ Thenne began Galvayne to wepe and Ector also/ And thennne Gawayne hym self and syr Galvayne dreve oute the trunchon of the spere/ and anone departed the soule from the body/ Thenne sir Galvayne and sir Ector beryed hym as men ought to berye a kynges sone / and made Wrytyn vpon his name/ & by whome he was slayne/ Thenne departed Galvayne and Ector as hevy as they myghte for their mysauentur/ and so wente til that they came to the wuz montayne/ and there they teyed their hors and wente on foote to the heremytage/ And whanne they were come by/ they salve a poure holme/ & besyde the chappel a lytyl courtelage/ where Nacyen the heremyte gadred wortes as he whiche lady tasted none other mete of a grete whyle And whanne he salve the crauant knyghtes / he came towardy them and salewed them/ and they hym ageyne/ Faire lordes saidy he what aduentur brought yold hyther/ Syr said Galvayn to spelle with yold for to be confessidy/ Sir said the heremyte I am redy/ thenne they toldy hym soo moche that he wyst well what they were/ And thenne he thoughte to counceylle hem yf he myght/ Thenne began galvayne fyrst & toldy hym of his adventure vpon that he had lady in the Chappel / and Ector toldy hym alle as it is afore reherced/ Sir said the heremyte vnto sir Gawayne the fayr medolve and the valle therin ought to be vnderstande the round table/ and by the medolve ought to be vnderstande humylyte and pacyence/ tho ben the thynges whiche ben allweyes grene and quyck / for men may no tyme ouercome humylyte and pacyence/ therfor was the round table founden and the Chyualry hath ben of alle tymes/ soo by the fraternyte whiche was there that sholde myght not be ouercomen / For men sayd she was founded in pacyence and in humylyte at the

Rake ete an hondred and fyfty bulles/but they ete not in the medolve/for their hertes ſholde be ſette in humylyte and pacyence/and the bulles were prolde and blak ſauf only thre
By the bulles is to vnderſtande the felauſhyp of the roundy table whiche for their ſynne and their wyckednes ben blacke/
Blaknes is to ſaye without goody or vertuous werkes/and the thre bulles which were whyte ſauf only one that was ſpotted/The two whyte bitokenen ſyr Galahad and ſir percyual for they be maydens clene and without ſpotte/And the thyrd that had a ſpot ſygnefyeth ſyr Bors de ganys/ which ne ſpaked but ones in his vyrgynyte/but ſythen he kept hym ſelf ſo wel in chaſtyte that alle is forgyuen hym and his myſdedes And why tho thre were tyed by the neckes/they be three knyghtes in vyrgynyte and chaſtyte/and there is no pryde ſmyrry in them/And the blak bulles whiche ſayd goo ye hens / they were tho whiche at Pentecoſt atte the hyghe feeſt took vpon hem to goo in the queſt of the Sangreal / without confeſſion they myghte not entre in the medolve of humylyte and pacyence/And therfor they retorned in to waſte countreyes / that ſygnefyeth dethe/for there ſhalle dye many of them/euerych of them ſhalle ſlee other for ſynne / and they that ſhalle eſcape / ſhalle be ſoo lene that hit ſhalle be merueylle to ſee them/And of the thre bulles without ſpotte/the one ſhalle come ageyne/ and the other two neuer

¶ Capitulum Quartum

THenne ſpak Nacyen vnto Ector ſothe hit is that launcelot and ye came doune of one chayer/the chayer betokeneth maiſterſhip and lordſhyp which ye came doune fro / But ye two knyghtes ſayd the hermyte ye goo to ſeke that ye ſhalle neuer fynde that is the Sangreal For hit is the ſecrete thynge of oure lord Ieſu Cryſte/what is to meane that ſyr Launcelot felle doune of his hors/he hath left pryde/and taken hym to humylyte/for he hath cryed mercy lowde for his ſynne and ſore repented hym/and our lorde hath clothed hym in his clothyng which is ful of knottes that is the knyghthode that he vſeth dayly / ¶ And the aſſe that he rode vpon is a beeſt of

humylyte/ For god wold not ryde vpon no stede nor vpon no palfrey/ So in ensample that ony asse betokeneth mekenes that thou salvest syr Launcelot ryde on in thy slepe/ and the welle where as the water sanke from hym whanne he sholde haue taken therof/ And whanne he salve he myghte not haue it/ he retorned thyder from whens he came/ for the welle betokeneth the hyghe grace of god/ the more men desyre hit to take hit/ the more shalle be their desyre/ Soo whanne he came nyghe the Sancgreal/ he mekede hym that he felde hym not a man worthy to be soo nyghe the holy Vessel / for he hade ben soo defouled in dedly synne by the space of many yeres/ yet whanne he kneled to drynke of the welle/ there he salve grete preuydence of the Sancgreal/ And for he hade serued soo longe the deuylle/ he shal haue vengeaunce four and twenty dayes longe / for that he hath ben the deuyls seruaunt four and twenty yeres/ And thenne soone after he shalle retorne vnto Camelot oute of this cõtrey and he shalle saye a parte of suche thynges as he hath fonde

¶ Nowe wille I telle yow what betokeneth the hande with the candel and the bridel/ that is to vnderstande the holy ghost where charyte is euer/ and the bridel sygnefyeth abstynence/ For whanne she is bridaled in Crysten mans herte/ she holdeth hym soo shorte that he falleth not in dedly synne / And the candell whiche shedeth clerenesse and syghte sygnefyeth the ryght way of Jhesu Cryst / And whanne he wente and sayde knyghtes of youre fey the and of wycked byleue/ these thre thynges fayled charyte/ abstynence/ and trouth/ therfor ye maye not atteyne that hyghe aduenture of the Sancgreal

¶ Capitulum Quintum

QErtes sayde Gawayne/ sothely haue ye sayde that I se it openly/ ¶ Nowe I pray yow goody man and holy fader telle me why we mette not with soo many aduentures as we were wonte to doo/ and comynly haue the better/ ¶ I shalle telle yow gladly sayde the goody man/ The aduenture of the Sancgreal whiche ye and many other haue vndertake þ queste of it e fynde it not/ the cause is/ for it appiereth

not to ſynners/ wherfore meruayll not though ye fayle therof and many other/ For ye be an vntrue knyght / and a grete murtherer / and to good men ſygnefyeth other thynges than murther/ For I dar ſaye as ſynful as ſyre launcelot hath ben ſythe that he went in to the queſt of the Sangreal / he ſlewe neuer man / nor nought ſhalle tyll that he come vnto Camelot ageyne/ for he hath taken vpon hym for to forſake ſynne/ And neuer wyll that he nyst not ſtable/ but by his thought he is lykely to torne ageyne/ he ſholde be neyte to encheue it ſauf Galahad his ſone / but god knoldeth his thought and his vnſtablyneſſe/ and yet ſhalle he dye ryght an holy man/ and no doubte he hath no felalde of no erthely ſynful man/ Sir ſayde Galhayne hit ſemeth me by your wordes that for oure ſynnes it wylle not auayle vs to trauayll in this queſt/ Truly ſayde the good man / there ben an honderde ſuche as ye be / / that neuer ſhalle preuayle/ but to haue ſhame / And whanne they had herde theſe wordes they commaunded hym vnto god/

¶ Thenne the good man called Galhayne and ſayde it is longe tyme paſſed ſyth that ye were made knyght / and neuer ſythen thold ſeruedeſt thy maker/ and now thold arte ſoo olde a tree that in the is neyther lyf ne fruyte/ wherfore bethynke the that thou yelde to oure lorde the bare rynde/ ſythe the fende hath the leues and the fruyte/ Syr ſaid Galhayne & I had leyſer I wolde ſpeke with yow/ but my felalde here ſyr Ector is gone and abydeth me yonder bynethe the hylle/ wel ſayd the good man thold were better to be counayllede / Thenne departede Galhayne and came to Ector/ and ſoo tooke their horſes & rode tyl they came to a fosters holde whiche herbewedde them ryght wel/ And on the morne they departede from theyr hooſte/ and rode longe or they coude fynde ony aduenture

¶ Capitulum Sextum

WHanne Bors was departed from Camelot / he mette with a Relygyous man rydynge on an aſſe/ and ſyre Bors ſalewed hym/ Anon the good man knewe hym that he was one of the knyghtes erraunt that was in the queſt of the Sangreal/ what are ye ſayde the good man / Sire ſayde

he/I am a knyght that fayn wold be counceylled in the queſt of the Sancgreal/For he ſhall haue moche/erthely worſhip that may brynge it to an ende/Certes ſayd the good man that is ſothe/for he ſhalle be the beſt knyght of the world and the fai reſt of alle the felauſhip/But wete yold wel there ſhall none atteyne it but by clennes that is pure confeſſion/So wode they to gyder tyl that they came to an heremytage/And there he pra yd Boors to dwelle alle that nyght with hym/and ſoo he a lyght and put alwey his armour / and prayd hym that he myght be confeſſid/and ſoo they went in to the chapel/and there he was clene confeſſid/& they ete brede and dronk wa ter to gyder/Nold ſayd the good man I praye the that thold ete none other/tyl that thou ſytte at the table where the Sanc greal ſtande be/Sir ſayd he I agree me therto/but hold wete ye that I ſhall ſytte there/yes ſayd the good man that knowe I/but there ſhalle be but felwe of your felawes with yow/All is welcome ſayd ſir Boors that god ſendeth me/Alſo ſaid the good man/in ſtede of a ſherte and in ſygne of chaſtyſement ye ſhal were a garment/therfor I pray yold doo of al your clo thes and your ſherte/and ſoo he dyd/And thenne he toke hym a ſcarlet cote ſo that ſholde be in ſtede of his ſherte/tyll he had fulfylled the queſt of the Sancgreal/and the good man fond hym in ſoo merueillous a lyfe/and ſoo ſtable/that he merueilled and felde that he was neuer corupte in fleſſhely luſtes/but in one tyme that he legat Elyan le blank/Thenne he armyd hym and took his leue and ſo departed/And ſoo a lytel from thens he loked vp in to a tree/and there he ſalwe a paſſynge grete byrde vpon an olde tree/and hit was paſſyng dry without leues/and the byrd ſat aboue and had byrdes the whiche were dede for honger/Soo ſmote he hym ſelf with his beke the whiche was grete and ſharpe/And ſoo the grete byrd bledde tyl that he dyed amonge his byrdes/And the yo nge byrdes token the lyf by the blood of the grete byrd/whan Boors ſalwe this he wyſt wel it was a grete tokenynge/For whanne he ſalwe the grete byrd arose not/thenne he toke hys hors and yede his way/So by euenſonge by aduentur he cam to a ſtrong wure and an hyhe/& there was he lodged gladly/

And whanne he was vnarmed / they ledd hym in to an hyke toure where was a lady yonge/ lusty and fayre/ And she welcomed hym with grete Joye/ and made hym to syte doune by her/ and soo was he sette to soupe with flesshe / and many deyntees/ And whanne syr Bors salde that / he bethought hym on his penaunce and badde a squyer to bryngе hym water/ / And soo he brought hym/ and he made soppes therin/ and ete them/ A sayd the lady / I wolde ye lyke not my mete/ yes truly sayd syr Bors/ god thanke yold madame but I may eke none other mete this daye/ thenne she spak no more as at that tyme/ for she was lothe to displease hym /

¶ Thenne after souper they spak of one thynge and other/ With that came a squyer and sayd/ Madame ye muste purueye yold to morne for a champyon/ for els your syster wille haue this castel and also your landes except ye can fynde a knyght that wille fyghte to morne in your quarel ageynst Chrydam le noyre/ Thenne she made sorowe and sayd/ A lord god wherfor graunted ye to holde my londe whereof I sholde nold be dispoyled without reason and ryghte/ And whanne sire Bors had herd her say thus/ he sayd I shalle comforte yold/ Syr sayd she I shal telle yold there was here a kynge that hyghte Anyause whiche held alle this lande in his kepynge/ Soo hit myshapped he loued a gentilwoman a grete dele elder than I Soo wolde he her alle this lande to her kepyng/ and all his men to gouerne/ and she brought vp many euylle custommes where by she putte to dethe a grete party of his kynnesmen / And whanne he salde that/ he lete chaце her oute of this lande/ and bynome hit me / and alle this lande in my demenyng/ but anone as that worthy kynge was dede / this other lady beganne to werre vpon me/ and hath destroyed many of my men/ & tourned hem ageynste me/ that I haue wel nyghe no man lefte me And I haue nought els but this hyke toure that she lefte me And yet she hath promysed me to haue this Toure without I can fynde a knyghte to fyghte with her Champyon / Nold telle me sayd syr Bors/ what is that Chrydam le noyre / syre sayd she/ he is the mooste doubted man of thys lande/ ¶ Nold

may ye sendy her wordy that ye haue sondy a knyghte that shall syghte with that wycydam he noyte in goddes quarel & youre / Thenne that lady was not a lytel glady / andy sente wordy that she was purueyedy / and that nyghte Bors hady goody chere / But in no bedde he woldy come / but lepdy hym on the floore / nor neuer woldy doo other wyse tyl that he hady met with the queste of the Sangreal /

¶ Capitulum Octauum

And anone as he was a slepe / hym befelle a vysyon / that there came to hym two byrdes / the one as whyte as a swan / andy the other was merueylous blak / but it was not soo grete as the other / but in the lykenes of a Rauen / the ne the whyte byrdy came to hym / andy saydy / and thou woldest gyue me mete andy serue me / I sholdy gyue the alle the ryches of the worldy / And I shalle make the as fayre andy as whyte as I am / Soo the whyte byrdy departedy / andy there cam the blak byrd to hym & sayd / & thou wolte serue me to morowe & haue me in no despyte / though I be blak / for wete thou wel / that more auayleth my blakne thany the others whytenes / and thenne he departedy / andy he hady another vysyon / hym thoughte / that he came to a grete place whiche semedy a chappel / & there he fonde a chayer sette on the lyfte syde whiche was worme eten / andy feble / And on the ryghte handy were two floures lyke a lylye / andy the one woldy haue benome the others whytnes But a goody man departedy hem that touchedy not the other / & thenne oute of euerych floure came oute many floures and fruyte grete plente / Thenne hym thoughte the goody man saydy / sholdy not he doo grete foly that woldy lete these two floures perysshe for to socoure the rotten tree that hit felle not to the erthe Syr saydy he / it semeth me that this woode myghte not auayle wolde kepe the saydy the goody man that thou neuer see suche aduenture befalle the / Thenne he awakedy andy made a sygne of the crosse in myddes of the forhede / andy soo rose / & clothedy hym andy there came the lady of the place / andy she salewedy hym / & he her ageyne / and so wente to a chappel andy herdy their seruyse And ther came a companye of knyghtes that the lady had sent

for to lede sir Bors vnto bataylle/Thenne asked he his armes And whanne he was armed/she prayd hym to take a lytyl morsel to dyne/Nay madame sayd he/that shalle I not do tyll I haue done my bataylle by the grace of god/And soo he lept vpon his hors/and departed alle the knyghtes and men with hym/And as soone as these two ladyes mette to gyder / She whiche Bors sholde fyghte for complayned her and sayd madame ye haue done me wronge to bireue me of my landes that kynge Anyaus gaf me/and ful lothe I am there sholde be ony bataylle/ye shalle not chese sayd the other lady or els youre knyghte withdrawe hym/Thenne ther was the crye made whiche party had the letter of the two knyghtes that his lady sholde wioyse alle the lande/Soo departed the one knyghte here/and the other there / Thenne they came to gyders with suche a raundon that they pertced their shyldes and their hauberkes/ & the speres flewe in pyeces/and they wounded eyther other sore/Thenne hurtled they to gyders so that they felle both to the erthe/and their horses fledyr their legges/and anone they arose and sette handes to their swerdes/ and smote echone other vpon the hedes that they made grete wounds and depe that the blood wente oute of her bodyes/For ther fonde sir Bors grete ter defence in that knyghte more than he wende/For that Grydam was a passynge good knyghte/and he wounded sir bors ful euyl and he hym ageyne/ but euer this Grydam helde the stoure in lyke hardy / That perceyued sire Bors and suffred hym tyl he was nygh atteynte/ ¶And thenne he ranne vpon hym more and more/and the other wente bak for dred of deth Soo in his withdrawynge he felle vp ryght/ and syre Bors drelle his helme soo strongly that he rente hit fro his hed/and gaf hym grete strokes with the flatte of his swerde vpon the vysage/and bad hym yelde hym or he sholde slee hym / Thenne he cryed hym mercy and sayd Faire knyght for gods loue slee me not/and I shalle ensure the neuer to werre a geynst thy lady/but be alwey towardes her/Thenne Bors lete hym be/thenne the olde lady fledde with alle her knyghtes

¶Capitulum ix

SOo thenne came Bors to alle tho that held landes of his lady/and sayd he shold destroye hem/ but yf they dyd suche seruyse vnto her as longed to their landes/Soo they dyd their homage and they that wold not were chaced oute of their landes / Thenne befelle that yonge lady to come to her estate ageyne by the myghty prowesse of syr Bors de ganys Soo whan alle the countrey was wel set in pees/ thenne syr Bors toke his leue and departed/and she thanked hym gretely/and wold haue gyuen hym grete richesse but he refused hit/Thenne he rode alle that day tyl nyght / and came to an herbewolde to a lady whiche knewe hym wel ynough/& made of hym grete Joye/Vpon the morne as soone as the day appiered/Bors departed from thens / and soo rode in to a foreste/ vnto the houre of myddaye/and there bifelle hym a meruellous aduenture/So he mette at the departyng of the two ways two knyghtes that ledde kyonel his broder al naked bounden vpon a stronge hakney/& his handes bounden to fore his breste And euerych of hem helde in his handes thornes where with they wente betynge hym so sore that the blood trayled doune more than in an hondred places of his body / soo that he was al blody to fore and behynde/but he saide neuer a word as he whiche was grete of herte/he suffred alle that euer they dyd to hym as though he hade felte none anguysshe / Anone syr Bors dressid hym to resolue hym that was his broder / and soo he loked vpon the other syde of hym/ and salue a knyghte whiche brought a fair gentylwoman/and wold haue set her in the thyckest place of the foreste for to haue ben the more sure oute of the way from hem that sought hym / And she whiche was no thynge assured cryed with an hyghe voys Sayncte mary socoure your mayde

¶ And anone she aspyed where syre Bors came rydynge / And whanne she came nygh hym/ she demed hym a knyghte of the round table/whereof she hoped to haue some comforte/& thenne she coniured hym by the feythe that he ought vnto hym in whos seruyse thou arte entryd in/and for the feythe ye owe vnto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode/& for the noble kyng

Arthurs sake that I suppose that made the knyght that thold help me/and suffre me not to be shamed of this knyghte/

¶ Whanne Bors herd her saye thus/ he had soo moche sorowe there he nyst not what to doo/ For yf I lete my broder be in aduenture he must be slayne/ and that wold I not for alle the erthe/ And yf I help not the mayde/ she is shamed for euer/ and also she shall lese her virginite/ the which she shal neuer gete ageyne/ Thenne lyfte he vp his eyen and sayd wepynge/ Fair swete lord Ihesu Cryste whoos liege man I am lete Eyonel my broder that these knyghtes slee hym not/ and for pyte of yold/ and for Mary sake I shalle socoure this mayde/

¶ Capitulum x

Thenne dressid he hym vnto the knyghte/ the which had the gentylwoman/ and thenne he cryed sir knyghte lete your hand of that mayden or ye be but dede/ & thenne he sette doune the mayden/ and was armed at alle pyeces sauf he lacked his spere/ Thenne he dressid his shelde/ and dreuve oute his swerd/ and Bors smote hym soo hard that it went thurgh his shelde and haberion on the lyfte sholder/ and tho wolde grete strengthe he bete hym doune to the erthe/ and at the pullynge oute of Bors spere there he swouned/

¶ Thenne came Bors to the mayde/ and sayd yold semeth it yold of this knyghte/ ye be delyuerd at this tyme/ ¶ Nold sir sayd she I praye yold lede me there as this knyghte hadde me soo shall I do gladly/ & took the hors of the wounded knyzght and sette the gentylwoman vpon hym/ and soo brought her as she desyred/ Sir knyghte sayd she/ ye haue better sped than ye wend/ for and I had lost my maydenhede/ fyue honderd men sholde haue dyed for hit/ What knyghte was he that had yold in the foreste/ by my feithe sayd sir/ he is my cosyn/ So wote I neuer with what engyn the fende enchauffed hym/ for yesterday he took me from my fader pryuely/ for I not none of my faders men mystrusted hym not/ And yf he hadde hadde my maydenhede/ he sholde haue dyed for the synne & his body shamed & dishonoured for euer/ Thus as she stood talkynge with hym there came twelue knyghtes sekyng after her/ and anone she

tolde hem alle holle Bors hade delyuerde her/thenne they maade grete Joye and defoughte hym to come to her fader a grete lord and he sholde be ryght welcome/Truly sayde Bors that may not be at this tyme/for I haue a grete aduentur to doo in this countrey/Soo he commaunded hem vnto gode and departede/ Thenne sye Bors rode after Lyonel his broder by the trace of their horses/thus he rode seking a grete whyle/Thenne he ouer toke a man clothed in a Relygyous clothynge/and rode on a stronge blacke hors blacker than a bery/and sayde syre knyzte what seke yolde / Syre sayde he I seke my broder that I salde with in a whyle beten with two knyghtes / A Bors discom forte yolde not/ ne falle in to no vanhope/for I shall telle you tydynges suche as they ben/for truly he is dede/Thenne shewed he hym a nelde slayne body lyenge in a busshe/ and it semede hym wel that it was the body of Lyonel/ and thenne he made suche a sorolde that he felle to the erthe all in a sdoune / and lay a grete whyle there/And whanne he came to hym selfe / he said Faire brother syth the company of yolde and me is departede shall I neuer haue Joye in my herte/and nolde he whiche I haue take vnto my maister/be be my help/ And whanne he had sayde thus/he toke his body lygtely in his armes / and putte hit vpon the arson of his sadel/ And thenne he sayde to the may canst thou telle me vnto somme chappel where that I may burye this body/Come on said he/here is one fast by/and soo longe they rode tyl they salde a fayre Toure/and afore it there semed an olde feble chappel/And thenne they alyght be the and put hym in to a Tombe of marbel

Capitulum vj

Nolde leue we hym here sayde the good man / and goo we to oure herkerolde tyl to morolde we wille come here ageyne to doo hym seruyse/ Sir sayde Bors be ye a preest/ye forsethe sayd he/thenne I pray yolde telle me a dreme that befelle to me þ last nyzt/ Say on sayde he/thenne he began soo mocke to telle hym of the grete byrde in the forest/And after tolde hym of his byrdes one whyte/ another blacke / and of

of the wilde tree and of the white floures / syre I shalle telle yow a parte now and the other dele to morowe/ The white foule betokeneth a gentyl woman fayre and ryche whiche louedy the paramours/ and hath louedy the longe

¶ And yf thou warne her loue she shalle goo dye anone yf thou haue no pyte on her/ that sygnefyeth the grete byrdy / the whiche shalle make the to warne her/ ¶ Now for noo fere that thou hast ne for no drede that thow haste of gody/ thow shalte not warne her but thou woldest not do hit for to be holden chast for to conquere the loos of the veyne glory of the worldy / for that shalle befalle the now and thou warne her that Launce lot the goody knyghte thy cosyn shalle dye/ And therfore mey shalle now saye yᵗ thow art a may sleer/ both of thy broder syre Lyonel and of thy cosyn syre launcelot du lake / the whiche thow myghtest haue sauedy and rescowedy easyly/ But thow weneste to rescowe a mayde whiche pertayneth no thynge to the ¶ Now loke thow whether hit hady ben gretter harme of thy broders dethe or elis to haue suffredy her to haue lost her maydenhode/ ¶ Thenne asked he hym haste thow herdy the tokens of thy dreme the whiche I haue towldy to yow / Ye forsothe saydy syre Bors/ alle youre exposycyon andy declarynge of my dreme I haue wel vnderstande andy herdy / Thenne saidy the may in this blacke clothynge/ thenne is hit in thy defaute yf sire Launcelot thy cosyn dye/ ¶ Syre said bors that were me lothe / for wete ye wel there is no thynge in the worldy but I hady leuer doo hit than to see my lordy sire launcelot du lake to dye in my defaute

Cheese ye now the one or the other saidy the goody may / Andy thenne he ledy syre Bors in to an hyghe Toure / andy there he fonde knyghtes andy ladyes tho ladyes sayde he was wel come/ andy soo they vnarmedy hym/ ¶ Andy whanne he was in his dobblet/ mey broughte hym a mantel furredy with ermyn andy putte hit aboute hym/ and thenne they made hym suche cheere that he hadde forgetty alle his sorowe andy anguysshe / andy only sette his herte in theese delytes andy deyntees/ & wolde noo thoughte more for his broder syre Lyonel neyther of syre Launcelot du lake his cosyn/ Andy anone came oute of a chamber to hym the fayreste ladyy that euer he salve & more rycher

thysene than euer he salde Quene Gueneuer or ony other estat
So sayd they syre Bors here is the lady vnto whome We ow
alle oure seruyse/ and I trowde she be the ryches lady and the
fayrest of alle the worldy/and the whiche loueth yow best abo-
ue alle other knyghtes/for she wille haue no knyght but yow
And whanne he vnderstoody that langage he was abasshed /
Not for thenne she saleweda hym/and he her/ and thenne they
satte doune to gyders and spak of many thynges/in soo moche
that she besoughte hym to be her loue/for she hady lued hym a-
boue alle erthely men/and she sholde make hym rycher than e
uer was man of his age/ ¶ Whanne Bors vnderstoody her
wordes/he was ryght euyll at ease/whiche in no maner wolde
not breke chastyte/soo wyst not he how to answer her/

¶ Capitulum vij

ALas sayd she Bors shalle ye not doo my wylle/Ma
dame said Bors/there is no lady in this world whos
wylle I wylle fulfylle as of this thynge/for my broder lyeth
dede whiche was slayne ryght late/A Bors sayd she I haue
lued yow longe for the grete beaute I haue sene in yow/and
the grete hardynes that I haue herd of yow that nedes ye must
lye by me this nyghte/& therfor I praye yow graunte it me /
¶ Truly sayd he I shalle not doo hit in no maner wyse/then-
ne she made hym suche sorowe as though she wolde haue dyed/
wel Bors sayd she vnto this haue ye brought me nyghe to
myn ende/And there with she wolde hym by the hand/& badde
hym beholde her/and ye shal see how I shalle dye for your lo-
ue/A sayd thenne he that shalle I neuer see/Thenne she depar
ted and wente vp in to an hyghe batilment / and led with her
elwelue gentylwymmen/ and whan they were aboue one of the
gentylwymmen cryed and sayd ¶ A syr Bors gentil kny-
ghte haue mercy on vs all/and suffre my lady to haue her wil
And yf ye doo not we muste suffre deth with oure lady for to
falle doune of thys hyghe tolure / And yf ye suffre vs thus to
dye for soo lytel a thynge / alle ladyes and gentilwymmen
wylle saye of you dishonour / ¶ Thenne loked he vpward

they semedy alle ladyes of grete estate and ryches and well
besene/thenne had he of hem grete pyte/ not for that he was vn
counseiledy in hym self that leuer he hady they alle hady loste
their soules than he his/ and with that they felle adoune alle
at ones vnto the erthe/ And whan he salde that/ he was all a-
stasshedy/ and hady therof grete merueylle/ with that he blessydy
his body and his vysage/ And anone he herdy a grete noyse &
a grete cryc as though alle the fendes of helle hady ben aboute
hym/ and there with he salde neyther toure ne lady ne gentyl-
woman nor no chappel where he broughte his broder to /
Thenne helde he vp bothe his handes to the heuen and sayd/ fa-
yre fadre godi I am grenously escapedy/ and thenne he wolde
his armes and his hors and rode on his way/ Thenne he herde
a clok smyte on his ryghte handy / and thyder he came to an
Abbay on his ryghte handy closydy with hyghe walles/ and there
was lete in/ thenne they supposedy that he was one of the queste
of the Sancgreal/ So they ledde hym in to a chamber and vn
armedy hym/ Syre saydy syr Bors yf there be ony holy man in
this holde/ I pray yow lete me speke with hym / Thenne one
of hem ledde hym vnto the Abbot whiche was in a Chappel /
And thenne syr Bors salewedy hym/ and he hym ageyne/ sir
saidy Bors I am a knyght erraunt/ and toldy hym all the ad
uenture whiche he hady sene / Sir knyght saydy the Abbot I
wote not what ye be/ for I wende neuer that a knyght of yo-
ur age myghte haue ben soo strong in the grace of our lord Ihe
su Cryst/ Not for thenne ye shalle go vnto your rest/ for I wyll
not counseyle yow this day/ hit is to late / and to morowe I
shalle counseylle yow as I can

Capitulum viij

And that nyghte was syr Bors seruedy rychely/ and
on the morne erly he herdy masse/ and the Abbot came
to hym/ and bad hym goody morowe/ and Bors to hym
ageyne/ And thēne he told hym he was a felalde of the queste
of the Sancgreal/ and how he hady charge of the holy man to
ete brede and water/ Thenne oure lord Ihesus Cryste
shewedy hym vnto yow in the lykenes of a sowle that suffredy

grete anguyſſhe for he ſyn he was putte vpon the croſſe/ and
bledde his herte blood for mankynde/ there was the token and
the lyknes of the Sangreal that appiereth afore yow/ for the
blood that the grete fouke bled reuyued the chyckens from deth
to lyf/ And by the lame tree is betoukened the worldy whych is
naked and without fruyte but yf hit come of oure lord/ Al
ſo the lady for whome ye fought for and kyng Anyaus whi
che was lord there to fore betoukeneth Jheſu Cryſte / whiche is
kynge of the worldy/ and that he fought with the champyon
for the lady/ thiſ hit betoukeneth/ for whanne he wolde the bata
ille for the lady/ by her ſhall ye vnderſtande the nelve lalve of
Jheſu Cryſt and holy chirche/ and by the other lady ye ſhalle
vnderſtande the oldy lalve and the fende whiche al day werith
ageynſt holy chirche/ therfor ye dyde your batalle with ryghte
For ye be Jheſu Cryſtes kynyghtes/ therfor ye oughte to be de
fenders of holy chirche/ And by the black byrde myghte ye vn
derſtande holy chirche whiche ſayth I am blak/ but he is faire
And by the whyte byrde myghte men vnderſtande the fende/ &
I ſhalle telle yow how the ſwan is whyte without forth and
blak within/ hit is ypocryſy whiche is without yelowe or pa
le/ and ſemeth without forth the ſeruauntes of Jheſu Cryſte
but they ben within ſoo horryble of fylthe and ſynne and be
gyle the worldy cuyde / Alſo whanne the fende appiered to the
in lyknes of a man of relygyon and blamyde the that thou
lefte thy broder/ For a lady ſoo ledde the where thou ſemyd thy
broder was ſlayne/ but he is yet oy lyue/ and alle was for to
putte the in errour and bryngе the vnto wanhope and leche
ry/ for he kneive thou were tendyr herted/ & all was/ for thou
ſholdeſt not fynde the bleſſid aduenture of the Sangreal/ and
the thyrde foule betoukeneth the ſtronge batalle ageynſt the fa
ir ladyes whiche were alle deuyls/ Alſo the drye tree and the
whyte kylye the drye tree betoukeneth thy broder Eyonet whiche
is drye without vertue / and therfore many men oughte to
calle hym the rotten tree and the worme eten tree / for he is a
murtherer and doth contrary to the ordre of kynyghthode/ And
the two whyte flowres ſygnyfyen two maydens / the one is a
kynyght whiche was wounded the other day/ and the other is
the gentyl woman whiche ye reſcowed and why the other flo

me dreche nyght the other/that was the knyght whych wold haue defoulyd her and hym self bothe/and syr Bors ye had ben a grete foole and in grete perylle for to haue sene the two flowres peryssh for to socoure the wery tree/for and they had synnyd to gyder they had ben dampnyd/ and for that ye re-fowlyd hem bothe/men myght calle yold a verry knyght and seruaunt of Jhesu Cryste/

Capitulum viij

Thenne went sir Bors from thens and commaundyd the Abbot vnto god/And thenne he rode alle that day and herbeowlyd with an oldy lady/And on the morne he wode to a Castel in a Valey/and there he mette with a yoman goynge a grete paas toward a foreste/Saye me sayd syr Bors anst thow telle me of ony aduenture/Syre sayd he/ here shalle be vnder this Castel a grete and a merueyllous turnement / of what folkes shal hit be sayd syr Bors/The erle of playns shal be in the one party/& the kadyes neuew of Hernyn on the other party/thenne wold thouzt to be there yf he myzt mete with his broder syr Lyonel or ony other of his felaushyp / whyche were in the queste of the Sanegreal / And thenne he torned to an hermytage that was in the entre of the foreste/ And whan he was come thyder/he fonde there syr Lyonel his broder whiche sat al armyd at the entre of the Chappel dore for to abyde there herbeowlye tyl on the morn that the turnement shalle be / And whanne sir Bors salue hym / he had grete Joye of hym/ that it were merueil to telle of hys Joye / And thenne he alyghte of his hors /and sayd fair swete broder whanne cam ye hyder/Anone as Lyonel sawe hym he saide A Bors ye maye not make none auaunt/but as for you I myzt haue ben slayn whan ye salue two knyzhtes ledyng me alwey betyng me ye lefte me for to socoure a gentilwoman/and suffred me in pe rylle of deth/for neuer erst ne dyde no broder to another so gre te an vntrouthe/And for that myssede now I ensure you but deth/for wel haue ye deseruyd it/therfore kepe the from hensforwardz/and that shal ye fynde as soone as I am armed/whan sir Bors vnderstoode his broders wrath/ he knelyd doune to

the erthe/and cryed hym mercy/holdyng vp both his handes and prayd hym to forgyue hym his euyll wylle / Nay sayd Lyonel that shalle neuer be and I maye haue the hyder hand that I make myn auowe to god/thou shalt haue dethe for it for it were pyte ye lyued ony lenger/ Rygh te soo he went in and took his harneis and mounted vpon his hors/and cam to fore hym and sayd/Hors kepe the from me/ for I shall do to the as I wold do to a felon or a traytour/for ye be the vntrueste knyght that euer came out of soo worthy an hous / as was kynge Hors de ganys /which was oure fader/therfore starte vpon thy hors/ and soo shalle ye be moost at your auauntage And but yf ye wylle / I wille renne vpon yold there as ye stande vpon foote / and soo the shame shalle be myn/ and the harme yours/ but of that shame ne reke I nought/ when syr Hors salve that he must fyghte with his broder or els to dye/ he nyst what to doo/thenne his herte counceyled hym not therto in as moche as Lyonel was borne or he/wherfor he ought to be re hym reuerence/yet kneled he doune afore Lyonels hors feet/ and sayd fair swete broder haue mercy vpon me/and sle me not/ and haue in remembraunce the grete loue which ought to be bitwene vs tweyne/what syr Hors sayd to Lyonel he ought not/for the fende had brought hym in suche a wyl that he sholde slee hym/Thenne whanne Lyonel salve he wold none other/ and that he wold not haue ryen to gyue hym batayll/ he raysed ouer hym so that he smote Hors with his hors frete vpward to the erthe/and hurte hym so sore that he swouned of distresse/the which he felte in hym self to haue dyed with out confession/Soo whanne Lyonel salve this/ he alyghte of his hors to haue smyten of his hede/ And soo he toke hym by the helme/and wold haue rente hit from his hedy/ ¶ Thenne came the heremyte rennyng vnto hym which was a good man and of grete age/and wel had herd alle the wordes that were bitwene them/and soo felle doune vpon syr Hors

¶ Capitulum xv

Thenne he sayd to Lyonel A gentyl knyght haue mercy vpon me and on thy broder / for yf thou slee hym/

thold ſhalte be dede of ſynne/and that were ſorouful/ for he is one of the worthyeſt knyghtes of the worlde / and of the beſt condycyons/ Soo god me helpe ſayde Lyonel ſyr preeſt / but yf ye flee from hym I ſhalle flee yolde/and he ſhalle neuer the ſoo ner be quyte/Certes ſayde the goode man I haue leuer ye ſlee me than hym/for my dethe ſhalle not be grete harme not halfe ſoo moche as of his/ wel ſayde Lyonel I am gred / and ſette his hande to his ſwerde and ſmote hym ſoo harde that his hede yede bakwarde/Not for that he wetraynede hym of his euyll wylle/but wolde his broder by the helme and vnlaced hit to haue ſtrykey of his hede/and had ſlayn hym withoute fayle but ſoo it happede Colgreuaunce a felalde of the round table cam at that tyme thyder as oure lordes wylle was / And whanne he ſalde the goode man ſlayne he merueylledē moche what it myght be/And thenne he behelde Lyonel wolde haue ſlayne his broder/and kneelde ſyre Bors whiche he louede ryght Wel Thenne ſtarte he doune and toke Lyonel by the ſholders and dreelde hym ſtrongly abak from Bors/and ſayde Lyonel wylle ye ſlee your broder the worthyeſt knyghte of the worldē one/& that ſholde noo goode man ſuffer/why ſayde Lyonel / wylle ye lette me/therfor yf ye entermete yolde in this I ſhalle ſlee you and hym after/why ſayde Colgreuaunce is this ſothe that ye wille ſlee hym/ſlee hym wylle I ſayde he/who ſo ſaye the contrary/ For he hath done ſoo moche ageynſt me/ that he hath wel deſeruede it/and ſoo ranne vpon hym/ and wolde haue ſmyten hym thurgh the hede/and ſir Colgreuaunce ranne betwyx them and ſayde & ye be ſo hardy to do ſoo more we two ſhal medle to gyders/ when Lyonel vnderſtood his wordes/he took his ſhelde afore hym/and aſkede hym what that he was/ and he told hym Colgreuaunce one of his felaldes/Thenne Lyonel defyed hym/and gaf hym a grete ſtroke thurgh the helme/ Thenne he dreelde his ſwerd/for he was a paſſyng good knyghte/ and defended hym ryght manfully/ſoo longe durede the batail that Bors roſe vp all anguyſſhly & beheelde Colgreuaunce the good knyght fought with his broder for his quarel/ thenne was he full ſory and ruy/and thoughte yf Colgreuaunce ſlee hym / that was his broder/he ſholde neuer haue joye / And yf his broder ſlewe Colgreuaūce the ſhame ſhold euer be myn/Thenne wolde

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he haue ryſen to haue departed them/ but he had not ſoo moche myght to ſtande on foote/ſoo he abode hym ſoo longe tyl Colgreuaunce had the werſe/for Lyonel was of grete chyualrye and ryght hardy/for he had pered the hauberk and the helme that he abode but dethe/For he had loſt moche of his blood that it was merueylle that he myght ſtande vp ryght/Thenne beheld he ſyr Boors whiche ſat dreſſynge hym vpwardy and ſaid A Boors why come ye not to caſte me oute of perylle of dethe wherin I haue put me to ſocoure yow whiche were ryght now nyghe the dethe/Certes ſaid Lyonel that ſhall not auayle you for none of you ſhalle kepe others warraunt/ but that ye ſhalle dye bothe of my handy/When Boors herd that/he dyd ſoo moche he roſe and putte on his helme/Thenne perceyued he fyrſte the ermyte preeſt whiche was ſlayne/thenne made he a merueilleous ſorowe vpon hym/

Capitulum xvj

Thenne ofte Colgreuaunce cryed vpon ſyre Boors/ why wylle ye lete me dye here for your ſake/yf it pleſe yow that I dye for yow the dethe/it wille pleaſe me the better for to ſaue a worthy man/with that wordy ſyre Lyonel ſmote of the helme from his hede/ Thenne Colgreuaunce ſalde that he myght not eſcape/thenne he ſayd Fair ſwete Jheſu that I haue myſdoo haue mercy vpon my ſoulle/ For ſuche ſorowe that my herte ſuffreth for goodenes and for almes dede that I wolde haue done here/be to me a lygement of penaunce vnto my ſoules helthe/At theſe wordes Lyonel ſmote hym ſoo ſore that he bare hym to the erthe / ſoo whanne he had ſlayne Colgreuaunce/he ranne vpon his broder as a fendly man/ & gaf hym ſuche a ſtroke that he made hym ſtoupe / and he that was ful of humylyte prayd hym for goddes loue to leue this bataille/For and hit befelle fayre broder that I ſlelde yow or ye me/we ſholde be dede of that ſynne/ Neuer gode me helpe but yf I haue on yow mercy and I maye haue the better hand/Thenne dreded Boors his ſwerd al weppynge and ſayd/ Faire brother gode knoweth myn entente / A fayre broder ye haue done ful euyle this daye to ſlee ſuche an holy preeſt the

whiche neuer trespaste/ Also ye haue slayne a gentyl knyght and one of oure felawes/ And wel wote ye that I am not a ferd of yow gretly/ but I drede the wrathe of god/ and this is an vnkyndely werre/ therefore god shelde myracle vpon vs bothe/ Now god haue mercy vpon me / though I defende my lyf ageynst my broder/ with that Bors lyfte vp his hand/ & wold haue smyten his broder/

¶ Capitulum xviij

And thēne he herde a voyce that sayd flee bors & touche hym not/ or els thow shalt slee hym / Right so alyzt a cloude betwixe them in lykenes of a fyre and a meruey-lous flamme/ that bothe her two shelders brente/ ¶ Thenne were they sore affrayed that they felle bothe to the erthe / and laye there a grete whyle in a swoune / And whanne they came to them self Bors salde that his broder had no harme/ thenne he held vp bothe his handes/ for he dradde god had taken wenge-aunce vpon hym/ with that he herde a voyce saye Bors go hens and lete thy broder noo lenger felaushyp/ but take thy way a none ryghte to the see/ For sire Percyual abydeth the there/ Thenne he sayd to his broder fayr swete broder forgyue me for godes loue alle that I haue trespaced vnto yow / Thenne he answerd Syr forgyue it the and I doo gladly/ So sir Bors departed from hym and rode the neyte way to the see/ And at the last by fortune he came to an Abbay whiche was nygh the see/ That nyght Bors rested hym there/ and in his slepe there came a voice to hym & badde hym go to the see/ thenne he starte vp and made a sygne of the Crosse in the myddes of his fore-hede and took his harneis and made redy his hors/ and mou-nted vpon hym/ And at a broken walle he rode oute/ & rode soo long tyl that he came to the see / And on the stronde he fonde a shyp couerd all with whyte samyte/ And he alyghte & bitoke hym to Jhesu Cryst/ And as soone as he entryd in to the ship the shyp departed in to the see and wente so fast that hym se-med the shyp wente fleynge/ but hit was soone derke soo that he myght knowe no man/ and soo he slepte tyl hit was daye

Thenne he awaked and salde in myddes of the shyp a lyzt lye alle armed sauf his helme/Thenne knelde he that hit was syr Percyual of walys/and thenne he made of hym ryzt gre; te Joye/but sir Percyual was asshamed of hym/ and he asked hym what he was/A sayr syr sayde Bors knolde ye me not/ Certes sayde he I merueylle how ye came hyther/ but yf our lord brought you hyder hym self/thenne syr Bors smyled and dyd of his helme/Thenne Percyual knelde hym/& eyth; er made grete Joye of other that it was merueylle to here/

¶ Thenne Bors told hym how he came in to the shyp/ and by whos ammonyssement/ and eyther told other of theyr temptacyons/as ye haue herd to fore hand/

¶ Soo whenne they dounelward in the se one whyle bakward another whyle forward/and euerych comforted other/ and ofte were in their prayere/thenne sayd syr Percyual we lak no thynge but Galahad the good knyght

¶ And thus endeth the syxtenth book whiche is of syre Ga; wayne/Ector de marys/and syr Bors de ganys and sir Per; cyual

¶ And her followeth the seuententh book whiche is of the no; ble knyght syre Galahad /

Capitulum primum

Old ſaith this ſtory whanne Galahady had re-
ſcolved Percyual from the twenty knyghtes /
he yede tho in to a waſte foreſte / wherin he rode
many Journeyes/ and he fonde many aduentu-
res/the whiche he brought to an ende/wherof the
ſtory maketh here no mencyon/ Thenne he tok his waye to the
ſee on a daye/ & hit befelle as he paſſed by a Caſtel where was
a wonder turnement / but they without had done ſoo moche/
that they within were putte to the werſe/ yet were they within
goody knyghtes ynouz/whanne Galahady salde that tho with
in were at ſoo grete a meſchyef that men ſlelde hem att the en-
tre of the Caſtel/thenne he thoughte to helpe hem/and putte a
ſpere forth/and ſmote the fyrſte that he flay to the erthe / and
the ſpere brak to pyeces/thenne he drelde his ſwerdy/and ſmote
there as they were thyckeſt/ and ſo he dyde wonderful deedes of
armes/that alle they merueylledy/ thenne hit happedy that Ga
wayne and ſir Ector de marys were with the knyghtes with
oute/But whanne they aſpyedy the whyte ſhelde with the re-
edy Croſſe/the one ſaydy to the other yonder is the good knyght
ſir Galahady the haute prynce/Now he ſholdy be a grete foole /
whiche ſholdy mete with hym to fyghte / Soo by aduenture he
came by ſire Gawayne andy he ſmote hym ſoo hardy that he claf
his helme andy the coyfe of yron Vnto his hede/ ſo that Gawa-
yn felle to the erthe/but the ſtroke Was ſoo grete that it ſlentred
doune to the erthe andy carfe the hors ſholder in two/Whan Ec
tor ſalde Gawayne doune he dreldе hym aſyde / andy thoughte
it no wyſedome for to abyde hym/and alſo for naturel loue that
he was his Vnkel/Thus thurgh his grete hardyneſſe he bete a-
wak alle the knyghtes without/ Andy thenne they within cam
oute and chacdy hem alle aboute/But whanne Galahad ſalde
ther wold none torne ageyne/he ſtale alwey pryuely ſo that no-
ne wyſte where he was become/Now by my hede ſaydy Gawayn
to Ector now are the wonders true that were ſaydy of Laun-
calot du lake/that the ſwerdy whiche ſtalt in the ſtone ſhold gy-
ue me ſuche a buffet ꝑ I wolde not haue it for the beſt Caſtell
in this Worldy/andy ſothely now hit is preuedy trewe for neuer

ere had/ I suche a stroke of mans hand/ Sir sayd Ector me semeth your quest is done/ and yours is not done sayd Galhaa; yn but myn is done I shalle seke noo ferther/ Thenne Galhaa; one was borne in to a Castel and vnarmed hym/ and layd hym in a ryche bedde/ and a leche sonde that he myght lyue/ & to be hole within a moneth/ Thus Galhayne and Ector abode to gyder/ For syre Ector wold not abey til Galhayne were hole/ & the good knyzt Galahad wde so long tyll he came that nyghte to the Castel of Carboneck/ & hit befelle hym thus/ that he was benyghted in an hermytage/ Soo the good man was fayne when he salde he was a knyght erraunt/ tho when they were at rest/ ther cam a gentilwoman knockyng at the dore/ & called Galahad/ and soo the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wold/ Thenne she called the hermyte syre Olfyn I am a gentylwoman that wold speke with the knyght whiche is with yold/ Thenne the good man awaked Galahad/ & badde hym aryse and speke with a gentylwoman that semeth hath grete nede of yold/ Thenne Galahad went to her & asked her what she wold/ Galahad sayd she I will that ye arme you and moute vpon your hors and folowe me/ for I shall shewe yold within these thre dayes the hyest aduenture that euer ony knyght salde/ Anone Galahad armed hym and took his hors and commaunded hym to god/ and badde the gentilwoman go and he wold folowe there as she lyked/

Capitulum ij

Soo she rode as fast as her palfrey myght bere her tylle that she came to the see/ the whiche was called Colyle And at the nyghte they came vnto a Castel in a valeye closed with a rennynge water and with stronge walles and hyze/ & soo she entred in to the Castel with Galahad and there had he grete chere for the lady of that Castel was the damoysels lady/ soo when he was vnarmed/ thenne said the damoysel madame shalle we abyde here all this day/ Nay sayd she but tylle he hath dyned and tyl he hath slepte a lytyl/ so he ete and slepte a whyle tyl that the mayde called hym/ and armed hym by

lyche lyght/And whan the mayde was horsed and he bothe the lady took Galahad a fayr child and ryche/ and so they departed from the Castel tyl they came to the see syde/ & there they fond the shyp where Bors and Percyual were in/ the whiche cryed on the shyps bord sir Galahad ye be welcome/ we haue abyden yow longe/ And whan he herd them/ he asked them what they were/ Sir said she leue your hors here/ and I shall leue myn and take her sadels and her brydels with them and made a crosse on them/ and soo entred in to the shyp/ and the two knyghtes receyued hem bothe with grete Joye/ and euerych knelde other/ and soo the wynde arose/ and droue hem thurgh the see in a merueylous place/ And within a whyle it darked/ Thenne dyd Galahad of his helme & his swerd/ & asked of his felawes from whens cam that fayre shyp/ Truly sayd they ye wote as wel as we but of goddes grace/ and thenne they told euerych to other of alle theire hard aduentures/ and of her grete temptacyons/ truly sayd Galahad ye are moche bounden to god for ye haue escaped grete aduentures and had not the gentilwoman ben/ I had not comen here/ for as for yow I wend neuer to haue fonden yow in these straunge countreys/ A Galahad said Bors yf launcelot your fader were here/ thenne were we wel at ease/ for thenne me semed we fayled no thynge/ That may not be sayd Galahad/ but yf it pleased oure lorde/ By thenne the shyp went fro the londe of Logrys/ and by aduenture it arryued by betwix two rockes passyng grete and merueylous/ but there they myght not lande/ for there was a swalwe of the see/ sauf there was another ship/ and vpon it they myght goo without daunger/ Goo we thyder sayd the gentylwoman/ and there shalle we see aduentures/ for soo is oure lordes wylle/ ¶ And whanne they came thyder/ they fond the ship ryche ynouz/ but they fond neyther man ne woman therin/ But they fonde in the ende of the ship two fayre letters wrytyn whiche sayd a dredful wordy and a merueylous/ Thou man whiche shalle entre in to this shyp beware thou be in stedfast bileue for I am feith & therfor beware how thou entrest/ for & thou faile I shal not helpe the/ thenne saide the gentilwoman Percyual wote ye what I am/ Certes sayd nay to my wetynge/ ¶ Wete you wel sayd she that I

ayn thy ſyſter/whiche ayn doughter of kynge chelleneore/ And therfore wete ye wel ye are the man in the worldy that I moost loue/ And yf ye be not in parfyte byleue of Jheſu Cryſt entre not in no maner of weyſe/ for thenne ſholdy ye peryſſhe the shyp for he is soo parfyte/ he wylle ſuffre no ſynner in hym/ whanne percyual vnderſtode that ſhe was his beray ſyſter/ he was inwardly glad and ſaydy/ faire ſyſter I ſhalle entre therin/ For yf I be a mys creature or ayn vntrue knyghte there ſhalle I peryſſhe.

Capitulum Tercium

In the meane whyle Galahady bleſſedy hym/ & entredy therin/ and thenne next the gentylwoman/ & thenne ſir Bors & ſir percyual/ And whan they were in/ it was so merueylleus fayre and ryche that they merueylledy/ & in myddes of the ſhyp was a fayr bedde/ & Galahad went therto/ & fond there a crowne of ſylke/ And at the feet was a ſwerdy ryche & fayre/ and hit was drawen oute of the ſtethe half a foot and more/ and the ſwerdy was of dyuerſe facyons/ and the pomel was of stone/ and there was in hym alle manere of colours that ony man myght fynde/ and euerychi of the colours hadde dyuerſe vertues/ and the ſtalys of the haſte were of two ryb bes of dyuerſe beeſtes/ the one beeſt was a ſerpent whiche was conuerſaunt in Calydone/ and is called the serpent of the fend And the bone of hym is of ſuche a vertu that there is no hy ndy that handeleth hym ſhalle neuer be wery nor hurte/ and the other beeſt is a fyſſhe whiche is not ryght grete/ and haunteth the flody of Eufrate/ and that fyſſhe is calledy Ertanay/ and his bones be of ſuche a maner of kynde that who that handeleth hem/ ſhalle haue ſoo moche wille that he ſhalle neuer be wery and he ſhalle not thynke on Joye nor ſorow that he hath hady But onely that thynge that he beholdeth before hym/ And as for this ſwerdy there ſhalle neuer man begrype hym at the han dels but one/ but he ſhalle paſſe alle other/ In the name of god ſaid percyual I ſhall aſſaye to handle hit/ Soo he ſette his handy to the ſwerdy/ but he myghte not begrype hit/ by my feyth ſaid he nolde haue I fayled/ Bors ſet his handy therto & fayledy Thenne Galahady beheldy the ſwerd and ſalde letters lyke blood that ſaydy/ lete ſee who ſhall aſſaye to drawe me oute of my

ſhethe/but yf he be more hardyer than ony other/& who that dra
weth me / wete ye wel that he ſhalle neuer fayle of ſhame of
his body or to be woundedy to the dethe/By my feyth ſaidy ga-
lahady I woldy drawe this ſwerdy oute of the ſtethe / but the
offendynge is ſoo grete that I ſhalle not sette my handy therto
Nold ſire ſaid the gentilwomany wete ye wel that the drawdy-
nge of this ſwerdy is warnedy to alle meny ſauf al only to yold
Alſo this ſhyp aryuedy in the realme of Logrys/andy that ty-
me was dedely werre betwene kynge labor whiche was fadre
vnto the maymedy kynge andy kynge Hurlame whiche was a
Saraſyn/But thenne was he nelwely cryſtendy / ſoo that meny
helde hym afterwardy one of the wyſeſt men of the worldy/&
ſoo vpon a day hit befelle that kynge Labor andy kynge Hur-
lame hady aſſembledy their folke vpon the ſee where this ſhyp
was aryuedy/andy there kyng Hurlame was diſcomfyte/andy
his meny ſlayne/andy he was aferdy to be dede/andy fledy to his
ſhyp andy there fondy this ſwerdy andy drelde hit / and cam oute
and fondy kyng Labor the may in the worldy of al cryſtendom
in whome Was thenne the grettaſt feythe/¶ Andy when kynge
Hurlame ſalde kynge Labor he dreſſid this ſwerd / andy ſmote
hym vpon the helme ſoo hard that he claſe hym / andy his hors
to the erthe with the fyrſt ſtroke of his ſwerdy/andy hit was in
the realme of Logrys/andy ſoo befelle grete peſtylence & grete
harme to both Realmes / for ſythen encreecdy neyther corne ne
graſſe nor wel nyghe no fruyte/ne in the water was no fyſſhe
wherfor meny callen hit the landes of the two marches the waſte
land/for that doloreus ſtroke/ And when kynge Hurlame ſa-
we this ſwerd ſoo ſterupng/he turned agayne to fetche the ſcau-
hardy/ And ſoo came in to this ſhyp andy entredy/ andy putt vp
the ſwerd in the ſtethe/ And as ſoone as he had done it / he felle
doune dede afore the bedde / Thus was the ſwerd preuedy that
none ne drelde it but he were dede or maymedy/So laye he ther
tyl a mayden cam in to the ſhyp/andy caſt hym oute/ for there
was no may ſo hardy of the worldy to entre in to ſhypthat for
the defence]

¶ Capitulum quartum /

And thenne he beheld they the ſcaubard / hit ſemed to be of a ſerpents ſkynne/ And thewon were letters of golde and ſyluer/ and the gyrdel was but pourely to ewme to and not able to ſuſteyne ſuche a ryche ſuerd/ and the letters ſayd / he whiche ſhal welde me ought to be more harder than ony other yf he bere me as truly as me ought to be born For the body of hym whiche I ought to hange by he ſhal not be ſhamed in no place whyle he is gyrd with this gyrdel / nor neuer none be ſoo hardy to doo alwey this gyrdel/ for it ought not be done alway but by the handes of a mayde/ and that ſhe be a kynges doughter and quenes/ and ſhe muſt be a mayde alle the dayes of her lyf / bothe in wylle and in dede / And yf ſhe breke her vyrgynyte ſhe ſhalle dye the moost vylaynous dethe that euer dyd ony woman/ Sir ſaid Percyual bere this ſuerd that we may ſee what is on the other ſyde/ & hit was redy as bloody with blak letters as ony cole/ whiche ſayd/ he that ſhal prayſe me moſt/ moſt ſhalle he fynde me to blame at a grete nede and to whome I ſholde be moost debonair ſhall I be moſt felon/ and that ſhalle be at one tyme/ Fair broder ſayd ſhe to Percyual it befelle after a fourty yere after the paſſion of Jhu cryſt that Nacyen thy broder in lawe of kyng Mordrayns was boren in to a Tolone more than viij dayes Journeye from his countrey by the commaundement of our lordy in to ony yle / in to the partyes of the weſt that men clepyd the yle of Turnaunce/ Soo befelle hit that he fond this ſhyp at the entre of a roche/ and he fond the bedde and this ſuerd as we haue herd nowe/ Not for thenne he had not ſoo moche hardyneſſe to drawe hit/ and there he dwelled ony eyght dayes / and at the nynythe day there felle a grete wynde whiche departed hym out of the yle and brought hym to another yle by a roche / and there he fond the greteſt gyaunt that euer man myghte ſee/ ther with cam that horryble gyaunt to ſlee hym/ and thenne he loked about hym and myghte not flee/ and he had no thynge to defende hym with/ Soo he ranne to his ſuerd/ and when he ſawe hit naked/ he prayſed it moche/ and thenne he ſhoke it/ and ther with he brak it in the myddes A ſaid Nacyen the thyng that I moost prayſed ought I nowe moost to blame/ and ther with he threwe the pyeces of his ſuerd ouer his bedde / And after he

lyfte ouer the borde to fyghte with the gyaunt/and sleweth hym And anone he entryd in to the shyp ageyne/ and the wynde a wose/and drofe hym thurgh the see / that by aduenture he came to another shyp where kynge Mordrayns was / whiche shode ley temptyd ful euyll with a fende in the porte of perylous to ese/And whanne that one salde the other/they made grete Joye of other/and eyther told other of their aduenture / & how the swerd fayled hym at his moost nede / Whanne Mordrayns salde the suerd he praysed hit mocke/but the brekyng was not to doo/but by wyckednes of thy self ward / for thou arte in somme synne/and there he took the swerd/and sette the pieces to gyders / and they soudred as fayr as euer they were to fore/and there putte he the swerd in the shethe/and leyd it doune on the bedde/Thenne herd they a voyce that sayd go out of this ship a lytel whyle / and entre in to the other for drede ye falle in dedely synne/for and ye be fonde in dedely synne ye maye not escape but perysshe / and soo they went in to the other shyp/And as Nacyen went ouer the borde he was smytten with a swerd on the rygh̄te foote that he felle doune nose & kynge to the shyps bord / and there with he sayd O good holy ay I hurte/and thenne there came a voyce and sayd / take thou that for thy forfette that thou dydest in dralynge of this suerd/therfor thou receyueste a wounde/for thou were neuer worthy to handel it/the vrytynge maketh mencyon / In the name of god said galahad ye ar ryght wyse of these werkes

Capitulum 8

Syr sayd she there was a kynge that hyghte pelles the mayme kynge/ And whyle he myghte ryde / he supported moche crystendome and holy chirche/ Soo vpon a daye he hunted in a woode of his whiche lasted vnto the see / and at the last he loste his hounes/and his knyghtes / sauf only one/and there he and his knyghte went tyl that they came ward Irland/and there he fonde the shyp/ And whanne he sawe the letters and vnderstood them/ yet he entryd/for he was ryghte parfyte of his lyf/but his knyghte had none hardynes to entre & ther fonde he this suerd & dreive it oute as moche as ye maye see/Soo there with entryd a spere where with he was

ſmyte hym thurgh bothe the thyes / and neuer ſythe myghte he be holy ne nought ſhall to fore be come to hym/Thus ſaid the was not lynge Pelles your graunte ſir maymedy for his hardyneſſe/In the name of gody damoyſel ſayd Galahady/ſo they wente toward the rede to beholy al aboute hit/and aboue the rede ther lenge two ſwerdes/Alſo there were two ſpyndels whiche were as whyte as ony ſnolde/and other that were as redy as blody/and other aboue grene as ony emeraude/of theſe thre colours were the ſpyndels and of naturel colour within and without ony paynynge/Theſe ſpyndels ſayd the damoyſel were whan ſynful Eue came to gadre fruyte/for whiche Adam and ſhe were putte oute of paradyſe / ſhe toke with her the bough on whiche the Appel lenge on/Thenne perceyued ſhe that the braunche was fayre and grene/and ſhe remembryd her the boſſe whiche came fro the tree/Thenne ſhe thoughte to kepe the braunche as longe as ſhe myghte/And for ſhe had no cofer to kepe hit in/ſhe put it in the erthe/Soo by the wylle of our lord the braunche grewe to a grete tree within a lytil whyle/& was as whyte as ony ſnolde/braūches/bowes/and leues that was a wolen a mayden plantedy hit / But after gody came to Adam and bad hym knolde his wyf fleſſhly as nature requyred/Soo lay Adam with his wyf vnder the ſame tree/and anone the tree whiche was whyte and ful grene as ony graſſe and alle that came oute of hit/and in the ſame tyme that they medled to gyders there was Abel begoten/ thus was the tree longe of grene colour/And ſo it befelle many dayes after/Vnder the ſame tree Cayn ſlewe Abel/wherof befolle grete merueil For anone as Abel had wayued the dethe vnder the grene tree he loſt the grene colour and beam redy and that was in token nyng of the blood/& anone alle the plantes dyed therof / but the tree grewe and wayued merueylouſly fayre/& hit was the fayreſt tree & the mooſt delectable that ony man myght beholde and ſee and ſo dyd the plantes that grewe out of it tofore that Abel was ſlayne vnder it/Soo longe dured the tree tyl that Salamon kynge Dauyds ſone regned/and helde the londe after his fader / This Salamon was wyſe and knewe alle the vertues of ſtones and trees / and ſoo he knewe the courſe of the ſterres and many other dyuerſe thynges

This Salamon had an euylle wyfe / where thurgh he wende that there had ben no good woman / and soo he despysed hem in his bookes / Soo answerd a voyce hym ones / Salamon / yf fruytnes come to a man by a woman / ne take thold neuer / For yet shalle there come a woman wherof there shalle come greter joye to man an hondred tymes more than this fruytnesse geyueth sorowe / and that woman shalle be borne of thy lygnage / Tho whan Salamon herd these wordes / he held hym self but a foole / & the trouthe he perceyued by old bookes / Also the holy ghoost shewed hym the comynge of the glorious Virgyne marye / Thenne asked he of the voyce / yf hit sholde be in the yere of his lygnage / Nay sayd the voyce but there shalle come a man whiche shalle be a mayde / and the last of your blood / & he shalle be as good a knyght as duke Josue / thy broder in lawe

Capitulum vj

NOw haue I declared the of that thold stodest in doubte / thenne was Salamon glad that there sholde come ony suche of his lygnage / but euer he merueylled & studyed who that sholde be / And what his name myghte be / his wyf perceyued that he studyed / and thoughte she wolde knowe it at some season / and so she wayted her tyme / & asked of hym the cause of his studyenge / and there he told her alle to gyder how the voyce tolde hym / Wel sayd she / I shalle lete make a shyp of the best wood and moost durable that men maye fynde / Soo Salamon sente for alle the Carpenters of the londe and the best / And whan they had made the shyp / the lady sayd to Salamon / syr sayd she / syn hit is soo that this knyght ouzte to passe all knyghtes of chyualry whiche haue ben to for hym / & shall come after hym / More ouer I shalle teche yow sayd she ye shalle goo in to oure lordes temple where is kynge Daupdes swerd your fader / the whiche is the merueylkouste and the sharpest that euer was taken in ony knyghtes hand / therfore take that / and take of the pomel / and therto make ye a pomel of preeyous stones that it be soo subtylly made that noo man perceyue it / but that they be al one / & after make there an hylte soo merueylkously and wonderly that noo man maye

knowe hit/ And after make a meruelous sheth/ And whan ye haue made alle this/ I shalle lete make a gyrdel ther to such as shalle please me/ Alle this kynge Salamon dyd lete make as she deuysed/ tothe the shyp and alle the remenaunt/ And whan the ship was redy in the see to sayle/ the lady lete make a grete bedde and merueylous ryche/ and sette her vpon the beddes hede couerd with sylke/ and le yd the suerd at the feete/ & the gyrdels were of hempe/ and there with the kynge was angry/ Syr wete ye wel sayd she that I haue none soo hygh a thynge whiche were worthy to susteyne soo hyghe a suerd/ and a mayde shall kynge other knyghtes ther to / but I woote not whanne hit shalle be ne what tyme/ and there she lete make a couerynge to the shyp of clothe of sylke that sholde neuer wote for no maner of weder/ yet went that lady and maade a Carpenter to come to the tree whiche Abel was slayne vnder/ Now sayd she sarue me oute of this tree as mocke woody as wylle make me a spyndyl/ A madame sayd he / this is the tree / the whiche our fyrst moder planted/ Do hit sayd she or els I shalle destroye the/ Anone as he beganne to werke/ ther cam out droppes of blood/ and thenne wolde he haue lefte/ but she wold not suffre hym/ / and soo he wroke alwaye as mocke wood as myght make a spyndyl / and soo she made hym to take as mocke of the grene tree and of the whyte tree/ And whan these thre spyndels were shapen/ she made hem to be fastned vpon the selar of the bedde/ whanne Salamone salwe this/ he sayd to his wyf ye haue done merueylously / for though alle the worldy were here rygh nolw/ he coude not deuyse wherfor alle this was made/ but oure lord hym self/ and thold that fast done hit/ wotte not what it shal bewoken/ Nolw lete hit be sayd she/ for ye shal here tydynges sooner than ye wene /

Nolw shalle ye here a wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his wyf/

Capitulum vij

That nyght lay Salamon bifore the ship with lytel sklaushyp/ And whan he was on slepe/ hym thoughte /

there come from heuen a grete company of angels and alyghte in to the ship and took water whiche was brought by an angel in a vessel of syluer/and sprente alle the shyp/And after he came to the swerd and dreive letters on the hylte/ And after wente to the shyps borde/and wrote there other letters / whiche sayd thou may that wylt entre within me/beware that thou be ful within the feythe/for I ne am but feythe & bylene / whanne Salamon aspyed these letters he was abasshed/ soo that he durste not entre/and soo dreive hym aback/ and the shyp was anone shoven in the see/and he wente soo faste that he lost syghte of hym within a lytyl whyle/And thenne a lytyl voyce said/Salamon/the last knyghte of thy lygnage shalle reste in this bedde / Thenne wente Salamon and awaked his wyf/and told her of the aduentures of the shyp/

Now sayth thystory that a grete whyle the thre felawes bihelde the bedde/and the thre spyndels / than they were at certayne that they were of naturel colours without paynting / Thenne they lefte vp a clothe whiche was aboue the grounde & there fonde a ryche purse by sempnge/and percyual took hit/ And fonde therin a wryte/ & so he redde hit/and deuysed the maner of the spyndels and of the shyp whens hit came / and by whome it was made/Now sayd Galahad where shalle we fynde the gentylwoman/ that shalle make nelde gyrdels to the swerd / Fair syre sayd percyuals syster/dismaye you not / For by the leue of god I shalle lete make a gyrdel to the swerd suche one as shalle longe therto/And thenne she opend a coffre and toke oute gyrdels which were semely wrought with gold ryn thredys / and vpon that were sette ful precyous stones & a ryche buckel of gold/o lordes said she/ here is a gyrdel that oughte to be sette aboute the swerd/And wete ye wel the grettest parte of this gyrdle was made of my here whiche I kouede wel whyle that I was a woman of the worlde/ But as soone as I wyst that this aduenture was ordeyned me I clypped of my here/and made this gyrdel in the name of god / ye be wel y fonde said sir Bors/for certes ye haue put vs out of grete payne wherin we sholde haue entryd ne had your tydynges ben/Thenne wente the gentilwoman and sette hit on the gyrdel of the swerd/Now sayd the felauship what is the name

of the swerde/and what shalle we calle hit/Truly sayde she the name of the swerde is the swerde with the straunge gyrdels and the slethe meuer of blode/for noo man that hath blood in hym ne shalle neuer see the one party of the slethe whiche was made of the tree of lyf/Thenne they sayde to Galahad/In the name of Jhesu Cryste/and preye yold that ye gyrde you with this swerde whiche hath ben dessyred so moche in the Realme of Logres/Nold lete me begynne sayde Galahad to grype thys swerde for to gyue yold courage/But were ye wel hit longeth no more to me than it doth to yold/And thenne he grepped aboute hit with his fyngers a grete dele/And thenne she gyrte hym aboute the myddel with the swerde/Nold wel I not thoughe I dye/for nold I holde me one of the blessid maydens of the worlde whiche hath made the worthyest knyght of the worlde/Damoysel sayde Galahad ye haue done soo moche that I shalle be your knyghte alle the dayes of my lyf/Thenne they wente fro that shyp/and wente to the other/And anone the wynde droue hem in to the see a grete paas but they had no trauaille/but hit befelle that they came on the morne to a Castell that men calle Carteloyse/that was in the marches of Scotlād And whan they had passed the porte/the gentilwoman sayde lordes here be men aryued that and they wyste that ye were of kynge Arthurs courte/ye shold be assayled anone/Damoysell sayd Galahad he that cast vs oute of the Roche shalle delyuer vs from hem

Capitulum Octauum

SOo hit befelle as they spoken thus/there cam a squyer by them/and asked what they were/and they said they were of kynge Arthurs holde/is that sothe sayde he/Nold by my hede sayd he ye be ylle arayed/and thenne torned he ageyn vnto the clyff fortresse/And within a while they herd an horne blowe/Thenne a gentylwoman came to hem and asked hem of whens they were/and they told her/Fayre lordes sayd she for goddes loue torne ageyne yf ye may/for ye be come vnto youre dethe/Nay they sayde we wille not torne ageyne/for he shalle helpe vs in whos seruyse we ben entred in/Thenne as they

stode talkynge/there came knyghtes wel armed and bad hem yelde them or els to dye/that yeldyng sayd they shal be nopo ; ns to yold/and there with they lete theyr horses renne/and sir percyual smote the formest to the erthe/and took his hors/ & mounted therupon/and the same dyd Galahad/Also Bors serued another soo for they had no horses in that countrey/for they lefte their horses whan they toke their shyp in other coun; trayes/ ¶And soo whan they were horsed/thenne reganne they to sette vpon them / and they of the Castel fled in to the stronge fortresse / and the thre knyghtes after them in to the Castel/and soo alyghte on foote/and with their swerdes sle; we them doune and gate in to the halle/Thenne whan they be; held the grete multytude of peple/ that they had slayne / they held them self grete synners/Certes sayd Bors/I wene & god had wued hem that we shold not haue had power to ha; ue slayne hem thus/But they haue done soo moche ageyn our lord that he wold not suffre hem to regne no lenger/ Say ye not soo sayd Galahad/for yf they mysdyd ageynst god/the ven ; geaunce is not ours/but to hym which hath power therof/ So came there oute of a chamber a good man which was a preest and bare goddes body in a coupe / And Whanne he salue hem which lay dede in the halle/he Was alle abasshed / and Gala; had dyd of his helme and kneled doune / and soo dyd his two felalwes/syre sayd they haue ye no drede of vs / For we ben of kynge Arthurs courte / ¶Thenne asked the go; od man how they were slayn so sodenly/ and they told it hym Truly sayd the good man and ye myghte lyue as longe as the world myght endure/ne myghte ye haue done soo grete an almesse dede as this/Sire sayd Galahad I repente me moch in as moche as they were crystened/Nay repente you not sa; yd he for they were not crystened/and I shalle telle you how that I wote of this Castel / here was lord Erle Hernoy not but one yere/and he had thre sones good knyghtes of armes and a doughter the fayreste gentylwoman that men knelwe/soo tho thre knyghtes loued theyr syster so sore that they brente in loue/and so they lay by her maulgre her hede/And for she cry ; ed to her fader/they slewe hir and took their fader/and putte hym in prysone/and vnkyndely hym nygh to the deth/but a cosyn

of hers reſolwed hym/ And thenne dyd they grete Gwrouthe/ they ſelue clerkes and preeſtes / and made hym doune ſhip / yf that our lordes ſeruyſe myght not be ſerued ne ſayd/and this ſame daye her fader ſente to me for to be confeſſid & hou / ſold/ but ſuche ſhame had neuer man as I had this day with the thre bretherin/but the erle badde me ſuffer/for he sayde they ſholde not longe endure/for thre ſeruaunces of our lord ſholde deſtroye them/and nowe hit is brought to an ende/And by this maye ye wete that our lord is not diſpleaſyd with your dedes Certes ſayd Galahad and hit had not pleaſyd our lord/ neuer ſholde we haue ſlayne ſoo many men in ſoo lytyl a whyle / & thenne they brought the erle Hernox oute of pryſon in to the myddes of the halle that kneled Galahad anone / and yet he ſalue hym neuer afore but by reuelacyon of our lord

Capitulum ix

Thenne began he to wepe ryght tendyrly ſaid long haue I abyden your comynge/ but for goddes loue holdeth me in your armes that my ſoule may departe oute of my body in ſoo good a mans armes as ye be/Gladly ſayd Galahad/ And thenne one ſayd on hyghe that alle herde/Galahad/ well haſt thou auenged me on goddes enemyes/ Nowe behoueth the to goo to the maymed kyng as ſoone as thou maiſt/ for he ſhalle receyue by the helthe whiche he hath abyden ſoo long/and ther with the ſoule departed from the body/and Galahad made hym to be buryed as hym ought to be / Ryght ſoo departed the thre knyghtes and Percyuales ſyſter with them/ And ſoo they came in to a Waſte foreſte / and there they ſalue afore them a whyte herte whiche four lyons ladde/Thenne they took hym to aſſent for to folowe after/for to knowe whyder they wayned and ſoo they rode after a grete paas til that they cam to a Ba/ leye/& ther by was an hermytage where a good man dwelled and the herte and the lyons entryd alſo/ ſoo whanne they ſa/ we all this/they torned to the chapel/and ſalue the good man in a relygyous wede & in the armour of our lord/for he whold ſynge maſſe of the holy ghoſte/ and ſoo they entryd in & herde

masse/ And at the secretys of the masse/ they thre salde the herte
frome a man/ the whiche meruey lede hem and sette hym vpon
the aulter/ in a ryche sege/ and salde the four lyons where ch-
aunged/ the one to the forme of a man/ the other to the forme
of a lyon/ and the thyrde to an Egle/ and the fourth was ch-
aunged vnto an oxe/ thenne toke they her sege/ where the herte
sat/ and went oute thurgh a glas wyndowe/ and there was
no thynge peryssshed nor broken/ and they herde a voyce say in
suche a maner entred the sone of gode in the wombe of a mayde
mary/ whos vyrgynyte ne was peryssshed ne hurte/ & whanne
they herde these wordes they felle doune to the erthe/ and were
astonyed/ and ther with was a grete clerenes/ And whanne
they were come to their self ageyn they went to the good man
and prayd hym that he wolde say hem trouthe/ What thynge ha-
ue ye sene sayde he/ & they tolde hym all that they hade sene/ A
lordes sayde he ye be welcome/ nowe wote I wel ye be the goode
knyghtes/ the whiche shal brynge the Sangreal to an ende/
For ye ben they vnto whome oure lorde shalle shelde grete secre
tes/ and wel oughte oure lorde be sygnefyed to an herte/ For
the herte whanne he is olde/ he wayeth yonge ageyne in hys
whyte skynne/ Ryght soo cometh ageyne oure lorde from dethe
to lyf/ for he lefte erthely flesshe that was the deedly flesshe/ wh-
yche he hade taken in the wombe of the blessid vyrgyn mary/ &
for that cause appiereth oure lorde as a whyte herte without
spot/ and the foure that were with hym is to vnderstande the
foure euuangelystes whiche sette in wrytynge a parte of Jh-
su Crystes dedes that he dyde somtyme whan he was amonge
vold an erthely man/ for wete ye wel neuer erst ne myghte
no knyghte knowe the trouthe/ for oftymes or this oure lorde
shelded hym vnto goode men and vnto goode knyghtes in ly-
kenes of an herte/ But I suppose from hens forth ye shalle
se no more/ and thenne they joyed mocke/ and dwelled ther
alle that day/ ¶ And vpon the morowe whan they hade herde
masse/ they departed and commaunded the goode man to god
and soo they came to a Castel and passed by/ So there came a
knyghte armed after them and sayde lordes herke what I shal
saye to yolde

This gentyllwoman that ye lede with yow is a mayde / Syr said she/ a mayde I am/ Thenne he took her by the brydel/ and sayd by the holy crosse ye shalle not escape me to fore ye haue yolden the customme of this Castel/ lete her go sayd Percyual ye be not wyse / for a mayde in what place she cometh is free/ Soo in the meane whyle there came oute a ten or twelue knyghtes armed oute of the Castel/ and with hem came gentyllwymmen whiche held a dysshe of syluer/ and thenne they sayd this gentyllwoman muste yelde vs the customme of this Castel/ sir sayd a knyghte/ what mayde passeth here by shalle yeue this dysshe ful of blood of her ryghte arme/ blame haue he sayd Galahad that brought vp suche custommes/ and soo god me saue I ensure yow of this gentyllwoman ye shal fayle whyle that I lyue/ Soo god me helpe sayd Percyual I had leuer be slayne/ and I also sayd sir Bors. By my trouthe sayd the knyght / thenne shalle ye dye / for ye maye not endure ageynste vs / thoughe ye were the beste knyghtes of the world/ thenne lete they renne eche to other / and the thre felawes lete the ten knyghtes / and thenne sette their handes to their swerdes and lete them doune and slelde them / Thenne there came oute of the Castel a thre score knyghtes armed/ Faire lordes sayd the thre felawes haue mercy on youre selfe and haue not adoo with vs/ Nay fayre lordes sayd the knyghtes of the Castel we counseyl yow to withdrawe yow / for ye ben the beste knyghtes of the worlde/ and therfore doo no more for ye haue done ynough/ We wille lete yow go with this harme but we muste nedes haue the customme / Certes sayd Galahad for nought speke ye/ wel sayd they/ wille ye dye/ we be not yet come therto sayd Galahad / thenne beganne they to medle to gyders / and Galahad with the straunge gyrdels dreswe his swerde/ and smote on the ryght hande and on the lyfte hande & slelde what that euer abode hym/ & dyd suche merueils that there was none that salue hym/ they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre/ and his two felawes halp hym passyng wel / and soo they held the Journey eueryche in lyke hard tyl it was nyght/ thenne muste they nedes departe/ So cam

in a goody knyghte/ andy sayd to the thre felawes/ yf ye wyll come in to nyght/ and take such herberow we as here is/ ye shal be ryght welcome/ and we shall ensure yow by the feyth of our bodyes/ and as we be true knyghtes to leue yow in such estat to morow we as we fynde yow without ony falshede / And as soone as ye knowe of the custome we dare say ye wyll accorde therfor for goddes loue sayd the gentylwoman goo thyder and spare not for me/ So we sayd Galahad/ and soo they entryd in to the chapel/ And when they were alyghte/ they made grete joye of hem / Soo within a whyle the thre knyghtes asked the customme of the Castel and wherefor it was/ what hit is sayd they we wille saye yow sothe /

Capitulum xj /

There is in this Castel a gentylwoman which we and this castel is hers and many other/ Soo it befelle many yeres agone there fylle vpon her a maladye/ And whanne she had layne a grete whyle she folle vnto a mesel/ and of no leche she coude haue no remedy/ But at the last an old man sayd and she myght haue a dysshe ful of blood of a mayde and a clene virgyn in wylle and in werke/ And a kynges doughter / that blood shold be her hele / and for to anoynte her with alle/ & for this thynge was this customme made

Nold said Percyuales sister saye knyztes I see wel yf this gentyl woman is but ded / Certes sayd Galahad and ye bleede soo moche ye maye dye/ Truly sayd she/ and I dye for to hele her/ I shal gete me grete worshipp and sothles helthe / and worshyp to my lygnage/ and het ter is one harme than tweyn And therfor ther shall be no more batail but to morne I shall yelde yow your customme of this castel/ and thenne there was grete joye more than there was to fore/ For els had there ben mortal werre vpon the morne/ not withstandyng she wold none other whether they wold or nold/ that nyght were the thre felawes eased with the best/ & on the morne they herd masse/ and sir Percyuales sister had brynge forth the sete lady/ so she was/ the which was euylle at ease/ thenne sayd she who shall

lete me blode/ Soo one came forth and lete her blode/ and she bled soo moche/ that the dysshe was ful / thenne she lyfte vp her hande and blessid her / And thenne she saide to the lady / Madame I am come to the dethe for to make yolde hole/ for god des loue prayeth for me/ with that she felle in a swoune/ Then ; ne Galahad and his two felawes starte vp to her and lyfte her vp and staunched her but the lady bled soo moche that she myght not lyue/ Thenne she sayde whan she was awaked fa; yre leder Percyual I dye for the helynge of this lady / Soo I requyre yolde that ye bery me not in this countrey / but as soone as I am dede / put me in a lote at the next hauen / and lete me goo as aduenture will lede me/ And as soone as ye ther come to the Cyte of Sarras ther to enclose the holy graile ye shalle fynde me vnder a Tolure arryued / and there bery me in the spyrytual place/ for I saye yolde soo moche there Galas hade shalle be buryed and ye also in the same place / Thenne Percyual vnderstoode these wordes and grauntede it her we ; pynge/ And thenne sayde a fayre ladies and felawes to mo ; rowe at the houre of pryme ye ther shalle departe euerych from other/ tyl the aduenture bringe yolde to the mayme de bynge / Thenne asked she her saueour/ and as soone as she had receyued hit/ the soule departed from the body / Soo the same dave was the lady helyde whan she was enoynted with alle /
Thenne syr Percyuale made a letter of alle that she had holpen hem as in straunge aduentures/ and put hit in her ryght hande and soo leyde her in a barge/ and couerde it with blak sylke / and so the wynde avoos/ and droue the barge from the londe alle knyghtes beheld hit/ tyl it was oute of their syghte /
Thenne they dreme alle to the Castel/ and soo forthe with ther felle a sodeyne tempest and a thonder layte and rayne as alle the erthe wolde haue broken/ Soo half the castel turned vp soo doune/ Soo it passed euensonge or the tempest was seased /
Thenne they sawe afore hem a knyghte armed and wounded sarde in the body and in the hede that sayde O gode socoure me for nede it is nede/ After this knyghte came another knyghte/ & a dwerf whiche cryede to hem after/ stande ye may not escape /
Thenne the wounded knyghte held vp his handes to gode that he sholde not dye in suche tribulacyon / Truly sayde Galahad

I ſhalle ſocoure hym for his ſake that he calleth vpon/Sir ſaid Bors I ſhalle doo hit/for it is not for yold/for he is but o=ne knyghte/Sir ſayd he I graunte/So ſir Bors toke his hors and commaunded hym to god/ and rode after to reſcolve the wounded knyghte

¶ Nold wrne we to the tother felawes/

¶ Capitulum xij

NOw ſaith the ſtory that al nyght Galahad and Per=cyual were in a chappel in her prayers for to ſaue ſir Bors/ ¶ Soo on the morolde they dreſſid hem in theire har=neis toward the Caſtel to wete whatwas falle of them there in/ And when they cam there/they fond neyther man ne wo=man that he ne was ded by the vengeaunce of oure lord/ with that they herd a voyce that ſayd/this vengeaunce is for blood ſhedynge of maydens/ Alſo they fonde atte ende of the chappel a Chirche yerd/and therin myght they ſee a thre ſcore fair tom=bes/ and that place was ſoo fayre and ſoo delectable that it ſe=med hem there had ben none tempeſt/ For there lay the body=es of alle the good maydens whiche were martred for the ſa=ke ladyes ſake/ Alſo they fond the names of euerych/and of what blood they were come/and alle were of kynges blood & twelue of them were kynges doughters/ Thenne they depar=ted and went in to a foreſte/Nold ſaid Percyual vnto Ga=lahad we muſt departe/ ſoo pray we oure lord that we maye mete to gyders in ſhort tyme/thenne they dyd of their helmes and kyſſed to gyder/and wepte at their departynge

¶ Capitulum viij

NOw ſayth the hiſtory that whan launcelot was come to the water of Mordoyſe as hit is reherced before/ he was in grete perylle/and ſoo he leyd hym doune and ſlepte/ and toke the aduenture that god wold ſende hym/

¶ Soo whan he was a ſlepe/there came a byſpon vnto hym and ſaid Launcelot aryſe vp & take thyn armour/and entre in to the firſt ſhip that thou ſhalt fynde/ ¶ And when he herd theſe wordes he ſtarte vp and ſawe grete clerenes about

hym/ And thenne he lyfte vp his hande and bleſſid hym and
ſo toke his armes and made hym redy/ and ſoo by aduenture
he came by a ſtronde/ & fonde a ſhyp the which was without
ſayle or ore/ And as ſoone as he was within the ſhyp there he
felte the mooſt ſwetnes that euer he felt/ and he was fulfylled
with alle thynge that he thought on or deſyred/ Thenne he ſayd
Fair ſwete fader Jheſu Cryſt I wote not in what Joye I am
For this Joye paſſeth alle erthely Joyes that euer I was in
And ſoo in this Joye he leyd hym doune to the ſhyps borde/ &
ſlepte tyl day/ And when he awoke/ he fonde there a fayre bed
& therin lyenge a gentylwoman dede/ the whiche was ſyr per-
cyuales ſyſter/ And as launcelot deuyſed her/ he aſpyed in hir
ryght hand a wrytte/ the whiche he redde/ the whiche told hym
alle the aduentures that ye haue herd to fore/ and of what lyg
nage ſhe was come/ Soo with this gentylwoman ſir launcelot
was a moneth and more/ yf ye wold aſke how he lyued/ he
that fedde the peple of Iſrael with manna in deſerte/ ſoo was
he fedde/ For euery day when he had ſayd his prayers/ he was
ſuſteyned with the grace of the holy ghoſt/ So on a nyghte
he wente to playe hym by the water ſyde/ for he was ſomwhat
wery of the ſhyp/ And thenne he lyſtned and herd an hors co
me/ And one rydynge vpon hym/ And whanne he cam nygh
he demed a knyghte/ And ſoo he lete hym paſſe/ and wente
there as the ſhyp was/ and there he alyghte/ and toke the ſa-
del and the bridel and putte the hors from hym/ and went in
to the ſhip/ And thenne launcelot dreſſid vnto hym and ſaid
ye be welcome/ and he anſwerd and ſalewed hym ageyne/ &
aſked hym what is your name/ for moche my hert gyueth vn
to yow/ Truly ſayd he my name is launcelot du lake/ ſir ſaide
he/ thēne be ye welcome/ for ye were the begynner of me in this
worlde/ A ſayd he ar ye Galahad/ ye forſothe ſayd he/ and ſo
he kneled doune and aſked hym his bleſſynge/ and after to-
ke of his helme and kyſſed hym/ And there was grete Joye
bitwene them/ for there is no tonge can telle the Joye that they
made eyther of other/ and many a frendely word ſpoken bitwe
ne/ as kynde wold/ the whiche is no nede here to be rherced/
And there euerych told other of theire aduentures and mer-
ueils that were befallen to them in many Journeyes ſythe

that they departed from the court / Anone as Galahad sawe the gentil woman rede in the bed/he knewe her wel ynough / & told grete worship of her that she was the best mayde lyuyng and hit was grete pyte of her dethe / But whanne Launcelot herd how the meruey lous sword was goten/ and who made hit/and alle the meruey ls wherwith afore/ Thenne he prayd ga lahad his sone that he wold shelve hym the swerd/ and so he dyd/and anone he kyssed the pomel and the hyltes and the scaubard/Truly sayd launcelot neuer erst knewe I of so hyghe aduentures done and so meruey lous & straunge / So dwelled launcelot and Galahad within that shyp half a yere / and serued god dayly and nyghtly with alle their power/and of ten they aryued in yles ferre from folke/where there repayred none but wylde beestes/and ther they fond many straunge ad uentures and perylous whiche they brought to an ende/but for tho aduentures were with wylde beestes / and not in the queste of the Sangreal/therfor the tale maketh here no mency on therof/for it wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho aduentu rs that befelle them

Capitulum viii

So after on a mondaye hit befelle that they aryued in the edge of a foreste to fore a crosse/ and thenne sawe they a knyghte armed al in whyte and was rychely horsed/ and lede in his ryght hand a whyte hors/and soo he cam to the shyp and salewed the two knyghtes on the hyghe bordes behalf/and sayd Galahad syr ye haue ben longe ynough with your fader/come oute of the ship/and starte vpon this hors/& goo where the aduentures shall lede the in the queste of the sanc greal/thenne he wente to his fader and kyste hym swetely and sayd/ Fair swete fader I wote not whan I shal see you more tyl I see the body of Jhesu Cryste/ I praye yow sayd laun celot praye ye to the hyghe fader that he holde me in his seruyse & soo he took his hors/& ther they herd a voyce that sayd thyn ke for to doo wel/for the one shal neuer see the other before the dredful day of dome/Anon sone galahad said lancelot syn we shal departe/& neuer see other/I praye to ȳ hyȝ fader to conserue

me and yold to the/ Sire sayd Galahad noo prayer auayleth soo moche as youre / And there with Galahad entryd in to the foreste / And the lynde awoos and drofe Launcelot more than a moneth thurgh oute the see where he slepte but lytyl but prayed to god that he myght see some tydynges of the Sanc greal/ Soo hit befelle on a nyghte at mydnyghte he aryued a fore a Castel on the lefte syde which was ryche and fayre / & there was a posterne opened towardes the see / and was open without ony kepynge/ sauf two lyons kept the entre/ and the moone shone clere/ Anone sir launcelot herd a voyce that sayd Launcelot goo oute of this shyp / and entre in to the Castel / where thou shalt see a grete parte of thy desyre / Thenne he tayed to his armes and soo armed hym/ and soo went to the gate and salue the lyons/ Thenne sette he hand to his swerd & drew hit/ Thenne ther came a dwerf sodenly and smote hym on the harme so sore that the swerd felle oute of his hand/ Thenne herd he a voyce say O man of euylle feyth and poure bylene wherfor troublest thold more on thy harneis than in thy maker/ for he myghte more auayle the than thyn armour in whos seruyse that thou arte sette/ Thenne sayd launcelot/ fayr fader ihesu Cryste I thanke the of thy grete mercy that thou reprouest me of my myscrede / Nold see I wel that ye holde me for youre seruaunt/ thenne toke he ageyne his swerd and putte it vp in his shethe and made a crosse in his forhede/ and came to the lyons/ and they made semblaunt to doo hym harme/ Notwithstandynge he passed by hem without hurte and entryd in to the castel to the chyef fortresse/ and there were they al at reste/ thenne Launcelot entryd in so armed / for he fond noo gate nor dore but it was open / And at the laste he fond a chamber whereof the dore was shytte / and he sette his hand therto to haue opened hit/ but he myghte not

Capitulum xv

Thenne he enforced hym mykel to vndoo the dore/ thenne he lysened and herd a voyce which sange so swete ly that it semed none erthely thynge / and hym thoughte the voyce sayd Joye and honour be to the fader of heuen / Thenne

Launcelot kneled doun to fore the chamber/for wel wyst he that there was the Sangreal within that chamber/ Thenne sayd he Fair swete fader Jhesu Cryst yf euer I dyd thyng that ple-sy dy the lord / for thy pyte ne haue me not in despyte for my synnes done afore tyme/ and that thou shewe me some thynge of that I seke/ And with that he salde the chamber dore open and there came oute a grete clerenes / that the halle was as bryght as all the torches of the worldy had ben there/ So cam he to the chamber dore/ and wold haue entryd/ And anone a voyce said to hym/ Flee launcelot/ and entre not/ for thou ought-hest not to doo hit/ And yf thou entre/ thou shalt forthynke hit/ Thenne he withdrewe hym abak ryght heuy / Thenne lokedy he vp in the myddes of the chamber/ and salde a table of syluer and the holy vessel couerd with reed samyte/ and many an-gels aboute hit/ wherof one held a candel of waxe brennyng and the other held a crosse and the ornementys of an aulter And bifore the holy vessel he salde a good man clothed as a preest/ And it semed that he was at the sacrynge of the masse And it semed to Launcelot that aboue the preestes handes were thre men wherof the two putte the yongest by lyftenes bitwe ne the preestes handes/ and so he lyfte hit vp ryght hyghe/ & it semed to shewe so to the peple/ And thenne launcelot mer-ueyled not a lytyl / For hym thought the preest was so gretly charged of the fygure that hym semed that he shold falle to the erthe/ And whan he salde none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym/ Thenne came he to the dore a grete paas and sayd/ Faire fader Jhesu Cryst ne take hit for no synne though I helpe the good man which hath grete ned of help/ Ryght so entryd he in to the chamber and cam towardy the table of syluer/ and whanne he came nyghe he felte a brethe that hym thought hit was entremedled with fyre which smote hym so sore in the vy sage that hym thought it brente his vysage/ and there with he felle to the erthe and had no power to aryse / as he that was soo arragedy that had loste the power of his body and his he-rynge and his seynge

¶ Thenne felte he many handes aboute hym which toke hym vp/ and bare hym oute of the chamber dore / without ony a-mendynge of his swoune/ and lefte hym there semyng dede to

of the chamber dore and lefte hym there seynge dede to al pe-
ple/ Soo vpon the morowe whan it was fayre day they with-
in were aryseu/ and fonde Launcelot kyenge afore the chamber
dore/ Alle they merueylled how he cam in/ and so they lo-
ked vpon hym and felte his pouse to wyte whether there were
ony lyf in hym/ and soo they fonde lyf in hym/ but he myght
not stande ne stere no membre that he had/ and soo they wosshe
hym by euery parte of the body/ and lave hym in to a chambre
and leyde hym in a ryche bedde ferre from alle folke/ and soo he
lay four dayes/ Thenne the one sayd he was ony lyue/ and the
other sayd nay/ In the name of gode sayd an old man/ for
I doo yow to wyte he is not dede/ but he is soo fulle
of lyf as the myghtyest of yow alle/ and therfor I counceylle
yow that he be well kepte tyl god send hym lyf ageyne/

¶ Capitulum xvij

In suche maner they kepte launcelot four and twenty
dayes and also many nyghtes that euer he laye stylle
as a dede man/ and at the xxv daye byfelle hym after myddaye
that he opened his eyen/ And whan he salve folke he made gret
sorowe and sayd why haue ye awaked me/ for I was mo-
re at ease than I am now/ O Jhesu Cryst who myghte be soo
blessid that myght see openly thy grete merueyls of secretenes
there vnder no synnar may be/ what haue ye sene sayd they a-
bouten hym/ I haue sene sayd he so grete merueyls that no tong
may telle/ and more than ony herte can thynke/ & had not my
sone ben here afore me I had sene moche more/ Thenne they
told hym how he had layne there four and twenty dayes and
nyghtes/ thenne hym thoughte hit was punysshement for the
four and twenty yeres that he had ben a synner wherfore our
lord put hym in penaunce four and twenty dayes and nyghtes
Thenne loked syr launcelot afore hym/ & salve the hayre whi-
che he had borne nygh a yere/ for that he forthoughte hym ryght
moche that he had broken his promyse vnto the heremyte whi-
che he had avowed to doo/ ¶ Thenne they asked how hit stood
with hym/ for sothe sayd he I am hole of body thanked be our

herd/ therfore syrs for godes loue telle me where that I am/
thenne sayd they alle that he was in the castel of Carlonok/
there with came a gentylwoman/ and brought hym a sherte of
smal lynen clothe/ but he chaunged not therin/ but to the fay-
re to hym ageyne/ Sir sayd they the queste of the Sangreal
is encheued nold ryght in yow/ that neuer shalle ye see of the
Sangreal nomore than ye haue sene/ Nold I thanke god sa-
id Launcelot of his grete mercy of that I haue sene/ for it suf
fyseth me/ for as I suppose no man in this worlde hath lyued
better than I haue done to encheue that I haue done/ And ther
with he took the fayre and clothed hym in hit/ and aboue that
he put a lynen sherte / & after a Rolle of Scarlet fassh & ne-
we/ And whanne he was so arayed/ they meruayled alle /
for they knewe hym that he was launcelot the goode knyght
And thenne they sayd alle O my lord sir launcelot le that ye
and he sayd Truly I am he/ Thenne came worde to kyng pel
les that the knyght that had layne so longe vere was sir la-
uncelot/ therof was the kynge ryght glad / and went to see
hym/ And whanne launcelot salde hym come/ he dressid hym
ageynste hym/ and there made the kyng grete Ioye of hym/ and
there the kynge told hym tydynges / that his fayre doughter
was dede/ Thenne launcelot was ryght hury of hit/ and sayd/
syre me forthynketh of the dethe of your doughter/ for she was
a full fayre lady / fressh/ and yonge/ and wel I wote she he-
re the last kynghte that is nold on erthe or that euer was with
god was borne/ So the kynge held hym there four dayes/ and
on the mazolde he took his leue at kynge pelles and at al the
felauship and thanked them of the grete labour/ Ryghte soo
as they sat at her dyner in the chyef sale/ thenne was so befalle
that the Sangreal had fulfylled the tables with al maner
of metes that ony herte myghte thynke /

¶ Soo as they sate/ they sawe alle the dores and the wyndo-
wes of the place were shitte without mannys handy / wherof
they were al abasshed/ and none wyste what to doo

¶ And thenne it happed solemly a kynghte cam to the chyefe
dore and knocked/ and cryed/ Undo the dore / but they wold
not/ and euer he cryed Undoo/ but they wold nat / And atte
laste it noyed hym soo moche that the kynge hym self arose and

came to a wyndowe there where the knyght called / Thenne he
sayd syr knyght ye shall not entre at this tyme whyle the sanc
greal is here/and therfor goo in to another / For certes ye be
none of the knyghtes of the queste/but one of them whiche hath
serued the fende/and hast lefte the seruyse of oure lord/and he
was passynge wrothe at the kynges wordes/Sir knyght sayd
the kynge syn ye wold so fayn entre/saye me of what coun
trey ye be/Sir sayd he I am of the Realme of Logrys / and
my name is Ector de maris/and broder vnto my lord sir Lan
celot/In the name of god sayd the kynge/me forthynketh of
that I haue sayd for youre broder is here within/ whan Ec
tor de maris vnderstood that his broder was there/ for he was
the man in the world that he moost dredde and lued / And
thenne he sayd A god now doubleth my sorowe and shame /
ful truly sayd the good man of the hylle vnto Galvayne and
to me of oure dremes / Thenne went he oute of the courte as
fast as his hors myght/and soo thurgh oute the Castel

Capitulum xviij

Thenne kynge Arthures came to sire Launcelot and told
hym tydynges of his broder wherof he was sory that
he wyste not what to doo/Soo sir launcelot departed and tooke
his armes and sayd he wold goo se the realme of Logrys /
whiche I haue not sene in a twelue moneth / and there with
commaunded the kynge to god/and soo rode thurgh many re
almes/And at the last he came to a whyte Abbay /And there
they made hym that myghte gete chere / And on the morne he
awoos and herd masse / and afore an autiter he fond a tryche
Tombe whiche was newely made/ And thenne he took hede/&
salde the scrow wryten with gold/whiche sayd Here lyeth
kynge Bagdemagus of Gore whiche kynge Arthures neuew
slewe and named hym syr Galvayn / Thenne was not he a
lytel sory/for launcelot lued hym moche more than ony other
and sayd it lay ony other than Galvayn he sholde not haue es
caped from dethe to lyf/and sayd to hym self A lorde god this
is a grete hurte vnto kynge Arthures courte the losse of suche

a may/ And thenne he departed/and came to the Abbay where Galahad dyed the aduentures of the tombe/and thenne the white sheld with the rede crosse/and there fader he grete chere alle that nyghte/and on the morne he tomed vnto Camelot / where he fonde kynge Arthur and the quene/But many of the knyghtes of the rounde table were slayne and destroyed more than halff/and soo that were come home/Sere Galhayn and Lyonel and many other that nedeth not to be rehercede/and alle the Courte was passyng glade of syr launcelot/and the kynge asked hym many tydynges of his sone Galahad/and ther Launcelot told the kynge of his aduentures that hadde befallen hym syn he departed / and also he told hym of the aduentures of Galahadde chereuale and Bors whiche that he knewe by the letter of the dede damoysel/And as Galahad had told hym Now god wold sayd the kynge that they were alle here/ that shalle neuer be said launcelot/for two of hem shalle ye neuer see but one of hem shalle come ageyne /

Now leue we this story and speke of Galahad
Capitulum xviij

Now saith the story Galahadde rode many Journeyes in Wayne/ And at the last he cam to the Abbay where kyng Mordrayns was/ And whan he herd that he thought he wold abyde to see hym/ And vpon the morne whanne he had herd masse Galahad came vnto kyng Mordrayns/ And anon the kynge salue hym the whiche had leyne blynd of long tyme And thenne he dressid hym ageynst hym/ and said Galahadde the seruaunt of Jhesu cryste whos comynge I haue abyden so longe/Now embrace me and lete me reste on thy breste/So that I may reste bitwene thyn armes / for thou arte a clene Virgyn aboue alle knyghtes as the floure of the lyly / in whome Virginyte is sygnefyed / and thou arte the rose the whiche is the floure of al good Vertu/& in colour of fyre/ For the fyre of the holy ghoost is take so in the/that my flesshe which was al rede of oldenes/is become yonge ageyne/ Thenne Galahad herd his wordes thenne he embraced hym & alle his body /

Thenne sayd he/ Faire lord Ihesu Cryst now I haue my wil
Now I requyre the in this poynt that I am in thyne come and
vysyte me/ And anone oure lord herd his prayer / there with
the soule departed from the body/ And thenne Galahad putte
hym in the erthe as a kynge ought to be/ and so departed/ &
so came in to a perilous forest where he fonde the welle/ the
which boyled with grete waues as the tale telleth to fore/
And as soone as Galahad sette his hand therin it ceased/ so
that it boyled no more/ and the heet departed/ for that it bicam
hit was a sygne of lechery the which was that tyme mochꝰ
fed/ but that heet myght not abyde his pure vergynyte/ & this
was taken in the countrey for a myracle/ And soo euer after
was it called Galahadys welle/ Thenne by aduenture he cam
in to the countrey of Gore and in to the Abbay where launce-
lot had ley to fore hand and fonde the tombe of kynge Ban-
demagus / but he was founder therof Joseph of Armathyes
sone and the Tombe of Symeon where launcelot had sayled
Thenne he rode in to a Croste vnder the mynster/ and there he
salue a Tombe which semed ful merueylously/ Thenne asked
he the brethern what it was/ Sir sayd they a merueylous ad
uenture/ that may not be brought vnto none ende/ but by hym
that passeth of knyghthode al them of the round
table/ I wold sayd Galahad that ye wold lede me ther to /
Gladly sayd they/ and so lede hym tyl a caue/ and he went
doune vpon grese/ and cam nyghe the tombe / and thenne the
flammynge fayled and the fyre sauneshed the which many
a day had ben grete/ Thenne came there a voyce that sayd mo-
che am ye beholde to thanke oure lady / the which hath sauey
yolu a good hous that ye may dealue out the foldes after /
thely payne/ and to putte them in to the Joyes of paradys / I
am of your kynred the which haue dwelled in this hete thre
thre hondred wynter and four and fyfty to be purged of the
synne that I dyd ageynst Joseph of Armathye/ thenne Ga-
lahad toke the body in his armes and bare it in to the mynster
And that nyght lay Galahad in the Abbay/ and on the mo-
rne he gaf hym seruyse and putte hym in the erthe afore the
hyghe Auter

So departed he from thens/and commaunded the hre-
myte to god / and soo he rode fyue dayes tyl that he
came to the maymed kynge/ And euer folowed Percyual the
fyue dayes as kynge Pelles had ben/and soo one told hym/
hold the aduentures of Logrys were encheued/ So on a daye
it hapned that they cam out of a grete foreste / and there they
mette at trauers with sir Bors the whiche rode alone / hit is
none nede to aske yf they were glad/ & hem he saluted/ & they
yelded hym honour and good aduenture/ and euerych told
other/ Thenne said Bors hit is more than a yere and an half
that I ne lay ten tymes where men dwelled/ but in wyldes so
reses and in montayns/ but god was euer my comforte /
Thenne rode they a grete whyle tyl that they came to the castel
of Carbonek/ And whan they were entred within the Castel
kynge Pelles kneled hem / thenne there was grete Ioye/ For
they wyst wel by their comynge that they had fulfylled the
queste of the Sanegreal / Thenne Elyazar kynge Pelles sone
brought to fore hem the broken swerd where with Joseph was
stryken thurgh the thygh/ Thenne Bors sette his hand therto/
yf that he myght haue souded hit ageyne but it wold not be /
Thenne he took it to Percyual but he had no more power ther
to than he/ Wold haue ye hit ageyne sayd Percyuall to Gala-
had/ for and it be euer enchued by ony bodely man/ ye must
do hit/ and thenne he took the pyeces and sette hem to gyders
and they semed that they had neuer ben broken/ and as well
as hit had ben fyrst forged/ And whanne they within aspyed
that the aduenture of the swerd was enchened/ thenne they gaf
the swerd to Bors/ for hit myght not be betersset/ for he was a
good knyght and a worthy man/ and a lytel afore euen the
swerd arose grete and merueyllous/ and was ful of grete he
te that many men felle for drede / And anone alyght a voys
amonge them and sayd they that ought not to sytte at the ta
ble of Jhesu Cryst/ aryse/ for now shalle many knyghtes ben
fedde/ Soo they went thens all fauf kynge Pelles and Ely-
azar his sone/ the whiche were holy men and a mayde which
was his nece/ and soo these thre felawes and they thre were

there no mo/ Anone they saw knyghtes al armed came in at the halle dore and dyd of their helmes and their armes and sayd vnto Galahad/ Sire we haue hyed ryght mocke for to be with you at this table Where the holy mete shalle be departed Thenne sayd he ye be welcome/ but of whens be ye/ So the of them sayd they were of gaule/ and other the sayd they were of Irlande/ and the other the sayd they were of Denmarke/ So as they satte thus/ there came oute a bed of tree of a chamber/ the whiche four gentyl wymmen broughte/ and in the bed lay a good man sele/ and a croune of gold vpon his hede/ & there in the myddes of the place they sette hym doune and went ayeyne their waye/ Thenne he lyfte vp his hede and sayd Galahad knyght ye be welcome/ for mocke haue I desyred your comynge/ for in suche payne and in suche anguysshe I haue ben longe/ ¶ But nowe I truste to god the terme is come that my payn shalle be alayed/ that I shalle passe out of this worlde so as it was promysed me longe ago/ there with a voyce sayd ther be two amonge you that be not in the queste of the Sangreal and therfor departe ye

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne kynge Pelles and his sone departed/ and there with alle besemed them that there cam a man and four angels from heuen clothed in lyknes of a Bisshop/ and had a crosse in his hand/ and these foure angels bare hym vp in a chayer/ and sette hym doune before the table of syluer where vpon the Sangreal was/ and it semed that he had in myddes of his forhede letters the whiche sayd/ See ye here Joseph the fyrst Bisshop of Crystendome the same whiche our lord socoured in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrytuel place/ Thenne the knyghtes merueylled/ for that Bisshop was dede more than thre hondred yere to fore/ O knyghtes sayde he/ merueyle not/ For I was somtyme an erthely man/ With that they herde the chamber dore open/ and there they sawe Angels and two bare candels of waye/ and the thyrd a volvel/ and the fourthe a spere whiche bled merueilloufly that thre droppes felle within

a boxe whiche he held with his other hand/ And they sette the candels vpon the table/ and the thyrd the tolbel vpon the Vessel/ and the fourth the holy spere euen vp ryght vpon the Vessel/ And thenne the Bisshop made semblaunt as thouz he wold haue gone to the sacrynge of the masse/ And thenne he toke an Vbbeye whiche was made in lykenes of breed/ And at the lyftynge vp/ there came a fygur in lykenes of a chyld / and the vysage was as reed and as bryght as ony fyre & smote hym self in to the breed/ so that they all salue hit that the breed was formed of a flesshely man/ and thenne he putte hit in to the holy Vessel ageyne / and thenne he dyd that longed to a preest to doo to a masse/ And thenne he wente to Galahad and kyssed hym/ and badde hym goo and kysse his felawes/ and soo he dyd anone/ Nold sayd he seruauntes of Ihesu Cryste ye shall be fedde afore this table with swete metes that neuer knyghtes tasted/ And whanne he had sayd/ he vanysshed awey And they sette hem at the table in grete drede and made their prayers/ thenne lokked they and salue a man come oute of the holy Vessel that had alle the sygnes of the passion of Ihesu Cryste bledynge alle openly/ and sayd my knyghtes and my seruauntes & my true children whiche ben come oute of dedely lyf in to spyrytual lyf I wyl nold no lenger hyde me from yold/ but ye shal see nold a parte of my secretes & of my hydde thynges/ Nold holdeth and receyueth the hygh mete whiche ye haue soo moche desyred/ Thenne took he hym self the holy Vessel and came to Galahad/ and he kneled doune/ and there he receyued his sauueour/ and after hym soo receyued alle his felawes/ and they thought it soo swete that hit was merueillous to telle / Thenne sayd he to Galahad / sone woldest thold what I hold betwixe my handes/ Nay sayd he/ but yf ye will telle me/ This is sayd he the holy dysshe wherin I ete the lambe on shirthursdaye/ And nold hast thou sene that thou most desyred to see / but yet haste thou not sene hit soo openly as thold shalt see it in the Cyte of Sarras in the spyrituel place Therfore thold must go hens and bere with the this holy Vessel For this nyght it shalle departe from the Realme of Logres / that it shalle neuer be sene more here/ and woldest thou wherfor for he is not serued nor worshypped to his rygh te by them of

this lande/ for they be turned to euyll lyuynge/ therfor I shall disherite them of the honour which I haue done hem/ And therfore goo ye thyr to morowe vnto the see where ye shal fynde your shyp redy/ & with you take the swerde With the straunge gyrdels and no mo with yow but sire Percyual and syr Bors/ Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spere for to enoynte the maymed kynge bothe his legges and alle his body and he shalle haue his hele/ Sire sayd Galahad why shalle not these other felawes goo with vs/ for this cause For ryght as I departed my poestels one here and another there soo I wille that ye departe/ and two of yow shalle dye in my seruyse/ but one of yow shal come ageyne and telle tydynges/ Thenne gaf he hem his blessynge and vanysshed awaye/

Capitulum xvj

And Galahad went anone to the spere which lay by on the table / and touched the blood with his fyngers and came after to the maymed kynge and anoynted his legges/ and there with he clothed hym anone/ and starte vpon his feet oute of his bedde as an hole man / and thanked oure lorde that he had helyd hym/ and that was not to the world wardy / For anone he yelded hym to a place of Relygyon of whyte monkes and was a ful holy man / That same nyght about mydnyght came a voyce amonge hem which sayde my sones & not my chyef sones my frendes and not my werryours/ goo ye hens where ye hope best to doo and as I bad yow/ A thanked be thou lord that thou wilt vouchesauf to calle vs thy synners Now may we wel preue that We haue not lost our paynes/ And anone in alle haste they wold their harneis and departed But the thre knyghtes of Gaule one of them hyght Claudyne kynge Claudas sone/ and the other two were grete gentylmen/ thenne praid galahad to euerych of them that yf they come to kynge Arthurs court that they sholde salewe my lorde sir launcelot my fader and of hem of the round table/ and prayed hem yf that they cam on that party that they shold not forgete it/ Right soo departed Galahad / Percyual/ and Bors

with hym/and soo they wode thre dayes / and thenne they came to a Ryuage and fonde the shyp wherof the tale speketh of to fore/ And whanne they cam to the borde/ they fonde in the myd des the table of syluer / whiche they had left with the may; medy kynge and the Sangreal whiche was couerd with rede samyte / Thenne were they glade to haue suche thynges in the; yr felaushyp/and soo they entryd/ and maade grete reuerence ther to / and Galahad felle in his prayer longe tyme to oure lord that at what tyme he asked that he sholde passe out of this waldy/soo;nocke he prayd tyl a voyce sayd to hym Galahad thou shalt haue thy requeste/ And whan thow asketest the dethe of thy body thou shalt haue it/ & thenne shalt thold fynde the lyf of the soule/ Percyual herd this/and prayd hym of felau ship that was bitwene them to telle hym wherfor he asked su; che thynges/ That shalle I telle yold saide Galahad / thother day whanne we salve a parte of the aduentures of the Sanc; greal I was in suche a Joye of herte that I trowde neuer man was/that was erthely/ And therfore I wote wel whan my body is dede/my soule shalle be in grete Joye to see the blessid Trynyte euery day/and the mageste of oure lord Jhesu Cryst Soo longe were they in the shyp / that they sayd to Galahad syr in this bedde ought ye to lye/ for soo saith the scripture / & soo he leyd hym doune and slepte a grete whyle/ And whan he awaked he loked afore hym and salve the Cyte of Sarras And as they wold haue landed/they salve the shyp wherein Percyual had putte his syster in / Truly sayd Percyual in the name of god/wel hath my syster holden Ys couenaunt/ Thenne toke they out of the ship the table of syluer/ and he toke it to Percyual and to Bors to goo to fore/ and Gala had came behynde/and ryght soo they went to the Cyte/ and at the gate of the Cyte they salve an old man croked/Thenne Galahad called hym and bad hym helpe to bere this heuy thy; nge/ Truly saide the old man/it is fyf yere ago that I myzt not goo but with crouchys/Care thou not sayd Galahad and arise vp and shewe thy good wille/and soo he assayed/ and fonde hym self as hole as euer he was/Thenne ranne he to the table/and took one parte ageynst Galahad/ and anone arose there grete noyse in the Cyte that a cryppyl was maade hole by

kynghtes merueyls that entryd in to the Cyte/ Thenne anon after the thre kynghtes went to the water/ and brought vp in to the paleys Percyuales syster/ and buryed her as ryche ly as a kynges doughter ought to be / And whan the kynge of the Cyte which was clepedy Estorause salue the felaushyp/ he asked hem of whens they were/ and what thyng it was that they had brought vpon the table of syluer / & they told hym the trouthe of the Sangreal and the power which that god had sette there/ Thenne the kynge was a Tyraunt / and was come of the lyne of paynyms/ and toke hem/ and putte hem in prysan in a depe hole

Capitulum xxvij

But as soone as they were there oure lord sente hem the Sangreal / wherof who grace they were al waye fulfylled whyle that they were in prysan / Soo at the yeres ende hit befelle that this kynge Estourause lay sek and felte that he shold dye/ Thenne he sente for the thre kynghtes & they came afore hym / and he cryed hem mercy of that he had done to them/ and they forgaf hit hym goodely and he dyed anone/ Whanne the kynge was ded/ alle the Cyte was dismayed and wyst not who myghte be her kynge/ ¶ Ryght soo as they were in counsille there came a voyce amonge them / and badde hem chese the yongest kynght of them thre to be her kynge for he shalle wel mayntene yow and all yours/ Soo they made Galahad kynge by alle the assente of the hole Cyte / & elz they wold haue slayne hym/ And whanne he was come to be holde the lande / he lete make aboue the table of syluer a cheste of gold and of precyous stones that hylled the holy vessel/ And euery day erly the thre felalwes wold come afore hit/ & make their prayers/ Now at the yeres ende and the self daye after Galahad had borne the croune of gold/ he arose vp erly and his felalwes/ and came to the palais / and salue to fore hem the holy vessel/ and a man knelynge on his knees in ly kenes of a Bisshop that had aboute hym a grete felaushyp of Angeles as it had ben Jhesu Cryst hym self/ & thenne he arose

and̄ beganne a masse of oure lady/ And whan he cam to the sacrament of the masse/and had̄ done/anone he called̄ Galaha and̄ sayd̄ to hym come forthe the seruaunt of Ihesu crysst and thou shalt see that thou hast mocke desyred̄ to se/ & thenne he beganne to tremble ryght hard̄/whan the dedely flesshe he ganne to beholde the spyrytuel thynges/Thenne he helde vp his handes toward heuen/and sayd̄ lord I thanke the/for now I see that that hath ben my desyre many a daye/ ¶ Now blessyd lord whold I not lenger lyue yf it myght please the lord̄/ & there with the good̄ man̄ toke oure lordes body betwixe hys handes/and̄ proferd it to Galahad/and he receyued hit ryght gladly and̄ meekely/ ¶ Nowe woldest thold what I am sayd̄ the good man̄/Nay saidē Galahad̄/ I am Joseph of Arma thye the whiche oure lord̄ hath sente here to the to kepe the felau shyp/and woldest thou wherfor that he hath sente me more than ony other/ For thou hast resemblyd̄ in two thynges in that thou hast sene the merueyls of the Sangreal in that thou hast ben a clene mayden as I haue ben and am/ And whanne he had̄ said these wordes Galahad went to Percyual and kyssed hym & commaunded̄ hym to god̄/and soo he went to sire Bors/ & kyssed hym/and commaunded̄ hym to god̄/ and sayd Fayre lord̄ salewe me to my lord̄ syr launcelot̄ my fader/ And̄ as soone as ye see hym/byd hym remembre of this vnstable world And there with he kneled doune tofore the table/and made his prayers/and thenne sodenly his soule departed̄ to Ihesu Criste and a grete multitude of Angels bare his soule vp to heuen/ that the two felaldes myght wel behold hit/ Also the two fe laldes sawe come from heuen an hand̄/ but they sawe not the body/ And thenne hit cam ryght to the vessel/and̄ took it and the spere/and̄ soo bare hit vp to heuen/ Sythen was there ne uer man̄ soo hardy to saye that he had̄ sene the Sangreal/

Capitulum xviii

Whanne Percyual & Bors sawe Galahad dede/ they made as mocke sorowe as euer dyd two men̄/ And yf they had not ben good men̄/they myght lyghtly haue fallen in despair/ & the peple of the countrey & of the cyte were ryght heuy

And thenne he was buryed/ And as soone as he was bury-
ed sire Percyual yelded hym to an hermytage oute of the cy-
te/ and tooke a relygyous clothynge/ and Bors was alway
with hym/ but neuer chaunged he his seculer clothyng for that
he purposed hym to goo ageyne in to the Realme of Logrys/
Thus a yere and two monthes lyued sir Percyual in the her-
mytage a ful holy lyf/ and thenne passed oute of this world
and Bors lete bery hym by his syster and by Galahad in the
spyrytuelties/ whanne Bors salde that he was in so fer coun-
treyes as in the partyes of Babylayne he departed from Sar-
as/ and armed hym and cam to the see / and entryd in to a
shyp/ and soo it befelle hym in good aduenture/ he cam in to the
Realme of Logrys/ and he rode so fast tyl he came to Camelot
where the kynge was/ and thenne was there grete Joye ma-
de of hym in the Courte/ for they wende alle/ he had ben dede /
for as mocke as he had ben soo longe oute of the countrey/ and
whan they had etyn/ the kynge made grete clerkes to come afo-
re hym/ that they shold cronycle of the hyghe aduentures of the
good knyghtes/ whanne Bors had told hym of the aduentu-
res of the Sangreal suche as had befalle hym / and his thre
felawes that was Launcelot/ Percyual/ Galahad/ & hym self
There Launcelot told the aduentures of the Sangreal / that
he had sene/ Alle this was made in grete bookes / and put vp
in almeryes at Salysbury/ And anone sir Bors sayd to syr
Launcelot/ Galahad youre oldne sone salewed yolde by me / &
after yolde kynge Arthur/ and alle the Courte / and soo dyde
sir Percyual / for I buryed hem with myn oldne handes in
the Tyte of Sarras/

¶ Also sire Launcelot Galahad prayed yolde to remembre of
this vnsyker world as ye behyght hym whan ye were to gyders
more than half a yere/ This is true sayd launcelot/ Nolde I
truste to god his prayer shalde auayle me / thenne Launcelot
tooke syr Bors in his armes / and sayde gentyl cosyn ye are
ryght welcome to me/ and alle that euer I maye doo for yolde
and for youre ye shalle fynde my youre body redy atte all ty-
mes/ whyles the spyryte is in hit / and that I promyse yolde
feythfully/ and neuer to fayle ¶ And whete ye wel gen-
tyl cosyn syre Bors that ye and I whyle neuer departe in

ſonder whyleſt oure lyues may laſte/ Sir ſayd he I wylle as ye wylle

¶ Thus endeth thiſtory of the Sangreal that was breuely drawen oute of Frenſſhe in to Engliſſhe/the Whiche is a ſtory cronycled for one of the trueſt and the holyeſt that is in thys worlde/the whiche is the xviij booke/

¶ And here followeth the eyghtenth booke

¶ Capitulum primum

SOo a fter the queſt of the Sangreal was fulfylled/ and alle knyghtes that were lefte on lyue were comen ageyne vnto the table round as the booke of the Sangreal maketh mencyon ¶ Thenne was there grete Joye in the courte/ and in eſpecyal kynge Arthur and quene Gueneuer made grete Joye of the remenaunt that were comen home/and paſſynge glad Was the kynge and the quene of ſire Launcelot and of ſire Gawayn/ For they had ben paſſynge long alday in the queſt of the Sangreal/ Thenne as the booke ſaith ſyr Launcelot beganne to reſorte vnto quene Gueneuer ageyne/ and forgat the promyſe and the perfectyon that he made in the queſt/for as the booke ſayth had not ſire Launcelot ben in hie preuy thoughtes and in his mynde ſo ſette inwardly to the quene as he was in ſemyng outeward to god/there had no knyghte paſſed hym in the queſte of the Sangreal/but euer his thoughtes were prycuely on the Quene/and ſo they loued to gyder more hoter than they did to fore hand/and had ſuche preuy draughtes to gyder that many in the Courte ſpak of hit/ and in eſpecial ſir Agrauayne/ ſyr Gawayns broder/for he was euer open mouthed/ So befel that ſyre Launcelot had many reſortes of ladyes and damoyſels that dayly reſorted vnto hym/that beſoughte hym to be their champyon/ and in alle ſuche maters of ryghte ſir launcelot applyed hym dayly to do for the pleaſyr of oure lorde Jheſu criſt And euer as moche as he myghte he withdrewe hym from the companye and felauſhyp of Quene Gueneuer

for to eschewe the sklaunder and noyse/ wherfor the quene wayed wroth with sir Launcelot/ and vpon a day she calléd sir launcelot vnto her chamber and saide thus/ Sir launcelot I see and fele dayly that thy loue begynneth to slake/ for thou hast no joye to be in my presence/ but euer thou arte oute of thys Courte/ and quarels and materes thou hast nowe a dayes for ladyes and gentilwymmen more than euer thou were wonte to haue afore hand/ A madame said launcelot/ in this ye muste holde me excused for dyuerse causes/ one is/ I was but late in the queste of the Sangreal/ and I thanke god of his grete mercy and neuer of my deserte that I salve in that my queste as mocke as euer salve ony synful man/ and so was it told me/ ¶ And yf I had not had my preuy thoughtes to re-torne to your loue ageyne as I doo I had sene as grete mysterryes as euer salve my sone Galahad outher Percyual or sir Boors/ & therfor madame I was but late in that queste/ wete ye wel madame hit maye not be yet lyghtely forgeten the hyr seruyse in whome I dyd my dylygent labour/ Also madame wete ye wel that there be many men spekyn of our loue in this courte/ and haue yow and me gretely in a wayte/ as sire Agrauayne and syr Mordred/ and madame wete ye wel I dre-de them more for youre sake/ than for ony fere I haue of them my self/ for I maye happen to escape and ryde my self in a grete nede where ye muste abyde alle that wille be saide vnto yow/ And thenne yf that ye falle in ony distresse thurgh wylfulle folye/ thenne is there none other remedy or helpe but by me and my blood/ And wete ye wel madame the boldenes of you and me wille brynge vs to grete shame and sklaunder/ and that were me lothe to see you dishonoured/ and that is the cause/ I take vpon me more for to do for damoysels and maydens than euer I dyd to forne that men shold vnderstande my joye and my delyte is my pleasyr to haue adoo for damoisels and maydens

¶ Capitulum ij

Alle this whyle the quene stood stylle and lete sir launcelot saye what he wold/ And when he hadde alle saide she braste oute on wepynge/ and soo she sobbed and wepte

a grete whyle/ And whan she myght speke she sayd/ Launcelot nowe I wel vnderstande that thou arte a fals recreaūt knyght and a comyn lechroure/ and louest and holdest other ladyes/ and by me thou hast desdayne and scorne/ ¶ For whete thou wel she sayd nowe I vnderstande thy falshede/ and therfor shalle I neuer loue the no more/ and neuer be thou so hardy to come in my syght/ and ryght here I discharge the this Courte that thow neuer come within hit / and I forfende the my felaushyp/ and vpon payne of thy hede that thou see me no more/ Ryght soo sire Launcelot departed with grete heuynes / that vnnethe he myght susteyne hym self for grete dole makyng Thenne he called sir Bors sir Ector de marys and syr Lyonel and told hem how the quene had forfended hym the Courte and soo he was in wille to departe in to his owne Countrey / Fair sir said sire Bors de ganys / ye shalle not departe oute of this land by myn aduyse/ ye muste remembre in what honour ye are renoumed and called the noblest knyght of the worlde/ and many grete maters ye haue in hand / and wymmen in their hastynes wille doo oftymes that sore repenteth hem / & therfor by myn aduyse ye shalle take youre hors / and ryde to the goode hermytage here besyde whyndsoure that somtyme was a goode knyght/ his name is sir Brasias/ and there shalle ye abyde tyl I sende yowe worde of better tydynges/ Broder said sir launcelot whete ye wel I am ful lothe to departe oute of this realme/ but the quene hath defended me soo hyghly / that me semeth she wille neuer be my goode lady as she hath ben/ Saye ye neuer soo said sir Bors/ for many tymes or this tyme she hath ben Wroth with yowe/ and after it she was the first that repented it/ Ye saye wel sayd launcelot/ for nowe wille I doo by youre counceylle and take myn hors and my harneis and ryde to the hermyte sir Brasias/ and there will I repose me vntyl I here somme maner of tydynges fro yowe/ but fair broder I praye yowe gete me the loue of my lady Quene Guenever and ye maye/

¶ Sire said sire Bors ye nede not to meue me of suche maters For wel ye wote I wille doo what I may to please yowe / & thenne the noble knyghte sire Launcelot departed with tyghte hup chere sodenly/ that none erthely creature wyste of hym/ nor

where he was become/but sir Bors / Soo when sir launcelot was departed / the quene outwardly made no maner of sorowe in shewynge to none of his blood nor to none other/ But ever vpon wel inwardly as the book sayth she took grete thought but she bare it out with a proud countenaunce / as though she felte nothynge nor daunger

¶ Capitulum Tercium ¶

AND thenne the quene lete make a preuy dyner in London vnto the knyghtes of the roundy table/ and al was for to shewe outwardly that she hadde as grete Joye in al other knyghtes of the table roundy as she had in sir launcelot/ al only at that dyner she hadde sir Galvayne and his bretheryn/ that is for to saye sir Agrauayn/ sir Gaherys/ sire Gareth and syre Mordredy/ Also there was sir Bore de ganys/ sire Blamor de ganys/ syr Bleoberys de ganys/ sire Galyhud/ sir Galyhodyn syre Ector de marys/ sir Lyonel/ sire Palomydes/ sir Safyr his brodyr/ sir la cote male tayle/ sir Persaunt/ syr Iwayne/ syr Brandyles/ syr Kay le Seneschal/ sir Mador de la porte/ Syre Patryse a knyght of Irlandy/ Alydus/ sir Astamore/ and sir Pynel le saueage / the whiche was cosyn to sire Lamorak de galys the goody knyght that syr Galvayne and his bretheryn slewe by treasony/ and so these four and twenty knyghtes shold dyne with the quene in a preuy place by them self/ and there was made a grete feest of al maner of dayntees/ But syr Galvayne hadde a customme that he vsed dayly at dyner and at souper that he louedy wel al maner of fruyte / and in especial appels and perys/ And therfore who someuer dyned or feested syre Galvayne wold comynly purueye for goody fruyte for hym/ and soo dyd the quene for to please sir Galvayne/ she lete purueye for hym al maner of fruyte/ for sir Gawayn was a passyng hote knyght of nature / and this Pynel hated syre Galvayne by cause of his kynnesman syr Lamorak de galys & therfor for pure enuy & hate sir Pynel enpoysond certayn appels for to enpoysonne sir Galvayn / & soo this was wel vn to the ende of the mete/ and soo it befelle by myssortune a good knyght named Patryse cosyn vnto sire Mador de la porte to

take a poyse ndy Appel/ And whanne he hady eety hit/ he swalke soo tyl he brast/ & there sire Patryce felle doun sodenly dede amonge hem / Thenne euery knyghte lepte from the bordy ashamedy andy aragedy for wraithe nyghe oute of her wyttes / For they wyste not what to saye consyderynge Quene Guenneuer made the feest andy dyner/ they alle hady suspecyon vnto her/ My lady the quene said Galvayne/ Wete ye wel madame that this dyner was made for me/ for alle folkes that knowen my condycyon vnderstande that I loue/ wel fruyte / andy nowe I see wel/ I hady nere be slayne/ therfor madame I drede me lest ye will be shamedy/ Thenne the quene stoody stylle and was sore abasshedy/ that she nyst not what to saye/ This shalle not so be endedy saidy syr Mador de la porte/ for here haue I loste a full noble knyght of my bloody/ Andy therfore vpon this shame & despyte I wille be wreuengedy to the vttraunce/ andy there openly sir Mador appeled the quene of the dethe of his cosyn sir patryse/ thenne stode they all stylle that none wholdy speke a wordy ageynst hym/ for they all hady grete suspecyon vnto the quene by cause she lete make that dyner/ andy the quene was so abasshedy that she coude none other wayes doo but wepte soo hertely that she felle in a swoune/ with this noyse andy crye came to them kynge Arthur/ And whanne he wyst of that trouble / he was a passynge heuy man

Capitulum iiij

And euer sir Mador stoody stylle afore the kynge/ andy euer he appeledy the quene of treasony/ for the customme was suche that tyme that alle manere of shameful dethe was calledy treasony/ Fair lordes saidy kynge Arthur me repenteth of this trouble / but the caas is so I maye not haue adoo in this mater/ for I muste be a ryghtful Juge / andy that repenteth me that I maye not doo batail for my wyf/ for as I deme this dede came neuer by her/ And therfore I suppose she shalle not be alle disrayned/ but that somme goody knyght shal putte his body in Jeopardy for my quene rather than she shal be brent in a wrong quarel/ And therfor sir Mador be not so hasty / for hit maye happen she shalle not be all frendeles/ and therfore

deſyre thold thy daye of batayll/ and ſhe ſhalle purueye her of ſomme goody knyght/ that ſhalle anſuer yold or els it were to me grete ſhame/ and to alle my courte/ My gracyous lord ſayd ſir Mador ye muſte holde me excuſed/ for thoughe ye be oure kynge in that degree/ ye are but a knyght as we are / and ye are ſworne vnto knyghthode as wel as we/ and therfor I beſeche yold that ye be not diſpleaſed / For there is none of the four and twenty knyghtes that were bodey to this dyner/ but alle they haue grete ſuſpecyon vnto the quene/ What ſay ye all my lordes ſaid ſir Mador/ thenne they anſuerd by and by that they coude not excuſe the quene/ for why ſhe made the dyner/ & outher hit muſt come by her or by her ſeruauntes/ Alas ſayd the quene I made this dyner for a good entente / and neuer for none euyl ſoo almyghty god me helpe in my ryght as I was neuer purpoſed to doo ſuche euylle dedes/ and that I re-porte me vnto god/ My lord the kynge ſayd ſir Mador I re-quyre yold as ye be a ryghtuous kyng gyue me a day that I may haue Juſtyce/ wel ſayd the kynge I gyue the daye thys day yB dayes that thold be redy armed on horſback in the me-dowe beſyde weſtmynſter/ And yf it ſoo falle that there be ony knyght to encountre with yold/ there mayſt thold doo the beſt / and god ſpede the ryght/ And yf hit ſo falle that there be no knyght at that day/ thenne muſt my quene be brente/ and ther ſhe ſhalle be redy to haue her Jugement/ I am anſuerd ſayd ſir Mador/ and euery knyghte wente where it lyked hem/ ¶ So whan the kynge and the quene were to gyders/ the kynge aſ-ked the quene how this caas befelle/ the quene anſuerd/ ſo god me helpe I wote not hold nor in what maner/ where is ſir la-uncelot ſayd kyng Arthur/ and he were here he wold not grut-che to doo batayll for yold / Sire ſayd the quene I wote not where he is/ but his brother and his kynneſmen deme that he be not within this Realme/ that me repenteth ſayd kyng Ar-thur/ For and he were here/ he wold ſoone ſeyne this ſtryf/ Thenne I wille counceyle yold ſayd the kynge and vnto ſire Bors that ye wil doo batayll for her for ſir launcelots ſake / And vpon my lyf he wille not refuſe yold/ For wel I ſee ſa-yd the kynge that none of theſe foure and twenty knyghtes that were with you at your dyner where ſir Patryſe was ſlayn

that wille doo batail for yold nor none of hem wille saye wel of yold / and that shalle be a grete sklaunder for yold my thys Courte / Allas saidy the quene and I maye not doo with all but nold I mys sir launcelot / for and he were here / he woldy putte me soone to my herres ease / What eyleth yold saidy the kynge ye can not kepe sir launcelot vpon your syde / for wete ye wel saydy the kynge who that hath sire Launcelot vpon his partye / hath the moost may of worship in the worldy vpon his syde / Nold goo your way saidy the kynge vnto the quene / andy requyre sir Bors to doo bataille for yold for sire launcelots sake

Capitulum quintum

Soo the quene departedy from the kynge / andy sente for sir Bors in to her chamber / Andy whan he was come she besought hym of socour / Madame saidy he / what woldy ye that I dydy / for I maye not with my worshyp haue adoo in this matter by cause I was at the same dyner for drede that ony of tho knyghtes woldy haue me in suspecyon / Also madame me said sir Bors nold mys ye sir launcelot / for he wold not haue fayledy yold neyther in ryght nor in wronge / as ye haue wel preuedy whan ye haue ben in daunger / andy nold ye haue dryuen hym oute of this countrey / by whome ye andy alle we were dayly worshyppedy by / therfor madame I merueylle hold ye dar for shame requyre me to doo ony thynge for yold in soo moche ye haue chacedy hym oute of your countrey / by Whome we Were borne vp and honouredy / Allas fayr knyghte sayd the quene I put me holy in your grace / andy alle that is done a gayns / I wille amende as ye wille counceyle me / And therwith she kneledy doune vpon bothe her knees / and besought sir Bors to haue mercy vpon her / outher I shalle haue a shameful dethe andy therto I neuer offendedy / Ryght soo cam kyng Arthur / & fonde the quene kneelyng afore sir Bors / thenne sir Bors pul ledy her vp / and saidy Madame ye doo me grete dishonoure / A gentil knyght said the kyng haue mercy vpon my Quene cur this knyght / for I am nold in certayne she is vntruly defamed

And ther for curtois knyght sayd the kynge / promyse her to doo bataylle for her / I requyre yold for the loue of syr launce lot / My lord sayd syr Bors ye requyre me the grettest thynge that ony man may requyre me / And wete ye wel yf I graunte to doo batayille for the quene I shall wrathe many of my felaushyp of the table round / but as for that sayd Bors I wille graunte my lord / that for my lords sir launcelots sake & for your sake I wille at that daye be the quenes champyon / onles that there come by aduenture a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for her / Wil ye promyse me this sayd the kynge by your feythe / ye sir said sir Bors / of that I wil not fayle yold / nor her bothe / but yf there came a better knyghte than I am / and thenne shalle he haue the batayille / Thenne was the kynge and the quene passyng glade / and soo departed / and thanked hym hertely / Soo thenne sir Bors departed secretely vpon a day / and rode vnto sire launcelot there as he was wyth the heremyte sir Brastias / & told hym of all their aduenture A Ihesu said sir Launcelot this is come happely as I wold haue hit / and therfor I praye yold make you redy to doo batayille / but loke that ye tary tyl ye see me come as longe as ye may / For I am sure Mador is an hote knyghte whan he is enchafed / for the more ye suffre hym the hastyer wille he be to batail / syr said Bors lete me dele with hym / Doubte ye not ye shalle haue alle your wille / thenne departed syre Bors from hym / and came to the Courte ageyne / Thenne was hit noysed in alle the Courte that sir Bors sholde doo batayll for the quene / wherfore many knyghtes were displeasyd with hym / that he wold take vpon hym to doo batail in the quenes quarel for there were but fewe knyghtes in all the courte but they demed the quene was in the wronge / and that she had done that treason / Soo sire Bors answerd thus to his felawes of the table round / Wete ye wel my fayre lordes it were shame to vs alle and we suffred to see the moost noble quene of the world to be shamed openly consyderynge her lord / and our lord is the man of moost worshyp in the world & moost crysteyd / and he hath euer worshipped vs alle in al places / Many answerd hym ageyne / As for oure mooste noble kynge Arthur we loue hym and honoure hym as wel as ye do / but as for quene Gueneuer

we loue her not by cause she is a destroyer of good knyghtes
Faire lordes sayd sir Bors me semeth ye saye not as ye sholde
say/for neuer yet in my dayes knewe I neuer nor herd saye/
that euer she was a destroyer of ony good knyghte/ But att
alle tymes as ferre as euer I coude knowe/she was a mayn
tener of good knyghtes/and euer she hath ben large and free
of her goodes to alle good knyghtes/and the moost bountefuo
us lady of her vertes and her good grace that euer I salue or
herd speke of/ And there for it were shame saide sire Bors to
vs all to our moste noble kynges wyf/& we suffred her to be sha
mefully slayne/ And wete ye wel sayd sire Bors I wylle
not suffer it/for I dare say soo moche the quene is not gylty
of sir Patryse dethe/for she ordeyned hym neuer none ylle wylle/
nor none of the four and twenty knyghtes that were at that
dyner/for I dar saye/for good loue she had vs to dyner/ and
not for no male engyne/and that I doubte not shalle be pre
uedy here after/for holy someuer the game goth/Knew was tre
ason amonge vs/Thenne some sayd to sire Bors we may wel
bileue your wordes/and soo some of them were wel pleasyd/
and somme were not so

Capitulum vj

The daye came on faste vntyl the euen that the batailke
sholde be/Thenne the quene sente for sir Bors and as
kedy hym how he was disposed/ Truly madame sayd
he I am disposedy in lyke wyse as I promysedy yow/ that is
for to saye I shal not fayle yow/ onles by aduenture there
come a better knyghte than I am to doo batail for yow/then
ne madame am I dischargedy of my promyse/ Wylle ye sa
yd the quene that I take my lord Arthur thus/doth as it shal
please yow madame/ Thenne the quene went vnto the kynge
and tolde hym the answer of sir Bors/ haue ye no doubte said
the kynge of sir Bors/ for I take hym now one of the beste
knyghtes of the worldy and the moste profytablyest man/ And
thus it past on vntyl the morne/and the kynge and the quene
and all maner of knyghtes that were there at that tyme dre
we them vnto the medowe by syde wynchester where the batayle

ſholde be/ And ſoo whan the kynge was come with the Quene/ and many knyghtes of the rounde table / than the quene was putte there in the Conestables Ward and a grete fyre made aboute an yron ſtake/ that and ſyr Mador de la porte hadde the letter/ ſhe ſholde be brente/ ſuche cuſtomme was vſed in tho dayes/ that neyther for fauour neyther for loue nor affynyte / there ſhold be none other but ryghtuous Jugement as wel vpon a kynge as vpon a knyghte/ and as wel vpon a Quene as vpon another poure lady/ Soo in this meane whyle came in ſir Mador de la porte/ and toke his othe afore the kynge/ that the quene dyde this treaſon vntyl his coſyn ſir Patryſe/ & vnto his othe/ he wolde preue it with his body hand for hand who that wolde ſaye the contrary/ Ryght ſo cam in ſire Bors de ganys and ſayde that as for quene Gueneuer ſhe is in the ryght and that wille I make goode with my handes/ that ſhe is not culpable of this treaſon that is putte vpon her/ Then ſayne make the redy ſaid ſir Mador/ and we ſhalle preue whether thold be in the ryght or I/ Sir Mador ſaid ſir Bors wete thou wel I knowe yolde for a goode knyghte/ Not for thenne I ſhal not fere yow ſoo gretely/ but I truſte to gode I ſhalle be able to withſtande your malyce/ But thus moche haue I promyſed my lorde Arthur and my lady the quene that I ſhalle do batailke for her in this caas to the vttermeſt/ onles that there come a better knyghte than I am/ and diſcharge me/ Is that alle ſaid ſire Mador/ outher come thou of/ and doo batail with me/ or els say nay/ Take your hors ſaid ſire Bors / and as I ſuppoſe ye ſhalle not tary longe/ but ye ſhalle be anſwerd / thenne eyther departed to their tentys and made hem redy to horſback as they thoughte beſt/ And anone ſir Mador cam in to the felde with his ſhelde on his ſholder & his ſpere in his hand And ſoo rode aboute the place cryenge vnto Arthur byd your champyon come forthe and he dare/ Thenne was ſir Bors aſhamed and took his hors/ and came to the lyſtes ende/ ¶ And thenne was he ware where cam from a wood there faſte by a knyght all armed vpon a whyte hors with a ſtraunge ſhelde of ſtraunge armes/ and he came rydynge alle that he myghte renne/ and ſoo he came to ſir Bors and ſayd thus Fair knyght I pray yolde be not diſpleaſed/ for here muſt a better knyght

than ye are haue thys batayille/therfor I praye yolv withdra=
we yolv/For wete ye wel I haue had this day a ryght grete
journeye/and this batayille ought to be myn / and soo I pro=
myseth yolv Whan I spak with yolv last / and with alle my
herte I thanke yolv of your goody wille/ Thenne sire Bors wo
de vnto kynge Arthur and tolde hym how there was a knyght
come that wolde haue the batayille for to fyghte for the Quene
What knyght is he saide the kynge / I wote not sayde syre
Bors/but suche couenaunt he made with me to be here this day
Nowe my lorde sayde syr Bors here am I discharged/

Capitulum vij

Thenne the kynge called to that knyghte/ and asked
hym/yf he wolde fyghte for the quene / Thenne he an=
swerde to the kynge therfor cam I hyder/and therfor sir kyng
he sayde tary me noo lenger for I may not tary / For anone
as I haue fynysshed this batayille I must departe hens/ for I
haue a doo many maters els where/ For wete yolv wel sayde
that knyght this is dishonour to yolv alle knyghtes of the ro=
unde table to see and knowe soo noble a lady and so curtoys
a quene as quene Gueneuer is thus to be vrbuked and sha=
med amongest yolv/thenne they alle merueylled What knyght
that myghte he that soo wolde the batayille vpon hym/ For there
was not one that knewe hym but yf it were syre Bors/Then=
ne sayde sir Mador de la porte vnto the kynge/no lete me
be with whome I shalle haue adoo with alle/ And thenne they
rode to the lystes ende/and there they couched their speres / &
ranne to gyder with alle their myghtes / and sire Madors spere
brake alle to pyeces / but the others spere held / and bare syr
Madors hors and alle backwardy to the erthe a grete falle/
But myghtely and sodenly he auoyded his hors / and putte
his shelde afore hym/and thenne drewe his swerde / and badde
the other knyghte alyghte/ and doo batail with hym on foote
Thenne that knyght descended from his hors lyghtly lyke a
Valyaunt man / and putte his shelde afore hym and drewe
his swerde/and soo they came egerly vnto batayille/ and eyther

gaf other many grete strokes tracynge and trauercynge / ra-
cynge and foynynge/ and hurtlyng to gyder with her swerdes
as it were wylde bores / thus were they fyghtynge nygh an
houre/ For this sir Mador was a stronge knyght/ and myght
ely prouedy many stronge batails / But at the laste thys
knyght smote sir Madore grouelynge vpon the erthe/ and the
knyght stepped nere hym to haue pulled sir Mador flatlynge
vpon the grounde/ and there with sodenly sir Mador arose / &
in his rysynge he smote that knyght thurgh the thyck of the
thyghes that the blood ranne oute ryerely/ ¶ And whan he
felte hym self soo wounded/ and salue his blood / he lete hym
aryse vpon his feet / And thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet vp
on the helme/ that he felle to the erthe flatlynge/ and therwith
he strode to hym to haue pulled of his helme of his hede/ And
thenne sir Mador prayd that knyght to saue his lyf/ and so
he yelded hym as ouercome and relesed the quene of his qua
rel / I wille not graunte the thy lyf said that knyght only
that thou freely release the quene for euer/ and that no mencyon
be made vpon sir Patrices tombe that euer Quene Gueneuer
consented to that treason/ Alle this shalle be done said sir ma-
dor I clerely discharge my quarel for euer / Thenne the knyg-
tes parters of the lystes tolde vp sire Mador/ and ledde hym to
his tente / and the other knyghte wente streyghte to the steyer
foote where sat kyng Arthur/ and by that tyme was the que-
ne come to the kynge/ and eyther kyssed other kyndely / And
whan the kynge salue that knyghte/ he stouped doune to hym/
and thanked hym / and in lyke wyse dyd the quene/ and the
kynge prayd hym to putte of his helmet/ and to repose hym/ &
to taste a sop of wyn / and thenne he putte of his helme to dry-
nke/ and thenne euery knyght knelde hym that it was syre
Launcelot du Lake/ Anone as the quene wyst that/ she took the
quene in his hand/ and yode vnto syr launcelot and sayd sir
graunt mercy of your grete trauaille that ye haue hadde thys
day for me and for my quene/ My lord sayd sir launcelot Wete
ye wel I ought of ryghte euer to be in your quarel/ and in
my lady the queenes quarel to do batail/ for ye ar the man that
gaf me the hyghe ordre of knyghthode/ and that daye my la-
dy your quene dyd me grete worshyp/ & elles I had ben shamed

for that same day ye made me knyghte/thurgh my hastyneſſe I loſt my ſuerde/and my lady your quene fonde hit/and lapped hit in her trayne/and gafe me my ſuerde whan I hade nede therto/and elles hade I ben ſhamed emonge alle knyghtes/ & therfor my lorde Arthur I promyſed her at that day euer to be her knyghte in ryghte outher in wronge/ Graunt mercy ſayde the kyng for this iourneye/& wete ye wel ſaid the kyng I ſhal acquyte youre goodnes/and euer the quene beheld ſir launcelot/and wepte ſo tendyrly that ſhe ſanke alle moſt to the grou̅d for ſorowe that he hade done to her ſoo grete goodenes where ſhe ſhewed hym grete vnkyndenes/ ¶ Thenne the knyghtes of his bodye dreſſe vnto hym/and there eyther of them made grete ioye of other/ And ſo came alle the knyghtes of the table round that were there at that tyme/and welcomed hym/ And thenne ſir Mador was hade to leche crafte/ and ſire launcelot was holde of his wou̅d/ And thenne there was made grete ioye & myrthes in that courte

¶ Capitulum octauum/

ANd ſoo it befelle that the damoyſel of the lake/her name was Nymue/ the whiche wedded the goode knyzt ſir ewayne/and ſoo ſhe cam to the Courte/for euer ſhe dyde grete goodnes vnto kynge Arthur/and to alle his knyghtes thurgh her ſotary and enchauntmentes / And ſoo whan ſhe herde how the quene was an angred for the dethe of ſyre Patryſe/Thenne ſhe tolde it openly that ſhe was neuer gylty and there ſhe diſcloſed by whome it was done and named hym ſyr Mynel/and for what cauſe he dyde it/there it was openly diſcloſed/ and ſoo the quene was excuſed/and the knyzt Mynel fled in to his countre/Thenne was it openly knowen that ſyr Mynel enpoyſoned the appels att the feeſt to that entente to haue deſtroyed ſire Gawayne/by cauſe ſyr Gawayne and his bretheren deſtroyed ſyr Lamorak de galys / to the whiche ſyre Mynel was coſyn vnto / Thenne was ſire Patryce buryed in the chirche of weſtmeſtre in a tombe/and there vpon was wry ten/Here lyeth ſyre Patryce of Irlande ſlayne by ſyre Mynel

le sauerage/that enpoysoned appels to haue slayne syr Galda
yne/and by mysfortune sire Patryse ete one of tho appels / &
thenne sodenly he brast/Also there was wryten vpon the tom
be that Quene Gueneuer was appelyd of treason of the deth
of sire Patryse by sir Mador de la porte / and there was made
mencyon how sire launcelot foughte with hym for quene Gue
neuer/and ouercame hym in playne batayle / Alle this was
wryten vpon the tombe of syr Patryse in excusyng of the que
ne/And thenne sir Mador sewed dayly and long/to haue the
Quenes goode grace/and soo by the meanes of syre launce
lot he caused hym to stande in the quenes goode grace/and alle
was forgyuen/Thus it passed on tyl oure lady daye assup
cyon/within a vij dayes of that feest the kynge lete crye a gre
te Justes and a turnement that sholde be at that daye att Ca
melot that is wynchester/and the kynge lete crye that he and
the kynge of Scotres wolde juste ageynst alle that wold co
me ageynst hym/And when this crye was made / thyder cam
many knyghtes/Soo there came thyder the kyng of Northga
lys and kyng Anguysshe of Irlande/and the kyng with the
honderd knyghtes/and Galahaut the haute prynce/ and the
kynge of Northumberlande/ and many other noble dukes &
Erles of dyuerse countreyes/Soo kynge Arthur made hym re
dy to departe to thise Justys/ and wolde haue had the Quene
with hym/but at that tyme she wolde not/she said/ for she was
seke and myghte not ryde at that tyme/That me repenteth sa
yde the kynge/for this seuen yere yf salde not suche a noble fe
laushyp to gyders excepte at wytsontyde when Galahade de
parted from the Courte/Truly sayde the quene to the kynge /
ye muste holde me excused/I maye not be there / and that me
repenteth / and many demed the quene wolde not be there by
cause of sir launcelot du lake/for sire launcelot wolde not ry
de with the kynge/for he said/that he was not hole of the wo
unde the whiche sire Mador had gyuen hym/ wherfor the kynge
was wery and passynge wrothe/and soo he departed towarde
wyncheste with his felaushyp/and soo by the way the kynge
lodged in a Toldne called Astolat/that is nold in Englysshe
called Gylforde/and there the kynge lay in the Castel/ Soo
when the kynge was departed/the quene called sir launcelot

to her/ and said thus/ Sire launcelot ye are gretely to blame thus to holde yolde behynde my lerde/ what trowe ye what that youre enemyes and myne saye and deme/ nought els but see holde sire launcelot holdeth hym euer behynde the kyng/ and soo doth the quene/ for that they wolde haue their pleasyr to gyders/ And thus whyle they saye sayde the Quene to syr launcelot haue ye noo doubte therof

Capitulum ix

MAdame said syr Launcelot I alolde your wyll/ it is of late come syn ye were wyse/ And therfor madame at this tyme I wille be rulyd by your counsylle/ and thys nyght I wylle take my rest/ and to morowe by tyme I wyll take my waye towarde wynchestre/

But were yolde wel sayd sir Launcelot to the quene/ that at that Justes I wille be ageynst the kynge and ageynste al his felaushyp/ ye maye there doo as ye lyst sayd the Quene/ but by my counsylle ye shalle not be ageynst youre kyng and youre felaushyp/ For therin ben ful many harde knyghtes of youre blood as ye wote wel ynough/ hit nedeth not to reherce them/ Madame said syr Launcelot I praye yolde that ye be not displeasyd with me/ for I wille take the aduenture that godd wylle sende me/ And soo vpon the morne erly syr launcelot herde masse and brake his fast/ and soo tolke his leue of the quene and departed/ And thenne he rode soo moche vntyl he came to Astolat that is Gylforde/ and there hit happed hym in the euentyde he cam to an olde Barons place that hyght sir Bernarde of Astolat/ And as syr launcelot entryd in to his lodgynge/ kynge Arthur aspyed hym as he dyd walke in a gardyn besyde the Castel holde he took his lodgynge/ & knewe hym ful wel/ It is wel sayd kynge Arthur vnto the knyghtes that were with hym in that gardyn besyde the castel/ I haue nolde aspyed one knyghte that wylle playe his playe at the Justes/ to the whiche we be gone towarde/ I vnderstande he wil do merueils/ Who is that we pray you telle vs

sayd many knyghtes that were there at that tyme/ ye shal not
wete for me said the kynge as at this tyme/ And soo the kyng
smyled/ and went to his lodgynge/ Soo whan sire launcelot
was in his lodgynge / and vnarmed hym in his chamber the
olde lawy and streyte came to hym makynge his reuerence
and welcomed hym in the beste maner/ but the oldy knyght
knewe not sire Launcelot/ Fair sir said sir launcelot to his hoste
I wold praye yow to lene me a shelde that were not openly
knowen/ for myn is wel knowen/ Sir said his hoost ye shalle
haue your despyte/ for me semeth ye be one of the lykelyest knyg-
htes of the worldy/ and therfor I shall shewe you frendship
Sire wete yow wel I haue two sones that were but late ma
de knyghtes/ and the eldest hyghte sir Tirre/ and he was hurt
that same day he was made knyghte that he may not ryde/ and
his shelde ye shalle haue/ For that is not knowen I dare saye
but here/ and in no place els/ and my yongest sone hyght La
uayne/ and yf hit please yow / he shalle ryde with yow vnto
that Justes/ and he is of his age stronge and wyght/ for mo-
che my herte gyueth vnto yow that ye shold be a/ noble knyzte
therfor I praye yow telle me your name/ said sir Bernard
As for that sayd sire launcelot ye muste holde me excused as
at this tyme/ And yf god gyue me grace to spede wel att the
Justes/ I shalle come ageyne and telle yow/ but I praye yow
said sir launcelot in ony wyse lete me haue youre sone sire la-
uayne with me/ and that I maye haue your broders shelde/
Alle this shalle be done said sir Bernard/ ¶ This old lawy
had a doughter that tyme that was called that tyme the faire
mayden of Astolat/ And euer she beheld sir launcelot wonder-
fully/ And as the book sayth she caste suche a loue vnto sir la-
uncelot that she coude neuer withdrawe her loue/ wherfore she
dyed/ and her name was Elayne le blank / Soo thus as she
cam to and fro/ she was soo hote in her loue that she besought
syr launcelot to were vpon hym at the Justes a token of hers
¶ Faire damoysel said sir launcelot / and yf I graunte yow
that ye may saye I doo more for youre loue than euer I dyd
for lady or damoysel / ¶ Thenne he remembryd hym that he
wold goo to the Justes desguysed/ And by cause he had neuer
fore that tyme borne noo manere of token of noo damoysel

¶ Thenne he bethoughte hym that he wolde here one of her that none of his blood there by myghte knowe hym / and then he saide Faire mayden I wylle graunte yow to were a token of yours vpon myn helmet/and therfor what it is/shewe it me Sir sir saide it is a redy sleue of myn of scarlet wel enbrou; dred with grete perlys/and soo she brought it hym/Soo syre Launcelot receyued it/and sayde neuer dyde I erst soo mocke/ for no damoysel/And then sir launcelot bitoke the fair may den his shelde in kepyng/and praid her to kepe that vntyl that he came ageyne / and soo that nyghte he had mery rest & grete chere / For euer the damoysel Elayne was aboute sire Laun; celot alle the whyle she myghte be suffred

Capitulum x

SOo vpon a daye on the morne kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes departed / for their kynge had tarryed thre dayes to abyde his noble knyghtes/And soo whanne the kynge was ryden/sir launcelot and sire Lauayne made hem redy to ryde/and eyther of hem had whyte shyldes/and the red sleue sir Launcelot lete cary with hym/and soo they tooke the; ir leue at syr Bernard the old lorde / and att his doughter the faire mayden of Astolat/And thenne they rode soo long til that they came to Camelot that tyme called wyncheſtre / and there was grete prees of kynges/ dukes/Erles/ and barons/ and many noble knyghtes/But there sir launcelot was lod ged pryuely by the meanes of sir lauayne With a ryche bur; geis that no man in that towne was ware what they were/& soo they reposed them there til oure lady day assumpcyon as the grete feest sholde be / Soo thenne trumpets blewe vnto the felde/and kynge Arthur was sette on hyghe vpon a stafhold to beholde who dyde best / But as the Frenshe book saith/ the kynge wold not suffer syre Galhayn to goo from hym/for ne; uer had sir Galhayn the better and sire launcelot were in the felde/& many tymes was sir Galhayn rebuked whan launcelot cam in to ony Justes desguysed/Thenne som of the kynges as kynge Angwysshe of Irlande and the kynge of Scottes were that tyme wroth vpon the syde of kynge Arthur / ¶ And

thenne on the other party was the kynge of Northgalys/ and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes /and the kynge of Northumberlandy/and syr Galahad the haut prynce / But these thre kynges and this duke were passyng weyke to holde agey̆nst kynge Arthurs party/for with hym were the nobleste knyghtes of the worldy / Soo thenne they withdrewe hem eyther party from other / and euery man made hym redy in his beste maner to doo what he myghte/ ¶ Thenne syre Launcelot made hym redy/and putte the redy sleue vpon his hede/and fastenedy it fast/and soo syre launcelot and syre Lauayne departed out of wynchester prynely/and rode vntyl a lytel leupdy woody / behynde the party that held ageynst kyng Arthurs party/and there they helde them stylle tyl the partyes smote to gyders / & thenne cam in the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of Irland on Arthurs party/and ageynst them came the kynge of Northumberlandy/and the kynge with the honderdy knyghtes smote doun the kynge of Northumberlandy/ and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Anguysshe of Irlandy / Thenne syre Palomydes that was on Arthurs party encountredy with syre Galahady/and eyther of hem smote doune other / and eyther party halpe their lordes on horsbak ageyne/Soo there began a stronge assaile vpon bothe partyes/ And thenne came in syr Brandyles/ syre Sagramor le desyrus/sire Dodynas le saueage/sir kay le seneschal/ sir Gryfflet le fyse de dieu/sir Mordredy/sir Melyot de logrys/syr Ozanna le cure hardy/sir Safyr/sir Eppynogrys/ syr Galleron of Galway/Alle these yB knyghtes were knyghtes of the table roundy/Soo these with moo other came in to gyders / and hete on bak the kynge of Northumberlandy and the kynge of Northgalys/when sir launcelot salue this as he houedy in a lytil leuedy woode/thenne he saydy vnto syre lauayn / see yonder is a company of good knyghtes/and they holdy them to gyders as bores that were chauffedy with dogges/ that is trouthe said syre Lauayne

¶ Capitulum xj

Nold sayd syre Launcelot/and ye wille helpe me a lytel/ye shalle see yonder felaushyp that chaseth nold these men in oure syde that they shal go as fast backward as they wente forward/ Sir spare not said sire Lauayne/ for I shalle doo what I maye / Thenne sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne cam in at the thyckest of the prees / and there syre launcelot smote doune syr Brandyles/syre Sagramore/syre Dodynas/ sir Kay/syr Gryflet/and alle this he dyd with one spere/and sire Lauayne smote doune sire Lucan de butlerer/ and sir Beduere/And thenne sire Launcelot gat another spere / & there he smote doune sir Agrauayne/sire Galerys/ and sir Mordred and sir Melyot de Logrys/and sir Lauayne smote doune Ozanna le cure hardy/and thenne sir Launcelot dreue his stierd and there he smote on the ryght hande and on the lyfte hande and by grete force he vnhorsed syr Safyr/sire Eppynogrys / & sir Galleron/and thenne the knyghtes of the table wond with dreue them aback after they hade goten their horses as wel as they myghte/O mercy Jhesu said sire Galhayne what knyzte is yonder that doth soo merueyllous dedes of armes in that felde/I wote not what he is sayd kynge Arthur/But as att this tyme I wille not name hym / syre sayd sire Galhayne I wold say it were syr launcelot by his rydynge and his bufshets that I see hym dele/but euer me semeth it sholde not be he for that he bereth the wedy sleue vpon his hede/ for I wyst hym neuer bere token at no Justes of lady nor gentilwoman/ Lete hym be said kynge Arthur/he wille be better knowen/ and do more or euer he departe/ Thenne the party that was ayenst kynge Arthur were wel comforted / and thenne they helde hem to gyders that before hade sore rebuked/Thenne sir Bors sir Ector de marys and sir Lyonel called vnto them the knyztes of their blood / as sir Blamor de ganys/syre Bleoberys syr Alyduke/sir Galyhud/sire Galyhodyn/sir Bellangere le breuse/soo these nyne knyghtes of sir launcelots kynne threste in myghtely / for they were al noble knyghtes / and they of grete hate and despyte that they had vnto hym thought to rebuke that noble knyght sir launcelot & sire lauayne/ for they

knelde hem not/and̄ soo they cam hurlynge to gyders / & smote doune many knyghtes of northgalys and̄ of northumberland And̄ whanne sire launcelot salde them fare soo/ he gat a spere in his hand/and there encountred with hym al attones syr hors sir Ector and̄ sire Lyonel / and̄ alle they thre smote hym attē ones with their speres/ And̄ with fors of them self they smo; te sir launcelots hors to the erthe/ and̄ by myssortune sir hors smote syre launcelot thurgh the shelde in to the syde / and̄ the spere brake/and̄ the hede lefte stykke in his syde/ whan sir Ga; uayne salde his maister lye on the grounde/ he tanne to the kyn; ge of scottes/and̄ smote hym to the erthe/and̄ by grete force he took his hors/and brought hym to syr launcelot/and maul gre of them al he made hym to mounte vpon that hors / & thenne launcelot gat a spere in his hand̄/ and̄ there he smote syre ¶Bors hors and̄ man to the erthe / in the same wyse he serued syre Ector and̄ syre Lyonel/and syre Gauayne smote doune sir ¶Blamore de ganys/ And̄ thenne sir launcelot dreede his swerd for he felte hym self so sore y hurte that he wende there to haue lad̄ his dethe / And̄ thenne he smote sire ¶Bleoberys such a buffet on the helmet that he felle doune to the erthe in a swoun And̄ in the same wyse he serued sir Alydukt/and sir Galyhud And̄ sire Gauayne smote doune syr ¶Belkangere that was the sone of Alysaunder le orphelyn / and̄ by this was sire ¶Bors horsed̄/and thenne he came with sire Ector and̄ syr Lyonel / & alle they thre smote with swerdes vpon syre launcelots helmet/ And̄ whan he felte their buffets/ and his wounde the which was soo greuous than he thought to doo what he myght whyl; le he myght endure/ And̄ thenne he gaf syr ¶Bors such a buf; fet that he made hym bowe his hed̄ passynge lowe / and̄ there with al he vard̄ of his helme/and myght haue slayne hym/ & soo pulled̄ hym doune / and̄ in the same wyse he serued syre Ector and̄ sire Lyonel/ For as the book saith he myghte haue slayne them/but whan he salde their visages/his herte myght not serue hym therto/but lefte hem there

¶ And̄ thenne afterward̄ he hurled in to the thyckest prees of them alle and dyd̄ there the merueylouste dedes of armes th; at euer man salde or herde spekē of / And̄ euer sire Gauayne the good knyghte with hym / and̄ there sire launcelot with

his swerdꝭ smote doune and pulledꝭ doune as the Frenssh book maketh mencyon moo than thyrtty knyghtes/ & the moost parte were of the table roundꝭ / andꝭ sire Lauayne dydꝭ ful wel that day/ forꝭ he smote doune ten knyghtes of the table roundꝭ /

¶ Capitulum xij

MErcy Jhesu said syr Galhayne to Arthur I merueil what knyghte that he is with the redꝭ sleue/ Syr saide kynge Arthur he wille he knowen or he departe/ and thenne the kynge blewe vnto lodgynge/ and the pryce was gyuen by he ꝯ wolde vnto the knyghte with the whyte shelde that bare the redꝭ sleue/ Thenne came the kynge with the hondredꝭ knyghtes the kynge of Northgalys/ andꝭ the kynge of Northumberlandꝭ andꝭ sir Galahaut the hauteꝭ prynce/ andꝭ saydꝭ vnto sire launcelot/ fayre knyght godꝭ the blesse/ forꝭ moche haue ye done this day forꝭ vs/ therforꝭ we praye yow that ye wille come with vs that ye may receyue the honour andꝭ the pryce as ye haue wortꝯ shipfully deserueꝭ it/ My faire lordes saide syr launcelot wete yelp wel yf I haue deserueꝭ thanke/ I haue sore bought hit andꝭ that me repenteth/ forꝭ I am lyke neuer to escape with my lyf/ therfor faire lordes I pray yelp that ye wille suffer me to departe where me lyketh/ forꝭ I am sore hurte/ I take none force of none honour/ forꝭ I hadꝭ leuer to repose me than to be lordꝭ of alle the worldꝭ/ andꝭ there with al he gronedꝭ pytously andꝭ wode a grete wallop alway wardꝭ fro them vntyl he came vnder a woodes syde/ And when he salue that he was from the felde nyghe a myle that he was sure he myghte not be sene / Thenne he saidꝭ with an hyꝫ voys/ O gentyl knyght sir Lauayne helpe me that this trunchon were oute of my syde/ forꝭ it stycketh so sore that it nyghe sleeth me/ O myn oldne lordꝭ said sir Lauayne I wold fayn do that myght please yelp/ but I drede me sore/ & I pulle oute the trunchon that ye shalle be in perylle of dethe/ I charge you said sir launcelot as ye loue me drawe hit oute/ & there with alle he descendeꝭ from his hors / and ryght soo dydꝭ sir Lauayn/ andꝭ forth with al sir Lauayn drewe the trunche on out of his syde/ and gaf a grete shryche and a merueillous

grysely grone/and the blody braste out nygh a pynt at ones that at the last he sanke doun vpon his buttokes & so swouned pale and dedely/ Alas sayd sire Lauayne what shalle I do And thenne he turned sir launcelot in to the wynde/ but soo he laye there nygh half an houre as he had ben dede/ And so at the laste syre Launcelot caste vp his eyen/and sayd O Lauayn helpe me/that I were on my hors/for here is fast by within this two myle a gentyl hermyte that somtyme was a fulle noble knyghte and a grete lord of possessions/And for grete goodenes he hath taken hym to vtterly pouerte / and forsaken many landes/and his name is sire Baudewyn of Bretayn and he is a ful noble surgeon and a good leche / Now lete see/helpe me vp that I were there / for euer my herte gyueth me that I shalle neuer dye of my cosyn germayns handes / & thenne with grete payne sir Lauayne halpe hym vpon his hors And thenne they rode a grete walkop to gyders/and euer syr Launcelot bledde/that it ranne doune to the erthe/and so by fortune they came to that hermytage the which was vnder a wode/and a grete clyf on the other syde/and a fayre water rennynge vnder it/ And thenne sire Lauayn lete on the gate with the but of his spere/and cryed fast / Lete in for Jhesus sake/ and there came a fair chyld to them/and asked hem what they wold? Faire sone sayd syr Lauayne/ goo and pray thy lord/ the hermyte for goddes sake to lete in here a knyghte that is ful sore wounded/and this day tolde thy lord I salve hym do more dedes of armes than euer I herd say that ony man dyd Soo the chyld went in lyghtely/and thenne he brought the hermyte the which was a passynge good man/ When syr lauayne salve hym he prayd hym for goddes sake of socour/what knyght is he sayd the hermyte/is he of the holde of kyng arthur or not/ I wote not sayd sire Lauayne what is he / nor what is his name/but wel I wote I salve hym doo meruey lously this daye as of dedes of armes / On whos party was he sayd the hermyte/syre sayd syre Lauayne he was this daye ageynst kynge Arthur / and there he wanne the pryce of alle the knyghtes of the round table / I haue sene the daye sayd the hermyte / I wolde haue loued hym the werse/ by cause he was ageynst my lord kynge Arthur/for somtyme I was one

of the felauſhip of the wundy table/ but I thanke gody nowe I am otherwyſe diſpoſed/ But where is he / lete me ſee hym/ Thenne ſir Lauayne brought the heremyte to hym

Capitulum viii

And whan the heremyte behelde hym as he ſat lenynge vpon his ſadel bowe euer bledynge pytouſly/ and e-uer the knyghte heremyte thoughte that he ſholde knowe hym but he coude not bringe hym to knowleche / by cauſe he was ſoo pale for bledynge/ what knyght are ye ſayde the heremyte/ and where were ye borne/ My fayre lord ſayde ſyr Launcelot I am a ſtraunger and a knyghte auenturous that laboureth thurꝛ oute many Realmes for to wynne worſhip / Thenne the here-myte aduyſed hym better/ and ſawe by a woundy on his cheke that he was ſyr Launcelot/ Alas ſayde the heremyte myn owe-ne lord why layne you your name from me/ For ſothe I ought̃e to knowe yow of ryght/ for ye are the mooſt nobleſt kn-yghte of the worlde/ for wel I knowe yow for ſire launcelot Sire ſaide he ſythe ye knowe me/ helpe me and ye may for god des ſake/ for I wolde be oute of this payne at ones/ outher to dethe or to lyf/ Haue ye no doubte ſayde the heremyte ye ſhalle lyue and fare ryght wel / and ſoo the heremyte calledy to hym two of his ſeruauntes/ and ſo he and his ſeruauntes bare hym in to the hermytage/ and lyghtely vnarmedy hym / and leydy hym in his bedde / And thenne anone the heremyte ſtaunchedy his bloody and made hym to drynke good wyn ſo that ſir la-uncelot was wel refreſſhedy and knewe hym ſelf/ For in the-ſe dayes it was not the guyſe of heremytes as is nowe a dayes For there were none heremytes in tho dayes but that they had ben men of worſhyp and of prowdeſſe/ and tho heremytes helde grete houſholde/ and refreſſhyd peple that were in diſtreſſe / Nowe torne we vnto kynge Arthur and leue we ſir laun-celot in the hermytage / Soo whan the kynges were comen to gyders on bothe partyes/ and the grete feeſte ſhold be holden kynge Arthur aſked the kynge of Northgalys and theyr fe-lauſhyp where was that knyghte that bare the reed ſheld/ be-ynge hym afore me that he may haue his laude and honour &

the prycr as it is ryght / Thenne spake sir Galahadys the hauk
pryncr and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes/ we suppose
that knyghte is meschreuyd & that he is neuer lyke to see yow
nor none of vs alle/and that is the grettest pyte that euer we
wyste of ony knyghte/ Allas sayd Arthur how may this be /
is he soo hurte/what is his name sayd kynge Arthur/ Truly
sayd they all we knowe not his name/nor from whens he cam
nor whyder he wold / Allas sayd the kynge this is to me the
werst tydynges that came to me this seuen yere/ For I wold
not for alle the londes I welde to knowe and wete it were so
that that noble knyght were slayne/knowe ye hym sayd they
al/ ¶As for that sayd Arthur/ whether I kno
we hym or knowe hym not / ye shal not knowe for me what
may he is but almyghty iheſu sende me goody goody tydynges
of hym and soo sayd they alle/By my hede sayd sire Galhayn
yf it soo be that the goody knyghte be so sore hurte/ hit is grete
dommage and pyte to alle this land/ For he is one of the no-
blest knyghtes that euer I salwe in a felde handle a spere or
a swerd/ And yf he maye be founde I shalle fynde hym/ For
I am sure he nys not fer fro this tolwne/ here yow wel sayd
kynge Arthur/and ye may fynde hym onles that he be in su-
che a plyte that he may not welde hym self /Ihesu defende sayd
sir Galhayne/but wete I shalle what he is and I may fyn-
de hym/Ryght soo syre Galhayne took a squyer with hym vp
on hakneis and rode al about Camelot within vij or seuen my-
le/but soo he came ageyne and coude here no wordys of hym /
Thenne within tlwo dayes kynge Arthur and alle the felau-
shyp retornedys vnto londoyn ageyne / And soo as they rode by
the waye / hit happedys sir Galhayne at Astolat to lodge with
syr Bernard/there as was syr Launcelot lodgedy/and soo as
sire Galhayn was in his chamber to repose hym/syr Barnard
the olde Baron came vnto hym and his doughter Elayne to
chere hym and to aske hym what tydynges and who dyd best
at that turnement of wyncheſter/ Soo godys me help sayd syre
Galhayne there were tlwo knyghtes that bare tlwo whyte shel
des/but the one of hym bare a redy sleue vpon his hede/ and ce
taynly he was one of the best knyghtes that euer I salwe juste
in felde/ For I dare say sayd sire Galhayne that one knyght

with the redy sleue smote doune fourty knyghtes of the table rounde/ and his felawe dyd ryght wel and worshypfully/ ¶ Nowe blessid be god sayd the fayre mayden of Astolat that that knyght spedy soo wel/ for he is the man in the world that I fyrst louedy/ and truly he shalle be laste that euer I shalle loue/ / Nowe fayre mayde sayd sir Galhayne is that goody knyght your loue/ Certaynly sir sayd she/ wete ye wel he is my loue/ thenne knowe ye his name sayd sire gawayne/ Nay truly said the damoysel/ I knowe not his name nor from whens he cometh/ but to say that I loue hym I promyse you and god that I loue hym/ holde hady ye knoulecke of hym fyrst said sire Galhayne

¶ Capitulum xiiij

THenne she told hym as ye haue herd to fore/ and how her fader bewte hym her broder to doo hym seruyse/ and how her fader lente hym her broders syr Tyrreis shelde/ and here with me he lefte his owne shelde/ For what cause dyd he so said sir Galhayne/ For this cause sayd the damoysel/ for his shelde was to wel knowen amonge many noble knyghtes/ A fayr damoysel sayd sir Galhayne please hit yow lete me haue a syghte of that shelde/ syre said she it is in my chamber couerd with a cas/ and yf ye wille come with me/ ye shalle see hit/ Not soo sayd syre Barnard tyl his doughter lete sende for it Soo whan the shelde was comen/ sir Galhayne took of the cas/ And whanne he beheld that shelde he knewe anone that hit was sir launcelotes shelde/ and his owne armes/ A Ihesu mercy sayd syr Galhayne nowe is my herte more heuyer than euer it was tofore/ why sayd Elayne/ for I haue grete cause sayd sire Galhayne/ is that knyght that owneth this shelde your loue ye truly said she my loue he is/ gode wold I were his loue/ Soo gode me spede sayd sire Galhayne fair damoysel ye haue right/ for and he be your loue/ ye loue the moost honourable knyghte of the worlde and the man of moost worshyp/ So me thoughte euer said the damoysel/ for neuer or that tyme for no knyghte that euer I salwe/ louedy I neuer none erst/ ¶ Gode graunte sayd sire Galhayne that eyther of yow may reioyse

other/but that is in a grete aduenture/But truly said sir ga-
wayne vnto the damoysel/ye may say ye haue a fayre grace for
why I haue knowen that noble knyght this four and twen-
ty yere/and neuer or that day/I nor none other knyght/ I
dare make good/salue/nor herd saye that euer he bare token or
sygne of no lady/gentil woman/ ne mayden at no Justes nor
turnement/And therfor fayre mayden saide sire Gawayne ye
ar moche beholden to hym to gyue hym thankes/ But I drede
me sayd sire Gawayne that ye shalle neuer see hym in thys
worldy/and that is grete pyte/that euer was of erthely kny-
ght/Allas sayd she/hold may this be/is he slayne/ I say not
soo said sire Gawayne/but wete ye wel/he is greuously wo-
unded by alle maner of sygnes and by mens syght more ly
kelyer to be dede than to be on lyue/and wete ye wel he is the
noble knyght sire launcelot/for by this shelde I knowe hym
Allas said the fayre mayden of Astolat/ hold maye this be /
and what was his hurte/ Truly said sire Gawayne the man
in the worlde that louedy hym best/hurte hym soo/ and I dare
say sayd sir Gawayne/and that knyght that hurte hym kne
we the veray certaynte that he had hurte sire Launcelot/it wo-
lde be the moost sorowe that euer came to his herte/ Nold fair
fader said thenne Elayne I requyre yold gyue me leue to ry-
de and to seke hym/or els I wote wel I shalle go oute of my
mynde/for I shalle neuer seynte tyl that I fynde hym / and
my broder sire Lauayne/ Doo as it lyketh yold sayd her fa-
der/for me sore repenteth of the hurte of that noble knyghte
¶ Rygh te soo the mayde made her redy and before sire Ga-
wayne makynge grete dole/Thenne on the morne syr Gawa-
yne came to kynge Arthur / and tolde hym hold he had fonde
sire Launcelots shelde in the keepynge of the fayre mayden of
Astolat/Alle that knowe I afore hand sayd kynge Arthur
and that causeth me I wolde not suffer you to haue adoo atte
grete Justes/for I aspyed said kynge Arthur whan he cam in
tyl his lodgynge ful late in the euenynge in Astolat / But
merueille haue I said Arthur that euer he wold bere ony sy-
gne of ony damoysel/For or nold I neuer herd say nor kne-
we that euer he bare ony token of none erthely woman / By
my hede said sir Gawayne the fayre mayden of Astolat loueth

hym merueylloufly wel/what it meaneth I can not faye/ & fhe is ryden after to feke hym/ Soo the kynge and alle cam to london / and there fire Galvayne openly diſclofed to alle the Courte that it was fire Launcelot that Juſted beſt

Capitulum xv

And whanne fir Bors herd that wete ye wel/ he was ayn kny man/and foo were alle his kynnefmen / But whan quene Gueneuer wyſte that fyre Launcelot kut the red fleue/of the fayre mayden of Aſtolat/fhe was nyghe oute of her mynde for wrathe/ And thenne ſhe ſente for fyr Bors & ganys in alle the haſt that myghte be / Soo whanne fire Bors was come to fore the quene/thenne ſhe ſayd/ A fire Bors haue ye herd fay how falfly fir launcelot hath bytrayed me/ Allas madame ſaid fire Bors / I am aferd/ he hath bytrayed hym ſelf and vs alle/ No force ſaid the quene though he be deſtroyed/for he is a falſe traytour knyghte/ Madame ſayd fir Bors I pray yow ſaye ye not ſo / for wete yow wel/ I maye not here ſuche langage of hym/ why fire Bors ſayd ſhe/ſhold I not calle hym traytour whan he kut the red fleue vpon his hede at wyncheſtre at the grete Juſtes/Madame ſayd fyre Bors that fleue kryng repenteth me ſore/but I dar fay he dyd it to none euylle entente / but for this cauſe he kut the red fleue that none of his bloody ſholde knowe hym / For or thenne we not none of vs alle neuer knewe that euer he kut token or fygne of mayde/lady/ne gentylwoman/ Fy on hym ſaid the quene/yet for all his pryde and boſtunce there ye proued your ſelf his better/Nay madame ſaye ye neuer more ſoo for he bete me/and my felawes/ and myghte haue ſlayne vs and he hadd wold/ Fy on hym ſayd the quene / For I herd fir Galvayne ſaye bifore my lord Arthur that it were mercik to telle the grete loue that is bitwene the fayre mayden of Aſtolat and hym/Madame ſaide fyre Bors I maye not warne fyr Galvayne to ſay what it pleaſyd hym/ But I dare ſay as for my lord fyre Launcelot that he loueth no lady gentil woman nor mayde/but all he loueth in lyke moche/and therfor

madame saidꝫ sir Gorꝫ/ye may saye what ye wylle/but wete ye wel I wille haste me to sette hym/ andꝫ fynde hym where someuer he be/andꝫ godꝫ sende me goodꝫ tydynges of hym/andꝫ soo leue we them there/and speke we of sire launcelot that lay in grete perylle / Soo as fayr Elayne cam to wyndesore / she soughte there al aboute/andꝫ by fortune syr Lauayne was ryden to playe hym to enchauffe his hors/And anone as Elayne salue hym she knelue hym/ And thenne she crydeꝫ on loude vntyl hym/ Andꝫ whan he herdꝫ her/anone he came to her/ andꝫ thenne she asketꝫ her broderꝫ hold dydꝫ my lord sire launcelot / Who woldꝫ yold syster that my lordes name Was sir Launcelot thenne she woldꝫ hym hold sire Galayne by his shyldꝫ knelue hym/Soo they rode to gyders tyl that they cam to the hermytage/andꝫ anone she alyghte/So sir Lauayne broughte her in to sire launcelot / Andꝫ whanne she salue hym lye so sek & pale in his bedde/she myght not speke / but sodenly she felle to the erthe doune sodenly in a swoun/andꝫ there she lay a grete whyle/ Andꝫ whanne she was releuydꝫ/she strykedꝫ/andꝫ saide my lordꝫ sire Launcelot Alas why be ye in this plyte/and thenne she swouneꝫ ageyne / Andꝫ thenne sir Launcelot prayde syre Lauayne to take her vp/andꝫ bryngꝫ her to me/ Andꝫ whan she cam to her self sire Launcelot kyst her/andꝫ saidꝫ/ Fair mayden why fare ye thus/ye put me to payne wherfor make ye nomore suche chere/ forꝫ andꝫ ye be come to comforte me/ye be ryght wel come/andꝫ of this lytel hurte that I haue I shal be ryghte hastely hole by the grace of godꝫ/But I merueylle saydꝫ sir Launcelot/who woldꝫ yold my name/ thenne the fayre mayden woldꝫ hym alle hold sire Galayne was lodgedꝫ with her fader andꝫ there by your shyldꝫ he discouerdꝫ your name/Alas saydꝫ sir launcelot that me repenteth that my name is knowen / forꝫ I am sure it wille torne vnto angre/ And thenne sir launcelot compaste in his mynde that syre Galayne woldꝫ telle Quene Gueneuer/hold he fare the tredꝫ sleue/andꝫ forꝫ whome/ that he wyst wel woldꝫ torne vnto grete angre / Soo this maydꝫ Elayne neuer wente from sir launcelot/but watched hym day andꝫ nyght//andꝫ dydꝫ suche attendaunce to hym that the frenssh book saith/there was neuer woman dydꝫ more kyndelyer forꝫ man than she/ Thenne sir Launcelot prayde sir Lauayne to

make aſpyes in Wyncheſtre for ſire Bors yf he came there/and
wold hym by what tokens he ſholde knowe hym/by a woundy
in his forhede/for wel I am ſure ſaydy ſire launcelot / that ſyre
Bors wille ſeke me/for he is the ſame goody knyzt that hurte
me /.

¶ Capitulum xxij

NOw torne we vnto ſire Bors de ganys that cam vnto
wyncheſtre to ſeke after his coſyn ſyre Launcelot/ andy
ſoo whanne he cam to wyncheſtre/anone there were men
that ſire Lauayne had made to lye in a watche for ſuche a man
andy anone ſir Lauayne hady warnynge/andy thenne ſire La-
uayne came to wyncheſtre/andy fondy ſir Bors / andy there he
tolde hym what he was/andy with whome he was / andy what
was his name/¶ Nowe fayr knyghte ſaidy ſire Bors I requy-
re yow that ye wille bringe me to my lordy ſir launcelot/Syre
ſaydy ſir Lauayne take your hors/& within this houre ye ſhall
ſee hym/andy ſoo they departedy/andy came to the hermytage/
¶ Andy whan ſir Bors ſalde ſir launcelot lye in his bedde pa-
le andy diſcoloured/anone ſir Bors loſt his countenaunce/ and
for kyndenes andy pyte/he myghte not ſpeke/but wepte tendir
ly a grete whyle/ Andy thenne whanne he myght ſpeke/he ſai-
dy thus / O my lordy ſire launcelot gody yow bleſſe/andy ſendy
yow haſty recouer[y]/ Andy ful ſory am I of my[n] myſfortune &
of myn vnhappynes/for now I may calle my ſelf vnhappy/ &
I drede me that gody is gretely diſpleaſyd with me that he
wolde ſuffre me to haue ſuche a ſhame for to hurte yow that are
alle oure ledyr/andy alle oure worſhyp/andy therfor I calle my
ſelf vnhappy/ Alas that euer ſuche a caytyf knyghte as I am
ſholde haue power by vnhappynes to hurte the mooſt nobleſt
knyghte of the worldy/where I ſoo ſhamefully ſet vpon yow
andy ouerchargedy yow/andy where ye myghte haue ſlayne me
ye ſauedy me/andy ſo dyde not I/ For I andy your blood did
to yow our vylenaunce / I merueyle ſaydy ſire Bors that my
herte or my bloody wolde ſerue me/wherfor my lord ſir launce-
lot I aſke your mercy/ Fair coſyn ſaidy ſire Launcelot ye be
ryght welcome/& where ye wel/ouer moche ye ſay for to pleaſe

me/ the whiche pleaseth me not/ for why I haue the same y so=
ught/ for I wolde with pryde haue ouercome yow alle/ and
there in my payne I was nere slayne/ and that was in myn
owne defaute/ for I myghte haue gyue yow warnyng of my
comynge there/ And thenne had I had noo hurte/ for it is an
olde sayde salwe/ there is harde bataille there as kynne & frendes
doo bataille eyther ageynste other/ there maye be no mercy but
mortal warre/ Therfor fayr cosyn saide sir launcelot/ lete thys
speche ouerpasse and alle shalle be welcome that gode sendeth
and lete vs lete of this matter/ and lete vs speke of somme
recreacyonge/ for this that is done maye not be vndone/ and
lete vs fynde a remedy how soone that I may be hole/ Thenne sire
Bors kenedy vpon his beddes syde/ and tolde sire Launcelot
how the quene was passynge wrothe with hym/ by cause he wa
re the wedy sleue at the grete Justes/ and there sir Bors tolde
hym alle how sir Gawayne discouered hit by youre shelde that
ye lefte with the fayre mayden of Astolat/ Thenne is the que=
ne wrothe saide sir launcelot/ and therfor am I ryght hey/
for I deserued no wrath/ for alle that I dyde was by cause I
wolde not be knowen/ Ryght so excused I yow said sir Bors
but alle was in vayne/ for she sayde more largelyer to me thā
I to yow nowe/ But is this she said sire Bors that is so besy
about yow/ that men calle the fayre mayden of Astolat/ She
it is said sire launcelot that by no meanes I can not putte her
from me/ why sholde ye putte her from you said sire Bors/ she
is a passynge fayre damoysel and a wel bisene and wel ta=
ughte/ and god wolde fayre cosyn saide syre Bors that ye cō=
de lone her/ but as to that I may not/ nor I dare not coun=
cyple yow/ But I see wel sayd sir Bors by her dylygence a=
bout you that she loueth you entierly/ that me repenteth saide
sir Launcelot/ syr sayde syr Bors/ she is not the fyrst that hath
loste her payn vpon yow/ and that is the more pyte/ and
soo they talked of many moo thynges/ And soo within thre dayes
or four sire launcelot was hygge and stronge ageyne

Thenne ſire Bors bold ſire launcelot how there was ſworne a grete turnement and Juſtes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys that ſholde be vpon al halowmaſſe day beſyde Wyncheſtre/is that trouthe ſaid ſir launcelot / thenne ſhalle ye abyde with me ſtyl a lytyll whyle vntyl that I be hole/for I fele my ſelf ryght bygge & ſtrongr/ Bleſſid be god ſaid ſyr Bors/thenne were they there nygh a moneth to gyders/and euer this mayden Elayn dyd euer her dylygente labour nyght and daye vnto ſyr launcelot/that ther was neuer child nor wyf more meker to her fader and huſbandr than was that fayre mayden of Aſtolat/ wherfore ſir Bors was gretly pleaſyd with her / Soo vpon a day by the aſſente of ſyr launcelot/ſyre Bors and ſyre Lauayne they made the hermyte to ſeke in woodes for dyuerſe herbes/and ſoo ſir launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadre herbes for hym to make hym a layne/In the meane whyle ſyr launcelot made hym to arme hym at alle pyeces/and there he thought to aſſaye his armour and his ſpere for his hurte or not And ſoo whan he was vpon his hors/he ſtertyd hym fyerſly/ and the hors was paſſynge luſty and freſſhe by cauſe he was not labourd a moneth afore/And thenne ſyr Launcelot couchyd that ſpere in the reeſt/that courſer kepte mygthely whan he felte the ſpores/and he that was vpon hym the whiche was the nobleſt hors of the world ſtrayned hym mygthely and ſtably/and kepte ſtylle the ſpere in the reeſt/ and ther with ſyre Launcelot ſtraynedr hym ſelf ſoo ſtrayghtly with ſoo grete force to gete the hors forward that the buttom of his woundr braſt bothe within and without/and there with alle the blood ran out ſo fyerſly that he felte hym ſelf ſoo feble that he myghte not ſytte vpon his hors/And thenne ſyr Launcelot cryed vnto ſyr Bors/A ſyr Bors and ſyr Lauayne helpe for I am come to myn ende/And there with he felle doun on the one ſyde to the erthe lyke a dede corps/And thenne ſyr Bors and ſyr Lauayne came to hym with ſorowde makyng out of meſure/ And ſoo by fortune the mayden Elayn herd their mornyng/& thenne ſhe came thyder/& whan ſhe fond ſyr Launcelot there armed in that place/ſhe cryed & wepte as ſhe had ben woode/ &

thenne ſhe kyſſe hym/ & dyde what ſhe myghte to awake hym/ And thenne ſhe rebuked her broder and ſir Bors/ and called hem falſe traytours/ why they wold take hym out of his rede/ there ſhe cryed and ſayd/ ſhe wold appele them of his deth/ With this came the holy hermyte ſyr Baldelbyn of bretayne/ And when he fond ſyr launcelot in that plyte/ he ſayd but lytel/ but wete ye wel he was wrothe/ and thenne he bad hem/ lete vs haue hym in/ And ſo they alle bare hym vnto the hermytage/ and vnarmed hym/ and layd hym in his rede/ & euer more his wounde bledde pytouſly/ but he ſtenched no lymme of hym/ Thenne the knyghte hermyte put a thynge in his noſe and a lytel dele of water in his mouthe/ And thenne ſir launcelot waked of his ſwoune/ and thenne the hermyte ſtaunched his bledyng/ And when he myghte ſpeke/ he aſked ſir launcelot/ why he putte his lyf in Jeopardy/ Sir ſaid ſyre Launcelot by cauſe I wende I had ben ſtronge/ and alſo ſyr Bors told me/ that there ſhold be at alhalowmaſſe a grete Juſtes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys/ and therfor I thoughte to aſſaye hit my ſelf/ whether I myght be there or not/ A ſyr launcelot ſayd the hermyte/ your herte & your courage wille neuer be done vntyl your laſt day/ but ye ſhal doo nold by my counſylle/ lete ſire Bors departe from yow/ & lete hym doo at that turnement what he may/ and by the grace of god ſayd the knyghte hermyte ſy that the turnement be done and ye come hydder ageyne/ ſyr launcelot ſhalle be as hole as ye/ ſoo that he wil be gouerned by me/

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Thenne ſire Bors made hym redy to departe from ſyre launcelot/ and thenne ſire launcelot ſayd/ Faire coſyn ſyr Bors recommaunde me vnto alle them/ vnto whome me oughte to recommaunde me vnto/ and I pray yow/ enforce your ſelf at that Juſtes that ye maye be beſt for my loue/ & there ſhalle I abyde yow at the mercy of god tyl ye come ageyne and ſo ſir Bors departed & came to the courte of kyng arthur and told hem in what place he had left ſyr launcelot/ that me repenteth ſaid the kynge/ but ſyn he ſhalle haue his lyf we alle may thanke god/ and there ſyre Bors told the Quene in what Jeopardy ſyre Launcelot was/ whanne he wold aſſaye

his hors / and or alle that he dyd madame was for the loue of
yold/ by cause he wold haue ben at this turnement/ Fy on hym
recreaunt knyght sayd the quene/ For Wete ye Wel I am ry-
ght sory and he shalle haue his lyf/his lyf shalle he haue sayd
syr Bors/and Who that wold other wyse except you mada-
me/ Ive that ben of his blood shold helpe to shorte theire ly-
ues/ but madame sayd syr Bors ye haue ben oftymes displ-
syd with my lord syr launcelot/ but at alle tymes at the end
ye fynde hym a true knyght and soo he departed / And then-
ne euery knyght of the round table that were there at that ty-
me present made them redy to be at that Justes at alle halowd-
masse and thyder dreive many knyghtes of dyuerse countreyes
And as al halowdemasse dreive new / thyder came the kynge
of Northgalys/and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes / &
syr Galahaut the haute prynce of Surluse / and thyder came
kynge Anguysshe of Irlandy/and the kynge of Scottes/ soo
these thre kynges came on kynge Arthurs party/and soo that
daye syre Galvayne dyd grete dedes of armes/ and began fyrst
And the heroldes nombred that sir Galvayne smote doune xx
knyghtes/ Thenne syr Bors de ganys came in the same tyme
and he was nombred that he smote doune twenty knyghtes /
And therfor the pryce was gyuen betwixe them bothe/ for they
began fyrst and lengest endured/

¶ Also syr Gareth as the book sayth dyd that daye grete de-
des of armes / for he smote doune and pulled doune thyrty
knyghtes/But when he had done these dedes/he tarved not/but
soo departed/and therfor he lost his pryce/& sir Palomydes did
grete dedes of armes that day/for he smote doun twenty knyg-
hes/but he departed sodenly/ & men demed syre Gareth & he rode
to gyders to somme maner aduentures/ Soo when this turne-
ment was done/syr Bors departed / & rode tyl he came to syre
launcelot his cosyn/ & thenne he fonde hym walkynge on his
feet/ & ther eyther made grete Joye of other/ & so sire Bors tolde
syr launcelot of alle the Justes lyke as ye haue herde/ I merue-
ille said sir launcelot that syre Gareth when he had done suche
dedes of armes that he wolde not tary/ therof we merueyled al
saide syr Bors/for but yf it were yold or syr Tristram or syre
Lamorak de galys I saye neuer knyght bere doune soo many in

so lytel a whyle as dyde syr Gareth/ And anone as he was gone the wyfe not where/ Be my fayth sayd sir launcelot he is a noble knyght/and a myghty man/and well brethed/ and yf he were well assayed sayd sir Launcelot / I wold drede he were good ynough for ony knyght that lyueth the lyf/and he is a gentyl knyght/curtois/true/and cowntreous/meke and mylde/and in hym is no maner of male engyn/but playne / feythful and trewe/ Soo thenne they made hym redy to departe from the hermyte/and so vpon a morne they took their horses and Elayne le blank with them/ And whan they came to Astolat/there were they well lodged and had grete chere of syr Bernard the old baron/and of sir Tyre his sone/and so vpon the morne whan syr Launcelot sholde departe / fayre Elayne brought her fader with her and sir Lauayne and sir Tyre and thus she said

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O my lorde syr Launcelot now I see ye wyll departe now fayre knyght and curtois knyght haue mercy vpon me/and suffer me not to dye for thy loue / what wolde ye that I dyde said syr launcelot/I wold haue you to my husbond sayde Elayne/ Fair damoysel I thanke yow sayd sir Launcelot/but truly sayd he I cast me neuer to be wedded man/thenne fair knyght sayde she/wyll ye be my paramour/Jhesu defende me sayde syr launcelot/ for thenne I rewarded your fader and your broder full euyll for their grete goodenes Alas sayde she/thenne must I dye for your loue/ ye shal not so sayde syre launcelot/for were ye well fayr mayden I myght haue ben maryed & I had wolde / but I neuer applyed me to be maryed yet/but by cause fair damoysel that ye loue me as ye saye ye doo/I wille for your goode wylle and kyndenes shewe yow somme goodenes/& that is this/that where someuer ye wille reste youre herte vpon somme goode knyght that wylle wedde yow / I shalle gyue yow to gyders a thousand pounde yerely to yow & to your heyres/thus moche will I gyue yow fayre madame for your kyndenes/ & alweyes whyle I lyue to be your owne knyght Of alle this sayde the mayden I wille none / for but yf ye wille wedde me or elles be

my peramour at the leest/wete yolv wel sir launcelot my go-
od dayes are done/Fair damoysel sayd sir launcelot of these
thynges ye must pardonne me/thenne she shrycked shyrly/and
felle doune in a swoune/and thenne wymmen tare her in to her
chamber/and there she made ouer mocke sorowe/and thenne sir
launcelot wold departe/and there he asked sir Lauayn what
he wold doo/what shold I doo said syre lauayne but folowe
yold/but yf ye dryue me from yold/or commaunde me to goo
from yold/Thenne came sir Bernard to sir launcelot and sayd
to hym/I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wille dye
for your sake/I maye not doo with alle said sir launcelot/for
that me sore repenteth/For I reporte me to youre selfe that my
profer is fayre/and me repenteth said syr launcelot that she lo-
ueth me as she doth/I was neuer the causer of hit/for I re-
porte me to youre sone I erly ne late profered her bounte nor
faire byhestes/and as for me said sir launcelot I dare do alle
that a knyght shold doo that she is a clene mayden for me lo-
the for dede and for wille/And I am ryght heuy of her dis-
ese/for she is a ful fayre mayden goody and gentyl and wel
taughte/Fader said sir Lauayne I dar make goood she is a
clene mayden as for my lord sir launcelot/but she doth as I
doo/For sythen I fyrst salwe my lord sir launcelot I coude ne
uer departe from hym nor nought I wylle and I maye folo-
we hym/Thenne sir Launcelot took his leue/and soo they de-
parted/and came vnto wynchester/And when Arthur wyste
that syr launcelot was come hole and sound/the kynge made
grete ioye of hym/and soo dyd sir Galhayn and alle the knyg-
tes of the round table excepte sir Agrauayn and sire Mordred
¶Also quene Gueneuer was wode wrothe with sir launce-
lot and wold by no meanes speke with hym/but enstraun-
ged her self from hym/and sir launcelot made alle the mea-
nes that he myght for to speke with the quene/but hit wolde
not be/¶Nold speke we of the fayre mayden of Astolat that
made suche sorowe daye and nyght that she neuer slepte/ete/nor
dranke/and euer she made her complaynt vnto sir Launcelot/so
when she had thus endured a ten dayes/that she febled so that
she must nedes passe out of thys worlde/thenne she shryued her
clene/and receyued her creatour/And euer she complaynedy

ſyke vpon ſire launcelot/Thenne her ghoſtly fader bad her leue ſuche thoughtes / Thenne ſhe ſayd why ſholde I leue ſuche thoughtes/am I not an erthely woman / and alle the whyle the brethe is in my body I may complayne me / for my lyfe is I doo none offence/though I loue an erthely man/and I take god to my record I loued neuer none but ſir launcelot du lake nor neuer ſhall/ and a clene mayden I am for hym and for alle other / and ſythen hit is the ſufferaunce of god/ that I ſhalle dye for the loue of ſoo noble a knyght/ I beſeche the hyghe fader of heuen to haue mercy vpon my ſoule/ and vpon myn innumerable paynes that I ſuffred/ may be alleyge/ aunce of parte of my ſynnes / For ſwete lord Ihesu ſayd the fayre mayden I take the to record/on the I was neuer gylty offenſer ageynſt thy lawes / but that I loued this noble knyght ſire launcelot out of meſure/and of my ſelf good lord I myght not withſtande the feruent loue wherfor I haue my dethe / And thenne ſhe called her fader ſire Bernard/ and her broder ſir Tyrre/and hertely ſhe praid her fader that her broder myght wryte a letter lyke as ſhe did endyte hit/and ſo her fader graunted her/ And whan the letter was wryten word by word lyke as ſhe deuyſed/Thenne ſhe prayd her fader that ſhe myght be watched vntyl ſhe were dede/and whyle my body is hote/lete this letter be putt in my right hand / and my hand ſhalle faſt with the letter vntyl that I be colde/and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the ryche clothes that I haue about me/and ſo lete my bedde and alle my ryche clothes be laide with me in a charyot vnto the next place where Temſe is/and there lete me be putte within a barget/ & but one man with me/ſuche as ye truſt to ſteere me thyder/ and that my barget be couerd with blak ſamyte ouer and ouer / Thus fader I beſeche yow lete hit be done/ſoo her fader graunted hit her feythfully/alle thynge ſhold be done lyke as ſhe had deuyſed/Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole / for when this was done/anone ſhe dyed/ And ſoo whan ſhe was dede / the corps and the bedde alle was ledde the next way vnto Temſe/and there a man and the corps & alle were put in to Temſe/and ſoo the man ſtered the barget vnto weſtemynſter/and there he wayted a grete whyle to & fro or ony aſpyed hit

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SOo by fortune kynge Arthur and the quene Guenever were ſpekynge to gyders at a wyndowe / and ſoo as they lokedy in to Temſe / they aſpyedy this blak targe / and hadde merueylle what it mente / thenne the kynge calked ſire kay / & ſhewedy hit hym / Sir ſaidy ſir kay wete you wel there is ſomewhat tydynges / Goo thyder ſaydy the kynge to ſir kay / & take with you ſire Braundykes and Agrauayne / and brynge me redy worde what is there / Thenne theſe four knyghtes departed and came to the targe and wente in / and there they fond the fayreſt corps lyenge in a ryche bedde and a poure may ſittyng in the targes ende and no wordy wolde he ſpeke / Soo theſe foure knyghtes retorned vnto the kyng agayne and told hym what they fondy / That fayr corps wylle I ſee ſaydy the kynge And ſoo thenne the kyng took the quene by the handy / & went thydder / Thenne the kynge made the targe to be holdyn faſt / & thenne the kyng & ỳ quene entred with certayn knyghtes wyth them / and there he ſalve the fayreſt woman lye in a ryche bedde couerd vnto her myddel with many ryche clothes / and alle was of clothe of goldy / and ſhe lay as thongh ſhe hadde ſmyled / Thenne the quene aſpyedy a letter in her ryght handy / and told it to the kynge / Thenne the kynge took it and ſaydy / nowe am I ſure this letter wille telle what ſhe was / and why ſhe is come hydder / Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the targe / and ſoo commaunded a certayne to wayte vpon the targe / And ſoo whan the kynge was come within his chāber / he calked many knyghtes aboute hym / & ſaide that he wolde wete openly what was wryten within that letter / thenne the kynge beake it / & made a clerke to rede hit / & this was the entente of the letter / Moſt noble knyghte ſir Launcelot / nowe hath dethe made vs two at diſtaūce for youre loue I was youre louer that men calledy the fayre maydyn of Aſtolat / therfor vnto alle ladyes I make my mone / yet praye for my ſoule & bery me atte leeſt / & offre ye my maſſe penyy / this is my laſt requeſt and a clene maydyn I dyedy I take godyy to wytnes / praye for my ſoule ſir Launcelot as thou art pierles / this was alle the

substaunce in the letter/And whan it was rede/the kyng/the quene and alle the knyghtes wepte for pyte of the doleful co playnctes/Thenne was sire Launcelot sente for/ And whan he was come/kynge Arthur made the letter to be redde to hym / And whanne sire launcelot herde hit word by word/he sayde my lord Arthur/wete ye wel I am ryghte heuy of the dethe of this fair damoysel / god knoweth I was neuer causer of her dethe by my wylkynge/& that wille I reporte me to her owen broder/here he is sir Lauayne / I wille not saye nay sayde syre Launcelot/but that she was bothe fayre and good/and mo eche I was beholden vnto her/but she lyued me out of mesure/ Ye myghte haue shewed her sayde the quene somme bounte and gentilnes that myghte haue preserued her lyf/ madame sayde sir launcelot/she wolde none other wayes be ansuerd/ but that she wolde be my wyf/outher elles my paramour / and of these two I wolde not graunte her/but I profered her for her good loue that she shewed me a thousand pounde yerly to her / and to her heyres / and to wedde ony maneres knyghte that she coude fynde best to loue in her herte/ For madame saide sir launcelot I loue not to be constrayned to loue/ For loue muste aryse of the herte/and not by no constraynte/That is trouth sayde the kynge/and many knyghtes loue is free in hym selfe/ and neuer wille be bounden/for where he is bounden/he looseth hym self/Thenne sayde the kynge vnto sire Launcelot/ hit wyl be your worshyp that ye ouer see that she be entered worshypfully / Sire sayde sire Launcelot that shalle be done as I can best deuyse/and soo many knyghtes yede thyder to beholde that fayre mayden/and soo vpon the morne she was entered ryche ly/and sir launcelot offryd her masse peny/ and alle the knyghtes of the table round that were there at that tyme offryd with syr launcelot/ And thenne the poure man wente ageyne with the barge. ¶ Thenne the quene sente for syr Launcelot/ & prayd hym of mercy/ for why that she had ben wrothe with hym causeles/this is not the fyrste tyme saide sir launcelot that ye haue ben displeasyd with me causeles / but madame euer I muste suffre gold/but what sorowe I endure I take no force / Soo this paste on alle that wynter with alle manere of huntynge and hauekyng/and Justes and torneyes were many be-

wyne many grete lordes/ and euer in al places sir Launcelot gate grete worshyp / soo that he was nobly renomed among many knyghtes of the table round

Capitulum xxj

THus it past on tyl Crystemasse/ And thenne euery day there was Justes made for a dyamond/ Who that justed best sholde haue a dyamond/ but syr launcelot wold not juste but yf it were at a grete Justes cryed/ but syr launcelot Justed there alle that Crystemasse passyngly wel/ and best was prayse/ for there were but felde that dyd soo wel / wherfore alle maner of knyghtes demed that sir launcelot sholde be made knyght of the table round at the neyte feeste of Pentecost / Soo at after Crystemasse kynge Arthur let calle vnto hym many knyghtes / and there they aduysed to gyders to make a party and a grete turnement and Justes/ and the kynge of Northgalys sayd to Arthur / he wold haue on his party kynge Anguysshe of Irlande/ and thekynge with the hynderd knyghtes/ and the kynge of Northumberlande / and sire Galahad the haute prynce/ and soo these foure kynges & this myghty duke wold party ageynst kynge Arthur and the knyghtes of the table round/ and the crye was made that the day of the Justes sholde be beside Westmynster vpon candylmas day wherof many knyghtes were glad/ and made them redy to be at that Justes in the freysshyst maner/ Thenne quene Guenuer sent for syr launcelot/ and said thus I warne yold that ye ryde ny more in no Justes nor turnementys / but that youre kynnesmen may knowe yold/ And at thise Justes that shall be ye shalle haue of me a sleue of gold/ and I pray yold for my sake enforce your self there that men may speke of yold worshyp/ but I charge yold as ye wille haue my loue that ye warne youre kynnesmen / that ye wille bere that daye the sleue of golde vpon your helmet/ Madame said sir launcelot it shalle be don / and soo eyther made grete ioye of other / And whan syr Launcelot salde his tyme/ he told sir Bors that he wold departe / & haue no more with hym but sir Lauayne vnto the good hermyte that dwelled in that foreste of Wyndsoore / his name

was sire Gualtias/ and there he thought to repose hym/ and to take ake the rest that he myght by cause he wold he fesse at that daye of Justes/ Soo sire Launcelot and sire Lauayne departed that noo creature wyst where he was become/ but the noble men of his blood/ And whanne he was come to the hermytage/ where yolo wel he had good cheer/ and soo dayly syr launcelot wold goo to a welle fast by the hermytage/ & there he wold lye doune/ and see the welle sprynge and tumbyl/ & somtyme he slepte there/ ¶ So at that tyme there was a lady aldekin in that foreste/ and she was a grete huntresse/ & dayly she vsed to hunte/ and euer she bare her bolde with her/ and no men wente neuer with her/ but allwayes wymmen/ and they were shotters/ and coude wel kylle a dere bothe at the stalke & at the reste/ and they dayly bare bolues and awolues/ hornes & wood knyues/ and many good dogges they had/ both for the strynge and for a bare/ So hit happed this lady the huntresse had abated her dogge for the bolue at a barayne hynde/ and so this barayne hynde took the flyght ouer hedges and woodes And euer this lady and parte of her wymmen rested the hynde and chekked it by the noyse of the hounes to haue mette with the hynde at somme water/ and soo hit happed the hynde came to the welle where as sire launcelot was slepyng & slom bernge/ And soo whan the hynde came to the welle/ for hete she went to soyle/ and there she lay a grete whyle/ and the dogges came after/ and embrast about/ for she had lost the bery parfyte feaute of the hynde/ Rygh so came that lady the huntres that knewe by thy dogge that she had that the hynde was at the soyle in that welle/ and there she cam stylly and fonde the hynde/ and she put a brode awolue in her bolue/ and shot atte hynde/ and ouer shotte the hynde/ and soo by myssortune the awolue smote sir launcelot in the thyck of the buttok ouer the bareys/ whanne sir launcelot felte hym self so hurte/ he hurkled vp woodely/ and salue the lady that had smyten hym/ ¶ And whan he salue she was a woman/ he sayd thus/ lady/ or damoysel what that sholo be/ in an euyll tyme bare ye a bolue/ the deuyll made yolo a shotter/

NOw mercy fair sir said the lady I am a gentilwoman that vseth here in this forest huntynge/ and god knowyth I salve yow not/ but as here was a bauyn hynde at the soyle in this welke and I wende to haue done wel/ but my hande ſwarued/ Alas said syre launcelot ye haue meſchieued me/ and soo the lady departed/ / and sir launcelot as he myght pulled oute the arowe/ and lefte that hede styll in his buttok/ and soo he wente weyfely to the hermytage euer more bledynge as he went / And whan sir Gauayne and the hermyte aſſpyed that sir launcelot was hurte/ wete yow wel they were paſſynge hevy / but sire Gauayne wyſt not how that he was hurte nor by whome/ And thenne were they wrothe out of meſure / thenne with grete payne the hermyte gat oute the arowes hede oute of syr launcelots buttok/ and mothe of his bloody he ſtedde/ and the wound was paſſynge ſore/ and vnhappyly ſmytyn/ for it was in ſuche a place that he myght not ſytte in noo sadyl/ A mercy Jheſu said sir Launcelot I may calle my ſelf the mooſt vnhappyeſt man that lyueth for euer / whan I wolde fayneſt haue worſhyp / there befalleth me euer somme vnhappy thynge/ Now soo Jheſu me helpe said sir launcelot/ and yf no man wolde but god/ / I ſhalle be in the felde vpon candelmaſſe daye at the Juſtes what someuer falle of hit soo alle that myght be goten to hele sir launcelot was had /

¶ Soo whan the day was come/ sir launcelot lete dreſſe that he was arayed/ and sir Gauayne and their horſes as thowz they had ben sarazyns/ and soo they departed and cam nygh to the felde/ The kynge of Northgalys with an honderd knyghtes with hym / and the kynge of Northumberlande broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes/ and kynge Anguyſſhe of Irland brought with hym an honderd goode knyghtes redy to Juſte/ and sir Galahalt the haute prynce broughte with hym an honderde good knyghtes/ and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes brought with hym as many/ and alle these were proued good knyghtes/ Thenne cam in kyng Arthurs party/ and there came in the kynge of Scottes with an honderde knyghtes / and kynge Uryens of Gore brought with hym an

honderd knyghtes/ And kynge Holbel of Bretayne brouzte with hym an honderd knyghtes/ and Chalaunce of Clarauns ce brought with hym an honderd knyghtes/ and kynge Arthur hym self came in to the felde with two honderd knyghtes and the moost party were knyghtes of the table round that were prouedy noble knyghtes//and there were old knyghtes sette in skaffoldes for to Juge with the quene who dyd best /

Capitulum xxii

Thenne they bleue to the felde/ and there the kyng of northgalys encountred with the kynge of scottes / & there the kynge of Scottes had a falle/ and the kyng of Irlandy smote doune kynge Oryens/ and the kyng of Northumberlandy smote doune kynge Holbel of Bretayne/ and sir Galahaut the haute prynce smote doune Chalenge of Clarauns ce/ And thenne kynge Arthur was woode wroth/ and ranne to the kynge with the honderd knyztes/ and there kyng Arthur smote hym doune/ and after with that same spere kynge Arthur smote doune thre other knyghtes/ And thenne whan his spere was broken/ kynge Arthur dyd passyngly wel/ and soo there with alle came in syr Galwayne and sir Gahery se/ sire Agrauayne and sir mordred/ and there euerycle of them smote doune a knyghte/ and sir Galwayne smote doune four knyztes and thenne there beganne a stronge medle / for thenne there came in the knyghtes of launcelots blood/ and sir Gareth and sire Aglowydes with them / and many knyghtes of the table round/ and they beganne to holde the foure kynges and the myghty duke soo hardy that they were discomfyte/ but this duke Galahad the haut prynce was a noble knyght/ and by his myghty prowesse of armes/ he holde the knyghtes of the table round stayte ynough/ Alle this doynge salwe sir launcelot/ & thenne he came in to the felde with syr Lauayne as hit had ben thonder / And thenne anone syre Bors and the knyghtes of his blood aspyed sir launcelot/ and saidy to them alle I warne yow beware of hym with the sleue of goldy vpon his hede/ for he is hym self sir launcelot du lake/ and for grete goodenes si

Bors warned syr Gareth/ I am well apayed said sir Gareth that I may knowe hym/but who is he sayd they alle that ry deth with hym in the same aray/That is the good and gentyl knyght sir Lauayne said sir Bors/ Soo sire Launcelot encoū tred with sir Gawayne/and there by force syr launcelot smote doune sir Galhayne and his hors to the erthe/and soo he smo te doune sir Agrauayne and sire Gaheryes / and also he smote doune sir Mordred/ and alle this was with one spere

¶ Thenne sir Lauayne mette with sir Chalomydes/ and eyther mette other soo hard and so fyersly that bothe their horses felle to the erthe/ And thenne were they horsed ageyne/ and then ne mette sir Launcelot with sir Chalomydes/ and there sire Cha lomydes had a falle/and soo sir launcelot or euer he seynte as fast as he myghte gete speres/he smote doun thyrtty knyghtes and the moost party of them were knyghtes of the table round and euer the knyghtes of his blood withdrelde them/ & made hem ado in other places where sir launcelot came not/and then ne kyng Arthur was wrothe whan he salde sir Launcelot doo suche dedes/and thenne the kynge called vnto hym sir galhayn sir Mordred/sir Kay/sir Gryflet/sir Lucan the butteler / syre Chedeuer/sir Chalomydes/Sir Safyr his broder/and so the kyn nge with these nyne knyghtes made hem redy to sette vpon sir Launcelot/and vpon syr Lauayne/ Alle this aspyed sir Bors and sir Gareth/ Now I drede me sore said sir Bors that my lord syr launcelot wylle be hard matched / By my hede sayd syr Gareth I wylle ryde vnto my lord sir launcelot for to helpe hym/falle of hym what falle may / for he is the same man that made me knyghte/ye shalle not soo said sir Bors by my counaylle/onles that ye were disguysed / ye shalle see me dys guysed said syr Gareth / and there with al he aspyed a wa lysshe knyghte where he was to repose hym / and he was sore hurte afore hurte by syr Galhayne / and to hym syre Gareth rode/and prayd hym of his knyghthode to lene hym his shelde for hie/I wille well said the walysshe knyghte/ And whanne sir Gareth had his shelde/ the book saith/ it was gurne with a mayden that semed in hit/Thenne syr Gareth came dryuynge to sir Launcelot al that he myghte/and said knyghte kepe thy self/for yonder cometh kyng Arthur with nyne noble knyghtes

with hym to putte you to a rebuke/ and so I am come to kepe
you felaushyp for oldē loue ye haue sir Wedē me/ Gramercy sai
dē sir launcelot/ syr sayde sir Gareth/ encountre ye with sir Ga
wayne/ and I shalle encountre with syre Palomydes/ and le
the sir Lauayne maketh with the noble kynge Arthur/ ¶ And
whan we haue delyuerd hem/ lete vs thre holde vs sadly to gy
ders/ Thenne came kynge Arthur with his nyne knyghtes with
hym/ and sir launcelot encountred with sir Galhayne/ & gaf
hym suche a buffet/ that the arson of his sadel brast / and syre
Galhayne felle to the erthe/ Thenne sir Gareth encountred with
the goode knyghte sir Palomydes/ and he gaf hym suche a buf
fet that bothe his hors and he dasshed to the erthe/ Thenne en
countred kynge Arthr with sire Lauayne/ and there eyther of
hem smote other to the erthe hors and alle that they lay a gre
te whyle/ Thenne sir launcelot smote doune syr Agrauayne &
syr Galeryse/ and syr Mordred/ and syr Gareth smote doune
syr Kay/ and syr Safyr and syr Gryflet/ And thenne syr La
uayne was horsed ageyne/ and he smote doune syre Luan the
butelar and syr Bedeuer/ and thenne there beganne grete ty
range of goode knyghtes/ Thenne syre Launcelot hurtlyd here
and there/ and raced and pulled of helmes/ soo that at that
tyme there myght none sytte hym a buffet with spere nor with
swerde/ and syr Gareth dyde suche dedes of armes that alle men
merueyled what knyghte he was with the grene shelde / For
he smote doune that daye and pulled doune moo than thyrtty
knyghtes/ And as the frenshe booke sayth syr Launcelot mer
ueyled whan he beheld syr Gareth doo suche dedes what kny
ghte he myghte be/ and syr Lauayne pulled doune and smo
te doune twenty knyghtes / ¶ Also syr launcelot knewe not
syr Gareth/ for and syr Tristram de lyones/ outher syr lamo
rak de galys had ben alyue/ syr launcelot wolde haue demed
he had ben one of them tweyne/ Soo euer as syr launcelot/
syr Gareth/ syr lauayn faughte/ and on the one syde syr hors
syr Ector de marys/ syr lyonel/ syr lamorak de galys/ syr ble
oberys/ syr Galyhud/ syr Galyhodyn/ syr Helleas/ and with
moo other of kynge Bans blood fought vpon another party
and held the kynge with the hondred knyghtes and the kyng
of Northumberland ryght strayte/

¶ Capitulum xxiiij

SO this turnement & this Justes durdy longe/tyll hit was neve nyghte/for the knyghtes of the rounde table preuedy euer vnto kynge Arthur / for the kynge was wrothe oute of mesure/that he and his knyghtes myght not preuaile that day/Thenne sire Galhayne saidy to the kynge I merueille where alle this day syr Boors de ganys and his felaushyp of syre launcelots bloody/I merueylle all this day they be not a boute yolde/hit is for somme cause sayd syr Galhayne/By my hede saidy sire Kay syr Boors is yonder all this day, vpon the ryghte handy of this felde/and ther he and his blood done more worshypfully than we doo/it may well be saydy syr Galhayne/but I drede me euer of gyle/for on payne of my lyf said sir Galhayne this knyghte with the red sleue of gold is hym self sir launcelot/I see well by his rydynge/and by his grete strokes/and the other knyghte in the same colours is the good yonge knyght sir lauayne/ Also that knyghte with the grene shelde is my broder syr Gareth/and yet he hath desguysed hym self/for no may shalle neuer make hym be ageynst sir launcelot by cause he made hym knyghte / By my hede saidy Arthur neuelde I byleue yolde/therfore telle me nolde what is youre best counceylle/Sir saidy sir Galhayne ye shalle haue my counceylle/lete blolde vnto lodgynge/for and he be syr Launcelot du lake and my broder syr Gareth with hym with the helpe of that goody yong knyghte syr Lauayne/truste me truly it wylle be no bote to stryue with them/but yf we sholdy falle ony or yll vpon one knyghte/and that were no worshyp but shame / ye saye trouthe saydy the kyngy/and for to saye sothe saidy the kynge it were shame to vs/soo many as we be to sette vpon them ony more / for wete ye well saydy kyngy Arthur/they ben thre goody knyghtes / and namely that knyght With the sleue of gold/So thenne they bleldy vnto lodgyngy/but forth with alle kyng Arthur lete sende vnto the four kynges/and to the myghty duke/and praidy hem that the knyghte with the sleue of goldy departe not fro them/but that the kyng may speke with hym/Thenne fourthe with alle kyngy Arthur alyghte & vnarmedy hym/& took a litill hakeney/& rode after sir Launcelot/

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for euer he had a spye vpon hym/and so he fonde hym amonge the four kynges/and the duke/and there the kyng prayd hem alle vnto souper/and they sayd they wold with goode wylle/ And whan they were vnarmed/ thenne kyng Arthur kneled fire launcelot/sir Lauayne and sir Gareth/ A syre Launcelot sayd kynge Arthur / this daye ye haue holden me/ & my knyghtes/soo they yede vnto Arthurs lodgynge al to gyder/and there was a grete feest and grete ruel/and the prys was gyuen vnto syr launcelot/and by herolders they named hym/ that he had smyten doune fyfty knyghtes/and sire Gareth fyue and thyrty/and sir Lauayne four and twenty knyghtes/Thenne sir Launcelot told the kynge and the Quene how the lady huntresse holp hym in the foreste of wyndesore in the buttok with a brood arowe / & how the wounde therof was that tyme syxe Inches depe/and in lyke longe/ ¶ Also Arthur blamed syr Gareth by cause he lefte his felaushyp/ & held with sir launcelot/My lorde sayd sir Gareth/he made me a knyghte/ And whanne I salde hym soo hardy & stadde / me thought it was my worshyp to helpe hym/for I salde hym do soo mocke/and soo many noble knyghtes ageynst hym / and whan I vnderstood that he was sir launcelot du lake/I shamed to see soo many knyghtes ageynst hym alone/ Truly sayd kynge Arthur vnto syre Gareth ye saye wel and worshypfully haue ye done and to your self grete worshyp/ and alle the dayes of my lyf sayd kynge Arthur vnto sir Gareth wete yold wel I shalle loue yold / and truste yold the more hete Forr euer sayd Arthur hit is a worshypful knyghtes dede to helpe an other worshypful knyghte whanne he seeth hym in a grete daunger/for euer a worshipful man will be lothe to see a worshipful shamed/ and he that is of no worship and fareth with colwardyse/neuer shalle he shelde gentilnes/ nor no maner of goodnes where he seeth a man in ony daunger / for thenne euer wylle a colward shelde no mercy/and alwayes a goode man wille doo euer to another man as he wold hem done to hym self/ Soo thenne there were grete feestes vnto kynges and dukes/and ruel/game and playe/and al maner of noblesse Was vsed/ and he that was curtois/true and feythful to his frende was that tyme chrystned

And thus it past on from candylmas vntyl after ester that the moneth of may was come/ whan euery lusty herte begynneth to blossomme/and to bringe forth fruyte/for lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and florysshen in may/in lyke wyse euery lusty herte that is in ony maner a louer springeth and florysshyth in lusty dedes/For it gyueth vnto al louers courage that lusty moneth of may in some thyng to constrayne hym to some maner of thyng more in that moneth than in ony other moneth for dyuerse causes/ For thenne alle herbes and trees renewen a mayden and Woman/and in lyke wyse louers calle ageyne to their mynde olde gentilnes and olde seruyse and many kynde dedes that were forgeten by neclygence/For lyke as wynter rasure doth allway a rase and defface grene somer/soo fareth it by vnstable loue in mayden and woman/ For in many persons there is no stabylyte/For we may see al day for a lytel blast of wynters rasure anone we shalle deface and lay a parte true loue/for lytel or nought that cost moch thynge/this is no wysedome nor stabylyte/ but it is feblenes of nature and grete disworshyp who someuer vseth this/Therfore lyke as may moneth floreth and florysshyth in many gardyns/ Soo in lyke wyse lete euery man of worshyp florysshe his herte in this worlde/fyrst vnto gode/and next vnto the ioye of them that he promysed his feythe vnto/for there was neuer worshypfull man nor worshipfull woman/ but they loued one better than another/and worshyp in armes may neuer be foyled/but fyrst reserue the honour to god/and secondly the quarel muste come of thy lady/ and suche loue I calle vertuous loue/but nold adayes men can not loue seuen nyghte but they muste haue alle their desyres that loue may not endure by reason/for where they ben soone accorded and lasty lete/ soone it keleth/Right soo fareth loue nold adayes/ sone hote soone colde/this is noo stabylyte/ but the olde loue was not so/men and wymmen coude loue to gyders seuen yeres/and no lyeours lustes were betwene them/and thenne was loue trouthe and feythfulnes/ and soo in lyke wyse was vsed loue in kynge Arthurs dayes/ ¶ Wherfor I lyken loue nold

adayes vnto somer and wynter/ for lyke as the one is hote/ & the other colde/ so fareth loue nowe a dayes/ therfore alle ye that be louers / calle vnto your remembraunce the moneth of may/ lyke as dyde quene Gueneuer/ For whome I make here a lytel mencyon that whyle she lyued/ she was a true louer/ and therfor she had a good ende

¶ Explicit liber Octodecimus/ And here foldweth liber xix /

¶ Capitulum primum

SOo it befelle in the moneth of May/ quene Guenever called vnto her knyghtes of the table rounde/ and she gaf them warnynge that erly vp on the morowe she wolde ryde on mayeng in the woodes & feldes besyde westmynster/ & I warne yow that there be none of yow but that he be wel horsed / and that ye alle be clothed in grene outher in sylke outher in clothe and I shalle brynge with me ten ladyes/ and euery knyght shalle haue a lady behynde hym/ and euery knyghte shal haue a squyer and two yomen/ and I wyll that ye alle be wel horsed/ Soo they made hem redy in the fressheste maner/ and these were the names of the knyghtes/ sir Kay the Seneschal/ sir Agrauayne/ sir Brandyles/ sir Sagramor le desyrus/ Sir Dodynas le saueage/ sir Ozanna le cure hardy/ sir Ladynas of the forest saueage/ sir Persaunt of Inde/ syre Ironsyde that was called the knyghte of the redy launde/ and sire Pelleas the louer/ and these ten knyghtes made hem redy in the fressheste maner to ryde with the quene/ And soo vpon the morne they tooke their horses with the quene / and rode on mayenge in woodes and medowes as hit pleasyde hem in grete Ioye and delytes/ for the quene had cast to haue ben ageyne with kyng Arthur at the fertheste by ten of the clok / and soo was that tyme her purpoos / Thenne there was a knyghte that hyghte Mellyagraunce/ and he was sone vnto kynge Bagdemagus/ and this knyghte had at that tyme a castel of the yefte of kyng arthur

within seuen myle of westmynstre/ And this knyght sir Mel-
yagraunce loued passynge wel Quene Gueneuer / and soo
had he done longe and many yeres/ ¶ And the book sayth he
had layne in a wayte for to stele away the quene/ but euermo-
re he forbare for by cause of sir launcelot/ for in no wyse he wo-
ld medle with the quene/ and sir Launcelot were in her com-
pany/ outher els and he were nere hand her /[and that tyme
was suche a customme / the quene wode neuer without a grete
felaushyp of men of armes about her / and they were many
good knyghtes /and the moost party were yong men that wo-
ld haue worshyp/ and they were called the quenes knyghtes
and neuer in no batail/ turnement/ nor Justes / they bare none
of hem no maner of knoulechynge of their owne armes / but
playne white sheldes/ and there by they were called the que-
nes knyghtes/ And thenne whan it happed ony of them to be
of grete worshyp by his noble dedes/ thenne at the next feest of
Pentecost/ yf there were ony slayne or ded/ as there was none
yere that there fayled/ but somme were ded/ Thenne was there
chosen in his stede that was ded the moost men of worshyp
that were called the quenes knyghtes / And thus they came
vp alle fyrste or they were renoumed men of worship/ both sir
Launcelot and alle the remenaunt of them/ But this knyght
sir Melyagraunce had aspyed the quene well and her purpos
and how sir launcelot was not with her/ and how she had no
may of armes with her but the ten noble knyghtes all arayed
in grene for mayeng/ thenne he purueyed hym a xx men of ar-
mes and an hondred archers for to destroye the quene and her
knyghtes/ for he thought that tyme was best season to take the
quene /

¶ Capitulum secundum

SOo as the quene had mayed and alle her knyghtes /
alle were bedasshed with herbys mosses and flowres
in the best maner and fresshest/ Right so came oute of a wo-
ode syr Melyagraunce with an eyght score men well harny-
sed as they sholde fyght in a batail of a reste and lady the
quene and her knyghtes abyde / for maulgre theyr hedes they

ſholdȝ abyde/Traytoure knyght ſaydȝ quene Gueneuer what
caſt thou for to doo/ wolte tholu ſhame thy ſelf / kethynke the
holu thou arte a kynges ſone/andȝ knyght of the table rōndȝ
andȝ thou to be aboute to diſhonoure the noble kynge that ma-
de the knyght/tholu ſhameſt alle knyghthode andȝ thy ſelfe/&
me I lete the wete ſhalte tholu neuer ſhame/for I hadȝ leuer
cutte myn oldne throte in tweyne rather than thou ſholdeſt diſ
honoure me/As for alle this langage ſaydȝ ſir Melyagraunce
be it as it be may /for wete yolu wel madame I haue loued
yolu many a yere/and neuer or nolu coude I gete yolu at ſuche
ay auauntage as I doo nolu/andȝ therfor I wylle take yolu
as I fynde yolu/thenne ſpake alle the ten noble knyghtes att
ones andȝ ſaydȝ/Syr Melyagraunce wete tholu wel ye ar a-
boute to Jeoparde your worſhyp to diſhonour/andȝ alſo ye caſt
to Jeoparde oure perſones/holu be it we ten vnarmedȝ/ ye haue
vs at a gret auayle/for hit ſemeth by yolu that ye haue laydȝ
watche vpon vs/but rather than ye ſholdȝ putte the quene to
a ſhame andȝ vs alle/we hadȝ as leef to departe from oure ly-
ues/for & yf we other wayes dydȝ/ we were ſhamedȝ for euer
Thenne ſaydȝ ſir Melyagraunce dreſſe yolu as wel as ye can/
and kepe the Quene/ ¶ Thenne the ten knyghtes of the table
rondȝ dreſſe their ſwerdes/andȝ the other lete renne at them/
with their ſperes/andȝ the ten knyghtes manly abode them/ &
ſmote alwey their ſperes / that no ſpere dydȝ them none harme
Thenne they laſſhedȝ to gyder with ſwerdes / andȝ anone ſyr
Kay/ſir Hagramor/ſir Agrauayn/ſir Dodynas/ſir Ladynas
andȝ ſyr Ozanna were ſmyten to the erthe with grymly woun
des/Thenne ſir Brandyles and ſir Persaunt of Jronſyde/ſyre
Helleas foughte longe/andȝ they were ſore woundedȝ/for theſe
ten knyghtes or euer they were laydȝ to the groundȝ ſlewe yl
mey of the boldeſt andȝ the beſt of them/ Soo whan the Quene
ſalue her knyghtes thus dolefully woundedȝ/ and nedes muſt
be ſlayne at the laſt/thenne for pyte andȝ ſorowde ſhe cryedȝ ſyr
Melyagraunce ſlee not my noble knyghtes/ andȝ I wille go
with the vpon this couenaunt that thou ſaue hem / andȝ ſuffer
hem not to be no more hurte with thie that they be ledde with
me where ſomeuer tholu ledeſt me/ for I wylle rather ſlee my
ſelf than I wylle goo with the / onles / that thyſe my noble

knyghtes maye be in my preſence/Madame ſaid Melyagraūce for your ſake they ſhalle be ledde with yow in to myn owne Caſtel with that ye wylle be ruled & ryde with me/ ¶ Thenne the quene prayd the four knyghtes to leue their fyghtynge/ & ſhe and they wold not departe/Madame ſayd ſir Gelleas ye wille doo as ye doo/for as for me I take no force of my lyfe nor deth/For as the Frenſſhe book ſayth ſir Gelleas gaf ſuche buffets there that none armour myghte holde hym/

¶ Capitulum Tercium

Thenne by the quenes commaundement they lefte batail and dreſſid the wounded knyghtes on horſback ſome ſyttyng ſamme ouerthwarte their horſes/that hit was pyte to beholde them/And thenne ſir Melyagraūce charged the quene & al her knyghtes that none of al her felauſhyp ſhold departe from her/for ful ſore he dradde ſir launcelot du lake leſt he ſhold haue ony knoulechynge/Alle this aſpyed the Quene/and pryuely ſhe called vnto her a child of her chamber that was ſwyftly horſed to whome ſhe sayd/Go thow whan thou ſeeſt thy tyme/and bere this ryngе vnto ſir launcelot du lake/and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle ſee me/ and reſcolue me yf euer he wille haue Joye of me/and ſpare not thy hors ſaid the quene nouther for water neyther for londe/ Soo the child aſpyed his tyme/and lyghtely he took his hors with the ſpores and departed as faſt as he myghte/ And whan ſir Melyagraūce ſalde hym ſoo flee/ he vnderſtood that hit was by the quenes commaundement for to warne ſir launcelot/Thenne they that were beſt horſed chaced hym and ſhot at hym/ But from hem alle the child went ſodenly / and thenne ſyre Melyagraūce ſayd to the quene / Madame ye are aboute to betraye me/but I ſhalle ordeyne for ſir launcelot that he ſhall not come lyghtely at yow/ And thenne he rode with her and they alle to his caſtel in alle the haſte that they myghte/ And by the waye ſire Melyagraūce layd in ay enbuſſhement the beſt archers that he myghte gete in his cōtrey to the nombre of

a thyrtty to alwaye vpon ſir Launcelot chargyng them that yf they ſawe ſuche a maner of knyghte come by the way vpon a whyte horſe that in ony wyſe they ſlee his horſe/but in no maner of wyſe haue not adoo with hym bodyly / for he is ouer hardy to be ouercomen/Soo this was don/and they were comen to his caſtel/but in no wyſe the quene wolde neuer lete none of the ten knyghtes and the ladyes oute of her ſyghte/but alwayes they were in their preſence/for the booke ſayth ſir Melyagraunce durſte make no mayſtryes for drede of ſir Launcelot in ſoo moche he demedy that he hadde warnynge / Soo whan the childe was departedy from the ſhyp of ſyr Melyagraunce within a whyle he came to weſtmynſter / And anone he fonde ſir Launcelot/And whanne he hadde tolde his meſſage/ & delyuerdy hym the quenes ryngy / Alas ſaydy ſyr Launcelot now am I ſhamedy for euer onleſs that I maye reſcowe that noble lady from dishonour/thenne erlerly he aſkedy his armour/and euer the childe tolde ſyr Launcelot how the ten knyghtes fought merueyllouſly/and how ſir Pelleas and ſire Ironſyde and ſir Brandyles and ſir Perſaunt of Inde fought ſtrongly/but namely ſir Pelleas/there myghte none withſtande hym/ & how they all fouzte tyll at the laſt they were laydy to the erthe/and thenne the quene made apoyntement for to ſaue their lyues/and goo with ſyr Melyagraunce/ Alas saydy ſyr Launcelot/that moſt noble lady that ſhe ſholdy be ſo deſtroyedy/I hady leuer ſaidy ſir launcelot than alle Fraunce that I hady ben there were wel armedy / Soo whan ſyre launcelot was armedy / and vpon his horſe / he prayedy the childy of the Quenes chamber to warne ſyr Lanayne how ſodenly he was departedy/and for what cauſe/ and praye hym as he loueth me that he wylle hyde hym after me/and that he ſtynte not vntyll he come to the caſtel where ſir Melyagraunce abydeth/or elles doth/for there saydy ſire Launcelot he ſhalle here of me / and I am a manlyuynge/and reſcowe the quene and the ten knyghtes the whiche he traitourſly hath taken/and that ſhalle I preue vpon his hede and alle them that holdy with hym /

Thenne ſir launcelot rode as faſt as he myght/and he took ſaith/he took the water at weſtmynſter bryge/& made his hors to ſwymme ouer Temſe vnto lambehyth/And thēne within a whyle he came to the ſame place there as the .iij. noble knyghtes fought with ſyre Melyagraunce And thanne ſir launcelot folowed the traik vntyl that he came to a wood/and there was a ſtrayte waye/and there the yeȝ archers bad ſir launcelot torne ageyne/ and folowe no lenger that traik/what commaundement haue ye ther to ſayd ſir launcelot to cauſe me that am a knyght of the round table to leue my ryghte way/This way ſhalte thou leue/ outher elſe thou ſhalt goo it on thy foote/for wete thou wel thy hors ſhalle be ſlayne/that is lyttel maiſtry ſayd ſyr launcelot to ſlee myn hors/but as for my ſelf whan my hors is ſlayne I gyue ryght nought for yow/not and ye were fyue hondred moo/So thenne they ſhot ſir launcelots hors/and ſmote hym with many arowes/and thenne ſyr launcelot auoyded his hors/ and went on foote/but there were ſo many dyches and hedges be twixe them and hym that he myght not medle with none of hem/ ¶ Allas for ſhame ſaid launcelot that euer one knyght ſholde bitraye another knyght/but hit is an olde ſalde/ a good man is neuer in daunger/but whan he is in the daunger of a cowarde/Thenne ſir launcelot went a whyle / and thenne he was fowle combred of his armour/his ſheld and his ſpere & alle that longed vnto hym / wete ye wel he was ful ſore annoyed/and ful wo he was for to leue ony thynge that longed vnto hym/for he drad ſore the treaſon of ſir Melyagraūce Thenne by fortune there came by hym a charyot that cam thyder for to fetche wood/ Say me carter ſaid ſyr launcelot what ſhal I gyue the to ſuffre me to lepe in to thy charyot / & that thou bryngе me vnto a caſtel within this two myle/thou ſhalt not come within my charyot ſaid the carter / for I am ſent for to fetche wood for my lord ſir Melyagraunce/with hym wold I ſpeke/thou ſhalt not go with me ſaid the carter/ thēne ſir launcelot lept to hym/& gaf hym ſuche a buffet that he felle to the erthe ſtarke dede/thenne the other carter his felaw was a ferde & wende to haue gone the ſame way/ & thenne he cryed fair lord ſaue my lyf/& I ſhal bryngе you where ye wil/thēne

I charge the sayd syr launcelot that thou dryue me and thys charyot euen vnto sir Melliagaunce gate/kepe vp in to the chary-ot sayd the carter/and ye shalle se there anone/ Soo the carter drofe on a grete walkop/and sir launcelots hors folowed the charyot with more than a yl awoldes brode and rough in hym / and more than an houre and an half dame Gueneuer was alwaytynge in a bay wyndowe with her ladyes/ & aspyed an armed knyght standynge in a charyot/See madame sayd a lady where rydeth in a charyot a goodly armed knyght/ I suppose he rydeth vnto hangyng/where sayd the quene/thenne she aspyed by his shelde that he was there hym self sir launcelot du lake/ And thenne she was ware where came his hors euer after that charyot/and euer he trade his gutters and his paunche vnder his feet / Alas sayd the quene now I see well and preue that wel is hym that hath a trusty frende/ ¶ Ha a moost noble knyght sayd queue Gueneuer I see wel thou arte hardy bestad whan thou rydest in a charyot/thenne she reproued that lady that lyked sir launcelot to ryde in a charyot to hangynge/hit was foldle mouthed sayd the quene and euylle lyked soo for to lyken the moost noble knyght of the world vnto suche a shameful dethe/O Jhesu defende hym and kepe hym sayd the quene from alle meschyeuous ende/By thys was sir Launcelot comen to the gates of that Castel/ and there he descended doune and cryed that alle the Castel range of it where arte thou fals traitour sir Melliagraunce and knyght of the table round/now come forth here thou traytour knyght thou and thy felaushyp with the/For here I am sir launcelot du lake that shal fyght with yow/and there with all he barre the gate wyde open vpon the porter / and smote hym vnder his yen with his gauntelet that his neck brast in sonder /

¶ Capitulum v

WHanne sir Melyagraũce herd that sir Launcelot was there/he ranne vnto quene Gueneuer / and felle vpon his knee/and sayd mercy madame now I put me holy in to your grace/what eyleth yow now sayd quene Guene-

uer/ For ſothe I myghte wel wete ſomme goody knyȝt wold reuenge me/ though my lordy Arthur wyſte not of this youre werke/ Madame ſaidy ſir Melyagraunce/ alle thid that is a mys on my parte ſhalle be amendedy ryghte as your ſelf wille deuyſe/ & holy I putte me in your grace/ what wold ye that I dyde ſaydy the quene/ I wold no more ſaid Melyagraunce but that ye wold take alle in your owne handes/ andy that ye wille rule my lordy ſir launcelot/ andy ſuche cheve as maye be made hym in this youre caſtel ye andy he ſhalle haue vntyl to morne/ andy thenne may ye andy alle they retorne vnto weſtminſter/ andy my body and all that I haue I ſhal putte in your rule/ ye ſaye wel ſaydy the quene/ and better is pees than euer werre/ and the leſſe noyſe/ the more is my worſhip/ thenne the quene and her ladyes wente doune vnto the knyghte ſyr launcelot/ that ſtoody wrothe oute of meſure in the Inner courte to abyde batailles/ & euer he bad thou traytour knyghte come forth Thenne the quene came to hym and ſayde ſyre Launcelot why be ye ſoo mocuedy/ Ha madame saydy ſire Launcelot why aſke ye me that queſtion/ Me semeth ſaid ſir launcelot ye ought to be more wrothe than I am/ for ye haue the hurte and the diſhonour/ For wete ye wel madame my hurte is but lytel for the lyklynge of a mares sone/ but the deſpyte greueth me moch more/ than alle my hurte/ truly saydy the quene ye ſaye trouth but certely I thanke yolde saydy the quene/ but ye muſte come in with me peaſyble/ for al thynge is put in my handy/ andy alle that is euylle ſhalle be for the beſt/ for the knyghte ful ſore repenteth hym of the myſauenture that is befallen hym/ Madame ſaide ſire Launcelot/ ſyth it is ſoo that ye ben accordedy with hym/ as for me I may not be ageyn it/ holde be it ſir Melyagraunce hath done ful ſhamefully to me & cowardly/ ¶ A madame saidy ſir Launcelot/ & I hady wyſt ye wold haue ben ſoo ſoone accordedy with hym/ I woldy not haue made ſuche haſte vnto yolde/ why ſaye ye ſoo ſayd the quene/ doo ye forthynke your ſelf of your goody dedes/ wete you wel ſaydy the Quene I accordedy neuer vnto hym for fauour nor loue that I hady vnto hym/ but for to laye doune euery ſhameful noyſe

¶ Madame saidy ſyr launcelot ye vnderſtande ful wel I was neuer willynge nor gladde of ſhameful ſklaunder nor noyſe

And there is neyther kynge/ quene ne knyght that kepeth the lyf except my lord kynge Arthur and yolde madame sholde lette me/ but I sholde make sir Melyagraunce kepe ful colde/ or euer I departede from hens/ That wote I wel said the quene/ but what wille ye more ye shalle haue alle thynge rulyd as ye lyst to haue it/ Madame saide syr launcelot/ soo ye be plea/ syde I care not/ as for my parte ye shal soone please/ ryghte so the quene took syr launcelot by the kare hande/ for he had put of his gauntelet/ and soo she wente with hym tyl her chamber and thenne she commaunded hym to be vnarmed/ and thenne syr launcelot asked where were the kny knyghtes that were wounded sore/ so she shewed them vnto sir launcelot/ and ther they made grete Joye of the comynge of hym/ and sir launcelot made grete dole of their hurtes and bewayled them gretely/ & there sir launcelot told them how colvardly and traytourly Melyagraunce sette archers to slee his hors/ and how he was fayne to putte hym self in a charyot / thus they complayned euerych to other/ and ful fayn they wolde haue ben reuengid but they praced them self by cause of the Quene / Thenne as the Frensh book sayth/ syr launcelot was called many a day after le cheualer du charyot/ and dyde many dedes and grete aduentures he had/ and soo leue we of this tale le Cheualer du Charyot and torne we to this tale/ ¶ Soo syr Launcelot had grete chere with the quene/ and thenne syr launcelot made a promys with the quene that the same nyghte sir launcelot shold come to a wyndowe outward toward a gardyn/ & that wyndowe was y barryd with yron/ and there sir launcelot promysed to mete her when alle folkes were on slepe/ So thenne came syr lauayne dryuynge to the gates cryeng where is my lord syr launcelot du lake/ thenne was he sente for/ & when sir lauayne salue sir Launcelot/ he sayde my lord I fond wel hold ye were hardy bestad/ for I haue fonde your hors that was slayne with arowes/ As for that sayde syr launcelot I praye yolde syr Lauayne speke ye of other maters/ and lete ye this passe/ & we shalle ryghte hit another tyme when we beste may

¶ Capitulum Vj

Thenne the knyghtes that were hurte were serched/ & soft salues were leyd to their woundes/ and soo hyt paste on tyl souper tyme/and ake the clerc that myght be made them/there was done vnto the quene and all her knyghtes/thenne what season was/ they went vnto their chambres but in no wyse the quene wold not suffre the wounded knyghtes to be fro her/but that they were layde within draughtes by her chamber vpon bedes and pylowes that she her self myght see to them that they wanted no thynge / Soo whan sir launcelot was in his chamber that was assygned vnto hym/he called vnto hym sire Lauayne/and told hym that nyght he must goo speke with his lady dame Gueneuer/Sir said syr Lauayne/lete me goo with yow and hit please yow/for I drede me sore of the treason of sir Mekyagraunce/Nay sayd sir launcelot I thanke yow/but I wille haue no body with me/thenne sir Launcelot took his swerd in his hand/and prively went to a place where he fand aspyed a ladder to fore hand/and that he took vnder his arme/and bare it thurgh the gardyn/ & sette it vp to the wyndowe/and there anone the quene was redy to mete hym/and thenne they made eyther to other theire complaynctes of many dyuerse thynges/ & thenne sir launcelot wyste shed that he myght haue comen in to her/Wete ye wel said the quene/I wold as fayne as ye/ that ye myght come in to me wold ye madame said syre launcelot with youre herte that I were with yow/ ye truly said the quene/ Now shalle I proue my myght said syr Launcelot for your loue/and thenne he set his handes vpon the barres of yron / and he pulled at them with suche a myght that he braste them clene oute of the stone walles/and there with all one of the barres of yron kytte the braune of his handes thurgh out to the bone/ & thenne he lepte in to the chamber to the quene/make ye no noyse sayd the quene/for my wounded knyghtes lye here fast by me/So to passe vpon this tale syr Launcelot went vnto bed with the quene/ & he took no force of his hurte hand/but took his pleasaūce and his lykynge vntyll it was in the dawnynge of the daye/ & wete ye well he slepte not but watched / and whan he sawe his tyme that he myght tary no longer/he took his leue and departed at the wyndowe/and putte hit to gyder as wel as he

nyght ageyne and̄ soo departed̄ vnto his owne chamber / &
there he tolde sir Launayne holde he was hurte/thenne sir launayn
dressid̄ his hand̄ and̄ stauncked̄ it/and̄ putte vpon it a glous
that it sholdē not be aspyed̄/and̄ soo the quene lay long in her
bedde vntyl it was nyne of the clok̄/thene sir Melkyagraunce
wente to the quenes chamber / and̄ fond̄ her ladyes there redy
clothed̄/ Jhesu mercy sayd sir Melkyagraunce what eyleth you
madame that ye slepe thus longe/and̄ ryght there with alle he
opened̄ the curteyn for to beholde her/ and̄ thenne was he ware
where she laye & alle the shete & pylowe was bebled with the
blood̄ of sir Launcelot and of his hurte hand̄/ Whan sir mel
lyagraunce aspyed̄ that blood̄ / thenne he demed̄ in her that
she was fals to the kynge/and̄ that some of the wounded̄ kn;
yghtes had̄ layne by her alle that nyght/ A madame said sir
Melkyagraunce / nowe I haue founden̄ you a fals traytresse
vnto my lord̄ Arthur/ For nowe I proue wel it was not for
nought that ye layd̄ these wounded̄ knyghtes within the lan
des of your chamber/therfore I wille calle yowe of treason̄ be;
fore my lord̄ kynge Arthur / and̄ nowe I haue proued̄ yowe
madame with a shameful dede / and̄ that they ben all fals or
somme of them I wylle make good̄/ for a wounded̄ knyghte
this nyght hath layne by yowe/ That is fals sayd̄ the Quene
and that I wyll reporte me vnto them alle/ thenne whanne the
ten knyghtes herd̄ sir Melkyagraunce wordes/ they spak all in
one voys and̄ sayd̄ to sire Melkyagraunce thou sayst falsly /
and̄ wrongfully puttest vpon vs suche a dede/ and̄ that we wil
make good̄ ony of vs these whiche thou lyst of vs whan we
are hole of oure wounded̄s/ ye shal not said̄ syr Melkyagraunce
alway with your proud̄ langage/for here ye may alle see sayd̄
sir Melkyagraunce that by the quene this nyght a wounded̄
knyghte hath layne / thenne were they al ashamed whan they
salve that blood̄/and̄ wete you wel syr Melkyagraunce was
passynge glad that he had̄ the quene at suche an auauntage /
For he demed̄ by that to hyde his treson̄ / soo with this rumoure
came in syr launcelot and̄ fond̄ them al at a grete araye/

Capitulum septimum

What arraye is this ſayd ſir Launcelot/thenne ſyr Mel
lyagraunce tolde hym what he had fonde & ſhewed hym
the quenes bed/Truly ſaid ſyr launcelot ye dyd not your part
nor knyghtly to touche a quenes bedde whyle it was drawen/&
ſhe lyenge therin/for I dar ſay my lord Arthur hym ſelf wolde
not haue diſplayed her courtepyns ſhe lyenge within her bed/on
les that it had pleaſyd hym to haue layne doune by her/and
therfor ye haue done vnworſhipfully & ſhamefully to your ſelfe
I wote not what ye mene ſayd ſyr Melyagraunce/but well
I am ſure ther hath one of her wounded knyghtes layne by her
this nyghte/& therfor I wil proue with my handes that ſhe is a
traytreſſe vnto my lord Arthur/kepe what ye do ſaid laun
celot/for & ye ſay ſo & ye will preue it/it wil be taken at your
handes/My lord ſir Launcelot ſaid ſire Melyagraunce I rede
you kepe what ye do/for thouȝ ye are neuer ſo good a knyȝ
ght as ye wote wel ye ar renomed the beſt knyght of the world
yet ſholde ye be aduyſed to do batail in a wrong quarel/for gody
wil haue a ſtroke in euery batail/As for that ſayd ſyr launce
lot gody is to be drad/but as to that I ſaye nay playnly / that
this nyghte there lay none of theſe ten wounded knyghtes with
my lady quene Gueneuer/& that wil I preue with my handes
that ye ſay vntruly in that nolde/Holde ſaid ſir Melyagraunce
here is my glowe that ſhe is traytreſſe vnto my lord kyng Ar
thur/& that this nyghte one of the wounded knyghtes lay with
her/& I receyue your glowe ſayd ſir Launcelot/& ſo they were
ſealyd with their ſygnetys/and delyuerd vnto the y knyghtes
At what day ſhal we do batail to gyders ſaid ſir launcelot/this
day viij dayes ſaid ſir Melyagraunce in the felde beſyde weſt
mynſtre/I am agreed ſaid ſir Launcelot/but nolde ſaid ſir mel
lyagraunce/ſythen it is ſo that we muſt fyghte to gyders I praye
you as ye be a noble knyght alwaye me with no treaſon / nor
none vylony the meane whyle/nor none for yolde/ſoo god me
help ſaid ſir launcelot ye ſhal ryghte wel wete I was neuer of
no ſuche condycyons / for I reporte me to al knyghtes that euer
haue knowen me I ferd neuer with no treaſon/ nor I loued ne
uer the felauſhip of no man that ferde with treſon/Thenne le
te vs go to dyner ſeid melliagrauñce & after dyner ye & ỳ quene

and ye may ryde alle to weſtmeſter/I wylle wel ſayd ſir Lan-
celot/thenne ſir Melyagraunce ſayd to ſir launcelot pleaſeth it
yold to ſee the eſtures of this caſtel/ With a good wylle ſayd
ſir Launcelot/ and thenne they wente to gyders from chamber
to chamber/for ſir Launcelot dread noo peryls/for euer a man
of worſhyp and of proweſſe/ dredeth leſt alwayes perils/For
they wene euery man be as they ben / But euer he that fareth
with treaſon putteth ofte a man in grete daunger/So it befel
vpon ſir launcelot that no peryl dredde / as he wente with ſire
Melyagraunce he trade on a trap and the bord wolyd / and
there ſir Launcelot felle doune more than ten fadom in to a ca-
ue ful of ſtralwe/and thenne ſir Melyagraunce departed and
made no force as that he nyſt where he was/And whan ſir Lan-
celot was thus myſſed/they merueylled where he was gone/
men/and thenne the quene and many of them demed that he
was departed as he was wonte to doo ſodenly/For ſyr Mel-
lyagraunce made ſodenly to putte alwaye on ſyde ſir Lauayns
hors that they myghte alle vnderſtande that ſir launcelot was
departed ſodenly/Soo it paſt on tyl after dyner / and thenne
ſir Lauayne wold not ſtynte vntyl that he ordeyned lyttyers
for the wounded knyghtes that they myghte be lad in them/
and ſo with the quene and them al lothe ladyes & gentilwy-
mmen and other wente vnto weſtmynſter/& there the knyghtes
told kyng arthur how Melyagraunce had appelyd the quene of
hyghe treaſon/and how ſir Launcelot had receyued the glo-
ue of hym/and this daye eyghte dayes they ſhalle doo batail a
fore yold/By my hede ſayd kynge Arthur I am aferd ſyre
Melyagraunce hath taken vpon hym a grete charge/but where
is ſyr Launcelot ſayd the kynge/Sir ſayd they alle we wote
not where he is/but we deme he is ryden to ſomme aduentures
as he is oftymes wonte to doo/for he hath ſyr Lauayns hors /
lete hym be ſaide the kynge / he wylle be founden but yf he be
trapped with ſomme treaſon

¶ Capitulum octauum

SOo leue we ſyr Launcelot lyenge within that caue in
grete payne/and euery day ther came a lady & brouȝt
hym his mete & his drynke / & wolued hym to kepe layne by
hym / and euer the noble knyghte ſyre Launcelot ſayd

ther nay/ſir Launcelot ſayd ſhe ye ar not wyſe/for ye maye ne-
uer oute of this pryſon/but yf ye haue my helpe and alſo yo-
ur lady quene Gueneuer ſhalle be brente in youre deffaulte on
les that ye be there at the daye of batailles/ Godd defende ſayd
ſyr Launcelot that ſhe ſholde be brente in my deffaute/ & yf hyt
be ſoo ſaid ſir Launcelot that I maye not be there hit ſhalle be
wel vnderſtande bothe at the kynge and at the quene & wyth
alle men of worſhyp that I am dede/ſeke/outher in pryſon/
For alle men that knowe me/wille saye for me that I am in
ſomme euyl caas and I be not there that day/and wel I wo-
te there is ſomme goode knyghte outher of my blood or ſome
other that louyth me that wylle take my quarel in hand/and
therfor ſaid ſir launcelot wete ye wel ye ſhalle not fere me/ &
yf there were no more wymmen in alle this land but ye/ I
wil not haue adoo with yow/ thenne arte thow ſhamed ſayd
the lady/and deſtroyed for euer/As for wordes ſhame Jhe-
ſu defende me/and as for my dyſtreſſe it is welcome what ſo
euer hit be that god ſendith me/ ſoo ſhe came to hym the ſame
day that the batail ſholde be/and ſayd ſir launcelot/ me thyn-
keth ye are to hardy herted/but woldeſt thow but kyſſe me ones
I ſholde delyuer the and thyn armour/and the beſt hors that
is within ſir Melyagraunces ſtable/ As for to kyſſe yow ſaid
ſir launcelot I maye doo that and leſe no worſhyp/ and wete
ye wel and I vnderſtoode/ there were ony diſworſhip for to
kyſſe yow/I wolde not doo hit/thenne he kyſſed her/& then-
me ſhe gat hym and brought hym to his armour/ and whan
he was armed/ſhe brought hym to a ſtable/ Where ſtoode yn̄
goode courſers/ and lady hym cheſe the beſt/Thenne ſyr launce-
lot lokyd vpon a whyte courſer the whiche lyked hym beſt/ &
anone he commaunded the kepers faſte to ſadle hym with the
beſt ſadel of theme that there was/ and ſoo it was done as he
badde/ thenne gatte he his ſpere in his hand/ and his ſwerde by
his ſyde/and commaunded the lady vnto god/and ſayd la-
dy for this good dede I ſhal doo yow ſeruyſe yf euer hit be in
my power/

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Capitulum Nonum

Nowe leue we sir Launcelot walkyng alle that he myghte And spoke we of Quene Gueneuer/that was brought to a fyre to be brent/for sire Melyagraunce was sure/hym thoughte that sir launcelot sholde not be alle that bataylle/ therfore he euer cryed vpon kynge Arthur to doo hym Justyce/outher els bryngе forth syr launcelot du lake/thenne was the kynge and al the Courte ful sore abasshed & shamed that the quene sholde be brente in the defaute of sir Launcelot My lord Arthur sayd sir Lauayne ye maye vnderstande that it is not wel with my lord syr launcelot/for and he were on lyue/soo he be not seke outher in pryson/ wete ye wel he wold ben here/for neuer herd ye that euer he failed his part for whome he shold doo batail for/ and therfor sayd sir lauayne / my lord kynge Arthur I beseche yow gyue me lycence to doo batail here this day for my lord and maister/and for to saue my lady the quene/ Gramercy gentil sir Lauayne sayd kyng arthur / for I dar say alle that sir Melyagraunce putteth vpon my lady the Quene/is wronge/for I haue spoken with al the ten wounded knyghtes/and there is not one of them and he were hole and able to doo batailke/but he wold preue vpon sir Melyagraunce body that it is fals that he putteth vpon my quene/soo shal I sayd sir lauayne in the defence of my lord syr launcelot and ye wylle gyue me leue/Now I gyue yow leue sayd kynge Arthur and doo your best/for I dar wel say there is some treason done to sir launcelot/Thenne was sir Lauayne armed and horsed / and sodenly at the lystes ende he rode to performe this batailke/and ryghte as the herowdes shold crye/lesses les aler/Ryghte soo came in sir launcelot dryuynge with alle the force of his hors/and thenne Arthur cryed ho/and abyde/thenne was sir Launcelot called on horsback tofore kynge Arthur/and there he told openly to fore the kynge and alle how sire Melyagraunce had serued hym fyrste and last/And whanne the kynge and the quene and al the lordes knewe of the treason of sir Melyagraunce/ they were alle ashamed on his behalfe/thenne was quene Gueneuer sente for/and sette by the kynge in grete truste of her champyon And thenne there was no more els to say/but syr Launcelot and sire Melyagraunce dressid them vnto batailke/and took

their ſperes/and ſoo they came to gyders as thonder/and there ſir launcelot bare hym doune quyte ouer his hors croupe/ And thenne ſire launcelot alyghte and dreſſid his ſhelde on his ſholder with his ſwerde in his hand/and ſir Melyagraunce in the ſame wyſe dreſſid hym vnto hym / and there they ſmote many grete ſtrokes to gyders / and at the laſte ſire launcelot ſmote hym ſuche a buffet vpon the helmet that he felle on the one ſyde to the erthe/and thenne he cryed vpon hym abolde/ Mooſt noble knyghte ſir launcelot du lake ſaue my lyf/for I yelde me vnto yold/and I requyre yold/as ye be a knyghte & felawe of the table round ſlee me not/for I yelde me as ouer comen/and whether I ſhalle lyue or dye I put me in the kynges handes and yours/thenne ſir launcelot wyſte not what to doo/for he had lady leuer than all the good of the world/ he myghte haue ben reuenged vpon ſyr Melyagraunce / and ſir launcelot loked vp to the Quene Guenuer/ yf he myghte aſpye by ony ſygne or countenaunce what ſhe wold haue done/And thenne the quene wagged her hede vpon ſir launcelot/as though ſhe wold ſaye ſlee hym/Ful wel knewe ſir launcelot by the waggynge of her hede that ſhe wold haue hym dede/thenne ſir launcelot bad hym ryſe for ſhame and perfor me that batailke to the vttraunce/nay ſaid ſir Melyagraunce I wylle neuer aryſe vntyll ye take me as yolden & recreaunt I ſhalle profer yold large profers ſayd ſir launcelot/that is for to ſay / I ſhall vnarme my hede & my lyfte quarter of my body alle that may be vnarmed & lete bynde my lyfte hand be hynde me/ſoo that it ſhalle not helpe me/and ryghte ſo I ſhall doo batailke with yold/thenne ſir Melyagraunce ſtarte vp vpon his legges / & ſayd on hyghe My lord Arthur take hede to this profer/for I wille take hit/and lete hym be dyſarmed & bounden accordynge to his profer/what ſaye ye ſayd kyng Arthur vnto ſyre launcelot/wille ye abyde by youre profer/ ye my lord ſayd ſyr launcelot/I wille neuer goo fro that I haue ones ſayd/Thenne the knyghtes parters of the felde diſarmed ſir launcelot firſt his hede/& ſythen his lyfte arme & his lyfte ſyde/& they bond his lyft arme behynd his bak without ſhelde or ony thyng/& thenne they were put to gyders/Wete you wel there was many a lady & knyzt meruelled that ſir launcelot

wold̄ ieopardy hym self in suche wyse/ Thenne syr Melya=
gaunce came with his swerd̄ alt on hygh/ and syre launcelot
shelded him openly his fare hede and the fare lyfte syde/ and
whan he wende to haue smyten hym vpon the fare hede/ thenne
lyghtly he auoyded the lyfte legge & the lyfte syde/ & put his
ryght hand̄ and̄ his swerd̄ to that stroke/ and̄ soo putte it on
syde with grete strēgthe/ and̄ thenne with grete force syr laun=
celot smote hym on the helmet suche a buffet that the stroke ker
ued the hede in two partyes / thenne there was no more to doo/
but he was drawen oute of the felde/ and at the grete Instaun=
ce of the knyghtes of the table round̄/ the kynge suffred̄ hym
to be entered̄ & the mencyon made vpon hym who slewe hym/
and̄ for what cause he was slayne/ and thenne the kyng and̄
the Quene made more of syr Launcelot du lake / and more he
was cherysshed̄ than euer he was afore hand̄

Capitulum x

Thenne as the Frenssh booke maketh mencyon there
was a good knyghte in the land of Hongre his name
was syr Orre and̄ he was an aduenturous knyghte and in al
places where he myghte here of ony dedes of worshyp ther wo=
ld̄ he be/ Soo it happend̄ in Spayne there was an Erles sone
his name was Alphegus/ and at a grete turnement in spayn
this syr Orre knyghte of Hongry and̄ sir Alphegus of spa=
yne encountred̄ to gyders for verray enuy/ and̄ soo eyther vn=
dertook other to the vtteraunce/ and̄ by fortune sire Orre sle=
we syr Alphegus the erles sone of Spayn / but this knyghte
that was slayne had̄ yeuen syre Orre er euer he was slayne
seuen grete wounds/ three on the hede/ and̄ four on his body/ &
vpon his lyfte hand̄/ and̄ this syr Alphegus had̄ a moder /
the which was a grete sorceresse/ and̄ she for the despyte of her
sones dethe wrought by her subtyl crafte that syr Orre shold̄
neuer be hole/ but euer his wounds shold̄ one tyme feyster &
another tyme blede/ so that he shold̄ neuer be hole vntyl the best
knyghte of the world had serched̄ his wounds/ and thus she
made her auaunt where throgh it was knowen that syr Orre

ſholde neuer be hole/Thenne his moder lete make an hors lyt-
ter/and put hym therin vnder two palfroyes/and thenne ſhe
took ſyr Orres ſyſter with hym a full fayr damoyſel/whos na
me was Felelolye/and thenne ſhe took a page with hym to be
re their horſes/and ſoo they ledde ſir Orre thurgh many coun-
treyes / For as the Frenſſhe book ſayth ſhe ledde hym ſo seuen
yere thurgh alle landes cryſtened / and neuer ſhe coude fynde
no knyghte that myghte eaſe her ſone/Soo ſhe came in to Scot
land and in to the landes of Englande / and by fortune ſhe
came nyghe the feeſte of pentecoſte vntyl Arthurs Courte that
at that tyme was holden at Carlell/And whan ſhe came there
thenne ſhe made it openly to be knowen how that ſhe was co-
me in to that land for to hele her ſone

¶ Thenne kynge Arthur lete calle that lady / and aſked her
the cauſe why ſhe broughte that hurte knyghte in to that land
My moſt noble kynge ſayde that lady/there yold thel I bro-
ughte hym hyder for to be heled of his wounded / that of alle
this seuen yere he myghte not be hole/& thenne ſhe told the ky-
nge where he was wounded and of whome/ and how his mo
der had diſcouerd in her pryde/how ſhe lady wrought that by
enchaunctement / ſoo that he ſholde neuer be hole vntyl the beſt
knyghte of the worlde had ſerched his woundes/and ſoo I ha-
ue paſſed thurgh alle the landes cryſtened to haue hym heled/
except this land/And yf I fayle to hele hym here in this la-
nd I wylle neuer take more payne vpon me/and that is pyte
for he was a good knyghte and of grete noblenes/ what is his
name ſayde Arthur/ My goode and gracyous lord ſhe ſayde/
his name is ſyr Orre of the mounte / In good tyme ſayde the
kynge/and ſythe ye are come in to this land/ye are ryght wel
come/and there yow wel here ſhal your ſone be holyd/and euer
ony cryſten may may hele hym/
And for to gyue alle other men of worſhyp courage / I my
ſelf wille aſſay to handle your ſone/and ſoo ſhalle alle the ky-
nges dukes and Erles that ben here preſente with me at this
tyme therto wylle I commaunde them/and wel I wote they
ſhalle obeye and doo after my commaundement
And there yold thel ſayd kynge Arthur vnto Orres ſyſter I
ſhalle begynne to handle hym and ſerche vnto my wolber

not presumynge vpon me that I am soo worthy to bele youre sone by my dedes/ but I wille coumage other men of worshyp to doo as I wylle doo / And thenne the kynge commaunded alle the kynges dukes and erles & alle noble knyztes of the Roundy table that were there that tyme present to come in to the medolde of Carleil/ and so at that tyme there were but an hondred and ten of the roūdy table/ for yl knyghtes were that tyme alwey/ and soo here we muste begynne at kynge Arthur as is kyndely to begynne at hym/ that was the mooste man of worshyp that was crystened at that tyme

Capitulum vj

THenne kynge Arthur lokedy vpon sire Owre. and the kynge thought he was a full lykely man whanne he was hole / and thenne kynge Arthur made hym to be take doume of the lytter and layd hym vpon the erthe / and there was layd a cussshyn so goldy that he sholdy knele vpon/ And thenne noble Arthur sayd fayr knyght me repenteth of thy hurte / and for to courage alle other noble knyghtes/ I wille praye the softly to suffre me to handle youre woundes/ Moost noble crystenedy kynge sayd Owre doo as ye lyste/ for I am at the mercy of gody and at youre commaundement/ So thenne Arthur softely handelyd hym/ and thenne somme of his woundes renelwedy vpon bledynge / Thenne the kynge Clarymaunce of Northumberlandy serchedy and it wouldy not be/ And thenne sir Baruunt le apres that was called the kyng with the hondred knyghtes he assayedy and fayledy/ and so dyd kynge Oryence of the land of Goze/ Soo dyd kynge Anguysshaunce of Irlandy/ Soo dyd kynge Nentres of Garloth/ So dyd kynge Carados of Scotlandy/ Soo dyd the duke Galahalt the hauute prynce/ Soo dyd Constantyn that was sir Camdos sone of Cornelwail/ Soo dyd duke Clarkyns of Clarasunce/ Soo dyd the Erle Olauuse/ Soo dyd the Erle Lambaile Soo dyd the erle Arystause

Thenne came in syr Galvayne with his thre sones sir Gyngalyn/ syr Florence/ & sir Louel/ these two were begoten vpon sir

dyd the erle Lambayle/Soo dyd the Erle Arystause

¶ Thenne came in syr Gawayne with his thr sones syr gangalayne/syr Florence and syr Louel these two were gotn vp on syr Brandyles syster/and al they sayled/Thenne cam in syr Agrauayne/syr Gaherys/syr Mordred/& the good kny3t sir Garith that was of veray kny3thod worth al the brethren/Soo came kny3tes of Launcelots kynne/but syr launcelot was not that tyme in the court/for he was that tyme vp on his aduentures/Thenne syr Lyonel/ syr Ector de marys/ syr Bors de ganys/syr Blamor de ganys/syr Bleoberis de ganys/syr Galahalantyne/syr Galyhodyn/syr Menadeuke/ syr Wylkyars the Valyaunt/syr Helles le renoumes/Al these were of syr launcelots kynne/and alle they sayled/ ¶ Thenne came in syr Sagramore le desyrus/ syr Dodynas le saueage syr Dynadan/syr Bruyn le noyr/that syr kay named la cote male tayle and syr Kay the Seneschal/syr Kay de straūges/syr Melyot de Logrys/syr Petypase of wynchelsee / syre Galleron of Galway/syr Melyon of the montayne/syr Cardok/syr Owayne les aduoultres/and syr ozanna le cure hardy/Thenne came in syr Astamor & syr Gromere grummors sone/syr Crosselme/Sir Seruause le breuse that was called a passynge stronge kny3ght/for as the book sayth the chyef lady of the lake feested syr launcelot and syr Seruause le breuse/ And whan she had feested hem bothe at sondry tymes she prayd hem to gyue her a bone/and they graunted it her/and thenne she prayd syr Seruause that he wold promyse her neuer to doo batail ageynst syr launcelot du lake/ & in the same wyse she prayd syr Launcelot neuer to doo batail ageynst syr Seruause/and soo eyther promysed her/ For the Frenssh book sayth/that sir Seruause had neuer courage nor luste to doo batail ageynst no man but yf it were ageynst gyaunts & ageynste dragons and wylde bestes/Soo we passe vnto them that att the kynges requeste made hem alle that were there at that hy3 feest as of the kny3tes of the table round/ for to serche sir Turre/to that entente the kynge dyd hit / to wete whiche was the nobleste kny3ght amonge them

¶ Thenne came sir Aglouale/sire Durnore/sir Tor that was bygotn vpon Arpes the coulredes wyf / but he was begotn

afore Arys wedded her / and kynge Pellenor kegatte hem all/ fyrſt ſyr Tor/ſyr Agwuale/ſyr Durnore/ſyr Lamorak the mooſt nobleſt knyghte one that euer was in Arthurs dayes/as for a worldly knyghte/ and ſyre Percyual that was pyerles except ſyre Galahadys in holy dedes/ but they dyedy in the queſt of the Sangreal/ Thenne cam ſyr Gryflet le fyſe de dieu/ Sir Luray the fortelet/ſyre Bedeuer his broder/ſyr Brandyles/ſyr Conſtantyne/ſyr Cadores ſone of Cornelwayl that was kynge after Arthurs dayes/and ſyre Clegys/ſyre Sadok/ſyr Dynas le Seneſchal of Cornelwaile / ſyre Fergus/ ſyr Dryaunt/ſyr Lambegus/ſyre Clarrus of Clermont/ ſyr Chadrus/ſyre Hertymew/ſyre Edwardy of Canarugh / ſyre Dynas /ſyre Priamus that was cryſtenedy by ſyr Triſtram the noble knyghte/ and theſe thre were bretheren ſyr Bellayne de blank that was ſone to ſyre Bors/he kegat hym vpon kynge Brandegorys doughter andy ſyre Bryan de lyſtynoyſe / Syre Gauter/ſyr Reynoldy/ſyr Gyllemer were thre bretheren that ſyre launcelot wanne vpon a bydge in ſyre Kays armes/ſir Gupart le petyte / ſyre Bellangere le beuſe that was ſone to the good knyghte ſyr Alyſander le orphelyn that was ſlayne by the treaſon of kynge Marke/ ¶ Alſo that trayture kyng ſlewe the noble knyghte ſyre Tryſtram as he ſat harpynge a fore his lady la Beale Iſoud with a trenchaunt glayue/for whos deth was moche bewaylynge of euery knyghte that euer were in Arthurs dayes/ there was neuer none ſo bewailed as was ſyre Triſtram and ſyr Lamorak/for they were traytourſly ſlayne/ſyr Tryſtram by kynge Marke/and ſyr Lamorak by ſyr Galvayne and his bretheren / And this ſyre Bellangere reuenged the deth of his fader Alyſander and ſyr Triſtram ſlewe kynge Marke and la Brake Iſoud dyed ſwounynge vpon the croſſe of ſyr Triſtram wherof was grete pyte/ And alle that were with kyng Marke that were conſentynge to the deth of ſyr Triſtram were ſlayne as ſyre Andred and many other/ Thenne came ſyr Hebes/ſyr Morganore/ſyr Sentrayle/ Syre Suppynabyles/ Sire Bellangere le orgulous that the goody knyghte ſyr Lamorak wanne in playne batail ſyr Newuene/ e ſyr Plenorius two good knyghtes that ſyr launcelot wan/ ſir Darras/ſir Harry le fyſe lake/ſir ermynyde broder to kyng

Hermaunce for whome syr Palomydes fought att the tredy cyte with two brethren/ & syr Selyses of the dolorous tour/ sir Edwardy of Orkeney/ syre Ironsyde that was called the noble knyzte of the tredy laundes that syr Gareth wanne for the loue of dame Lyones/ syr Arrok de gruuaunt/ syr Degrane saunce Velany that fought with the gyaunt of the blacke knowe/ Syr Eppynogrys that was the kynges sone of Northūberland Sir Pelleas that louedy the lady Ettardy'/ andy he hady dyedy for her loue hady not ben one of the ladyes of the lake/ her name was dame Nymue/ andy she weddedy sire Pelleas / andy she sauedy hym that he was neuer slayne/ and he was a ful noble knyghte/ andy sire Lampel of Cardyf that was a grete huer/ Sir Playne de fors/ sire Melleaus de lyle/ sir Bobart le cure hardy that was kynge Arthurs sone/ sir Mador de la porte/ sir Colgreuaunce/ sir Heruyse de la forest saueage/ sir Marrok the goody knyghte that was bitraydy with his wyf/ for she made hym seuen yere a werwolf/ sir Persaunt/ sire Perlibope his broder that was calledy the grene knyght/ andy sir Perymones broder to them bothe/ that was calledy the tredy knyght/ that sir Gareth wanne when he was calledy Beaumayns/ Alle these hondredy knyghtes andy ten serchedy syr Pores wounded by the commaundement of kynge Arthur

Capitulum xxxvij

Mercy Jhesu saydy kynge Arthur where is syr launcelot du lake that he is not here at this tyme/ Thus as they stood and spake of many thynges/ there was aspyed syr launcelot that came rydyng towardy them/ and told the kynge/ Pees saydy the kynge lete no maner thynge be sayd vnto tyl he be come to vs/ Soo when syr launcelot aspyedy kyng Arthur/ he descendedy from his hors andy came to the kynge/ & salewedy hym/ and them all/ Anone as the mayde syre Pores syster salue syr launcelot/ she ranne to her broder there as he lay in his lyttar/ and saydy broder here is come a knyghte that my herte gyueth grete loue vnto/ Faye syster saydy syr Pore soo do the my herte lyghte ageynst hym/ andy certaynly I hope nowe to be holpedy for my hert yueth vnto hym more thā to al these þ haue

ſercheth me/Thenne ſayd Arthur vnto ſyr Launcelot ye muſte doo as we haue done/ and told ſyr launcelot what they hadde done/ and ſhewed hym them alle/ that had ſerched hym/ Ihesu defende me ſayd ſyr Launcelot whan ſoo many kynges and kynghtes haue aſſayed and fayled/ that I ſhold preſume vpon me to encheue that alle ye my lordes myghte not encheue/ Ye ſhalle not chaſe ſayd kynge Arthur/ for I will commaunde you for to doo as we alle haue done/ My moſt renoumed lord ſaid ſir Launcelot ye knowe wel I dar not nor may not diſobeye your commaundement/ but and I myghte or durſte/ wete you wel I wold not take vpon me to touche that wounded kynghte in that entente that I ſhold paſſe alle other kynghtes/ Ihesu defende me from that ſhame/ Ye take it wrong ſayd kynge Arthur/ ye ſhal not do it for no preſumpcyon/ but for to lete vs felauſhyp in ſoo moche ye be a felaw of the table round/ and wete you wel ſayd kynge Arthur/ and ye preuayle not and hele hym/ I dare ſay/ there is no kynghte in thys land may hele hym/ and therfor I pray you/ doo as we haue done/ and thenne alle the kynges and kynghtes for the moſt party prayd ſir Launcelot to ſerche hym/ and thenne the wounded kynghte ſyr Orre ſette hym vp weykely/ and praid ſir Launcelot hertely ſayeng/ curtois kynghte I requyre the for goddes ſake hele my wounde/ for me thynketh euer ſythen ye came here/ my wounde greueth me not/ A my fayre lord ſayd ſyr launcelot Ihesu wold that I myghte helpe you I ſhame me ſore that I ſholde be thus rebuked/ for neuer was I able in worthynes to doo ſo hyghe a thynge/ Thenne ſire Launcelot kneled doune by the wounded kynghte ſayenge/ My lord Arthur I muſt doo your commaundement/ the which is ſore a geyns̄ my herte/ And thenne he helde vp his handes/ & loked in to the eeſt/ ſayenge ſecretely vnto hym ſelf/ thold bleſſed fader/ ſone and holy ghoſt I beſeche the of thy merey/ that my ſymple worſhyp and honeſte be ſaued/ and thou bleſſed Trynyte thold mayſt yeue power to hele this ſeke kynghte by thy grete vertu and grace of the/ but good lord neuer of my ſelf And thenne ſir Launcelot prayd ſir Orre to lete hym ſee hys hede/ and thenne deuoutely kneelyng he ranſaked the thre wōdes that they bled a lytyl/ and forth with alle the wounde

fayre hele/ and somedy as they hady ley hole a seuen yere/ And in lyke wyse he serched his body of other thre wounde and they heled in lyke wyse/ and thenne the last of alle he serchyd the which was in his hand/ and anone it heled fayre/

¶ Thenne kyng Arthur and alle the kynges and knyghtes kneledy doune and gaf thankynges and louynges vnto godi and to his blessidy moder/ And euer syre Launcelot wepte as he hady ley a childy that hady ley betyn/ Thenne kynge Arthur lete araye preestes and clerkes in the mooste deuoutest maner to bryngе in sir Owre within Carleil with syngynge and louynge to godi/ And whyn this was done/ the kyng lete clothe hym in the ryches maner that coude be thoughte/ and thenne were there but selue ketyr made knyghtes in alle the courte/ for he was passyngly wel made and bygly/ and Arthur asiedi syr Owre how he felte hym self/ My goody lordi he saydi I felt my self neuer soo lusty/ Wylle ye Juste and doo dedes of armes saydi kyng Arthur/ Sir saydi Owre and I hadi all that longedi vnto Justes I woldi be soone redy/

¶ Capitulum viii

¶ Thenne Arthur made a party of hondedi knyghtes to be ageynste an hondedi knyghtes/ and soo vpon the morne they Justed for a dyamond/ but there Justed none of the daungerous knyghtes/ & soo for to shorten thys tale syr Owre & sir Lauayn Justedi best that day/ for there was none of hem but he ouerthrewe & pulled doun thyrtty knyghtes/ & thenne by the assente of alle the kynges & lordes syre Owre & sir Lauayn were made knyghtes of the table roundi/ & sir Lauayn caste his loue vnto dame Felelolle sire Owres syster/ & thene they were wedded to gyder with grete Joye/ & kyng Arthur gaf to euerych of hem a Barony of landes/ and this sire Owre wold neuer goo from sire Launcelot/ but he & sir Lauayn alwayed euermore vpon hym/ & they were in all the courte acountid for good knyghtes/ & full desyrous in armes/ & many noble dedes they dydi/ for they wold haue no reste/ but euer soughte aduentures/ thus they lyued in all that courte with grete nobleſſe & Joye long tyme/ But euery nyghte & day sire

Agrauayne/ſyr Galhayns broder alwayted Quene Gueneuer and ſir Launcelot du lake to putte them to a rebuke & ſhame And ſoo I leue here of this tale and ouer hyp grete bookes of ſir Launcelot du lake/what grete aduentures he dyd whan he was called le cheualer du charyot/ For as the Frenſſhe booke ſayth by cauſe of deſpyte that knyghtes and ladyes called hym the knyght that rode in the charyot lyke as he were Juged to the galhous/Therfor in deſpyte of all them that named hym ſoo/he was carryed in a charyot a twelue moneth/for but lityl after that he had ſlayne ſir Melyagraunce in the quenes quarel/he neuer in a twelue moneth came on horſback/ And as the Frenſſhe booke ſayth/he dyd that twelue moneth more than yl batailes/And by cauſe I haue loſt the very matter of la cheualer du charyot/I departe from the tale of ſir Launcelot/ & here I goo vnto the morte of kynge Arthur/and that cauſed ſyr Agrauayne

¶ Explicit liber xix /

¶ And here after folowyth the mooſt pytous hiſtory of the morte of kynge Arthur/the whiche is the xx booke

¶ Capitulum primum

IN May whan euery lusty herte florysseth and burgeneth/ For as the season is lusty to beholde and comfortable/ Soo may and woman wioyssen and gladen of somer comynge with hys fressche floures/ for wynter with his rowe wyndes and blastes causeth a lusty man and woman to coure / and sytte fast by the fyre/ So in this season as in the monethe of May it befelle a grete angre and vnhap/that synnedy not tyl the floure of chyualry of alle the worldy was destroyedy & slayn/and alle was long vpon two vnhappy knyghtes the whiche were namedy Agrauayne and sire Mordred that were bretheryn vnto sir Gawayne/for this sir Agrauayne and sir mordredy hady euer a preuy hate vnto the Quene dame Gueneuer and to syr launcelot/and dayly and nyghtly they euer watchedy vpon sir Launcelot/ Soo it myshapped syr Gawayne and alle his bretheryn were in kynge Arthurs chamber/and thenne sir Agrauayne sayd̄ thus openly and not in no counceylle that many knyghtes myghte here it/ I merueylle that we alle be not ashamedy bothe to see and to knowe how sire Launcelot kyeth dayly and nyghtly by the quene/and al we knowe it so and it is shamefully suffredy of vs alle that we alle sholde suffre soo noble a kyng as kynge Arthur is soo to be shamedy / ¶ Thenne spak sir Gawayne and sayd̄/broder sir Agrauayn I pray yow and charge yow meue no such maters no more afore me/for Wete ye wel sayd̄ syr Gawayne I wylle not be of your counceylle / Soo god̄ me help sayd̄ sir Gahetys and sir Gareth we wylle not be knowynge broder Agrauayne of your dedes/Thenne wylle I sayd̄ syre Mordred I leue well that sayd̄ syre Gawayne/for euer vnto alle vnhappynes broder syr Mordredy there to wille ye graunte / and I wold̄ that ye lefte alle this/and made you not soo besy/for I knowe sayd̄ syr Gawayne what wylle falle of hit/ Falle of hit what falle may sayd̄ syr Agrauayne/I wille disclose it to the kyng/ Not by my counceylle sayd̄ syr Gawayne / for and there ryse warre and wrake betwyx syr launcelot and vs/wete you wel broder there will many kynges and grete lordes holde with sy

Launcelot/ Also broder sir Agrauayne sayd sire Galhayne ye must remembre how oftymes syr Launcelot hath rescowed the kynge and the quene/and the best of vs all had ben ful colde at the herte rote/and not sir launcelot ben better than we/ And that hath he preued hym self ful ofte/ And as for my parte sayd sir Galhayne I wylle neuer be ageynst sir launcelot for one dayes dede when he rescowed me from kynge Carados of the dolorous tour/and slewe hym and saued my lyf/ Also broder sir Agrauayne and sir mordred in lyke wyse sir Launcelot rescowed yold bothe and thre score and two from sir Turquyn/me thynketh broder suche kynde dedes and kyndernes sholde be remembryd/doo as ye lyst sayd syr Agrauayne for I wylle layne it no lenger/ ¶ With these wordes came to them kynge Arthur/ Now broder seynte your noyse sayd syr Galhayne/we wylle not sayd syr Agrauayne and sir Mordred/wylle ye soo sayd sir Galhayne/thenne gode spede yold for I wil not hew your takes ne be of your counceyll/no more wyll I sayd sir Gareth and sir Gaheryes/for we wyl neuer saye euylle by that man/for by cause sayd syre Gareth syr launcelot made me knyghte by no maner olde I to say ylle of hym/and therw with al they thre departed mallynge grete dole/ Alas sayd syr Galhayn and sir Gareth now is this Realme holy mescheued/and the noble felaushyp of the round table shalle be disparplyd/soo they departed

¶ Capitulum .ij.

AAnd thenne sir Arthur asked hem what noyse they made/my lord sayd Agrauayne I shal telle yo we that I may kepe noo lenger/here is I and my broder syre Mordred brake vnto my broder syr Galhayne/syr Gaheryes/and to syre Gareth/how this we knowe alle that syr Launcelot holdeth your quene and hath done longe/and we be your systers sones/& we may suffre it no lenger/and gyue we wote that ye shold be ahue syr launcelot/and ye are the kynge that made hym knyghte/and therfor we wille preue hit that he is a traytoure to your persone/ yf hit be soo sayd syr Arthur were yold wel he is none other/ but I wold be lothe to begynne suche a thynge

but I myght haue preuedd vpon hit/ for sir launcelot is an hardy knyght/ and ake ye knowe/ he is the best knyght among vs ake//and but yf he be taken with the dede/ he wylle fyght with hym that bryngeth vp the noyse/ and I knowe no knyght that is able to matche hym/ Therfore and it be sothe as ye saye I wold he were taken with the dede/ For as the Frenshe book saith the kynge was ful blithe therto that ony noyse sholde be vpon syr launcelot and his quene/ for the kynge had a despynge/ but he wold not here of hit/ for syr launcelot had done soo moche for hym and the quene soo many tymes that were ye wel the kynge loued hym passyngly wel/ My lord sayd syre Agrauayne ye shal ryde to morne on huntynge/ and doubte ye not syr launcelot wille not goo with yow/ Thenne whan it draweth toward nyght/ ye may sende the quene word that ye wil lye oute ake that nyght/ and soo may ye sende for youre cokes and thenne vpon payne of deth we shalle take hym that nyght with the quene/ and outher we shal brynge hym to yow dede or quyck/ I wille wel sayd the kynge / thenne I counceylle yow sayd the kynge take with yow fyue felaushyp/ syre sayd Agrauayne my broder sir Mordred and I wil take with vs twelue knyghtes of the round table/ Beware sayd kyng arthur/ for I warne yow ye shalle fynde hym wyghte / lete vs dele sayd sir Agrauayne and sir Mordred/ Soo on the morn kynge Arthur rode on huntynge/ and sente word to the quene that he wold be oute ake that nyght/ Thenne sir Agrauayne and sire Mordred gaf to them twelue knyghtes / and dyd them self in a chamber in the Castel of Carleyl/ and these were their names/ syr Colgreuaunce/ syr Madore de la porte / syre Gyngalyne/ syr Melyot de Logreys/ syre Petypase of wynchel see/ syr Galleron of Galway/ syr Melyon of the montayne/ sir Astamore/ syre Grumore somyr Joure/ syr Curselayne/ syr Fburnore/ syr Louel/ So these twelue knyghtes were with sir mordred and sir Agrauayne/ and al they were of Scotland out ther of syr Galbayns kynne/ outher wel wilkers to his brethren/ Soo whan the nyght came sir Launcelot bold syre Bors how he wold goo that nyght and speke with the quene / Sir sayd syr Bors ye shal not go this nyght by my counceil Why sayd sir launcelot/ Sir sayd sir Bors I drede me euer of

ſir Agrauayn̄ that wayteth yow dayly to do yow ſhame and
vs al/ and neuer gaf my herte ageyne no goynge that euer
ye went to the Quene ſoo moche as now/ for I myſtruſt that
the kynge is oute this nyghte from the quene by cauſe perauen
tur he hath layne ſomme watche for yow and the Quene/ and
therfor I drede me ſore of treaſon/ Haue ye no drede ſayd ſyr
Launcelot/ for I ſhalle goo and come ageyne and make noo
taryenge/ Sir ſaid ſir Bors that me repenteth/ for I drede me
ſore that your goynge oute thys nyghte ſhalle wrathe vs alle
Fair neuewe ſayd ſire Launcelot I merueyle moche why ye
ſaye thus ſythen the quene hath ſente for me/ and wete ye wel
I wille not be ſoo moche a colward/ but ſhe ſhalle vnderſtande
I wille see her goode grace/ Gode ſpede yow wel ſayd ſir Bors
and ſende yow ſoundy and ſauf ageyne

Capitulum iij

SOo ſir Launcelot departed and took his ſwerd vnder
his arme/ and ſoo in his mantel that noble knyghte
putte hym ſelf in grete Jeopardy/ and ſoo he paſſ tyl he
came to the quenes chamber/ and thenne ſir launcelot was lyz
tely putte in to the chamber/ And thenne as the Frenſſhe booke
ſayth the quene and Launcelot were to gyders/ And whether
they were a bedde or at other maner of diſportes/ me lyſt not
therof make no mencyon/ for loue that tyme was not as is now
adayes/

But thus as they were to gyder/ there came
ſir Agrauayne and ſyr Mordred with twelue knyghtes with
them of the roundy table/ and they sayd with eryenge voys/
Traytour knyghte ſyr launcelot du lake now arte thou taken
And thus they cryed with a loude voys that alle the Courte
myghte here hit/ and they all viij were armed at al poyntes
as they ſholde fyghte in a batayle/ Allas ſayd quene Guene
uer now are we meſchieued bothe/ Madame ſayd ſir Launcelot
is there here ony armour within your chambre that I myght co
uer my poure body with al/ And yf there be ony gyue hit me/
and I ſhalle ſoone stynte their malyce by the grace of gode
Truly ſayd the quene I haue none armour ſholde ſerue nor

ſpeke/ wherfore I drede me ſore/ our longe loue is come to a my ſorouous ende/ for I here by their noyſe there ben many noble knyghtes / and wel I wote they ben ſtrongly armed/ ageynſte them ye may make no reſyſtence/ wherfore ye aw lykely to be ſlayne/ and thenne ſhalle I be brente/ For and ye myghte eſcape them ſaid the quene/ I wold not doubte but that ye wold reſcowe me in what daunger that euer I ſtoode in/ Alas ſayd ſyr Launcelot in alle my lyf thus was I neuer beſtadde that I ſholde be thus ſhamefully ſlayne for lacke of myn armour/ But euer in one ſir Agrauayne and ſir Mordred cryed Traytour knyghte come oute of the Quenes chamber / for were thow wel thou arte ſoo beſette that thow ſhalte not eſcape/ O Jheſu mercy ſayd ſir Launcelot this ſhameful crye and noyſe I may not ſuffre/ for better were deth at ones than thus to endure this payne/ thenne he wolt the queue in his armes / and kyſte her/ and ſayd moſt noble cryſten Quene I beſeche yow as ye haue ben euer my ſpecyal goode lady/ and I at al tymes your true poure knyghte Bnto my power/ and as I neuer fayled yow in ryghte nor in wrong ſythen the fyrſt day kynge Arthur made me knyghte that ye wylle praye for my ſoule/ yf that I here be ſlayne/ for wel I am aſſured that ſir Bors myn neuewe and all the remenaunt of my kynne with ſyr Lauayne and ſyr Ore that they wylle not fayle yow to reſcowe yow from the fyre/ and therfor myn owne lady recomforte your ſelf what someuer come of me that ye go with ſire Bors my neuewe and ſir Ore / and they all wylle doo yow alle the pleaſyr that they may or may/ that ye ſhalle lyue lyke a Quene Bpon my landes/ Nay launcelot ſayd the Quene/ wete thow wel/ I wyll neuer lyue after thy dayes/ but and thou be ſlayne I wyl take my deth as meekely for Jheſus Cryſtus ſake/ as euer dyd ony cryſten Quene/ wel madame ſayd Launcelot/ ſythe hit is ſoo that the day is come that oure loue muſte departe/ wete yow wel I ſhalle ſeke my lyf as dere as I maye and a thouſande fold ſayd ſyr Launcelot I am more heuyer for yow than for my ſelf / And now I had leuer than to be lord of al cryſtendome that I had ſuche armour Bpon me / that men myghte ſpeke of my dedes or euer I were ſlayne / Truly ſayd the Quene I wold and it myghte pleaſe god/ that

they wolde take me and slee me/and suffer yow to escape/ That shal neuer be sayde sir launcelot/gode defende me from suche a shame/but Jhesu be thou my shelde and myn armour/

Capitulum iiij

And there with syr Launcelot wrapped his mantel about his arme wel and surely/ and by thenne they had geten a grete fourme oute of the halle/and there with all they rasshed at the dore/ Fair lordes sayde syre Launcelot leue your noyse and your rassyng/and I shalle sette open this dore/and thenne may ye doo with me what it lyketh yow/Come of thenne sayde they alle/and do hit/ for hit auayleth the not to stryue ageynst vs alle/and therfor lete vs in to this chamber/and we shalle saue thy lyf vntyl thow come to kyng Arthur/Thenne launcelot vnbarred the dore/ and with his lyfte hand he held it open a lytel/ so that but one man myghte come in atwones/and soo there came strydyng a goode knyghte a mocke man and large/ and his name was Colgreuaunce/ of Gore/and he with a swerd strake at syr launcelot myghtely and he put asyde the stroke/and gaf hym suche a buffett vpon the helmet/that he felle grouelynge dede within the chamber dore/and thenne syre Launcelot with grete myghte dreluе that dede knyght within the chamber dore/and syr Launcelot with helpe of the Quene and her ladyes was lyghtely armed in syr Colgreuaunce armour/and euer stode sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred cryenge traytours knyghte come oute of the quenes chamber/keue your noyse sayd syr launcelot vnto sir Agrauayne/ For wete yow wel sir Agrauayne ye shalle not prysone me this nyghte/and therfor and ye doo by my counceylle/ goo ye alle from this chamber dore and make not suche cryeng and suche maner of sklaunder as ye doo/for I promyse you by my knyghthode and ye wil departe and make no more noyse/ I shal as to morne appiere afore yow alle before the kyng/and thenne lete it be sene which of yow alle outher elis ye alle that wilke accuse me of treason/ and there I shal answer yow as a knyghte shold that hyder I cam to the quene for no maner of male engyne/and that wyl I preue and make hit good vpon

yold with my handes/ Fy on the traytour sayd sir Agrauayn and sir Mordred/we wylle haue the maulgre thy hede/ and slee the yf we lyste/for we lete the wete we haue the choyse of kynge Arthur to saue the or to slee the/ A sirs sayd sir Launcelot/is there none other grace with you/thenne kepe your self Soo thenne sir Launcelot set al open the chamber dore/ and myghtely and knyghtely he strode in amongest them/and anone at the fyrst buffet he slewe sir Agrauayne and twelue of his felawes after within a lytel whyle after he layd hem colde to the erthe/for there was none of the twelue that myghte stande sir Launcelot one buffet/ ¶ Also syr Launcelot wounded syr Mordred and he fledde with alle his myghte/ And thenne syr launcelot returned ageyne vnto the Quene and seyd madame/nold wete yold wel alle oure true loue is brought to an ende/for nold wille kynge Arthur euer be my foo/ and therfore madame and it lyke yold that I maye haue you with me/I shalle saue yold from alle maner aduentures daunger/ wous/that is not best sayd the quene / me semeth nold ye haue done soo mocke harme/it wylle be best ye holde yold stylle with this/ And yf ye see that as to moone they wylle put me vnto the dethe/thenne may ye rescolue me as ye thynke best/ I wyll wel sayd sir launcelot/for haue ye no doubte whyle I am lyuynge/I shalle rescolue yold/and thenne he kyste her/& eyther gaf other a ryngе/and soo there he lefte the quene/ and went vntyl his lodgynge ¶ Capitulum Quintum /

WHan syr Bors salwe syr launcelot/ he was neuer soo gladde of his home comynge as he was thenne/ Jhesu mercy sayd syr Launcelot why be ye all armed/ what meaneth this/Sir sayd sir Bors after ye were departed from vs/we alle that bey of youre blood and youre wel wylleres were soo dretched that somme of vs kepte oute of oure bedes naked/& some in their dremes caughte naked swerdes in their handes/therfor said sir Bors we deme/there is some grete stryf at hand/& thēne we all demed that ye were betrayed with som treason/& therfor we made vs thus redy what nede that euer ye were in/My fayre neuelue sayd sir Launcelot vnto sir bors nold shalle ye wete al that this nyzt I was more harder bestad than euer I was in my lyf & yet I escaped/ And so he told

them alle holde and̄ in what maner as ye haue ferde to fore/
And̄ therfore my felawes sayd̄ sir Launcelot I pray yold alle
that ye wylle be of goode herte in what nede someuer I stande
for nolde is warre come to vs alle/ Sir sayd̄ sir Bors alle is
welcome that god̄ sendeth vs/ and̄ we haue had mocke wele
with yold and̄ mocke worshyp/ and̄ therfor we Wille take the
wo with yold as we haue taken the wele/ And̄ therfore they
sayd̄ alle there were many goode knyghtes/ loke ye take no dis
comforte/ for there nys no landys of knyghtes vnder heuen/
but we shalle be able to greue them as mocke as they maye vs
And therfor discomforte not your self by no maner/ and̄ we
shalle gadre to gyders that we lone/ and̄ that loueth vs/ &
what that ye wil haue done shalle be done/
And̄ therfor syr Launcelot sayd̄ they we wil take the woo
with the wele/ Graunt mercy sayd̄ sir Launcelot of your go;
od comforte/ for in my grete distresse my fayr neuelde ye com;
forte me gretely/ and̄ mocke I am beholdyng vnto yold
But thys my fayre neuelde I wold̄ that ye dyd̄ in al haste
that ye may or it be forth dayes that ye Wille loke in their lod
gynge that ben lodged here nygh̄e about the kynge which wyll
hold with me and̄ whyche wylle not/ for nold I wolde kno;
we which were my frendes fro my foes
Sir sayd̄ syr Bors I shalle doo my payne/ and̄ or it be seuen
of the clok I shalle wete of suche as ye haue sayd̄ before who
wil holde with yold
¶ Thenne sire Bors called̄ vnto hym sire Lyonel/ syr Ector
de marys/ sir Blamor de ganys/ sir Bleoberys de ganys/ syre
Gahalantyne/ syr Galyhodyn/ sir Galyhud/ Sir menadeuke/
sir Wylkyns the Valyaunt/ sir Hebes le renoumes/ sir Lauayne
syr Yore of Hongry/ sir Newuneus/ sire Plenorius/ ¶ These
two knyghtes sire launcelot made/ and the one he wanne vp;
on a a brydge/ and̄ therfor they wold̄ neuer be ageynst hym/
And̄ Harre le fyse du lake and̄ syre Selyses of the doloro;
us Toure/ and̄ sir Melyas de lyle/ and̄ sire Bellangere le
beuse that was syr Alysanders sone le orphelyn/ by cause hys
moder Alys la Beale pelleryn and̄ she was kynne vnto sir
Launcelot/ and̄ he held̄ with hym/
¶ Soo there came syre Palomydes and̄ sir Safyr his broder

to holde with syr launcelot/ And syre Clegys of Sadok and syr Dynas/syr Clarys of Clermont/ So these two & twenty knyghtes drewe hem to gyders/and by thenne they were armed on horsbak / and promysed sir launcelot to doo what he wolde/ ¶Thenne there felle to them what of Northwalys and of Cornewaile for sir Lamorakes sake and for sire Tristrams sake to the nombre of a four score knyghtes

¶My lordes sayd syre launcelot wete yold wel/ I haue ben euer syne I came in to this Countrey Wel wylled vnto my lord kynge Arthur/and vnto my lady Quene Gueneuer vnto my power/and this nyghte by cause my lady the quene sente for me to spekē with her/ I suppose it was made by treason hold he hit / I dare largely excuse her persone/ not withstandynge I was ther by a fore cast nere slayne/but as Jhesu preuyded me I escaped ake theyr malyce and treason/

¶And thenne that noble knyght sire launcelot told hem al hold he was hardy redy in the quenes chamber/and hold and in what maner he escaped from them/ And therfore sayd sir launcelot wete yold wel my fayre lordes I am sure ther nys but were vnto me and myn/ And for by cause I haue slayn this nyghte these knyghtes I wote wel as is sire Agrauayne syr Galbayns broder / and at the leste twelue of his felawes/ for this cause nold I am sure of mortal warre / for these knyghtes were sente and ordeyned by kynge Arthur to betraye me/ And therfore the kynge wylle in this hete & male Juge the quene to the fyre / and that maye not I suffre that she sholde be brente for my sake/ for and I may be hardy and sufferdy and soo taken/ I wylle fyghte for the Quene that she is a true lady vnto her lordy / but the kynge in this hete I drede me wylle not take me as I oughte to be taken

¶Capitulum Vj

My lordy syre launcelot sayd sir Bors by myn aduyse ye shalle take the two with the wele/ and take hit in pacyence/and thanke god of hit/ ¶And sythen

hit is falkey as hit is / I counceylle yold kepe youre self / for
andy ye wylle your self/ther is no felaushyp of knyghtes cry
stenedy that shalle do you wrong/ Also I wylle counceylle
yold my lordy syr Launcelot/that andy my lady quene Gueneuer be
in distresse/in soo mocke as she is in payne for your sake that
ye knyghtly rescolde her/and ye dyd other wayes/al the worlde
wylle spelle of yold shame to the Worldes ende/in so mocke as
ye were taken with her / whether ye dyde ryghte or wrong /
It is nolde your parte to holde with the quene that she be not
slayne andy put to a mescheuous dethe/for andy she soo dye/the
shame shalle be yours/ Jhesu defende me from shame sayde syre
Launcelot andy kepe andy saue my lady the quene from vylony
andy shameful deth/andy that she neuer be destroyed in my de
faute/wherfore my fayre lordes my kynne andy my frendes sa
yde sir Launcelot what wylle ye doo / Thenne they sayde all wt
wille doo as ye wylle doo/ I putte this to yold sayde sir laun
celot that yf my lordy Arthur by euyll counceylle wylle to marry
in his hete putte my lady the Quene to the fyre there to be
brente/Nold I praye yold counceylle me what is best to doo /
Thenne they sayde alle at ones with one voys/ Syre vs thyn
keth best that ye knyghtly rescolde the quene in soo mocke as
she shal be brente/it is for youre sake/andy it is to suppose and
ye myghte be handelyde ye sholde haue the same dethe or a mo
re shamefuller dethe / andy syre we say al that ye haue many
tymes rescoldedy her from dethe/for other mens quarels/ vs se
meth it is more youre worshyp that ye rescolde the quene from
this perylle/in soo mocke she hath it for your sake
¶ Thenne sir launcelot stoody styl andy sayde/my fayre lordes
wete yold wel I wholdy be lothe to doo that thynge that shold
dishonoure yold or my bloody / andy wete yold wel I wholdy
be lothe that my lady the quene sholdy dye a shameful dethe /
but andy hit be soo that ye wylle counceylle me to rescolde her/
I muste doo mocke harme or I rescolde her / andy peraduen
ture I shal there destroye somme of my beste frendes/that shol
mocke repente me/andy peraduenture there be somme/ andy they
coude wel brynge it aboute/or disobeye my lordy kynge Arth
ur they wholdy soone come to me/ the whiche I were loth to hur
te/e yf so be y I rescolde her where shal I kepe her/that shal be

be the leste care of vs alle sayd sir Bors / how dyd the noble knyght sire Tristram by your good wylle kepte not he with hym la beale Isoud nere thre yere in Joyous gard / the which was done by your eldthers deuyse / and that same place is your owne / and in lyke wyse may ye doo and ye lyst / and take the Quene lyghtely alway / yf it soo be the kynge wylle Juge her to be brente / and in Joyous gard ye may kepe her longe ynough vntyl the hete of the kynge be past /

And thenne shalle ye brynge ageyne the quene to the kynge with grete worshyp / and thenne peraduenture ye shalle haue thanke for her bryngynge home and loue and thanke where other shalle haue maugre / That is hard to doo sayd sir launcelot / for by sir Tristram I maye haue a warnynge / for Whanne by meanes of treatye syr Tristram brought ageyne la Beale Isoud vnto kynge Marke from Joyous gard lete what be felle on the ende / holde shamefully that false traitour kyng marke slewe hym / as he sat harpynge afore his lady la beale Isoud / With a groundyn glayue he threst hym in behynde to the herte / hit greueth me sayd sir launcelot to speke of hie dethe / for alle the worldy may not fynde suche a knyghte / Alle thys is trouthe sayd syre Bors / but there is one thynge shalle courage yolde and vs alle / ye knolde wel kynge Arthur & kyng marke were neuer lyke of condycyons / for there Was neuer yet man coude preue kynge Arthur vntrewe of his promyse / Soo to make short tale they were alle consentyd that for bet / ter outher for worse / yf soo were that the quene were on that morne brought to the fyre / shortly they al wolde resolue her / And soo by the aduyse of syr launcelot they putte hem all in an enbussement in a woode as nyghe Carleil as they myght And there they abode stylle to wete what the kynge wold do /

Capitulum vii

Now turne we ageyne vnto syre Mordred / that whan he was escaped from the noble knyghte sire Launcelot he anone gat his hors and mounted vpon hym / and rode vnto kynge Arthur / sore wounded and smyten / and alle

forbled/and there he slow the kynge alle slow hit was / and slow they were alle slayne sauf hym self al only / Jhesu mercy slow maye this be saidy the kynge/take ye hym in the quenes chamber/ye soo godys me helpe sayd sir Mordred there we fonde hym vnarmed/ and there he slewe Colgrenaunce & armed hym in his armour/and alle this he told the kynge from the begynnynge to the endynge

¶ Jhesu mercy sayd the kynge he is a merueylous knyght of prowesse/Alas me sore repenteth sayd the kynge that euer syr launcelot shold be ageynst me / Now I am sure the noble felaushyp of the round table is broken for euer/for with hym wille many a noble knyght holde / and now it is falle soo/ sayd the kyng/that I may not with my worshyp/but the quene must suffer the dethe/Soo thenne there was made grete ordynaunce in this hete/that the quene must be juged to the deth And the lawe was such in tho dayes that what someuer they were/of what estate or degree/yf they were fonde gylty of the fayt/there shold be none other remedy but dethe/and outher the men or the kynge with the dede shold be causer of their hasty jugement/and ryght soo was it ordeyned for quene guenuer/by cause sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded/ and the dethe of thyrtty knyghtes of the round table / these preues & experyences caused kyng Arthur to commaunde the quene to the fyre there to be brente/Thenne spake sir gawayn and sayd my lord Arthur I wold counceylle yow not to be ouer hasty / but that ye wolde putte it in respyte this jugement of my lady the quene for many causes/¶ One it is though it were so that sir launcelot were fonde in the quenes chamber/yet it myght be soo that he came thyder for none euylle / for ye knowe my lord said syr gawayne that the quene is moche beholden vnto syr launcelot more than vnto ony other knyghte/for oftymes he hath saued her lyf/and done batail for her whan al the Courte refused the quene / and parauenture she sente for hym for goodenes and for none euyl to rewarde hym for his good dedes that he had done to her in tymes past/And peradventure my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente that syr launcelot shold come to her good grace pryuely and secretely / wherynge to her that hit was best so to do in eschewyng & dredyng

of ſtraunger/for oftymes we do many thynges that we wene it be for the beſt/& yet peraduenture hit turneth to the werſt/ For I dare ſay ſayd ſyre Galhayne my lady your Quene is to yold to the goody and true/And as for ſir Launcelot ſayd ſir Galhayne I dare ſaye he wylle make hit goody vpon ony knyghte lyuyng that wylle putte vpon hym ſelf vylony or ſhame/and in lyke wyſe he wylle make goody for my lady dame Gueneuer/that I byleue wel ſaid kyng Arthur/but I wil not that way with ſir Launcelot for he truſteth ſo moche vpon his handes and his myghte that he doubteth no man/and therfore for my Quene he ſhalle neuer fyghte more/for ſhe ſhall haue the lawe/And yf I maye gete ſir Launcelot wete you wel he ſhal haue a ſhameful dethe/Ihesu defende ſayd ſir Galhayn that I may neuer ſee it/why ſaye ye ſoo ſayd kynge Arthur/ For ſoth ye haue no cauſe to loue ſir Launcelot/for this nyghte laſt paſt he ſlewe your broder ſir Agrauayne a full good knyghte/& al moost he had ſlayne your other broder ſir mordred And alſo there he ſlewe thyrteen noble knyghtes/and alſo ſir Galhayne remembre ye he ſlewe two ſones of yours ſire Florence and ſir Louel/my lord ſayd ſir Galhayne of alle thys I haue knouleche of whos dethes I repente me ſore/but in ſo moche I gaf hem warnynge/ and told my bretheren and my ſones afore hand what wold falle in the ende/in ſoo moche/ they wold not doo by my counceyll I wyl not medle me ther of nor reuenge me no thynge of their dethes/for I told hem it was no boote to ſtryue with ſir launcelot / hold be it I am ſory of the deth of my bretheren & of my ſones/for they are the cauſers of theyre owne dethe / For oftymes I warned my broder ſir Agrauayne/and I told hym the peryls the whiche ben nold falle

Capitulum viij

Thenne ſayd the noble kynge Arthur to ſyre Galhayne/dere neueu I pray yold make yold redy in your beſt armoure with youre bretheren ſyre Gahery and ſyre Gareth to brynge my Quene to the fyre there to haue her Jugement and reſeyue the dethe Nay my moſt noble

lord sayd sir Gawayne that wylle I neuer doo/for wete yold wel/I wylle neuer be in that place where soo noble a Quene as is my lady dame Gueneuer shalle take a shameful ende/ For wete yold wel sayd sire Galwayne my herte wylle neuer serue me to see her dye/ and it shalle neuer be sayd that euer I was of youre counaylle of her dethe/Thenne sayd the kyng to syr Gawayne/suffer your broder syr Gaherys and syr Gareth to be there/my lord sayd sire Galwayne wete yold wel/ they wille be bothe to be there present by cause of many aduentures the whiche ben kylle there to falle/ but they are yonge & full vnable to saye yold nay/ Thenne spak sire Gaherys & the good kyngthe sire Gareth vnto syre Arthur/syre ye may wel commaunde vs to be there/but wete yold wel it shalle be sore a geynst oure wylle/but and we be there by youre straycte commaundement/ye shall playnly holde vs there excused/we wyl be there in peasyble wyse and bere none harneis of warre vpon vs/In the name of god sayd the kynge thenne make you redy/for she shalle soone haue her Jugement anone/ Allas sayd syr Galwayne that euer I sholde endure to see this wofull daye/ Soo sir Galwayne wente hym/ and wepte tenderly/and so he wente in to his chamber/and thene the quene was led forth without Carleil/and there she was despoylled in to her smok And soo thenne her ghoostly fader was brought to her to be shryuen of her mysdedes/Thenne was there wepynge & waylynge and wrynge ynge of handes of many lordes and ladyes/ But there were but selue in comparyson that wolde bere ony armour for to strengthe the dethe of the quene/Thenne was ther one that sire Launcelot had sente vnto that place for to aspye what tyme the quene sholde goo vnto her dethe/And anone as he salue the quene despoylled in to her smok/and so shryuen/ thenne he gaf sir launcelot warnynge / thenne was there but sporynge and pluckynge vp of horses/and ryghte so they came to the fyre/And who that stoode agaynste them there were they slayne/there myghte none withstande sir Launcelot/ so all that bare armes and withstoode hem there were they slayne ful many a noble knyghte/For there was slayne sir Belleas le orguilous/Sir Segwarydes/Sir Gryflet/sir Brandyles / syre

Agloual/ſyr Tor/ſyr Gauter/ſire Gyllymer/ſyr Reynolds iij
bretheren/ſyr Damas/ſyr Pryamus/ſyr Ray the ſtraunger/
ſir Pryaunt/ſir Lambegus/ſyr Hermynde/ſyr Perrywyne/ſyre
Perymones two bretheren that were called the grene knyght
and the reed knyght/And ſoo in this taſſynge and hurlynge
as ſyre Launcelot thrange here and there/it myhapped hym to
ſlee Galerys and ſyr Gareth the noble knyght/for they
were vnarmed and vnware/ For as the Frenſſhe booke ſayth/
ſyr Launcelot ſmote ſyr Gareth and ſyr Galerys vpon the bi-
ayne pannes where thorou they were ſlayne in the felde hold he
hit in verry trouthe ſyr launcelot ſalve hem not/and ſoo were
they fonde dede amonge the thyckeſt of the prees/ ¶ Thenne
whan ſyr launcelot had thus done and ſlayne/and putte to
flyghte alle that wolde withſtande hym/Thenne he rode ſtrey-
ght vnto dame Gueneuer and made a kyrtyl and a goldne
to be caſt vpon her/ and thenne he made her to be ſette behynde
hym/and prayde her to be of goode chere/ where yolde wel/ the
Quene was glade that ſhe was eſcaped from the dethe/ And
thenne ſhe thanked gode and ſir Launcelot/and ſoo he rode his
way With the Quene as the Frenſſhe booke ſaith vnto Joyous
garde/and there he kepte her as a noble knyghte ſholde doo/e
many grete feeſtes and ſomme kynges ſent ſyr Launcelot ma
ny goode knyghtes/and many noble knyghtes dreſſed vnto ſir
Launcelot ¶ Whan this was knowen openly that kyng Ar-
thur and ſire launcelot were at accorde/ many knyghtes were
glade of their accorde/and many were ful ſory of their accorde

¶ Capitulum ix

SOo torne we ageyne vnto kynge Arthur that whan
it was tolde hym/how and in what maner of wyſe the
quene was taken awey from the fyre/ And whan he herd of
the deth of his noble knyghtes/and in eſpecyal for ſyr gaheris
and ſir Gareths deth/thenne the kyng ſwouned for pure ſorow
And whan he awoke of his ſwoun/thenne he ſayde ¶ Alas
that euer I bare croun vpon my hede/ For nolde haue I loſte
the fayreſt felaweſhyp of noble knyghtes that euer helde cryſten

kynge to gyders/ Alas my goody knyghtes ben slayne alwey
from me/ nold within these two dayes I haue lost yͤ knyghtes/
& also the noble felaushyp of syr launcelot and his blood/ for
nold I may neuer holde hem to gyders no more with my wor
shyp/ Alas that euer this warre beganne/ Nold fayr felawes
sayde the kynge I charge yold that no man telle sir gawayn
of the dethe of his two bretheren/ for I am sure sayde the kyng
whan sir Gawayne herd telle that sir' Gareth is dede he wyll
goo nygh oute of his mynde/ Mercy Jhesu said the kyng why
slewe he syr Gareth and sire Gaherys/ for I dar saye as for
syre Gareth he louede sir Launcelot aboue al men erthely/ that
is trouthe sayde some knyghtes / but they were slayne in the
hurlyng as sir launcelot thrange in the thyck of the prees /
and as they were vnarmed/ he smote hem and wyst not who
me that he smote/ and soo vnhappyly they were slayne / The
dethe of them sayde Arthur wyll cause the gretest mortal wer
re that euer was/ I am sure wyste sir Gawayne that syr Ga
reth were slayne I shold neuer haue reste of hym tyl I had
destroyed syr launcelots kynne and hym selfe both/ outher els
he to destroye me/ and therfor sayde the kynge wete yold well
my herte was neuer soo hey as it is nold/ and mocke more I
am soryer for my goody knyghtes losse / than for the losse of
my fayre quene/ for quenes I myghte haue ynowe/ but suche
a felaushyp of goody knyghtes shalle neuer be to gyders in no
company/ and nold I dare say sayde kynge Arthur there was
neuer cryſten kynge telde suche a felaushyp to gyders/ & allas
that euer syr launcelot & I sholde be at debate/ A Agrauayn
Agrauayn sayd the kyng Jhesu forgyue it thy sowle/ for thyn
euyl wyl that thou and thy broder syre Mordred haddeſt vn
to syr launcelot hath causedy al this sorowe/ and euer amonge
these complaynctes the kyng wepte and swouned

¶ Thenne ther came one vnto syr Gawayne and told hym /
how the Quene was ladde alwaye with syr launcelot/ & nygh
a cxiiij knyghtes slayne/ O Jhesu defende my bretheren sayd sir
gawayne/ for ful well wyst I that syr launcelot wold rescowe
her/ outher els he wold dye in that felde/ and to saye the trouth
he hadde not ben a man of worshyp had he not rescowed the que
ne that day/ in so mocke she sholde haue ben brente for his sake

And as in that sayd sir Gawayne he hath done but knyghtly/ and as I wold haue done my self and I had stand in lyke case/but where ar my bretheren sayd sir Galhayne/I mervayll I here not of hem/ Truly sayd that man sir Gareth and syr Gaherys he slayne/Jhesu defende sayd sir Galhayne / for alle the worldy I wold not that they were slayne/and in especyal my goody broder sir Gareth/syr sayd the man he is slayne and that is grete pyte/who slewe hym sayd sir Galhayn Sir sayd the man Launcelot slewe hem bothe/that may I not byleue sayd syr Galhayne that euer he slewe my broder syr Gareth/ For I dar say my broder Gareth loued hym better than me and alle his bretheren/and the kynge bothe/ Also I dare say and sir Launcelot had desyred my broder syr Gareth with hym/he wolde haue ben with hym ageynst the kynge and Bedal/and therfore I may neuer byleue that syr Launcelot slewe my broder· Sir sayd this man it is noysed that he slewe hym

Capitulum x

Alas sayd sire Galhayne nold is my Joye gone/ and thenne he felle doune and swouned/and long he lay there as he had ben dede / And thenne whanne he awoos of his swoune/he cryed oute sorowfully and sayd Alas/ and ryght soo syr Galhayne ranne to the kynge cryenge and Weppynge O kynge Arthur myne Vnkel my goody broder syr Gareth is slayne and soo is my broder syr Gaherys/the whiche were/ij/ noble knyghtes/Thenne the kynge wepte and he bothe/and so they felle on swounynge/ And whan they were vrayed thenne spak sir Galhayne / syr I wyl go see my broder syr Gareth/ye may not see hym sayd the kynge/for I causyd hym to be enterred and syr gaherys bothe/ For I wel vnderstood that ye wold make ouer moche sorowe/and the syghte of sir Gareth shold haue causyd your double sorowe/ Alas my lord sayd syr Galhayne hold slewe he my broder sir gareth myn oldy goody lord I praye yold telle me/ Truly sayd the Kyng I shal telle yold as it is told me/syre Launcelot slewe hym & sir Gaheris bothe/ Alas sayd sire galhayne they bare none armes

ayenſt hym neyther of hem both/ I wote not how it was ſaid
the kynge/ but as it is ſayd ſire launcelot ſlewe them bothe in
the thyckeſt of the prees/ and vnarmed them not/ and therfor le
te vs ſhape a remedy for to wreenge their dethes/ My kynge
my lord and myn vncle ſayd ſire Gawayne wete yow wel
now I ſhal make yow a promyſe that I ſhalle holde by my
knyghthode/ that from this day I ſhalle neuer fayle ſir launce
lot vntyl the one of vs haue ſlayne the other/ And therfore I
requyre yow my lord and kynge dreſſe yow to the werre for
wete yow wel I will be reuenged vpon ſire launcelot/ & ther
fore as ye wylle haue my ſeruyſe and my loue now haſte yow
therto and aſſaye your frendes/ For I promyſe vnto god ſaid
ſir Gawayne for the dethe of my broder ſir gareth I ſhalle ſeke
ſyr launcelot thorou oute ſeuen kynges Realmes/ but I ſhalle
ſlee hym or elſe he ſhalle ſlee me/ ye ſhall not nede to seke hym
ſoo ferre ſayd the kynge/ for as I here ſaye ſir launcelot wil
abyde me and yow in the joyous gard/ and mocke peple dai
lyeth vnto hym as I here ſaye/ That may I byleue ſayd ſir ga
wayne/ but my lord he ſayd aſſaye your frendes/ and I wyll
aſſaye myn/ it ſhalle be done ſayd the kynge/ and as I ſuppo
ſe I ſhal be byg ynouz to dralue hym oute of the byggeſt toure
of his caſtel/ So thenne the kynge ſente letters and wrytes
thorou oute alle Englond bothe in the lengthe and the bredth /
for to aſſomone alle his knyghtes/ And ſoo vnto Arthur dy
ue many knyghtes dukes and Erles/ ſoo that he had a gre
te hooſt/ And whan they were aſſembled the kyng enformed
hem how ſyr launcelot had berafte hym his quene/ Thenne the
kynge and all his hooſt made hem redy to laye ſyege aboute ſir
launcelot where he laye within joyous gard/ Therof herd ſir
launcelot and purueyed hym of many goode knyghtes / for
with hym helde many knyghtes/ and ſome for his olde ſake
and ſomme for the quenes ſake/ Thus they were on bothe par
tyes wel furnyſſhed and garnyſſhed of alle maner of thyng
that longed to the werre/ But kyng Arthurs hooſt was ſoo
byggе that ſyr launcelot wolde not abyde hym in the felde/
For he was ful lothe to doo batail ageynſt the kyng / but ſyre
launcelot dreſſed hym to his ſtrong caſtel with al maner of by
tail/ And as many noble men as he myghte ſuffyſe within the

Tolvne and the Caſtel/ Thenne came kynge Arthur with ſire Galvayne with an hugh hoſt / and layd a ſyege al aboute Joyous gard both at the Tolvne and at the Caſtel/ & there they made ſtronge werre on bothe partyes/but in no wyſe ſyre Launcelot wold ryde oute nor go out of his Caſtel of long tyme / neyther he wold none of his good knyghtes to yſſue oute neyther none of the Tolvne nor of the Caſtel vntyl yB/ wekes were paſt

Capitulum xj

Thenne it befel vpon a daye in herueſt tyme/ſyr Launcelot loked ouer the walles/and ſpak on hyghe vnto kynge Arthur and ſir Galvayne/my lordes bothe wete ye wel al is in vayne that ye make at this ſyege/ for here wynne ye no worſhyp but maulgre and diſhonour / for and it lyſte me to come my ſelf oute and my good knyghtes I ſhold ful ſoone make an ende of this werre/Come forthe ſayd Arthur vnto Launcelot and thou darſt/and I promyſe the/I ſhalle mete the in myddes of the felde/God defende me ſayd ſir Launcelot that euer I ſholde encounter with the mooſt noble kyng that made me knyghte/ Fy vpon thy fayre langage ſayd the kynge/ for wete yold wel and truſt it I am thy mortal fo/ & euer wylle to my deth daye/for thou haſt ſlayne my good knyghtes/and ful noble men of my blood that I ſhal neuer recouer ageyne/ Alſo thold haſt layne by my Quene & holden her many wynters / and ſythen lyke a traytour taken her from me by force/my mooſt noble lord and kyng ſayd ſir Launcelot ye may ſay what ye will / for ye wote wel with youre ſelf wil I not ſtryue/but there as ye ſay I haue ſlayn your good knyghtes I wote wel that I haue done ſoo / and that me ſore repenteth/but I was enforced to doo batail with hem / in ſauyng of my lyf or els I muſte haue ſuffred hem to haue ſlayne me/and as for my lady Quene Gueneuer except your perſone of your hyghnes/and my lord ſire Galvayne there is noo knyghte vnder heuen that dar make it good vpon me / that euer I was traytour vnto youre perſone/ And where hit pleaſe yold to ſaye that I haue holden my lady youre Quene

yewes and wynckes/ vnto that I shal euer make a large an-
swer/and preue hit vpon ony knyghte that bereth the lyf ex-
cepte youre person and sire Galvayne that my lady Quene
gueneuer is a true lady vnto your persone as ony is lyuyng
vnto her lordy/and that wylle I make goody with my handes/
holde ke it/ it hath lykedy her goody grace to haue me in chyerte
and to cherysshe me more than ony other knyghte/ and vnto
my power I ageyne haue deseruedy her loue/ for oftymes my
lordy ye haue consentedy that she sholdy be brente and destroyed
in your syte/and thenne it fortunedy me to doo batail for her/
and or I departedy from her aduersary they confessidy their vn-
trouthe/and she ful worshypfully excusedy/ And at suche ty-
mes my lordy Arthur saydy sir Launcelot ye louedy me/ and
thankedy me whan I sauedy your quene from the fyre/& then
ne ye promysedy me for euer to be my goody lordy/and nold me
thynketh ye wlwarde me ful ylle for my goody seruyse/and my
goody lord me semeth I hady lost a grete parte of my worshyp
in my knyghthode/ and I hady suffredy my lady youre Quene
to haue ben brente/and in soo moche she sholdy haue ben brente
for my sake/ For sythen I haue done batails for your Quene
in other quarels than in myn owne/me semeth now I had mo-
re ryght to doo batail for her in ryghte quarel/ and therfor my
goody and gracyous lordy saydy syr launcelot take your quene
vnto your good grace/ for she is to the fayr true and goody/
Fy on the fals recreaunt knyght saydy sire Galvayne/ I lete
the wete my lord myn vnkel Kynge Arthur shalle haue his
Quene and the maulgre thy vysage/and slee yold lothe wh-
ther it please hym/ It may wel be saydy sire Launcelot/but wh-
te ye wel my lord sire Galvayne/ and me lyst to come oute
of this Castel ye sholdy wynne me and the quene more harder
than euer ye wanne a stronge batailke/ Fy on thy proude wor-
des seydy sir Galvayne/as for my lady the Quene I wil ne-
uer saye of her shame/but thold fals and recreaunt Kenyghte/
saide syre Galvayne what cause hadeste thold to slee my good
broder syr Gareth that loued the more and than al my kynne
Allas thold madeste hym knyght thyn owne handes/ Why sle-
we thold hym that loued the soo wel/ for to excuse me saide
sir Launcelot it helpeth me not/but by Jhesu/ and by the feyth

that I owe to the hygh ordre of knyghthode/ I ſhold with as a
good knyghte haue ſlayne my neuewe ſir Boꝛs de ganys/ at ꝑ
tyme/ but alas that euer I was ſo vnhappy ſayd launcelot ꝑ I
had not ſene ſyr Gareth and ſir Gaherys/ Thou hyeſt treche-
aunt knyght ſayd ſir Gawayne / thou ſlewdeſt hym in deſpyte
of me/ And ꝛherfoꝛe wete thou wel I ſhalle make warre to
the/ and alle the whyle that I may lyue / That me repenteth
ſaid ſir launcelot/ foꝛ wel I vnderſtande it lyeth not to ſeke
none acoꝛdement whyle ye ſyr Gawayne ar ſoo meſcheuouſly
ſette/ And yf ye were not/ I wold not doubte to haue the go-
od grace of my lord Arthur/ I bylieue it wel ſals recreaunt
knyght ſayd ſir Gawayne/ foꝛ thou haſt many longe dayes o-
uer ladde me and vs alle/ and deſtroyed many of oure good
knyghtes/ ye ſaye as it pleaſeth you ſayd ſyr launcelot/ & yet
may it neuer be ſayd on me / and openly preued that euer I
before caſt of treaſon ſlewe no good knyghte as my lord ſyr
Gawayne ye haue done/ And ſoo dyd I neuer/ but in my de
fenſe that I was dryuen therto in ſaufnge of my lyf/

¶ A fals knyghte ſayd ſyr Gawayne that thou meneſt by
ſyr Lamorake/ wete thou wel I ſlewe hym/ ye ſlewe hym not
youre ſelf ſayd ſir launcelot/ hit had ben ouer moche on hand
foꝛ you to haue ſlayne hym/ foꝛ he was one of the beſt knyght
es of cryſtned of his age/ and it was grete pyte of his dethe /

¶ Capitulum xij

WEl wel ſayd ſayd ſir Gawayne/ to launcelot ſythen
thou enbrayded me of fire Lamorake/ wete thou wel
I ſhalle neuer leue the tyl I haue the at ſuche auaille that thou
ſhalte not eſcape my handes / I truſte you wel ynough ſayd
ſyr launcelot/ and ye may gete me/ I gete but lytel mercy/
but as the Frenſſhe booke ſaith/ the noble kyng Arthur wo-
ld haue taken his Quene agayne / and haue ben acoꝛded
with ſyr launcelot/ but ſyr Gawayne wold not ſuffer hym by
no maner of meane / And thenne ſyre Gawayne made many
men to bolde vpon ſyr launcelot/ And all at ones they called
hym fals recreaunt knyght/ Thenne when ſyr Boꝛs de ganys

ſyr Ector de marys and ſir kyonel hardy this ouer cryed / they aſked to them ſyr Galomydes ſir Safyre hroder / and ſir Lauayne with many moo of their blood / and alle they went vn to ſir launcelot and ſayd thus / my lord ſir launcelot wete ye wel we haue gete ſorne of the gode rebukes / that we herd galvayn ſaye to yow / Wherfor we pray you & charge you as ye wilke haue our ſeruyſe / kepe vs noo lenger within theſe walles / for wete yow wel playnly we wilke ryde in to the feld / and doo bataylle with hem / for ye fare as a man that were aferd / and for alle your fayr ſpeche it wil not auayle yow / For wete yow wel / ſire Galvayne wilke not ſuffer you to be accorded with kynge Arthur / and therfore fyghte for youre lyf and your rychte and ye dar / Alias ſayd ſyr launcelot for to ryde oute of this Caſtel and to doo batayl I am ful lothe / Thenne ſyr launcelot ſpak on hyghe vnto ſyr Arthur & ſyr Galvayne my lordes I requyre you and beſeche you ſythen that I am thus requyred and conſtured to ryde in to the felde / that neyther you my lord kynge Arthur nor you ſyre Galvayne come not in to the felde / What ſhal we doo thenne ſayd ſyr Gawayne / is this the kynges quarel with the to fyghte / and it is my quarel to fyghte with the ſyr launcelot / by cauſe of the deth of my broder ſyre Gareth / Thenne muſte I nedes vnto batayll ſaid ſyr launcelot / now wete you wel my lord Arthur and ſyre Gawayne ye ſhal repente it when ſomeuer I doo batayle with you / And ſoo thenne they departed eyther from other / and thenne eyther party made hem redy on the morne for to doo batayl / and grete purueaunce was made on bothe ſydes / and ſyr Gawayne lete pruueye many knyghtes for to wayte vpon ſir launcelot for to ouerſette hym / and to ſlee hym / And on the morne at vndorne ſyre Arthur was redy in the felde with thre grete hoſtes / And thenne ſyr launcelots felauſhyp came oute at thre gates in a ful goody araye / and ſyre kyonel came in the formeſt batayl / and ſyr launcelot came in the mydel / and ſyre Bors came oute at the thyrd gate / Thus they came in ordre & rule as ful noble knyghtes / and alwayes ſyr launcelot charged alle his knyghtes in ony wyſe to ſaue kynge Arthur & ſyr Galvayne

Thenne came forth sir Gawayne from the kynges host and he came before and proferd to juste/and sir Eyonel was a fyers knyght/and lyghtly he encountred with syr Gawayne/& there sir Gawayne smote syr Lyonel thurgh oute the body/that he dasshed to the erthe lyke as he had ben dede/And thenne syr Ector de marys and other more ran hym in to the Castel/thenne there began a grete stoure & moche peple was slayne/and euer syr launcelot dyd what he myght to saue the peple on kynge Arthurs party/for syr palomydes and syr Boors and syr Safyr ouerthrolue many knyghtes/for they were dedly knyghtes / and syre Blamor de ganys/and syr Bleoberys de ganys with sir Bellangere le beluse/these syxe knyghtes dyd moche harme/ and euer kynge Arthur was nyghe aboute syr launcelot to haue slayn hym/& syr launcelot suffred hym/and wold not stryke ageyne/Soo syr Boors encountred with kynge Arthur/|and there with a spere syr Boors smote hym doun/|& soo he alyght and drelue his swerd/and sayd to syr launcelot/ shalle I make an ende of this werre/& that he ment to haue slayn kynge Arthur Not soo hardy sayd syr launcelot vpon payn of thy hede / that thou touche hym no more/for I wille neuer see that most noble kynge that made me knyght neyther slayn ne shamed/ & there with al syr launcelot alyght of his hors & toke vp the kynge & horsed hym ageyn/& sayd thus/my lord Arthur for goddes loue stynte this stryf/for ye gete here no worshyp/ and I wold doo myn vttermuȳ/but alwey I forbere yow / & ye nor none of yours forbereth me/my lord remembre what I haue done in many places/& now I am euyll relwarded

Thenne whan kyng Arthur was on horsback / he loked vpon syr launcelot/& thēne the teres braste out of his eyen/thynkyng on the grete curtosy that was in syr launcelot more than in ony other man/& therwith the kynge rode his way/& myght no lenger beholde hym/& sayd Alas that euer this werre began/& thēne eyther partyes of the batails withdrelue them to repose them/& hurryed fyr dede/& to the wouūded men they leid softe

ſalues/and thus they endured that nyght tyll on the morne/& on the morne by vndorne they made hem redy to doo batailke / And thenne ſyr Boors ledde the forward/ ¶ Soo vpon the morne there came ſyre Galhayne as fyers as ony lyon with a grete ſpere in his hand/ And whan ſir Boors ſalde hym / he thoughte to reuenge his brodr ſyre Lyonel of the deſpyte that ſyr Galhayn dyde hym the other daye/ ¶ And ſo they that knelde eyther other ſcutryde their ſperes/and with alle theire myghtes of their horſes and hem ſelf/they mette to gyder ſoo feloniſly/that eyther bare other thorowlde/and ſoo they felle both to the erthe/and thenne the batailles ioyned / and there was mocke ſlaughter on bothe partyes / Thenne ſir launcelot reſcowed ſyr Boors and ſente hym in to the Caſtel/ But neyder ſyr Galhayne nor ſyr Boors dyed not of their wounder/ For they were alle holpen/Thenne ſyr Lauayne and ſir Bore prayde ſyr Launcelot to doo his payne/and fyzte as they had done/for We ſee/ye forbere and ſpare/and that doth mocke harme therfor we praye yolle ſpare not youre enemyes noo more than they done yolle/ Allas ſayde ſire Launcelot I haue no herte to fyghte agaynſt my lorde Arthur / For euer me ſemeth I doo not as I oughte to doo/My lorde ſayde ſir Galhamyres though ye ſpare them alle this day/they will neuer conne yolle thank And yf they may gete yolle at auayle/ye are but dede/ ¶ So thenne ſyr Launcelot Underſtoode that they ſayde hym trouth & thenne he ſtraynede hym ſelf more than he dyde afore hande/ and by cauſe his nevelde ſir Boors was ſore wounded/ And thenne within a lytel whyle by euenſong tyme ſire Launcelot and his party letter ſtode/for their horſes wente in blody paſt the fyldes/there was ſoo mocke people ſlayne / And thenne for pyte ſyr launcelot withholde his knyghtes/and ſuffred kynge Arthurs party for to withdrawe them ouſyde/ And thenne ſir launcelots party withdrewe hem in to his Caſtel/ and eyther partyes buryed the dede/& putte ſalf vnto the wounded men/ Soo whan ſyre Galhayne was hurte/they on kyng Arthurs party were not ſoo orgulous as they were to fore hande to do batailk/Of this werre was noyſed thorou al cryſtendome & at the laſt it was noyſed afore the pope/and he conſyderynge the grete goodnes of kynge Arthur/& of ſir Launcelot that was

calledy the mooſt nobleſt knyghtes of the worldy wherfore the pope calledy vnto hym a noble Clerke that att that tyme was there preſente/the Frenſſhe book ſayth/hit was the Biſſhop of Rocheſtre/andy the pope gaf hym bulles vnder lede vnto kynge Arthur of Englondy/ chargynge hym vpon payne of entredy-tynge of al Englondy that he take his quene dame Gueneuer vnto hym ageyne andy accorde with ſyr Launcelot/

Capitulum viii

SOo whan this Biſſhop was come to Carleyl/he ſhewed the kynge theſe bulles/Andy whan the kyng Vnderſtoody theſe bulles/he nyſt what to doo/ful fayne he wolde haue ben accordedy with ſir launcelot/but ſir Galhayne wolde not ſuffre hym/but as for to haue the quene/ther to he agreedy But in no wyſe ſyr Galhayne wolde not ſuffer the kyng to accorde with ſyr Launcelot/but as for the quene he conſentedy/ Andy thenne the Biſſhop hady of the kynge his gerte ſeal/& his aſſuraunce as he was a true ennoyntedy kynge/that ſyre Launcelot ſholdy come ſauf/andy goo ſauf/andy that the quene ſholdy not be ſpoken vnto/of the kynge/ nor of none other/for no thynge done afore tyme paſt/andy of alle theſe appoyntements/the Biſſhop broughte with hym ſure aſſuraunce & worytynge to ſhelde ſir Launcelot/So whan the Biſſhop was come to Joyous gardy/there he ſolved ſir launcelot how the pope hady wryten to Arthur andy vnto hym/andy there he told hym the perylls yf he withholde the quene from the kyng/ It was neuer in my thoughte ſaide launcelot to withholde the quene from my lordy Arthur/but in ſoo moche ſhe ſholdy haue ben dede for my ſake/me ſemeth it was my parte to ſaue her lyf andy putte her from that daunger tyl better recouer myghte come/ & now I thanke godys ſaydy ſir Launcelot that the pope hath made her pees/for godys knowyth ſaydy ſyr launcelot I wylle be a thouſand foldy more gladder to brynge her ageyne than euer I was of her takyng alway/With this I maye be ſure to come ſauf/ andy goo ſauf/and that the quene ſhal haue her lyberte as ſhe had before/ andy neuer for no thynge that hath ben ſurmyſedy

afore this tyme/ſhe neuer fro this day ſtande in no peryll/ for
els ſayd ſir launcelot I dare auenture me to kepe her from an
harder ſhoure than euer I kepte her/It ſhal not nede yow ſa
yd the Biſſhop to drede ſoo mocke/ For wete yold wel the po
pe muſte be okeyed/and it were not the popes Worſhyp nor my
poure honeſte to wete yold diſeuerſſyd neyther the quene/ney
ther in peryll nor ſhamed/Andy thenne he ſhewed ſir laun
celot alle his wrytynge / bothe from the pope andy from kynge
Arthur/this is ſure ynough/ſayd ſir Launcelot/for ful wel
I dare truſt my lordes owne wrytynge andy his ſeale / for he
was neuer ſhamed of his promeſſe

¶ Therfore ſayd ſir Launcelot vnto the Biſſhop/ye ſhalle ryde
vnto the kynge afore / andy recommaunde me vnto his goody
grace/ andy lete hym haue knowlechynge that this ſame daye
eyghte dayes by the grace of goody/I my ſelf ſhalle bryngе my
lady Quene Gueneuer vnto hym / andy thenne ſaye ye vnto
my moſt redoubted kyng that I wille ſay largely for the que
ne/that I ſhalle none exceptе for drede nor fere/but the kyng
hym ſelf andy my lordy ſire Gawayn / and that is more for the
kynges loue than for hym ſelf/Soo the Biſſhop departed and
came to the kynge at Carleyl/andy tolde hym alle how ſir lau
celot anſwerd hym/andy thenne the teres braſt oute of the ky
nges eyen / Thenne ſire Launcelot purueyed hym an honderd
knyghtes/andy alle were clothed in grene Veluet/ andy theyr
horſes trapped to their heles/andy euery knyghte helde a bra
unche of olyue in his hande in tokenyng of pees/and the que
ne had four andy twenty gentyl wymmen folowyng her in the
ſame wyſe/andy ſir Launcelot had twelue courſers folowynge
hym/andy on euery courſer ſat a yonge gentylman/ andy alle
they were arayed in grene Veluet with ſarpys of goldy about
their quarters/andy the hors trapped in the ſame wyſe doune
to the helys with many oucles y ſette with ſtones and perlys
in goldy to the nombre of a thowſandy/andy ſhe andy ſir Laun
celot were clothed in whyte clothe of goldy tyſſeld/ andy ryght
ſoo as ye haue herd as the Frenſſhe booke maketh mencyon /
he rode with the quene from Joyous gardy to Carleyl/ and ſo
ſyr Launcelot rode thorou oute Carleyl andy ſoo in the caſtel
that alle men myght beholde/ & wete you wel ther was many a

wepynge eyen/ and thenne ſyr Launcelot hym ſelf alyghte and anoyded his hors and toke the quene/ and ſoo led her where kynge Arthur was in his ſeate/ and ſyre Galvayn ſat afore hym/ and many other grete lordes/ Soo whan ſyre launcelot ſalve the kynge/ and ſyr Galvayne / thenne he lad the quene by the arme/ and thenne he kneled doune and the quene lothe ¶ Were yold wel thenne was there many bold knyghte ther with kynge Arthur that wepte as tendyrly / as though they had ſene alle their kynne afore them/ Soo the kynge ſat ſtylle/ and ſayd no word/ And whan ſyre Launcelot ſalve his cõtenaunce/ he aroſe and pulled vp the quene with hym/ & thus he ſpak ful knyghtely ¶ Capitulum xiiij

My moſt redoubted kynge ye ſhalle vnderſtande by the popes commaundement and youre I haue brouzt to yow my lady the quene as ryghte requyreth/ And yf there be ony knyghte of what ſomeuer degree that he be excepte your perſone that wylle ſaye or dar ſay but that ſhe is true & clene to yold/ I here my ſelf ſyr Launcelot du lake wylle make it good vpon his body that ſhe is a true lady vnto yold/ but lyars ye haue lyſtned/ & that hath cauſed debate betwixt yold & me/ For tyme hath ben my lord Arthur that ye haue ben gretely pleſyd with me whan I dyd batail for my lady youre quene/ & ful wel ye knolde my moſt noble kynge / that ſhe hath ben put to grete wrongs or thio tyme/ & ſythen it pleaſyd yold at many tymes that I ſhold fyghte for her/ me ſemeth my good lord I had more cauſe to reſcolde her from the fyre in ſoo moche ſhe ſhold haue ben brente for my ſake/ For they that told yow tho tales were lyers/ & ſoo it felle vpon them / for by lyklyhode had not the myghte of god ben with me/ I myghte neuer haue endured fourten knyghtes & they armed & afore purpoſed & I vnarmed & not purpoſed/ for I was ſente for vnto my lady your quene I wote not for what cauſe/ but I was not ſo ſoone within the chamber dore but anon ſyre Agrauayn & ſyr mordred called me traytour & recreaunt knyghte/ They called the rycht sayd ſyr Galvayn

¶ My lord ſyre Galvayn ſaid ſyre Launcelot in their quarel they preued hem ſelf not in the rycht/ wel wel ſyr launcelot

sayd the kyng/I haue gyuen the no cause to do to me as thou hast done / For I haue worshypped the and thyn more than ony of alle my knyghtes / My good lord sayd sire launcelot soo ye be not displeasyd/ ye shalle vnderstande/I and myn haue done yold ofte better seruyse than ony other knyghtes haue done in many dyuerse places/and where ye haue ben ful hard bestadde dyuerse tymes/ I haue my self rescolved yold from many daungers/and euer vnto my power I was glad to plese yold and my lord syr Galhayne bothe in Justes and turnementes and in batails sette bothe on horsback and on foote/ I haue often rescolved yold and my lord syr Galhayne and many moo of your knyghtes in many dyuerse places/for nold I wil make auaunt sayd sir launcelot I wyl that ye al wete that yet I fonde neuer no maner of knyghte / but that I was ouer hard for hym and I hadde done my vttermaunce/thanked be god/holde be it I haue ben matched with good knyghtes as sir Tristram and syr Lamorak/but euer I had a fauour vnto them and a demyng what they were/and I take god to record sayd syr launcelot I neuer was wrothe nor gretely displeasyd with no good knyghte and I salue hym besy aboute to wynne worshyp/and glad I was euer when I fonde ony knyghte that myghte endure me on horsback and on foote/how be it sir Carados of the dolorous toure was a ful noble knyghte & a passynge stronge man/ & that wote ye my lorde syr Galhayne/ for he myghte wel be called a noble knyghte Whan he by fyne force pulled you out of youre sadel/and bonde you ouer thwarte afore hym to his sadel bowe / and there my lorde syr Galhayne I rescolved yold and slewe hym afore your syghte Also I fonde his broder syr Turquyn in lyke wyse ledyng sir Gaherys youre broder bounden afore hym/and there I rescowed your broder and slewe that Turquyn/ & delyuerd thre score and foure of my lorde Arthurs knyghtes oute of his prysons And now I dare say sayd sir launcelot I mette neuer with so stronge knyghtes nor so wel fyghtyng as was sir Carados & syr Turquyn/for I fought with them to the vttermest/ & therfor saide sir launcelot vnto syr Galhayne me semeth ye ought of ryghte to remembre this/for/& I myght haue your good wil I wolde truste to god to haue my lorde Arthurs goode grace

¶ The kynge maye doo as he wylle ſayd ſire Galhayne
But wete thold wel ſyre Launcelot thold and I ſhalle
neuer ben accordyd Whyle we lyue / for thou haſt ſla-
yne thre of my bretheren/and two of them ye ſlewe traytourly
and pytouſly/for they bare none harneis ageynſt the nor none
wyldyn bere/godyn wold they had ben armedyn ſayd ſire Launce-
lot/for thenne had they ben on lyue

¶ And wete ye wel ſyre Galhayne as for ſire Gareth I loue
none of my kynneſmen ſo moche as I dydyn hym/and euer wh-
yle I lyue ſayd ſir launcelot I wille kelbaile ſir Gareths deth
not al onely for the grete fere I haue of yow/ but many cauſes
cauſen me to be ſo rouful/one is/for I made hym knyghte/ano-
ther is/I wote wel he loued me aboue alle other knyghts
And the thyrd is/he Was paſſynge noble/true curtrys & gen
tyl/and wel condycyoned/the fourth is/I wyſt wel anone as
I herd that ſir Gareth was dede/ I ſhold neuer after haue your
loue but euerlaſtynge warre betwixe vs/and alſo I wiſt wel
that ye wold cauſe my noble lorde Arthur for euer to be my
mortal foo/And as Ihesu be my helpe ſayd ſyr Launcelot I ſhe
lde neuer ſir Gareth nor ſir Galerys by my wylle / but allas
that euer they were vnarmedyn that vnhappy daye / But thus
moche I ſhalle offre me ſaid ſir launcelot yf hit may pleaſe the
kynges goodyn grace and yold my lord ſire Galhayne I ſhalle
fyrſt begynne at Sandwyche/and ther I ſhal goo in my ſherte
bare foot/Andyn at euery ten myles endyn I wylle founde & gar-
malle an holde of relygyon of what ordre that ye wyl aſſygne
me with an hole Couent to ſynge and rede dayn & nyghte m
eſpecyal for ſyr Gareths ſake and ſir galerys/ And this ſhal
I performe from Sandwyche vnto Carleil / And euery holde
ſhal haue ſuffycyent kyuelode/and this ſhal I performe whyle
I haue ony kyuelode in Cryſtendom/and there nys none of al
theſe relygyous places but they ſhal be performedyn/furnyſſhed
and garnyſſhedyn in alle thynges as an holy place oughte to
be/I promyſe yold feythfully/

¶ And this ſir Galhayne me thynketh were more fayrer holy
er & more lefter to their ſoules than ye my moſt noble kyng &

yold ſire Galvayne to ware vpon me/for there by ſhalt ye ge-
te none auayle/Thenne alle knyghtes and ladyes that were
there wepte/as they were madde/and the ters felle on kynge
Arthurs chekes / Sire Launcelot ſayd ſir Galvayne I haue
ryghte wel herd thy ſpeche / and thy grete profers/ but wete
thold wel/lete the kynge doo as hit pleaſyd hym/I will ne-
uer forgyue my broders dethe/and in eſpecyal the dath of my
brodr ſyre Gareth/And yf myn vnkel kynge Arthur wylle
accorde with the/he ſhalle leſe my ſeruyſe/for wete thold wel/
thold arte lothe fals to the kynge and to me/Sir ſaid laun-
celot he wreth not the lyf/that may make that goodr/ And yf
ye ſir Galvayne wylle charge me with ſoo hyghe a thynge/y
muſte pardonne me/for thenne nedes muſte I anſwere yold/
Nay ſayd ſir Galvayne we are paſt that at this tyme/ and
that cauſed the pope/for he hath charged myn vnkel the kyng
that he ſhalle take his Quene ageyne/and to accorde with the
ſyr Launcelot as for this ſeaſon/and therfor thold ſhalte goo
ſauf as thow cameſt/But in this land thou ſhalte not abyde
paſt yd dayes ſuche ſomons I gyue the/ſoo the kyng and we
were conſentedr and accordedr or thold cameſt / and elis ſayd
ſyre Gawayne wete thold wel thou ſholdeſt not haue comen
here/but yf hit were maulgre thy hede/ And yf it were not for
the popes commaundement ſayd ſyre Galvayne I ſholde do ba-
talle with myn olvne body ageynſt thy body/and preue it vp
on the/that thold haſt ben lothe fals vnto myn vnkel kyng ar
thur and to me lothe/and that ſhalle I preue vpon thy body
vohan tholde arte departed from hens where ſomeuer I fynde
the

Capitulum xviij

Thenne ſyr launcelot ſyghed/and there with the ters
felle on his chekes/and thenne he ſayd thus / Alias
mooſt noble Cryſten Realme vvhome I haue loued aboue al
other realmes / and in the I haue geten a grete parte of my
worſhyp/and nold I ſhalle departe in this vyſe / Truly me
repenteth that euer I came in this realme that ſholde be thus
ſhamefully fanny ſhed vnderſerued and cauſeles / but fortune

is soo Varyaunt/ and the whele soo meuable / there nys none constaunte abydynge / and that may be preued by many olde Cronykles of noble Ector and Troylus and Alysander the myghty Conquerour/ and many moo other / whan they were moost in their Royalte/ they alyghte lowest/ and soo fareth it by me sayd sir Launcelot/ for in this realme I had worshyp and by me and myn alle the hole wundy table hath ben encreced more in worship by me and myn blood than by ony other And therfor wete thold wel sire Galdayne I may lyue bpon my landes as wel as ony knyghte that here is/ And yf ye mooste redoubted kynge wylle come bpon my landes with syr Galdayne to werre bpon me/ I must endure yold as wel as I maye / But as to yold sir Galdayne yf that ye come there I pray yold charge me not with treason nor felony/ for and ye doo/ I must answer yold/ doo thou thy best sayd sir Galdayne / therfore hyde the fast that thold were gone/ and wete thou wel we shalle soone come after and breke the strengest Castel that thold hast bpon thy hede/ That shalle not nede sayd sir Launcelot/ for and I were as orgulous sette as ye are/ wete you wel I shold mete yold in mydde of the felde/ Make thold no more langage sayd syr Galdayne / but delyuer the quene from the/ and pyke the lyghtly oute of this Courte/ wel sayd syr Launcelot/ and I had wyst of this shorte comynge / I wolde haue adiuysed me eldres or that I had comen hyder/ for and the Quene had be soo dere to me as ye noyse her/ I durst haue kepte her from the felaushyp of the best knyghtes vnder heuen And thenne syr Launcelot sayd vnto Gueneuer in herynge of the kynge and hem all/ Madame nold I muste departe from you and this noble felaushyp for euer/ e sythen it is soo/ I beseche yold to praye for me/ and saye me wel/ and yf ye be hardy bestad by ony fals tonges/ lyghtly my lady sende me worde/ and yf ony knyghtes handes may delyuer yold by batail/ I shall delyuer yold/ and there with all sir launcelot kyst the Quene/ and thenne he sayd al openly nold lete see what he be in this place that dar saye the Quene is not true vnto my lord Arthur lete see who wille speke and he dar speke/ And ther with he brought the Quene to the kyng/ and thenne sir Launcelot toke his leue and departed/ and ther was neyther kyng duke/ ne

erle/baron ne knyght/lady nor gentylwoman/ but alle they wepte as peple oute of their mynde/ except sir Gawayn/and yuayn the noble sir Launcelot took his hors to ryde oute of Carlyl/there was sobbynge and weppynge for pure dole of his departynge/and soo he took his way vnto Joyous gard/ And thenne euer after he called it the dolorous gard/ And thus departed sir Launcelot from the court for euer/ And soo whan he came to Joyous gard he called his felaushyp vnto hym/ & asked them What they wold do/thēne they answerd alle holy to gyders with one voys they wold as he wold doo/my fayre fadres sayd syr Launcelot I must departe oute of this moost noble realme/and now I shalle departe/ hit greueth me sore/ for I shalle departe with no worshyp / for a flemyd man departed neuer oute of a realme with noo Worshyp/and that is my heuynes / for euer I fere after my dayes that men shalle cronykle vpon me that I Was flemed oute of this land/and els my fayre lordes be ye sure and I had not dred shame my lady Quene Gwenyuer and I sholde neuer haue departed/ Thenne spak many noble knyghtes as sir Galompydes/sir Safyr his broder/and sir Bellangere le beuse/and sir Ore with sir Lauayne with many other/Sir and ye be so disposed to abyde in this land/we wyl neuer fayle you/ & yf ye lyst not to abyde in this land/ther nys none of the good knyghtes that here ben with you/for many causes/One is/All we that ben not of your blood shalle neuer be welcome to the Court/ And sythen hit lyked vs to take a parte with you in youre distresse & heuynesse in this realme/Wete you wel it shall lyke vs as wel to goo in other countreys With you/and there to take suche parte as ye doo/My fayre lordes sayd sir Launcelot I wel vnderstande you and as I can/thanke you/ and ye shalle vnderstande suche lyuelode as I am borne vnto I shal departe with you in this maner of wyse/that is for to say / I shalle departe alle my lyuelode and alle my landes fayrly amonge you/and I my self wylle haue as lytel as ony of you for haue I suffysyaunt that may longe to my persone/I wylle aske none other ryche araye/and I truste to god to mayntene you on'my landes as wel as euer were mayntened ony knyghtes/Thenne spak all the knyghtes at ones/ye haue shame that

wylle leue yow/ For we alle vnderstande in this realme wyll
be nowe no quyete but euer stryf and debate/ now the felaushipp
of the wundy table is broken/ for by the noble felaushyp of the
wundy table Was kynge Arthur vp borne/ and by their no-
bles the kynge and alle his realme was in quyete and reste/
and a grete parte they sayd all was by cause of your nobles-

Capitulum xviij

Truly sayd sir Launcelot I thanke yow alle of youre
goody sayenge/ how be it/ I wote wel/ in me was not
alle the stabylyte of this realme/ but in that I myght
I dyd my deuoyr/ and wel I am sure I knowe many rebel-
lyons in my dayes that by me were pesed/ and I trowe we
alle shalle here of hem in shorte space/ and that me sore repen-
eth/ For euer I drede me sayd syr launcelot that syr Mordred
wille make trouble/ for he is passyng enuyous & applyeth hym
to trouble/ So they were accorded to go with sir Launcelot to
his landes/ and to make shorte tale/ they trussed and payd
alle that wold aske hem/ and holy an honderd knyghtes de-
parted with sir launcelot at ones/ and made their auowes/ they
wold neuer leue hym for wele nor for wo'/ & so they shypped
at Cardyf/ & sayled vnto Benwyk/ somme men calle it bayen
and somme men calle it Beaume where the wyn of beaume is
But to saye the sothe/ syre Launcelot and his neuelbes were
bordis of alle Fraunce and of alle the landes that longed vnto
Fraunce/ he and his kynred recoyed it alle thurgh syr Lan-
celots noble prowes/ And thenne sir Launcelot stuffed & furn-
yssed and garnyssed alle his noble townes and castels/
Thenne alle the peple of tho landes came to syr Launcelot on
foote and handes/ and soo when he had stabled alle these co-
untreys/ he shortly called a parlement/ and there he crowned
syr Lyonel kynge of Fraunce/ and sire Bors crowned hym
kynge of al kynge Clandas landes and sir Ector de marys/
that was sir launcelot yongest broder/ he crowned hym kynge
of Benwyk and kynge of alle Gyan that was sir launcelot
owne landy/ and he made sir Ector prynce of them alle/ & thus

he departed/Thenne sir Launcelot auaunced alle his noble kn;
yghtes/and fyrste he auaunced them of his blood/ that was
syr Blamor/he made hym duke of Lymosyn in gyan/ and sir
Bleoberys he made hym duke of poyters/and sir Galahantyn
he made hym duke of Querne/& sir Galyhodyn he maade hym
duke of Sentonge / and sir Galyhud he made hym erle of pe;
rygot/and sir Menadeuke he made hym Erle of Roerge/ and
sire Wylkyars the Galyaunt he made hym erle of Bearne/and
syr Hebes le renoumes he made hym Erle of Comange / and
syr Lauayne he made hym Erle of Armynak / and sire Wore
he made hym erle of Estrake/ and syr Neroneus he made hym
Erle of pardyak/ and sire Plenorius he maade Erle of foyse
and sir Selyses of the dolorous toure he made hym erle of ma
sauke/ and sir Melyas de lyle he made hym Erle of Tursank
and sir Bellangere le beluse he made erle of the laundes/and
sire Galomydes he made hym duke of the prouynce / and syr
Safyr he made hym duke of Landok/and syr Clegys he gaf
hym the erldome of Agente/and syr Sadok he gaf the Erldom
of Snrlat/ and sir Dynas le Seneschal he made hym duke of
Anioye/ and sir Clarrus he made hym duke of Normandye/
Thus syr launcelot rewarded his noble knyghtes/& many mo
that me semeth it were to longe to reherce

¶ Capitulum xix

SO leue we syr Launcelot in his landes/ and his no;
ble knyghtes with hym/and returne we ageyne vnto
kynge Arthur and to syr Galhayne that made a gre;
te hoost redy to the nombre of thre score thousandy/and al thy;
nge was made redy for their shyppyng to passe ouer the se / &
soo they shypped at Cardyf/ and there kynge Arthur made sir
Mordredy chyef ruler of alle Englondy/and also he put quene
Gueneuer vnder his gouernaunce by cause syr Mordredy was
kynge Arthurs sone he gaf hym the rule of his landy and of
his wyf/and soo the kynge passedy the see and landedy vpon
syr launcelots landes /and there he brente and wastedy thurgh
the vengeaunce of syr galhayne al that they myghte ouer

renne/whan this wordy came to syr Launcelot that kyng Arthur and sir Galvayne were landed vpon his landes/& made a full grete destructyon and waste/thenne spake syr Bors & sayd my lordy sir laūcelot it is shame that we suffre hem thus to ryde ouer our landes/for wete yow wel/suffre ye hem as longe as ye will/they wille doo yow no saueour/and they may handle yow/Thenne saidy sir Lyonel that was ware and wyse My lord syr Launcelot I wyll gyue this counceylle/ lete vs kepe oure stronge walledy Tolvnes vntyl they haue hongre & coldy/andy blolve oy their nayles/andy thenne lete vs fresshly sette vpon hym/andy shrede hem doune as sheep in a folde / that Alyaunts may take ensample for euer how they lande vpon oure landes / Thenne spak kynge Bagdemagus to syre Launcelot/syre your curtosy wyll shende vs alle/and thy curtosy hath wakedy alle this sorowe/for andy they thus ouer our landes ryde/they shalle by processe brynge vs alle to noughte whyles we thus in holes vs hyde/Thenne sayd syre Galyhud vnto sir Launcelot / syre here ben knyghtes come of kynges bloody that wyl not longe droupe / & they are within these walles/therfor gyue vs leue lyke as we ben knyztes to mete them in the feldy andy we shalle slee them/that they shal curse the tyme that euer they came in to this countrey/ ¶ Thenne spak seuen bretheren of northwalys/ andy they were seuen noble kynghtes/a may myghte sette in seuen kynges landes or he myghte fynde suche seuen kynghtes/Thenne they alle said at ones/syr launcelot for crystes salke lete vs oute ryde with sir Galyhud/for we be neuer wonte to coure in castels nor in noble Tolvnes/Thenne spak sir Launcelot that was mayster & gouernour of them alle/my fayre lordes wete yow wel I am full lothe to ryde oute with my knyghtes for shedynge of crysten bloody andy yet my lendes I vnderstande ben full bare/ for to susteyne ony hoost a whyle/for the myghty warres that whyl lome made kyng Clandas vpon this countrey vpon my fader kyngy Ban & on myn vncle kyng Bors/holde be it we will as at this tyme kepe oure stronge walles / & I shalle sende a messager vnto my lordy Arthur a treatyce for to take for better is pees than alwayes warre/ So sir laūcelot sente forth a damoysell & a dwerfe with her/ requyrynge kynge Arthur to

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bone his warynge vpon his landes / and so she sterte vpon a palfroy / and the dwarf ranne by her syde / And whan she cam to the pauelione of kynge Arthur / there she alyghte / and ther mette her a gentyl knyghte syr Lucan the butteler / & said / fayr damoysel come ye from syr Launcelot du lake / ye syr she sayd / therfor I come hyder to speke with my lord the kynge / Alas said sir Lucan my lord Arthur wold haue Launcelot / but sir Galhayne wyl not suffer hym / And thenne he sayd I praye to god damoysel ye may spede wel / for alle we that ben aboute the kynge wold sir launcelot dyd best of ony knyght lyuynge / And so with this Lucan ledde the damoysel vnto the kynge where he sat with sir Galhayne / for to here what she wold saye / Soo whan she had told her tale / the water ranne out of the kynges eyen / and alle the lordes were ful glad for to aduyse the kynge as to be accorded with syr Launcelot / sauf alonly syr Galhayne / and he sayd my lord myn vncle / What wyl ye doo / wil ye nold torne ageyne nold ye are past thus fer vpon this Journey / alle the world wylle speke of yold vylony / Nay sayd Arthur wete thou wel sir Galhayne I wylle doo as ye wil aduyse me / and yet me semeth sayd Arthur his sayre profers were not good to be refused / but sythen I am comen soo fer vpon this Journey / I wil that ye gyue the damoysel her answer / for I maye not speke to her for pyte / for her profers ben so large

¶ Capitulum xx

Thenne sir Galhayne sayd to the damoysel thus / Damoysel saye ye to sir launcelot that it is vaste labour nold to selue to myn vncle / for telle hym / and he wold haue made ony labour for pres / he sholde haue made it or this tyme / for telle hym nold it is to late / & saye that I sir Galhayn soo sende hym word / that I promyse hym by the feythe I owe vnto god and to knyghthode / I shal neuer leue hym / tyl he haue slayne me / or I hym / Soo the damoysel wepte & departed / and there were many wepyng eyen / and soo sir lucan brought the damoysel to her palfroy / and soo she came to syr Launcelot where he was among alle his knyghtes / & when

ſyr launcelot hadȝ herdȝ this anſuer/ thenne the teres ranne do ȝ
une by his chekes / Andȝ thenne his noble knyghtes ſtrode a
boute hym/ andȝ ſaydȝ ſir launcelot/ wherfor make ȝe ſuche chere
thynke what ye are/ andȝ what men we are/ and lete vs noble
knyghtes matche hem in myddes of the felde/ that maye be ly ȝ
ghtely done ſaydȝ ſir launcelot/ but I was neuer ſoo lothe to
doo batail/ andȝ therfore I praye you fayre ſires as ȝe wolle me
be ruledȝ as I wylle haue yoldȝ/ for I wylle alweyes flee fȝ
noble kynge/ that made me knyghte/ Andȝ whan I may noo
ferther/ I muſte nedes defendȝ me/ andȝ that wylle be more wor
ſhyp for me andȝ vs alle/ than to compare with that noble ky ȝ
nge whome we haue alle ſeruedȝ/ Thenne they helde theire lan
gage/ andȝ as that nyghte they wolde their reſt/ And vpon the
morne erly in the daunynge of the daye / as knyghtes wolledȝ
oute/ they ſalve the Cyte of Benwyk byſegedȝ roundȝ about/
andȝ faſt they beganne to ſette vp laddres/ andȝ thenne they de
fyedȝ hem oute of the Tolvne / andȝ kete hem from the walles
wyghtely/ Thenne came forth ſire Galvayne wel armedȝ vpon
a ſtyf ſtedȝ/ andȝ he came before the chyef gate with his ſpere/
in his handȝ cryenge/ ſyr launcelot where arte thow / is there
none of you proude knyghtes dare breke a ſpere with me/
Thenne ſir Bors made hym redy/ andȝ came forth oute of the
Tolvne/ andȝ there ſir Galvayne encountredȝ with ſyre Bors
Andȝ at that tyme he ſmote ſire Bors doune from his hors /
andȝ al mooſt he hadȝ ſlayne hym/ andȝ ſoo ſire Bors was re
ſcolvedȝ andȝ borne in to the Tolvne/ Thenne came forth ſir Ly
onel broder to ſyr Bors/ andȝ thoughte to reuenge hym / andȝ
eyther feutredȝ their ſperes/ andȝ ranne to gyder/ and there they
mette ſpytefulky/ but ſir Galvayn hadȝ ſuche grace that he ſmo
te ſir Lyonel doune/ andȝ wounded hym there paſſynge ſore/ &
thenne ſyr Lyonel was reſcolvedȝ/ andȝ borne in to the tolvne/
Andȝ this ſir Galvayne came euery day/ andȝ he fayledȝ not/
but that he ſmote doune one knyghte or other/ Soo thus they
enduredȝ half a yere/ andȝ moche ſlauȝter was of pple on both
partyes/ Thenne hit befelle vpon a day/ ſyr Galvayne came a ȝ
fore the gates armedȝ at alle ppeces on a noble hors with a
grete ſpere in his handȝ/ andȝ thenne he cryedȝ with a lolde vo ȝ
ys/ where arte thow now thou falſe traytour ſyre launcelot /

why hydest thold thy self within holes and walles lyke a co
ward/loke oute nold thold fals traytour knyght/and here I
shal revenge vpon thy body the deth of my thre bretheren/
Alle this langage herd sir launcelot euery dele and his kyn
and his knyghtes dredde about hym/ and alle they sayd at
ones to sir launcelot/ ¶ Sir launcelot nold must ye defen
de yold lyke a knyght/or els ye be shamed for euer/for nold
ye be called vpon treason/it is tyme for yow to stere/for ye ha
ue slepte ouer longe and suffred ouer mocke/ Soo god me he
lpe sayd sire launcelot I am ryght heuy of sire Galvayns
wordes/for nold he charged me with a grete charge/ And ther
for I wote it as wel as ye that I muste defende me/or els to
be recreaunt/Thenne syr launcelot bidde sadel his strongest ho
rs/and bid lete feteche his armes / and bringe alle vnto the
gate of the Toure/ and thenne sir launcelot spak on hygh vn
to kynge Arthur/and sayd my lord Arthur and noble ky
nge that made me knyght/wete yold wel/ I am ryght heuy
for your sake/that ye thus selve vpon me/and alweyes I for
here yold / for and I wold haue ben vengeable/ I myght
haue mette yold in myddes of the felde/and there to haue ma
de your boldest knyghtes ful tame/and nold I haue forborne
half a yere/and suffred yold and sire Galvayne to doo what
ye wold doo/and nold I may endure it no lenger/ for nold
muste I nedes defende my self/in soo mocke syr Galvayne hath
apeched me of treason/the which is gretely ageynste my will
that euer I shold fyght ayenst ony of your blood/but nold
I maye not forsake hit/ I am dryuen there to as a beste fyll
a faye/Thenne sir Galvayne sayd sir launcelot/and thou dar
st doo batail/leue thy babblynge/and come of/ and lete vs
ease our hertes/Thenne syr launcelot armed hym lyghtely/ &
mounted vpon his hors/and eyther of the knyghtes gat gre
te speres in their handes/and the hoste without stood stylle
all a parte/and the noble knyghtes came oute of the Cyte by
a grete nombre/in so mocke that when Arthur salve the nom
bre of men and knyghtes / he merueylled and sayd to hym
self/Allas that euer sir launcelot was ageynst me/for nold I
see he hath forborne me/and so the couenaunt was made/there
shold no man nyghe hem / nor dele with hem/tyl the one whem

¶ Capitulum xxi

THan ſyr Gaulwayn and ſyr Launcelot departed a grete waye in ſonder/ & than they cam to gyder with al their hors myght as they myght renne & eyther ſmote other in myddes of their ſheldes/but the knyghtes were ſoo ſtronge & theyr ſperys ſo hygge that their horſes myght not endure her buffettes/ & ſo their horſes fyl to therthe / & than they auoyded their horſes & dreſſyd her ſheldes afore them / Than they ſtode to gyders & gaf many ſad ſtrokes on dyuers places of theyr bodyes that the blood braſte out on many ſydes and places / Thenne had Syr Gaulwayn ſuche a grace and gyfte that an holy man had gyuen to hym That euery day in the yere from vndrene tyl hye none hys myght encreaced the thre houres as mocke as thryſe hys ſtrengthe/and that cauſed ſyr Gaulwayn to wynne grete honour ¶ And for hys ſake kyng Arthur maad an ordenaunce that al maner of batayles for ony quarelles that ſhold be done afore kyng Arthur ſhold begynne at vndern / & al was done for Syr Galvayns loue / that by lyklyhode yf Syr Gaulwayn were on the one parte he ſhold haue the better in batayl whyle his ſtrengthe endured thre houres /but there were but felwe knyghtes that tyme lyuyng that knelwe this aduauntage that ſyr Gaulwayn had / but kyng Arthur alkonelye/Thus ſyr Launcelot faught with ſyr Gaulwayn /& whan ſyr Launcelot felte hys myght euer more encreace ſyr Launcelot wondred & dredde hym ſore to be ſhamed For as the frenſſhe booke ſayth Syr Launcelot wende whan he felte ſyr Gaulwayn double his ſtrengthe that he had ben a fende and none erthely man/wherfore Syr Launcelot traced and trauerſyd and couerd hym ſelf wyth his ſhelde and kepte his myght and his brayde durynge thre houres / And that whyle Syr Gaulwayn gaf hym many ſadde bunches ¶ And many ſadde ſtrokes that al the knyghtes that behelde ſyr Launcelot meruaylled hold that he myght endure hym/but ful lytell vnderſtood they that trauaylle that Syr Launcelot had for to endure hym ¶ And thenne whan hit was paſte none Syr Gaulwayn had noo more but hys oldne myght / Thenne ſyr

launcelot felte hym so come doun/ than he stratched hym vp & stode nere syr Gawayn /& sayd thus my lord syr Gawayn nold I fele ye haue done/nold my lordy syr Gawayn I must do my parte for many grete & greuous strokes I haue endured you this day with grete payne/Than sir launcelot doubled his strokes & gaf sir Gawayn such a buffet on the helmet that he fyl doun on his syde /& syr launcelot withdrewe hym fro hym/why withdrawest thou the sayd syr Gawayn nold torne ageyn fals traytour knyght & flee me/for andy thou leue me thus whan I am hole I shal do batayl with the ageyn/I shal endure you syr by goddes grace/but wyt thou wel syr Gawayn I wyl neuer smyte a felly knyght/& so syr launcelot wente in to the cyte/& syr Gawayn was borne in to kyng arthurs pauylyon/& leches were brought to hym & serchedy and saluedy with softe oynementes/& than syr launcelot sayd nold haue goody day my lordy the kyng for wyt you wel ye wynne no worshyp at this walkys / & yf I wold my knyghtes oute bringe ther shold many a man deye/Therfore my lord Arthur remembre you of olde kyndenes / & hold euer I fare Jhesu be your gyde in al places

¶ Capitulum xxij

Alas said the kynge that euer this vnhappy warre was begonne/for euer yr launcelot forberyth me in al places/& in lyke wyse my kynne/& that is sene wel this dys day by my neueld syr Gawayn/Than kyng Arthur fyl seek for sorowe of syr Gawayn that he was so sore hurt/andy by cause of the warre betwyxt hym and syr launcelot / So than they on kyng arthurs partye kepte the syege with lyght warre without forth/& they within forth kepte theyr walles/& deffendedy them whan nede was/Thus syr Gawayn laye seek thre wekes in his tentes with al maner of leche crafte that myght be had/& assone as syr Gawayn myght goo & ryde /he armedy hym at al poyntes & sterte vpon a courser andy gate a spere in his hande/ andy so he came rydyng afore the chyef gate of the wyk/andy there he cryedy on heyght where art thou sir launcelot come forth thou fals traytour knyght & recreante for I am here sir Gawayn wyl preue this that I say on the/Alle thys langage sir launcelot herde/& than he sayd thus/sir Gawayn me repentys of your foule sayeng that ye wyll not cease of

your langage for you wote wel Syr Gawayn I knowe your myght and ake that ye may doo / ¶ And wel ye wote syr Gawayn ye may not gretely hurte me / Come downe traytour knyght sayd he & make it good the contrarye with thy handes / For it myshappyd me the laste batayle to be hurte of thy handes ¶ Therfore whyle thou wel I am come thys day to make amendys / For I wene thys day to laye the as lowe as thou laydest me / Jhesu defende me sayd syr Launcelot that euer I be so feble in your daunger as ye haue ben in myn / for than my dayes were doon / But syr Gawayn sayd syr Launcelot ye shal not thynke that I tary longe / but sythen that ye so vnknyghtely calle me of treson ye shalle haue lothe your handes ful of me / And than syr Launcelot armed hym at al poyntes and mounted vpon his hors / and gate a grete spere in hys hande and rode oute at the gate / And lothe the hoostes were assembled / of hem without and of them within / & stode in a raye ful mankye / And lothe partyes were charged to holde them stylle / to see and behold the batayle of these ij noble knyghtes / And thenne they layed their speeryes in their restys and they came to gyder as thondre / and syr Gawayn brake his spere vpon syr Launcelot in an hondred pyeces vnto his hande / & syr Launcelot smote hym with a gretter myght that syr Gawaynes hors fete reysed / and so the hors and he fyl to the erthe / ¶ Thenne syr Gawayn delyuerly auoyded his hors and dressyd his shelde afore hym / and eygerly drewe his swerde and lad Syr Launcelot alyghte traytour knyght / for yf thys marys sone hath faylled me / wyt thou wel a kynges sone and a quenes sone shal not faylle the /

¶ Than syr Launcelot auoyded his hors & dressyd his shelde afore hym and drewe hys swerde and soo stode they to gyders and gaf many sad strokes that all men on lothe partyes had therof passynge grete Wonder / ¶ But whan syr Launcelot felte Syr Gawaynes myght soo meruaylously encrees / he than with helde his courage and his wynde / & kepte hym self wonder couert of his myght / and vnder his shelde he traysyd and trauersyd here & there to breke syr Gawaynes strokes & his courage / and syr Gawayn enforced hym self with al his myght and power to destroye syr Launcelot for as the frenssh

book sayth / Euer as Syr Gawayns myght encreased Right so encreased his wynde and hys euyl wylle / Thus syr Gawayne dyd grete payne vnto Syr Launcelot thre houres that he had right grete payne for to deffende hym / And whan the thre houres were passyd that syr Launcelot felte that syr Gawayn was comen to hys owne propre strengthe / Thenne Syr Launcelot sayd vnto syr Gawayn now haue I prouyd you wyse . That ye are a ful daungerous knyght and a wonderful man of your myght / and many wonderful dedes haue ye doon in your dayes / For by your myght encreasyng you haue dysseuered many a ful noble and valyaunt knyght / And nowe I fele that ye haue doon your myghty dedes / Nowe wyte you wel I must do my dedys / ¶ And thenne Syr Launcelot stode nere syr Gawayn / and thenne syr Launcelot doubled hys strokes / And syr Gawayn deffended hym myghtyly But neuertheles syr Launcelot smote suche a stroke vpon sir Gawayns helme / and vpon the olde wounde that syr Gawayn synked doun vpon hys one syde in a swounde / And anone as he dyd awake he waryed and foyned at syr Launcelot as he laye / and sayd traytour knyght wyt thou wel I am not yet slayn / Come thou nere me and perfourme thys bataylle vnto the vttermyst / ¶ I wyl nomore doo than I haue doon sayd syr Launcelot / For whan I see you on fote I wyll doo bataylle vpon you alle the whyle I see you stande on your feet / But for to smyte a wounded man that may not stonde godys deffende me from suche a shame / and thenne he tourned hym and wente his waye toward the eyre / And syr Gawayn euermore callyng hym traytour knyght / and sayd wyt thou wel syr launcelot whan I am hole I shal doo bataylle wyth the agayn ¶ For I shal neuer leue the tyl that one of vs be slayn / Thus as thys syege endured as syr Gawayn laye seek nere a monthe / and whan he was wel recouerd and redy wythin thre dayes to do bataylle agayn wyth syr Launcelot Right so came tydynges vnto Arthur from Englond that made kyng Arthur and al his hoost to remeue /

¶ Here foloweth the xvi book Capitulum primo

AS syr Mordred was ruler of alle Englond he dyd do make letters as though that they came from beyonde the see/ and the letters spraded that kynge Arthur was slayn in batayle with syr Launcelot / ¶ Wherfore Syr Mordred made a parlemente /and calledy the lordes togyders/ & there he made them to chese hym kyng & soo was he crowned at Canterbury and held a feest there .viij. dayes /& afterward he drewe hym vnto Wynchester /and there he took the Quene Gueneuer and sayd playnly that he wolde wedde hyr/ whyche was his vnkyls wyf and his faders wyf / And soo he made redy for the feest /And a day prefyxt that they sholde be wedded /wherfore quene Gueneuer was passyng wroy / But she durst not dyscouer hyr herte but spake fayr / & agreed to syr Mordredes wylle/ ¶ Thenne she espyed of syr Mordred for to goo to London to bye alle maner of thynges that longed vnto the weddyng / And by cause of hyr fayr speche Syr Mordred trusted hyr wel ynough ; and gaf hyr leue to goo / And soo whan she came to London she took the toure of London /and forthynkyng in alle haste possyble she stuffed hyt with alle maner of vytaylle /& wel garnysshed it With men and soo kepte hyt / ¶ Than whan Syr Mordred wyste and vnderstode holy he was begyled he was passyng wrothe oute of mesure / And a shorte tale for to make he went and layed a myghty syege aboute the toure of London / and made many grete assaultes therat / And threwe many grete engynes vnto theym /and shotte grete gonnes / But alle myght not preuayle Syr mordred / For quene Gueneuer wolde neuer for fayr speche nor for foule wolde neuer truste to come in hys handes ageyn / ¶ Thenne came the byssshop of Canterbury the whyche was a noble clerke and an holy man/ and thus he sayd to Syr mordred / Syr what wyl ye doo/ wyl ye fyrst displese god and sythen shame your self/& al knyghthode/ is not kyng Arthur your vncle no ferther but your moders broder / & on hir hym self kyng Arthur begate you vpon his owen syster/ therfor holy may you wedde your faders wyf Syr sayd the noble clerke leue this opynyon or I shall curse you with book & belle and candell/ Do thou thy worst said syr Mordred wyt thou wel I shal defye the/ sir sayd the byssshop &

wyll you wel I ſhal not fere me to do that me ought to do/alſo
where ye noyſe where my lord Arthur is ſlayne/& that is not
ſo/& therfore ye wyll make a foule werke in this londe /Pees
thou falſe preſt ſayd ſyr Mordred for & thou chauffe me ony
more/I ſhal make ſtryke of thy hed/So the byſſhop departed
and dyd the curſyng in the mooſt orguliſt wyſe that myght
be doon/ And than Syr mordred ſought the byſſhop of cau
terbury for to haue ſlayne hym /Than the byſſhop fledde and
toke parte of his goodes with hym & went nygh vnto glaſyn
bury /& there he was as preſt Eremyte in a chapel/& lyued
in pouerte & in holy prayers/ For wel he vnderſtode that myſ
cheuous warre was at honde/ Than Syr Mordred ſought on
quene Gueneuer by letters & ſondes & by fayr meanys & foul
meanys for to haue hir to come oute of the toure of london/but
al this auayled not/for ſhe anſwerd hym ſhortely/openly
and pruely that she had leuer ſlee hyr ſelf than to be mary
ed with hym / Than came worde to ſyr Mordred that kyng
Arthur had arayſed the ſyege/For Syr Launcelot & he was
comyng homeward with a grete hoſt to be auenged vpon
ſyr Mordred wherfore ſyr Mordred maad Wryte wrytes to
al the barondry of thys londe and mocke peple dreWe to hym
For than was the comyn voys emonge them that with Ar
thur was none other lyf but warre and ſtryffe / And with
Syr Mordred was grete Joye and blyſſe/Thus was ſyr Ar
thur depraued and euyl ſayd of. And many ther were that
kyng Arthur had made vp of nought and gyuen them lan
des myght not than ſay hym a good worde/Lo ye al engliſſh
men ſee ye not what a myſchyef here was/for he that was the
mooſt kyng and kynyght of the world and mooſt loued the
felyſhyp of noble kynyghtes / and by hym they were al vphol
den / Nowe myght not this engliſſh men holde them content
with hym/Lo thus was the olde cuſtome and vſage of this
londe/ And alſo men ſaye that we of thys londe haue not yet
loſte ne forgeten that cuſtome & vſage / Alas thys is a grete
defaulte of vs engliſſhe men / For there may no thynge pleſe
vs noo terme And ſoo ſarryd the people at that tyme they
were better pleſyd with ſir Mordred than they were with kyng
Arthur /and mocke peple dreWe vnto ſir Mordred and ſayd

they wolde abyde with hym for lacke and for werre / and so
syr Mordred dyde with a grete hoost to Douer / for there he
herde saye/that sir Arthur wolde arryue/ and so he thought
to lete his owne fader from his landes / and the moost party
of alle Englonde helde with sire mordred/the people were so
newe fangle

¶ Capitulum xi

And so as sire mordred was at Douer with his hoste
there came kyng Arthur with a grete nauye of shyp-
pes and galeyes and Carryls/ & there was syr Mordred re-
dy alwaytynge vpon his londage to lette his owne fader to lā-
de vp the lande that he was kyng ouer/thenne there was la-
uneynge of grete botes and smal/and ful of noble men of ar
mes/and there was moche slaughter of gentyl knyghtes and
many a ful bolde knyght was layde ful lowe on bothe partyes/
¶But kynge Arthur was so couragyous that there myght no
maner of knyghtes lette hym to lande/ and his knyghtes fy-
erfly folowed hym/and so they landed maulgre sir mordreds
and alle his power/and put sir mordred abak that he fledde &
alle his peple/Soo whan this batail was done/kyng Arthur
lete burye his peple that were dede/ And thenne was noble syr
Gawayne fonde in a grete bote lyenge more than half dede/
Whan syr Arthur wyst that syre Gawayne was layde so lowe
he wente vnto hym/and there the kynge made sorowe oute of
mesure/and took sire Gawayne in his armes / and there he
there swouned/ And thenne whan he awaked/he sayde/alas
sir Gawayne my systeres sone/here now thold lyggest the man
in the worlde that I loued moost/and now is my Joye gone /
for now my neuewe syre Gawayne I wille discouer me vnto
your persone/in syr Launcelot & you I moost had my Joye &
myn affyaunce/& now haue I lost my Joye of you bothe/where-
for alle myn erthely Joye is gone from me/Myn vnkel kyng
Arthur said sir Gawayn wete you wel my dethe day is come/&
alle is thorou myn owne hastynes & Wilfulnes/for I am smy-
ten vpon thold Wounde the Which sir launcelot gaf me/ on the
Whiche I fele wel I muste dye/& had sir launcelot ben With you
as he Was/this vnhappy Werre had neuer begonne / & of alle
this am I causer/for sir launcelot & his blood thorou their prowes

helde alle youre cankerydy enemyes in subiectyon and daungeer
And nold sayd sir Galvayne ye shalle myssse sir Launcelot/
But allas I nold not accorde with hym/ and therfor sayde
syr Galvayne I praye yold sayre Unkel that I may haue pa-
per/ pen/ and ynke/ that I may wryte to syre Launcelot a cre-
dle with myn oldne handes / And thenne when paper & ynke
was brought/ thenne Galvayn was set vp weykely by kyng
Arthur/ for he was shryuen a lytel tofore / and thenne he
wrote thus as the Frenssh book maketh mencyon/ Unto syre
Launcelot flour of alle noble knyghtes that euer I herde of/
or salve /by my dayes / I syre Galvayne kynge Lottes sone
of Orkeney/ syster sone vnto the noble kyng Arthur/ sende the
gretynge/ & lete the haue knoldlecke that the tenth day of may
I was smyten vpon the oldr Wounde that thou gaueste me/
afore the Cyte of Benwycke/ and thorold the same wold that
thou gaueste me/ I am come to my dethe day/ And I wil that
alle the warldy wete/ that I sir Galvayne knyghte of the ta-
ble roundy/ soughte my dethe/ and not thorou thy deseruynge/
but it was myn oldne feltynge/ wherfor I beseche the sir laun
celot/ to reforme agayne vnto this realme/ and see my tombe/ &
praye some prayer more or lesse for my soule/ And this same
day that I wrote this sedyl/ I was hurte to the dethe in the
same wounde/ the whiche I had of thy hande syr Launcelot /
For a of a more nobler man myghte I not be slayne / Also
sir Launcelot for alle the loue that euer was betwyxe vs/ ma-
ke no taryenge /but come ouer the see in al haste / that thou
mayst with thy noble knyghtes reskewe that noble kynge that
made the knyghte/ that is my lordy Arthur/ for he is ful stre-
yghtely bestadde with a fals traytour / that is my half broder
syr Mordredy/ and he hath lete croune hym kynge/ and wold
haue wedded my lady quene Gueneuer/ and soo had he done
had she not put her self in the toure of London/ And soo the/ y/
day of May last past/ my lordy Arthur and we alle landed vp
on them at douer/ and there we putte that fals traytour syre
Mordredy to flyghte/ and there it myssortuned me to be stry-
ken vpon thy stroke/ And at the date of this letter was wry-
ten but two houres and an half afore my dethe Wryten with
myn oldne handy/ and soo subscryued with parte of my herte

blood/And I requyre the moost famous knyghte of the worlde that thou wylt see my Tombe/and thenne sir Gawayne wepte and kynge Arthur wepte/And thene they swouned both/ And whan they awaked bothe/the kynge made syr Galha= yn to wexyue his sauseour/And thenne sir Gawayne praid the kynge for to sende for sir launcelot/and to cherysshe hym aboue alle other knyghtes/And so at the houre of none syr Galha= yn yelded vp the spyryte / and thenne the kynge lete entiere hym in a chappel within douer Castel/ and there yet alle men maye see the sculle of hym/and the same wounde is sene that syr Launcelot gaf hym in batail/Thenne was it told the ky= nge that syr Mordred had pyghte a nelbe felde vpon Ha= ramdoune/And vpon the morne the kynge rode thyder to hym and there was a grete bataille betwixe them/and mocke peple was slayne on bothe partyes/ but at the last syr Arthurs par= ty stode best/and sir Mordred and his party fledde vnto Ca= turbery

Capitulum iij

And thenne the kyng lete serche all the bolnes for his knyghtes that were slayne/and enterydi them/& sal= uedi them with softe salues that so sore were wounded/ Then= ne mocke peple drewe vnto kynge Arthur/ And thenne they sayde that sir Mordredi warredi vpon kyng Arthur with wi= ronge/ and thenne kynge Arthur drewe hym with his hoost doune by the see syde westwardi towardi Salysbury/ and ther was a day assygnedi betwixe kyng Arthur and sire mordred that they sholdi mete vpon a doune besyde Salysbury/and not ferre from the see syde/ and this day was assygnedi on a mon day after Trynyte sonday/ whereof kyng Arthur was passyng glad that he myghte be auengedi vpon sire Mordredi / Thenne syr Mordredi aryssedi mocke peple aboute lyndon / for they of Kente Southsex and Surrey/Essex and of Southfolke and of Northfolk helde the moste party with sir Mordred/and ma= ny a full noble knyghte drewe vnto syr Mordredi and to the kynge/but they louedi sir Launcelot drewe vnto syr Mordredi Soo vpon Trynyte sonday at nyghte kynge Arthur dremedi

a wonderful dreme/& that was this/that hym semed/he satte vpon a chaflet in a chayer/and the chayer was fast to a whele and therupon satte kynge Arthur in the ryckest clothe of golde that myghte be made/and the kyng thought ther was vnder hym fer from hym an hydous depe blak watre/and there in were alle manir of serpentes and wormes and wylde bestes foule and horryble/and sodenly the kynge thought the whele torned vp soo downe/and he felle amonge the serpentys/& euery beest took hym by a lymme/and thenne the kynge cryed as he lay in his bedde and slepte/helpe/And thenne knyghtes squyres and yomen awaked the kynge/and thenne he was soo amased that he wyst not where he was/& thenne he felle on slomberynge ageyn not slepynge nor thowoly waakynge/So the kynge semed verayly that there came syr Galbayne vnto hym with a nombre of fayre ladyes with hym

And whan kynge Arthur salde hym/thenne he sayd Welcome my systers sone/I wende thou haddest ben dede/and nowe I see the on lyue/mocke am I beholdynge vnto almyghty Ihesu/O fayre neuewe and my systers sone/What ben these ladyes that hyder be come with yowe/Sir sayd sir Galbayne/alle these ben ladyes for whome I haue foughten whanne I was man lyuynge/and alle these are tho/that I dyd batail for in ryghteuous quarel/and god hath gyuen hem that grace at their grete prayer/by cause I dyd batailke for hem/that they sholde brynge me hyder vnto yowe/thus mocke hath god gyuen me leue for to warne yowe of youre dethe/for and ye fyghte as to morne with syre Mordred/as ye bothe haue assygned/doubte ye not/ye muste be slayne/and the mooste parte of youre peple on bothe partyes/and for the grete grace and goodenes that almyghty Ihesu hath vnto yowe and for pyte of yowe/and many moo other goode men there shalle be slayne God hath sente me to yowe of his specyal grace to gyue yowe warnynge/that in no wyse ye do batailke as to morne/but that ye take a treatyse for a moneth day and profer yowe largely/so as to morne to be putte in a delaye/For within a monethe shalle come syr Launcelot with alle his noble knyghtes and rescowe yowe worshipfully/and sle sir Mordred and alle that euer wylle holde with hym/Thanne syr Galbayne and al the

ladyes raynquyſſhed And anone the kyng calkyd vpon hys knyghtes squyres and ymen and charged them wyghtly to fetche his noble lordes and wyfe byſſhoppes vnto hym / And whan they were come the kyng tolde hem his auyſyon what ſir Gawayn had tolde hym / and warned hym that yf he faught on the morne he ſholde be ſlayn / ¶ Than the kyng comaunded ſyr Lucan de butlere And his broder ſyr Bedwere with two byſſhoppes wyth hem and charged theym in ony wyſe & they myght take a traytyſe for a monthe day wyth Syr mordred / And ſpare not proffre hym londes & goodes as moche as ye thynke beſt / So than they departed & came to ſyr Mordred where he had a grymme hoſt of an hondred thouſand men / And there they entreted ſyr Mordred longe tyme and at the laſte Syr mordred was agreyd for to haue Cornwayl and kente by Arthures dayes After alle Englond after the dayes of kyng Arthur /

¶ Capitulum iiij

THan were they condeſended that kyng Arthur and ſyr mordred ſholde mete betwyxe bothe theyr hoſtes and euerycke of them ſhold brynge fourtene perſones And they came wyth thys word vnto Arthur / Than ſayd he I am glad that thys is done And ſo he went in to the felde / And whan Arthure ſholde departe he warned al hys hoſt that and they ſee ony ſwerde drawen holde ye come on fyerſly and ſlee that traytour ſyr Mordred for I in noo wyſe truſte hym / In lyke wyſe syr mordred warned his hoſt that and ye ſee ony ſwerde drawen holde that ye come on fyerſly & ſoo ſlee alle that euer before you ſtondeth / for in no wyſe I wyl not truſte for thys treatyſe / For I knowe wel my fader wyl be auenged on me / And ſoo they mette as theyr poyntement was & ſo they were agreyd & accorded thoroughly / And wyn was fette and they dranke / Right ſoo came an adder oute of a lytel hethe buſſhe & hyt ſtonge a knyght on the foot / & whan the knyght felte hym ſtongen he looked doun and ſalde the adder / & than he drewe his ſwerde to ſlee the adder / & thought of none other harme / And whan the hoſt on bothe partyes ſawe that ſwerde

trayton than they herde the kramous trumpetes and hornes and shoutedy grymly And so bothe hoostes dressyd hem to gyders And kyng Arthur took his hors and sayd alas thys vnhappy day & so rode to his partye ¶ And syr mordred in like wyse/ And neuer was there seen a more dolefuller bataylle in no crysten londe / For there was but russhyng & rydyng feldynyng and strykyng & many a grymme worde was there spoken eyder to other & many a dedely stroke But euer kyng Arthur rode thorugh oute the bataylle of syr Mordred many tymes/ & dyd ful nobly as a noble kyng shold/ & at al tymes he fayntedy neuer & syr Mordred that day put hym in deuoyr and in grete perylle ¶ And thus they faught alle the longe day & neuer stynted tyl the noble knyghtes were layed to the colde erthe / & euer they faught stylle tyl it was nere nyght & by that tyme was there an hondred thousand layed dedy vpon the dolvn / Thenne was Arthur wode wrothe out of mesure whan he sawe his peple so slayn from hym / ¶ Thenne the kyng lokedy aboute hym / & thenne was he ware of al hys hoost & of al his goody knyghtes were lefte no mo on lyue but two knyghtes that one was Syr Lucan de butlere & his broder Syr Bedwere / And they were ful sore wounded / Jhesu mercy sayd the kyng where are al my noble knyghtes becomen Alas that euer I shold see thys dolefull day/ for now sayd Arthur I am come to myn ende / ¶ But wolde to god that I myght wher were that traytour Syr mordred that hath caused alle thys myschef / Thenne was kyng arthur ware where syr Mordred lenyd vpon his swerde emonge a grete hepe of dedy men / Now gyue me my spere sayd Arthur vnto Syr Lucan / For yonder I haue espyed the traytour that alle thys wo hath wrought / Syr late hym be sayd Syr Lucan for he is vnhappy / And yf ye passe thys vnhappy day ye shalle be ryght wel reuengyd vpon hym ¶ Good lord remembre ye of youre nyghtes dreme / & what the spyryte of Syr Gawayn told you this nyght / yet god of his grete goodnes hath preserued you hydred / Therfore for godds sake my lord leue of by thys / for blessyd by god ye haue wonne the felde / For here we ben thre on lyue / and with syr Mordred is none on lyue / And yf ye leue of now thys wycked day of destenye

is paste / Tyde me deth betyde me lyf sayth the kyng nolle I
see hym yonder alone he shal neuer escape myn handes / For
at a better auayle shal I neuer haue hym / ¶ Gode spede you
wel sayd syr bedwere / Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe
his handes & ranne towardes syr Mordred crynge traytour nolle
is thy deth day come / And whan syr Mordred herde syr Ar-
thur he ranne vntyl hym with his swerde drawen in his hande
And there kyng Arthur smote syr mordred vnder the shelde
with a foyne of his spere throughoute the body more than a fa-
dom / And whan syr Mordred felte that he had hys dethes
wounde / He thrysté hym self with the myght that he had vp
to the bur of kyng Arthurs spere / And right so he smote his
fader Arthur with his swerde holden in bothe his handes on
the syde of the hede that the swerde persyde the helmet and the
brayne panne / and therwythall syr Mordred fyl starke dede
to the erthe / And the nobyl Arthur fyl in a swoune to the
erthe / and there he swouned ofte tymes / And syr Lucan de
butlere and syr Bedwere oftymes heue hym vp / And soo
wayfely they lede hym bet wyxte them bothe to a lytel cha-
pel not ferre from the see syde / And whan the kyng was there
he thought hym wel eased / Thenne herde they people crye in
the felde / Now goo thou syr Lucan sayd the kyng and do me
to wyte what bytokenes that noyse in the felde / So syr Lu-
can departed for he was greuously wounded in many places
And so as he yede he salde and herkened by the mone lyght
how that pyllars and robbers were comen in to the felde To
pylle and to robbe many a ful noble knyghte of brochys and
ledys of many a goody ryngé & of many a ryche jewel / and
who that were not dede al oute / there they slewe them for
theyr harneys and theyr ryches / Whan syr Lucan vnderstode
thys werke he came to the kyng assone as he myght and tolde
hym al what he had herde & seen / Therfore sir my lord sayd syr
Lucan it is beste that we bringe you to somme towne I holde
it were soo sayd the kyng /

¶ Capitulum .

Bot I may not ſtonde myn hede wherches ſoo / A Syr Launcelot ſayd kyng Arthur thys day hane I ſore myſt the / Alas that euer I hoas ayenſt the / for nolw haue I my dethe / Wherof ſyr Gawayn me warned in my dreme / Than ſyr Lucan took vp the kyng the one parte And Syr Bedwere the other parte / & in the lyftyng the kyng ſoli ned and ſyr Lucan fyl in a ſoone with the lyfte that the parte of his guttes fyl oute of his bodye / And therwyth the noble knyghtes herte braſte / And whan the kyng awoke he behelde ſyr Lucan holw he lay ſoompyng at the moldith & parte of his guttes laye at his feet / ¶ Alas ſayd the kyng thys is to me a ful heuy ſyght to ſee thys noble duke ſoo deye for my ſake / for he wold haue holpen me that had more nede of helpe than I / Alas he wold not complayne hym / hys herte was ſo ſette to helpe me / Now Jheſu haue mercy vpon hys ſoule / than ſyr Bedwere wepte for the deth of his brother / leue thys mornyng & wepyng ſayd the kyng for al this wyl not auayle me / for wyte thou wel and I myght lyue my ſelf / the deth of ſyr Lucan wold greue me euer more / but my tyme hyeth faſt ſayd the kyng / Therfore ſayd Arthur vnto ſyr Bedwere take / thou Excalybur my good ſwerde and goo with it to yonder water ſyde / and whan thou comeſt there I charge the throwe my ſwerde in that water & come ageyn and telle me What thou there ſeeſt / My lord ſayd Bedwere your commaundement ſhal be doon & lyghtly bryngе you Worde ageyn So ſyr Bedwere departed / & by the Waye he behelde that noble ſwerde that the pomel & the hafte was al of precyous ſtones / & thenne he ſayd to hym ſelf yf I throwe this ryche ſwerde in the water therof ſhal neuer come good but harme & loſſe / And thenne ſyr Bedwere hydde Excalybur vnder a tree / And ſo as ſone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and ſayd he had ben at the water and had throwen the ſwerde in to the water / ¶ What ſawe thou there ſayd the kyng / ſyr he ſayd I ſawe no thynge but waues and wynde / That is vntrewly ſayd of the ſayd the kynge / Therfore goo thou lyghtely ageyn and do my commaundemente as thou arte to me leef & dere ſpare not but throwe it in / Than ſyr Bedwere retorned ageyn & took the ſwerde in hys hande / and than hym thought

ſynne and ſhame to thwolde alwaye that nobyl ſwerde / and ſo eſte he hydde the ſwerde and retourned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the watter and done his commaundement / what ſalde thou there ſayd the kyng Syr he ſayd I ſalde no thynge but the waters Wappe and walwes Wanne A traytour vntrelde ſayd kyng Arthur nold haſt thou betrayed me thyſe / Who wold haue wende that thou that haſt ben to me ſo leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyght and wold betraye me for the richeſſe of the ſwerde / But nold goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete Jeopardye of my lyf / For I haue taken colde / and but yf thou do nold as I bydd the / yf euer I may ſee the I ſhal ſlee the myn owne handes / for thou woldeſt for my ryche ſwerde ſee me dede ¶ Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and Wente to the ſwerde and lyghtly took hit vp / and Wente to the watter ſyde and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes / and thenne he threwe the ſwerde as farre in to the watter as he myght / & there cam an arme and an hande aboue the watter and mette it / & caught it and ſo ſhoke it thryſe and braundyſſhed / and than vanyſſhed awaye the hande with the ſwerde in the Watter / So syr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he ſalde ¶ Alas ſayd the kyng helpe me hens for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe / Than syr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and ſo Wente with hym to that watter ſyde / & when they were at the waterr ſyde / euyn faſt by the banke houed a lytyl barge with many fayr ladyes in hit / & emonge hem al was a quene / and al they had blacke hoodes / and al they wepte and ſhryked when they ſalde kyng Arthur / ¶ Nold put me in to the barge ſayd the kyng and ſo he dyd ſoftely / And there reſceyued hym thre quenes with grete mournyng and ſoo they ſette hem doun / and in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layed hys hedd / and than that quene ſayd a dere broder why haue ye taryed ſo longe from me / Alas this wounde on your hedd hath caught ouermoche colde / And ſoo than they rowed from the londe / and ſyr bedWere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym / ¶ Than ſyr bedWere cryed a my lord Arthur What ſhal become of me now ye goo from me / And leue me here alone emonge myn enemyes / Comfort thy

ſelf ſayd the kyng and doo as wel as thou mayſt / for in me is no truſte for to truſte in / For I wyl in to the vale of auy-lyon to hele me of my grieuous wounde ¶ And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my ſoule / but euer the quenes and ladyes wepte and ſhrycked that hit was pyte to here / And aſſone as ſyr Bedwere fand hyſte the ſyghte of the kyng he wepte and wayled and ſo took the foreſte / and ſo he went al that nyght / and in the mornyng he was ware bytwyxte two holtes hore of a chapel and an ermytage /

¶ Capitulum vi

THan was ſyr Bedwere glad and thyder he went & whan he came in to the chapel he ſawe where lay an heremyte grouelyng on al foure there faſt by a tombe was newe graued / whan the Eremyte ſawe ſyr Bedwere he knewe hym wel / for he was but lytel tofore byſſhop of cauntrburye that ſyr Mordred flemed / Syr ſayd Syr Bedwere what man is there entred that ye praye ſo faſt for / Fayr ſone ſayd the heremyte I wote not verayly but by demyng / But thys nyght at mydnyght here came a nombre of ladyes / and brought hyder a dede cors / and prayed me to burye hym / and here they offered an hondred tapers and they gaf me an hondred beſaunts ¶ Alas ſayd ſyr bedwere that was my lord kyng Arthur that here lyeth buryed in thys chapel / Than ſyr bedwere ſwouned and whan he awoke he prayed the heremyte he myght abyde with hym ſtylle there / to lyue with faſtyng and prayers / For from hens wyl I neuer goo ſayd ſyr bedwere by my wylle but al the dayes of my lyf here to praye for my lord Arthur / Ye are welcome to me ſayd the heremyte for I knowe you better than ye wene that I doo / Ye are the olde bedwere and the ful noble duke Syr Lucan de butlere was youre broder / Thenne ſyr Bedwere tolde the heremyte alle as ye haue herd tofore / ſo there bode ſyr bedwere with the heremyte that was tofore byſſhop of Cauntrburye / and there ſyr bedwere put vpon hym poure clothes / and ſeruyd the heremyte ful lowly in faſtyng and in prayers ¶ Thus of Arthur I fynde neuer more wryten in bookes that ben auctoryſed nor more

of the very certente of his deth for I neuer redde / but thus was he ledde aboue in a shyppe wherin were thre queenes / that one was kyng Arthurs syster queene Morgan le fay / the other was the queene of North galys / the thyrde was the queene of the waste landes / Also there was Nynyue the chyef lady of the lake / that lady vvedded Pelleas the good knyght and this lady had many good mocke for kyng Arthur / for she vvold neuer suffre syr Pelleas to be in noo place where he shold be in daunger of his lyf / & so he lyued to the vttermest of his dayes vvyth hyr in grete reste / More of the deth of kyng Arthur coude I neuer fynde but that ladyes brought hym to his buryelyng / & suche one was buryed there that the hermyte bare vvytnesse that sometyme was bysshop of canterbury / but yet the hermyte knewe not in certayn that he was certayn the body of kyng Arthur / for thys tale syr Bedyver knyght of the table rounde made it to be vvryten /

¶ Capitulum vij

YEt somme men say in many partyes of Englond that kyng Arthur is not dede / But hath by the vvylle of our lord Jhesu in to another place / and men say that he shal come ageyn & he shal vvynne the holy crosse. I vvyll not say that it shal be so / but vvher I vvyll say here in thys vvorld he chaunged his lyf / but many men say that there is vvryten vpon his tombe this vers ¶ Hic iacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rex que futurus / Thus leue I there syr Bedyvere vvith the hermyte that dvvelled that tyme in a chapel besyde glastynbury & there vvas his ermytage / & so they lyued in theyr prayers & fastynges & grete abstynence / and vvhan queene Gueneuer vnderstood that kyng Arthur vvas slayn & al the noble knyghtes syr Mordred & al the remenaunte / Than the queene stale awey & vvyth hyr / & xv ladyes vvyth hyr / & soo she vvente to almesbury / & there she let make hir hrself a Nonne / & vvare vvhyte clothes & blacke & grete penaunce she tolde as euer dyd synful lady in thys londe / & neuer creature coude make hyr mery / but lyued in fastynge prayers and almes dedes / that al maner of people mer / vvondred how vertuously she vvas chaunged ¶ Nowe leue we queene Gueneuer in Almesbury a nonne in vvhyte clothes & blacke and there she vvas abbesse and vicar as reason vvolde

and home he from hyr / and spake he of Syr Launcelot du lake /

¶ Capitulum viii

And whan he herde in his contrey that Syr Mordred was crowned kynge in Englond and maad warre a-genst kynge Arthur his owne fader / and wolde lette hym to lande in hys owne lande / ¶ Also it was tolde Syr Launcelot how that syr Mordred had layed syege about the toure of london by cause the quene wold not wedde hym / Than was syr Launcelot wroth oute of mesure and sayd to his kynesmen alas that double traytour syr Mordred wold me wrpen teth that euer he escaped my handes / for moche shame hath he done vnto my lord Arthur for alle I fele by the doleful letter that my lord syr Gawayn sente me / on whos soule Jhu haue mercy / that my lord Arthur is ful harde bestadde / Alas sayd syr Launcelot that euer I sholde lyue to here that moost noble kynge that maad me knyght thus to be ouerset & wyth his subiects in his owne royame ¶ And this doleful letter that my lord syr Gawayn hath sente me afore his deth / prayenge me to see his tombe / wyt you wel his doleful wordes shal neuer goo from myn herte / For he was a ful noble knyght as euer was borne / and in an vnhappy houre was I borne that euer I sholde haue that vnhappe to slee fyrst syr Gawayn syr Gaheris the goode knyght and myn owne frende syr Gareth that ful noble knyght / Alas I may say I am vnhappy sayde Syr Launcelot that euer I sholde do thus vnhappely / and alas yet myght I neuer haue happe to slee that traytour syr Mordred Leue youre complaynte sayd syr Bors & fyrst reuenge you of the deth of syr Gawayn / & hit wyl be wel done that ye see syr Gawayns tombe / & secondly that ye wreuenge my lord Arthur and my lady quene Gueneuer / I thanke you sayde Syr Launcelot for euer ye wyl my worshyp / Than they made them redy in al the haste that myght be with shyppes & galeyes wyth syr Launcelot & his hoost to passe in to englond / & so he passed ouer the see tyl he came to douer & there he landed wyth seuen kynges / & the nombre was hydous to beholde / Than syr Launcelot spyered of men of douer where was kyng Arthur leeme Than the peple tolde hym how that he was slayn / And Syr

Mordred & an C thousand dyed on a day & held the Mordred gaf kyng Arthur there the fyerste battayle at his landyng & there was good syr Gawayn slayn & on the morne syr Mordred faught with the kyng vpon Salum doun & there the kyng put syr mordred to the Were / Alas said syr Launcelot this is the heuyest tydynges that euer cam to me / Nowe fayr syres sayd syr Launcelot shewe me the tombe of syr Gawayn / & than ar dyn pyple of the toune brought hym in to the castel of douer & shewed hym the tombe / Than syr Launcelot knelyd doun and wept & prayed hertely for his soule / & that nyght he made a dole / & al they that wold come had as moche fleshe / fysshe wyn & ale / & euery man & woman had yt pat come who wold / Thus with his owne handes dalte he this money in a mourning gowne / & euer he wept / & prayed them to praye for the soules of syr Gawayn / & on the morne al the prestys and clerkys that myght be gotyn in the contrye were there & sange masse of requyem & there offeryd fyrste syr Launcelot / & he offred an C pounde / & than the seuen kynges offeryd fourty pounde a pece / & also there was a M knyghtes / & eche of them offred a pounde / & the offeryng dured two mane tyl nyght / & syr Launcelot lay also nyghtes on his tombe in prayers and wepyng / Than on the thyrd day syr Launcelot called the kyng Arthur / duke / erles / barons / & knyghtes & sayd thus / My fayr lordes I thanke you al of your comyng in to this contrye with me / but ye came to late & that shal repente me euermore / but ayenst deth may no man debate / But syrthen it is so that sir Launcelot I wyl my self ryde & seke my lady quene Gwenyuer for as I here say she hath had grete payne & moche sorowe / & I herd say that she is fledde in to the weste / therfore ye alle shal abyde me here / & but yf I come ayen within xxti dayes / Than take your shyppes & your selaschyp & wende in to your contrye for I wyl do as I say to you / Ad finem tabulum pe

Than came syr Bors to gawayn and sayd my lorde syr Launcelot what thynke ye for to do / nolle ye gete in this royame wyf you wel ye shal fynde fayre frendes be as he may sayd syr Launcelot kepe your self here / for I wyl forth on my journey / and no man nor chylde shal goo with me / So it was no bote to stryue but he departed and rode

the kynges of the worlde had not your lady ben/ Wyde yf I had done so at that tyme wyth my herte holle and thought I had passed al the knyghtes that were in the londe grete/ ey capte syr Galahadys my sone /and therfore lady sythen ye haue taught you to perfection I must nedys take me to perfection of ryght /for I take recorde of god in you I haue had myn erthly ioye/and yf I had founden you nolde so dysposed I had caste me to haue had you in to myn owne royame /

¶ Capitulum x

But sythen I fynde you thus disposed I ensure you faythfully I wyl euer take me to penaunce & praye wherby my lyf lasteth/yf that I may fynde ony hermyte other graye or wherby that wyl receyue me/wherfore madame I praye you kysse me & neuer nomore/ Nay sayd the quene that shal I neuer do/but absteyne you from suche werkes & they departed but there was neuer so harde an hertely man but he wold haue wepte to se the sorowe that they made/for there was lamentacyon as they had be stungen wyth spercs/and many tymes they swouned/& the ladyes led the quene to hir chambre /& syr Launcelot aboute & went & took his hors & rode al that day & al nyght in a forest wepyng / & atte last he came nere of an Ermytage & a chappel stode betwyxte two cliffes/and than he herde a lytel belle ringe to masse / and thyder he rode & alyght & tyed his hors to the gate & herd masse/& he that sange masse was the bysshop of canterbury/bothe the bysshop & sir Bedwer knewe syr Launcelot / & they spake to gyders after masse but whan syr Bedwere had told his tale al hole syr Launcelot wepte that almoste braste for sorowe/ & sir Launcelot threwe hys armes abrode/& sayd alas who may truste thys world /& than he knelyd downe on his knee and prayed the bysshop to shryue hym and assoyle hym/and than he besought the bysshop that he myght be his brother /Than the bysshop sayd I wyll gladly and there he put on habyte Than Syr Launcelot/and there he serued god day and nyght with prayers and fastynges/ Thus the grete hoost abode at douer and than sir Lyonel toke fyftene knyghtes with hym & rode to london to seke sir Launcelot/ & there syr Lyonel was slayn and many of his knyghtes /Thanne Syr Bors de ganys made the grete hoost for to goo home ageyn

And̄ ſyr bors/ſyr Ector de maris/ Syr Blamour/ſyr Bleoberis with moo other of ſyr Launcelottes kynnes folke on hym to ryde al englonde ouerthwart & endelonge to ſeek ſyr Launce lot/ So ſyr Bors by fortune rode ſo longe tyl he came to the ſame chapel where ſyr Launcelot was / & ſo ſyr Bors herde a lytel belle knylle that range to maſſe/ & there he alyght & herde maſſe/ & whan maſſe was doon the byſſhop ſyr launcelot & ſir Bedwer came to ſyr Bors/ & whan ſyr bors ſawe ſir Launcelot in that maner clothyng/ than he prayed the byſſhop that he myght be in the ſame ſeruice/ and ſo there was an habyte put vpon hym/ & there he byleef in prayers & faſtyng/ and vp̄on halfe a yere them was come ſyr Galyhud̄/ſyr Galyhodyn/ſir Blamour/ſyr Bleoberis/ſyr Ector/ſyr Clarras/ and ſir Gohalantyne/ So al theſe .vij. noble knyghtes there abode ſtyll and̄ whan they ſawe ſyr Launcelot had taken hym to ſuche per fection they had̄ no laſt to departe / but toke ſuche an habyte as he had̄/ Thus they endured in grete penaunce ſyx yere/ and̄ than ſyr Launcelot toke thabyte of preſthod̄ of the byſſhop/ & a twelue monthe he ſange maſſe / & there was none of theſe other knyghtes but they radde in bookes / & holpe for to ſynge maſſe & range bellys & dyd̄ lykewyſe al maner of ſeruyce / & ſoo their horſes were where they wolde / for they toke no regarde of no worldely richeſſes/ for whan they ſawe ſyr Launcelot en dure ſuche penaunce in prayers & faſtynges they wolde no more what payne they endured for as for the noblyeſt knyght of the worldꝫ toke ſuche abſtynaunce that he wayed̄ ful lene/ & thus vpon a nyght there came a vyſyon to ſyr Launcelot & charged hym in meyſſyon of his ſynnes to haſte hym vnto almyſbury & by thenne there ſhal come there thou ſhalt fynde quene Gueneuer dede/ & therfore take thy fellowes with the & purueye them of an hors bere/ & fetche there the cors of hir/ & burye hir by the hul lond̄ the noble kyng Arthur/ So this auyſyon came to Laun celot thryſe in one nyght ¶ Capitulum .pi

¶ Than ſyr Launcelot roſe vp er day & tolde the hermyte Oyr were wel done ſayd̄ the hermyte that ye made you redy / & that ye dyſchodye not the auyſyon / Than ſyr Launcelot toke his .vij. fellowes with hym & on fote they yede from glaſtynburye to almyſburye the whyche is lytel more

thay ryde myght/ & whyder they were within two dayes for they were wayke & feble to goo & whan syr Launcelot was come to almysbury within the nonnery quene gueneuer deyed but halfe an owre afore / and the ladyes tolde syr Launcelot that quene Gueneuer tolde hym al or she passyd that syr Launcelot had ben purest nere a twelue monthe / & whyder he cometh as faste as he may to fetche my cors & besyde my lord kynge Arthur he shal berye me / wherfore the quene sayd in herynge of hym al / I beseche almyghty god that I may neuer haue power to se syr Launcelot with my worldly eyen / And thus sayd al the ladyes was euer her prayer these two dayes tyl she was ded / Than syr Launcelot sawe her vysage but he wepte not gretely but sighed / & so he dyd al the obseruaunce of the seruyce hym self bothe the dyrygy / and on the morne he sange masse / & there was ordeyned an hors bere / & so with an hondred torches euer brennynge about the cors of the quene / & euer syr Launcelot with his vij̃ feldyes went about the hors bere syngynge & redynge many an holy oryson / & frankensens vpon the corps enaunsed / Thus syr Launcelot & his eyght fellowes went on foot from almysbury vnto glastynbury / & whan they were come to the chapel & the hermytage there she had a dyrygy with grete deuocyon / & on the morne the hermyte that sometyme was bysshop of canterbury sange the masse of requyem with grete deuocyon / and syr Launcelot was the fyrst that offeryd / & than al his eyght fellowes / & than she was wrapped in cered clothe of rayne from the toppe to the too in vij folde / & after she was put in a webbe of lede & than in a coffyn of marbyl / and whan she was put in therin syr Launcelot swouned & laye longe stylle whyle the hermyte came and awaked hym / and sayd ye be to blame / for ye dysplese god with suche maner of sorow makynge / Ouer sayd syr Launcelot I trust I do not dysplese god / for he knoweth myn entente / For my sorow was not nor is not for ony recoylynge of synne / but my sorow may neuer haue ende / For whan I remembre of hir beaulte & of hir noblesse / that was bothe with hyr kynge & with hyr / So whan I sawe his corps & hir corps so lye togyders / truly myn herte wolde not serue to susteyne my careful body / Also whan I remembre me how by my defaute

& myn erguls and my pryde / that they were to the layed ful
to We that were perles that euer was lyuyng of cristen people
wyt you wel sayd syr Launcelot this remembred of their kyn
denes and myn vnkyndenes sanke so to myn herte that I myzt
not susteyne my self so the frenssh book maketh mencyon /

Capitulum xii

Thene syr Launcelot neuer after ete but lytel mete nor
dranke tyl he was dede / for thay he seekened more and
more and dryed & dwyned alwaye / for the bysshop nor none
of his feldres myzt not make hym to ete and lytel he dranke
that he was wayen by a lyghter sherer thay he was / that the
people coude not knowe hym / for euermore day & nyzt he prayed
but somtyme he slombred a broken slepe / euer he was kyeng gro
uelyng on the tombe of kyng Arthur & quene Gueneuer / &
there was no comforte that the bysshop nor syr Bors nor none
of his feldres coude make hym it auayled hym not / Soo within
syx Wekye after syr Launcelot fyl seek and laye in his bedde
& thenne he sente for the bysshop that there was hermyte and
al his twelue feldres / Thay Syr Launcelot sayd with dery
steuen / syr bysshop I praye you gyue to me al my zyghtes that
longeth to a crysten man / It shal not nede you sayd the her-
myte and al his feldres / It is but kuyneſſe of your blood
ye shal be wel mended by the grace of god to morne / My fayr
lordes sayd syr Launcelot wyt you wel my careful body wyl
in to therthe I houe warnyng more than nold I wyl say / ther
fore gyue me my zyghtes / So whan he was houſeled and ene
lyed / and had al that a crysten man ought to have he praye-
d the bysshop that his feldres myght bere his body to Joy-
ous garde / Somme may say it was anlyel / & somme may say
it was bamborow hold be it sayd syr Launcelot me repenteth
sore but I made myn auowe somtyme that in Joyous garde I
wold be buryed / and by cause of brekyng of myn auowe I
praye you al lede me thyder / Thay there was wepyng and
wrynging of handes among his feldres / So at a seson of the
nyght they al went to their beddes for they alle laye in one
chamber / And so after mydnyght ayenst day the bysshop then
was dremyd as he laye in his bedde a slepe he fyl vpon a grete
laughter / and therewith al the bysshop awaked and came to

the byſſhop & aſkede hym what he eyled / A Jhu mercy sayd the byſſhop why dyde ye awake me I was neuer in al my lyf so mery & so wel at ease/wherfore sayd syr hors/Truly sayd the byſſhop here was syr Launalot with me with no angelkis than euer I salue men in one day /& I salue the angelkys houe vp syr Launalot vnto heuen & the yates of heuen opned a gaynſt hym /It is but dretchyng of ſweuens sayd syr Bors for I doubte not syr Launalot aylith no thynge but goode/It may wel be sayd the byſſhop goo ye to his bedde & than ſhall ye proue the ſoth /So whan syr Bors & his felawes came to his bedde they founde hym ſtarke dede/& he laye as he had ſmyled & the ſwetteſt ſauour about hym that euer they felte/than was there wepyng & wryngyng of handes/& the grettest dole they made that euer made men/& on the morne the byſſhop dyd his maſſe of requyem/& after the byſſhop & al the iij knyghtes put syr Launalot in the ſame herſe ther that quene Guenneuer was layed in to fore that ſhe was buryed / & ſoo the byſſhop & they al togyder went with the body of syr Launalot dayly tyl they came to Joyous garde /& euer they had ayn/C/torches brennyng about hym /& ſo within vj dayes they came to Joyous garde.& there they layed his corps in the body of the quere/& ſange & redde many ſaulters & prayes ouer hym and about hym /& euer his viſage was layed open & naked that al folkes myght beholde hym/for ſuche was the cuſtom in tho dayes that al men of worſhyp ſholde ſo lye with open viſage tyl that they were buryed /and right thus as they were at their ſeruyce there came syr Ector de maris that had bin yere ſought al Englande ſcotlande & walys ſekyng his brother ſyr Launalot/

¶ Capitulum viij

AND whan syr Ector herde ſuche noyſe & lyghte in the quyre of Joyous garde he alyght & put his hors from hym & came in to the quyre & there he ſawe men ſynge wepe/& al they knewe syr Ector/but he knewe not them/than went syr Bors vnto syr Ector & tolde hym how there laye his brother ſyr Launalot dede/& than Syr Ector threwe his ſhelde ſwerde & helme from hym/& whan he beheld ſyr Launcelottes viſage he fyl doun in a ſwoun / & whan he awaked it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complaynctes that

he made for his brother/ A launcelot he sayde thou were hede of all cristen knyghtes/ & now I dare say sayde syr Ector thou sir Launcelot there thou kyst that thou were neuer matched of erthely knyghtes hande/ & thou were the curtest knyght that euer bare shelde/ & thou were the trewest frende to thy louer that euer lastande bare/ & thou were the trewest lover of a synful man that euer louede woman/ & thou were the godelyest man that euer strake with swerde/ & thou were the godelyest persone of ony emonge prese of knyghtes/ & thou were the mekest man & the gentylleste that euer ete in halle emonge ladyes/ & thou were the sternest knyght to thy mortal foo that euer put spere in the reeste/ Ther there was wepyng & dolour out of mesure/ Thus they kepte syr Launcelot moste ony thre dayes & ther they enbaumed it with gode incence/ & than al they fro they went al with the bysshop of canterbury to his enterynge & there they were vi dayes & more than a monthe/ Than syr constantyn that was syr Cadors sone of cornwayle was chosyn kynge of Englonde/ & he was a ful noble knyght/ & worshypfully he rulyde this royame/ & than this kyng Constantyn sente for the bysshop of canterbury for he shulde saye where he was & so he was restored vnto his bysshoprych/ & lefte that Enterynge/ And syr Bedwere was there euer after the hermyte & his dayes ende/ Than syr Bors de ganys/ syr Ector de maris/ syr Gahalantyne/ syr Galyhud/ sir Galyhodyn/ syr Blamour/ syr Bleoberys/ syr Ulyxes de Ladynam/ syr Clarus of clere mounte/ al these knyghtes with them to theyr contrayes Now be it kyng Constantyn wolde haue had them with hym but they wold not abyde in this royame/ & there they al lyued in their contrayes as holy men/ & somme englysshe bookes make mencyon that they were neuer out of englond after the deth of syr Launcelot/ but that was but fauour of makers/ for the frenssh booke maketh mencyon & is auctorysed that syr Bors/ syr Ector/ syr Blamour/ & syr Blaubarys were in the holy lande there as Ihesu Crist was quycke & dede/ And among as they hade stabylyssheyr theyr londes/ for the booke saith so syr Launcelot commaunded them for to do or euer he passed out of this worlde/ & these foure knyghtes dyde many batayl les vpon the myscreantes or turkes/ and there they vse them a goode fryday for goddes sake/ Here is the ende of the booke

booke of kyng Arthure of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/ that whan they were hole togyders there was euer ayʒ and ye/ and here is the ende of the deth of Arthur/ I praye you all ientyl men and ientyl wymmen that vseth this booke of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the endyng/ praye for me whyle I am on lyue that god sende me goode deliuerance/ and whan I am dede I praye you all praye for my soule/ for this booke was ended the ix yere of the regne of kyng edwarde the fourth/ by syr Thomas Malorye knyght as Ihesu helpe hym for his grete myght/ as he is the seruaunt of Ihesu bothe day and nyght/

¶ Thus endeth this noble and joyous booke entytled le morte Darthur/ notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth/ lyf/ and actes of the sayde kyng Arthur/ of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/ there meruayllous enquestes and aduentures/ thachyeuyng of the sangreal/ and in thende the dolorous deth and departyng out of this worlde of them all/ Which booke was reduced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayde/ and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted/ and fynysshed in the abbey westmestre the last day of Juyl the yere of our lord/ M/CCCC/lxxxv/

¶ Caxton me fieri fecit